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The New Arrival.

A charming little tiddy iddy bit of mother's

A tiny toddles, sweet as flow'rs of spring; A precious popsy wopsy-gives its mammy, den, a kiss;

A pretty darling itsy witsy ting !

So that's the little fellow? H'm! A healthy-

Another mouth to feed, as sure as late ! No, wite, I don't consider that his coming's a mishap,

But still I could have done with less than eight.

BROTHER.

My eye! Is that the baby? What a jolly little pup!

But I say, ma, wherever is its nose? And I say father, by-and-bye, when he gets more grown up,

He'll wear my worn-out jackets, I suppose. Another? Well, thank goodness, I am not a

married man. What! Don't I think him pretty? No, I

don't. To keep him from the workhouse you must do the best you can: Don't think that I'll assist you -lor I won't!

How are we getting on to-day? I trust we

soon shall mend. We mustn't think we're strong just yet, you

We'd better take a something which this afternoon I'll send,

And let me see-hum !-ha! ah-yes-jus

NURSE. He's lovely, that he is, mum! See them

sturdy sittle lega! He's twice the size of Mrs. Smithers's third;

And when he comes a-cutting of his little

toosey-pegs, He'll be a man, he will, upon my word.

Oh yes, dear, he looks healthy, but you

mustn't trust to that-I do not wish, of course, your hopes to dash-

But when I see a tender babe, so ruddy, strong and fat, I- Look, dear, on his face! Is that a rash?

MA (da capo). A charming little tiddy iddy bit of mother's

A tiny toddles, sweet as flow'rs of spring; A precious popsy wopsy-give its mammy, den, a kiss;

pretty darling itsy witsy ting ! ..

CHIPS, THE CARPENTER.

"Chips," whom I knew for months by no other name, was ship's carpenter of the whaler Gazelle, of New Bedford. He was twenty-six years old, six feet high, and as strong as a tree. He was the favorite of the ship—and no wonder. He was tender