The Lorest Republican.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY J. E. WENK

OFFICE IN BOBINSON & BONNER'S BUILDING. ELM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

TERMS, \$1.50 A YEAR.

No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months

Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XIII. NO. 28.

TIONESTA, PA., SEPT. 29, 1880.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

The Strange Story of a Sea Captain.

Captain John Niven, of Thorntown

got the patrimony, and John defiantly

shipped before the mast. After many years he rose to be master of his yessel,

the Ramsey, and the famous missionary Adoniram Judson want to India with

was converted and baptized in Rangoon,

Hindoostan. Soon afterward the ship

was struck by lightning and destroyed

Niven made his escape to England

ship Earl of Eglanton, built on the earl's

age to the United States. He was beset

by a terrific storm off Nantucket island

taining four persons each were lowered

means, a cable was rigged from the

mast-head to the rocks, with a horse's

line by holding hands and sprang into

six men were lost, he was temporarily

boiling waters. Again they rescued him, and put him into custody. He

was badly bruised, and was a long time

recovering. The ship was a total loss. He returned to Great Britain, where his

friends again fitted him out, and he

started on a whaling voyage in the Pacific. There again his vessel went to

pieces in a simoom and he returned, dis-

consolate, to Nantucket. His seafaring

reputation was badly damaged. Indeed, it is probable that the red letter of "bad

luck" was set opposite his name in the

records of the commercial marine of

England, and that he could not have ob-

tained another ship. At any rate he re-

tinent. So he started West on foot, with

ting things in shape that he was gladly

carried to Buffalo. There he got a job to

rig a sloop for the lake, and received

for it enough to take him to Cleveland.

There he shoveled sand on the new

railroad at one dollar a day, was pro-

a day, was advanced in the winter to be

schoolmaster, became a farmer by slow

degrees, and is now president of the

First National bank in Thornton, Ind.

He has a handsome home, known as

Chrome Hill;" but he occasionally

visits Nantucket, and lives over again

Rural Improvement Societies.

It is said the State of Connecticut has

ifty or more "village improvement so-

terprising State and the cause it thus

fosters. Each of these societies will be

the radiating center for others, and will

do great good in a general way as well

tect the public health, by establishing

lage and rural homes; to stimulate pub-

lic spirit in every way; to improve the

roads and beautify the roadsides, as well as grounds about schoolhouses,

churches, cemeteries and public squares

to educate the public taste for rural art

and adornment, and altogether to make

country homes and life more satisfac-

tory and attractive. Their purposes are

advantageous in every way, for they not

only enlist public interest and spirit,

but prove profitable to health, and suc-

cessful in enhancing the value of prop-

erty. It seems as though this work

is developing a genuine zest which is destined to spread until im-

provement societies are organized in

every town or village that pretends to

have any ambition, and this fact is not

to be wondered at, for the field for the

display of taste and rivelry is great

It furnishes a common interest for all

and scarcely any chance for personal squabbles. Mistakes will be made with-

out doubt, and amateur landscape

gardeners and architects will invent

the result will be good, and improve-

ment will come with improved taste

The village audience will laugh down

the crudities and errors, and excite the

society to better efforts, and the good

cause will ultimately produce grand results. But it would be better if mis-

those matters appertaining to hygiene.

It is a difficult engineering feat to obtain

perfect drainage in town and village,

tent engineers. And as good roads will

will be a saving of time and expense to

leave this matter also in their charge.

But in matters of taste, from decorating

the town pump, and eliminating the

and hitching-posts, to the arrangement

pleasing picture judiciously harmonized,

crudities from tree box, watering trough

varied and wonderful enormities, but

favorable sanitary conditions about vil

as in their immediate local influence.

This speaks well for that en-

his perils and his escapes.

The Independent Farmer.

Let sailors sing the windy deep, Let soldiers praise their armor; But in my heart this teast I'll keep,

The independent farmer. When first the rose in robe of green, Unfolds its crimson lining, And 'round his homely porch is seen The honeysuckle twining.

When banks of bloom their sweetness yield To been that gather honey, He drives the team scross the field.

Where skies are warm and supny. The blackbird clucks behind the plow, The quail pipes loud and clearly; You orchard hides beyond its boughs

The home he loves so dearly, The gray old barn, whose doors infold, His ample store in measure, More rich than heaps of boarded gold,

A precious, blessed treasure; But yonder in the porch there stands His wife, the lovely charmer, The sweetest rose on all his lands; The independent farmer.

To him the spring comes dancing day, To him the summer blushes, The autumn smiles with mellow ray,

His sleep the winter hushes; He cares not how the world may move, No doubts or tears confound him; Hesmiles in calm content and love On cl ildren gathered 'round him. He trusts in God, and lov s his wife,

Nor grief, nor il! may harm her, He's nature's nobleman in life-The independent farmer,

BEGUILED.

He had never had any sisters, and knew very little about women; but he thought, foolish sellow, that he knew everything and was invulnerable. His affianced, Lucy Lofton, quiet little thing that she was, knew better. They had been engaged just a month, when Mab Devereux came to Roschome.

Don't you think Mab pretty, Allen?" asked Lu 'y

"Not particularly," replied Mr. Allen Stopford. "She hasn't a good figure and the never blushes. I like to see a Lucy laughed a little. She had long

wished that she could cure herself of her foolish habit of biushing. It was amusing to think that Allen liked it, and more amusing to think that he did not know Mab Devereux, with her cool, fear she yet repelled. cream-white face, her wonderful eyes company. But, like most men, his eye caught first the beauty of fair, rosy girls, and he was not yet tired of Lucy's pink-and-snow complexion and ripples of golden hair.

Allen thinks all women like me; but I know I am different from many girls," she said. Then she asked Mab: You have never seen Mr. Stopford before? How do you like him, Mab?"

Mab stood before the mirror, touching up the lovelocks about her fore-Her reply was characteristic: 'He would be pretty good-looking if he would color his mustache."

Lucy laughed outright. The idea of Allen, dear, simple soul, with a dyed mustache, or anything false and not genuine about him! She had loved him for just that, out of all the men she

"Why don't you make him, Lu?"
"What?" asked Lucy, coming back from a moment's abstraction.
"Color his mustache. Why, just the tint of ground mustard!"
"I don't think I could persuade Al-

len to do that," answered Lucy, adjust-ing her little gold thimble and sitting down to her sewing, with a smile. Mab turned, and looked at her curi-

"Isn't he very much in love with you, Lu?" "Yes," answered Lucy, quietly-" more than he knows.

"Well," returned Mab, after a mo-ment's puzzled thought, "I shouldn't think a man was very much in love with me if I couldn't persuade him to dye his mustache."

Lucy knew it was of not much use to continue the conversation in that direc tion, and finished sewing on her trimming without making any response.

"It's very pretty at Rosehome, Lu; but do you know what I am thinking?"

"That I shall perish for society. "Oh, you're spoiled, Mab! Can't you

live a fortnight without young gentlemen to flatter and attend you?" There are not any here, are there?

"Yes."
"Who are they?" "I really can't mention but two." "And they?"

"One is the young man who comes out from the village to saw our wood and do chores. His name is Johnny

Pshaw!" "The other is my own and only brother, aged six." went to the dressing-case,

drenched her handkerchief in cologne, and came back to her seat. 'Terrible dearth, isn't there?" she remarked, pathetically. "But, then, you have Mr. Stopford and his mustache.

You might try your hand on him, Mab-just to keep you in practice, you know, and alleviate the melancholy of your stay at Rosehome." Mab looked at her cousin a little

enriously again. 'I believe you think I could not make him love me. 'I am sure you could not," said

"I wonder if it would be worth while to try F" mused Mab, aloud, tapping her fan upon her rosy lips, and looking thoughtfully from the window.

Allen was coming up the avenue, and she bowed to him. "You may if you choose," replied Lucy, with a little, vexed smile.

She knew that Mab would be likely to flirt with Allen in any case before the fortnight was out. It was better to take it coolly. And then, as she had said, she did not think it possible for a girl of Mab's caliber to make Allen

topford love her. Mab began dressing for dinner, and put some spice pinks in her hair. When at the table she turned her dark braids toward Aller, he saw them, and invo!untarily murmured, with an expression of pleasure:

"Spice pinks."
"Yes," said Mab, "I knew you liked

And then she looked up in his face, and he saw that her eyes were pretty. After dinner they went boating, and his natural eye for artistic effects was gratified by Mab's figure sitting in the oow in a pale blue dress, with a crimson scarf draped about her shoulders.
"Your cousin is not exactly hand-

some, but there is something very, very attractive about her," he said to Lucy. The latter dipped her hand in the shining water and held her peace, which, under the circumstances, was as much as could be expected of her, I

The next day Lucy invited a little party of friends from the village, and made a picnic in the woods.

Mab trimmed up her white dress with oak leaves and strolled away from the rest, down the leafy aisles of the woods, with the voungest and most agreeable man present, who was Allen Stopford. They came back with some white water-Nobody had noticed their absence but Lucy.

"You want a bit of color about you," she said, coolly, to Mao, and pinned a pink wild-rose on her left shoulder.

And now, day by day, Allen grew absent-minded, and was exceedingly alive to the presence or absence of Miss Devereux. If she were absent, he must know where she was. If present, he made incoherent replies to everyoody else, and was like the needle to the magnet whatever the young lady's movements were.

It she lounged, he noticed that the sun shone in her eyes, and closed a blind. If she sang, he turned the leaves of her music; if she walked the piazza. he would urge that the rooms were close, and find a seat without.

Once or twice he caught himself up in neglecting Lucy and attending Mab, but the spell was too strong.

The fascination which this girl of a

wanton heart exerted he succumbed to almost unconsciously. And the siren smiled and smiled, and drew him on until there came a fever'sh light in Lucy's blue eyes, and her cheek grew thin with the

Yes, it was dangerous for all three, this playing with edged tools. It was beauty, and invariably the belle of a true that the love between Allen and herself was not founded on a mere fancy, but in a mutual confidence, esteem and a sweet congeniality. If she had known it to be a fancy she would have had no confidence in it.

For three years they had known each other well, and the tie had even grown stronger. She had often mused on this, and, indeed, made it the strong point in her acceptance of Allen Stopford.

She text herself very young—but nine-teen—when called to decide this matter; she had long been motherless. From the depths of her heart to the heights of her wisdom she sounded herself before she replied to him, and the expression of her face, at that moment, Ailen never forgot. Eye to eye and heart to heart they had pledged each other, and now-

could Allen forget? Apparently he had forgotten. She could not accuse him of rudeness toward herself-that was impossible to his nature-or selfishness; but that he was drawn from her the most casual eye could see. And Mab's fortnight had

already lengthened to three weeks. "We'll have tea on the lawn to-night, Lucy," said Aunt Lucretia, the housekeeper at Rosehome. "It is such a very warm night, it will be pleasant." As you please, auntie-it makes no him. difference to me. I shall take no tea; I have a severe headache.

Aunt Lucretia went indoors, but some one else stood peside the ham mock where Lucy lay. She turned her head and looked into Mab's morking dark eyes. "Confess you are fretting yourself sick about Mr. Stopford. Why don't you send me hom??" she asked.

"Allen does not love you, Mab. He will never tell you that he does," replied Lucy, quickly, and with dignity, though there was a sharp contraction of her

delicate features. Mab saw, perhaps experienced, a pang of remorse-for she sincerely liked her gentle cousin; but she was full of a wicked exultation, so strong was her passion for power.

She turned and strolled down the gravel walk among the cyprus vines, flirting her pink fan, and Allen saw and came from his seat in the avenue, with Sultan, his great howling hound, at his

When tea was served, he brought Lucy a cup of the fragrant beverage and the cologne flask, and then was gone down the cyprus walk with Mab.

The twilight deepened; a whip poor-will called; the scent of flowers stole up from the beds and from among the vines. Lucy lay alone in the hammock, and a few tears, which she scorned,

would have their way. She sat up, at last. Apparently Allen and Mab had left the garden; no one was in sight. Its recesses looked cool and dewy; perhaps they would ease the throbbing of her temples.

She slipped from the hammock, and went down the plazza steps, one little white kitten following and rolling about her feet.

The fireflies starred the cypress vines; the birds twittered contentedly over their June nests; some beautiful evening blooming flowers filled the air with a heavenly sweetness. Lucy dragged herself slowly along with a half guilty feeling that this beauty was so little to her. She was

not in harmony with its peace; the stillness irrita ed her. Suddenly it was broken by voices, which stole gently upon her ear. She posited in the university library.

could see no one, but she recognized

"Then you do not hate me?" syllabled insinuatingly.

"Hate you? No. I believe I love you. You are the most bewitching

Lucy felt the rustle of the cypress yines, cool and dewy, about her face. She did not know that she had fallen. But the others heard the crash, and Mab called "Lucy!" guiltily, and Allen came and lifted the little figure in his strong

"My poor little girl!" he said. " what is the matter with you? There is fever at the village. Do you suppose she is coming down with it?" he asked Mab. "Fever?—a contagious fever? Hor-rors!" cried Mab; and skipping down a side path, she flew up to her room, and

began packing her trunk. Allen was busy with Lucy. Either she had fainted, or falling upon the hard ground had stunned her, or she was very ill. She was perfectly unconscious, and her small white face lying upon his arm

was pitiful indeed. He gathered her up to his breast and carried her to the house

"There!" cried Aunt Lucretia, starting up from her seat in the doorway, "I thought she would faint! She has been miserable enough all day. Take her right up to her room, Allen, at the head of the stairs, and I will come and put her right to bed."

Allen marched steadily up the stair-case, carefully carrying his burden, and pushed open a door which stood ajar. In an instant it was slammed in his

"Don't you bring her in here with her horrid fever-don't you dare! I'm not going to expose myself for anybody. I'm going right to Boston by the first train in the morning."
Allen Stopford's face changed color

violently, in the dusk. In spite of its harshness, he had recognized Mab's voice. He was painfully confused, but not too much so to find another chamber, which he entered and laid Lucy gently down among the pillars of the Then for one little moment he laid his

cheek against that cold and colorless one. If Lucy could have seen his eyes then, she would not have doubted that she was dear to him. " Here's camphor, and ammonia, and a cordial, and red lavender!" cried Aunt

Lucretia, bursting in; "and she shan'd stir off that bed till she is better!" Allen wandered alone around the garden till morning. He saw the light burn out in Lucy's chamber.

were around the house, where, in the cool dawn, he sat, immovable and moody, in an arbor. opened. Mab, arrayed for traveling,

issued forth, and went down the road toward the station. "You can send my trunk by express, she said to some one who closed the door behind her.

Did Allen start up and follow her? He had not the slightest inclination. He waited until it was a little later, and then walked to the village and sent the doctor to visit Lucy.

But Aunt Lucretia was doing all that could be done for a weakness induced by nervous prostration and sleeplessness. The red lavender was all-suffi-

When Lucy came down again, there seemed a new heaven and a new earth Mab was gone. Allen had never been so tender, and she was too weak at first to do aught but succumb to a tenderness which anticipated her every want But by-and-bye they could talk together

"Mab's conduct was shameful," said "You said you thought you loved her that night, Allen?"

"Well, if I did I was greatly mis-taken. I was beguiled," said Allen, wotully, with a contemptuous curl of his lips, either for Mab or himself. And Lucy, being a woman, torgave

Trapped.

There is a story told of a lady and gentleman traveling together on an English railroad. They were strangers to each other. Suddenly the gentleman

"Madam, I will trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes; I am going to make some changes in my

wearing apparel." "Certainly, sir," she replied, with great politeness, rising and turning her ack upon him.

In a very short time he said:

"Now, madam, my change is completed, and you may resume your own When the lady turned she beheld her male companion transformed into a dashing lady with a veil over her face. 'Now, sir, or madam, whichever you

like," said the lady, "I must trouble you to look out of the window, for I also have some changes to make in my apparel. "Certainly, madam," and the gentleman in lady's attire immediately com-

"Now, sir, you may resume your own To his great surprise, on resuming his seat, the gentleman in female attire found his lady companion transformed into a man. He laughed loudly and

"It appears that we are both anxious to avoid recognition. What have you done? I have robbed a bank. "And I," said the whilom lady, as he dexterously fettered his companion's wrists with a pair of handcuffs, "am Detective J, of Scotland Yard, and in female apparel have shadowed you for two days; now," drawing a revol-

ver, "keep still!"

The San Domingo government has presented to the town of Pavia a hand-ful of the remains of Columbus, consisting of small fragments of bones and dust inclused in a glass ball, and sealed y the archbishop, whose secretary was the bearer of the relic. It has been deLaw for Practical Jokers.

The law holds practical jokers criminally, and sometimes civilly, responsi-ble for the fatal effects of their playful

In Daingerfield against Thompson, a civil action of damages, decided recently by the court of appeals of Virginia, the defendant was the keeper of a restaurant, and about 11 P. M., after he had closed for the night, hearing a noise outside, was on the point of opening the door when he was shot through the right toot with a pistol ball which had pene-trated the door from the outside. It appeared that several persons being on the street waiting for the plaintiff to let them in, the defendant said to one of them who had a pistol: "Let us give them who had a pistol: "Let us give him a salute." To which the latter, one Harrison, replied, "I'll do it," and im-mediately fired. "The willful firing of a pistol in the street of a city, whether maliciously or no;" said Christian, J., "is of itself an unlawful act, and the consequence of such unlawful act must be visited upon those who commit it or instigate it." As the plaintiff got a instigate it." As the plaintiff got a verdict for \$8,000, this was better than a criminal prosecution. But the same

practical joke would have been crim-In Fenton's case, where the prisoners, in sport, threw heavy stones into a mine, breaking a scaffold, which fell against and upset a corf, in which a miner was descending into the mine, whereby he was killed, they were held guilty of manslaughter. The prisoners were sentenced to three months' imprisonment. In the King against Powell a lad, as a frolic, without any intent to harm any one, took the trap stick out of the front part of a cart, in consequence of which it was upset, and the carman, who was in it, loading it, was pitched back-ward on the stones and killed. Held, manslaughter. The prisoner was fined one shilling and discharged. In Ewington's case the prisoners covered and surrounded a drunken man with straw and threw a shovel of hot cinders upon him whereby he was burned to death. Paterson, J., charged that "if they be lieved the prisoners really intended to do any serious injury to the deceased, though not to kill him, it was murder; but if they believed their intention to have only been to frighten him in sport, it was manslaughter." Verdict, manslaughter. In State against Roane, the defendant carelessly discharged a gun, intending only to frighten a supposed trespasser, really the servant of the prisoner, but killing him. Held, man-

slaughter. In the King against Martin the noody, in an arbor.

Suddenly he saw the front door pened. Mab, arrayed for traveling, sued forth, and went down the road tward the station. "as this was the act of the child, there must be an acquittal, but if it had appeared that the prisoner had willingly given a child of this tender age a quartern of gin, out of a sort of brutal fun, and had thereby caused its death, I should most decidedly have held that to

be manslaughter." In the King against Conrahy, the prisoner and the deceased had been piling turt together, and the former in sport, threw a piece of turf at the latter,

hitting and killing him. Held, no crime In the King against Waters, there was testimony that the prisoner, in the course of rough and drunken joking, pushed a boat with his foot, whereby the deceased fell overboard and was drowned. There was also testimony that the push was given by another per-son. Park, J., said, "if the case had rested on the evidence of the first witness it would not have amounted to manslaughter, and there must be an acquit-

In State against Hardie the defendant was held guilty of manslaughter for The object of these societies is to prokilling a woman in an attempt to frighten her with a pistol which he supposed to be unloaded. The court said: had been in fact unloaded no homicide would have resulted, but the defendant would have been justly censurable for a most reckless and imprudent act in frightening a woman by pretending that it was loaded and that he was about to discharge it at her." conduct is grossly reckless and repre-hensible and without palliation or excuse. Human life is not to be sported with by the use of firearms, even though the person using them may have good reason to believe that the weapon used is not loaded or that being loaded it wildo no injury. When persons en-gage in such reckless sport they should be held liable for the consequences of their acts."-Albany Law Journal.

A New Laugh.

A sarcastic lady writer thus relieves her mind and gives the girls a hint: The new laugh goes like this: "Te-he, Ha, ha, ha! Oh! h-ha, ha, ha!" The directions are as follows: A low and sly beginning is made with the "te-he," as though mirth was struggling inside to break out through maidenly reserve, and the mouth is kept tightly closed, while the eyes are opened wide, thus giving an expression of mingled demureness and mischievousness. Then follows the "Ha ha-ha," higher and louder, with a parting of the lips to show the teeth, if they be white and regular. The "Oh-h-h" comes next in a tone of surprise, reproof or artless gayety, according to the nature of the thing laughed at, and the voice rises into a pretty little scream. The ensuing pause covers a sudden sense of the impropriety of making so much noise, the eyes are cast down, and a blush can in most instances be produced by holding the breath, with the lungs very fully inflated. The final "Ha-ha-ha" is given as a crescendo, spiritedly, and without any show of restraint, like the outbursting hilarity of an unconventional milkmaid. This novelty in laughs is heard everywhere in the metropolis, and is sure to become popular at the summer resorts. With a little alteration it can be made to fit any mouth.

One Dakota fermer has a field containing thirty-stx square miles of wheat | it is far finer to be good for something, dark.

Rates of Advertising. One Square (1 inch.) one insertion - \$!
One Square " one month - - 3
One Square " three months - 6 one month - - 3 00 three months - 6 00 one year - -

Legal notices at established rates, Marriage and death notices, gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Job work. Cash on Delivery.

Filial Love of a Chinese Girl.

A letter frow Hangchow, China, says: Indiana, is a grandson of Sir Hugh Hiven, of Eugland, but his older brother At the entrance to the villages and at various points a series of monuments were met with, in shape resembling a large portal with smaller ones on each side. These monuments are called by the Chinese "pilaows." They are only put up by especial favor of the emperor. him. Under his ministrations Niven and serve to commemorate either the virtuous action of some widow or virgin, or else the deeds of a warrior. Here is a translation of the inscription upon one of the tablets: "The people of where in 1846 he was intrusted with the the Kashing Foo, having petitioned the viceroy of Ming Che Shen (Che Kiang estate, and sent by him on her first voyand Foh Kien provinces), and he having humbly presented to our sacred glance, for our especial pleasure, the document, now I (the emperor) do comand after beating about all day and night in r. dense fog, went ashore at Tom Never's Head. Two boats conmand the erection of this pilaow for the purpose of exhorting the people to deeds of filial piety. Tung Che, 11th year, 3d month." Then follows the reason of The captain ordered that they be not launched until they saw how had the breakers were, but they the pilaow being erected. Rendered into English the story goes thus: "In the eighth year of Tung Che a family resided in Kashing Foo, consisting of the parents, two sons and one daughter. disobeyed him, and six of the eight men were lost. The islanders had now arrived. The breakers drowned their voices, but they chalked The two sons left their lome to go to on the tail board of a cart, "Stay aboard," and then, "Fling off an oar." The captain followed directions; the oar, Tientsin for the purpose of trading. The daughter meanwhile was betrothed, but refused to get married while her with a line tied to it, was cast off and caught with a fish drail; and, by that parents were alive, as she must attend to their wants. The mother fell sick and died, and shortly afterward the father also fell ill. The doctor informed hames an it, in which the men slid safely ashore. Captain Niven was the the daughter that nothing could save her sire unless it was a decoction of last man to leave the wreck, when the human flesh. The girl immediately re-solved to immolate herself upon the hames broke and he was flung into the sea. The islanders at once formed a altar of filial piety, and, in strict con-formance with the sacred edict, offered the breakers after him, thus bringing him to land. When he heard that his herself for the sacrifice. She heroically bared her arm, and allowed the doctors to cut a portion of flesh from it. The deranged and jumped again into the decoction was made, but, alas, the old man died and so did the daughter. Now, the people upon learning this act of devotion from the expectant bride, resolved to present a memorial to the viceroy in order to keep ever present the virtuous conduct of this devoted girl.'

The Swan.

The most graceful of all aquatic fowls is but lit le known in this country, owing, it may be said, to our utilitarian ideas, and partly to the thought that they will require much care. Our coun-try is dotted with numberless sheets of smooth, clear water, whose beautiful surfaces would be rendered still more solved to face the sea no more, but to get as far from it as possible in some quiet town in the middle of the conbeautiful by the addition of these beautiful birds. They will occupy the same water with the geese and ducks, if necessary. They remain nine-tenths of the time in the water, sleeping there through the mild weather, and, in fact, lake freezes over unusual for them, on a sudden change of weather, to become so surrounded by ice that it is necessary to break it up to free them. Their favorite feed is grass, bread, grass, or small, tender corn leaves. For winter keeping all that is needed is a warm room, giving them a large tub of water, a little bread, cabbage leaves,

moted to the charge of a gang at \$1.25 The female deposits her eggs early in the spring, rarely more than two, but in exceptional cases six to eight in number. The eggs are larger than those of geese even, and it takes thirty-five days of steady work to bring out the young ones, or cygnets, as they are called. They are very hardy, and require no care but that of the parents.

Tueir flesu is very delicate, but epicures rarely get a taste of it in this coun try. They go in pairs and live thus more peaceably than when left in large numbers. These birds are very long lived, numerous instances are given of their living even to 100 years. They are much less troublesome about the place than the gaudy peacock. We trust that we may yet see in many of our private grounds more of these beautiful birds.

How the Clerk Suffered.

After a little dissertation on the roubles and annoyances of hotel clerks, the San Francisco Call relates this anecdote: A recent visitor from Australia was rather taken aback the other day by the politeness of the clerk of the hotel, where he had taken up his quarters. The day after his arrival, which happened to be one of the windiest of the season, he went out for a stroll around the streets of 'Frisco to see the sights and exhibit his linen-covered helmet He returned to the hotel disgusted, and remarked to the clerk: "You have a great deal of dust here in San Francisco." "Y-a-s," drawled the clerk, "I suffer from it myself." "Weak eyes?" quired the stranger. "No, sir." Your lungs are affected, then?" "Not inquired the stranger. much," yawned the clerk. "In what way, then, do you suffer from the dust?" asked the somewhat surprised Australian. "By hearing about sixty times an hour every fool who comes in here say, 'you have a good deal of dust here in San Francisco.""

"Can you keep a secret?" said Mr. Middlerib, impressively, looking at his wife. "Indeed I can," she exclaimed eagerly, running across the room that results. But it would be better if mistakes could be avoided, especially in coat, while she listened. "Well," said the brutal man, "you can do a great deal more than I can, then. I never could remember one long enough to tell and it would be decidedly wise to leave it." She didn't say a word, but all the plans for such purposes to compethrough his breakfast that morning he kept wondering why the sugar tasted be a part of the plan of every society it so much of salt, and how under the sun his steak got so full of sand. knew enough, or at least he thought he knew enough, not to ask. - Burlington Hawkeye.

In the course of inquiries as to the phosphorescence of the sea, a German of vistas through the trees, light and shade effects, and making the whole a naturalist has discovered that the phenomenon occurs whenever sea fishes the task may be safely left to the uniform good taste of American women aided in the detail work by the men.— in the eyes, spreads over the whole body, and increases each day. The phos-phorescent substance is a kind of mocus, It is something fine to be good; but which is white by day and shines in the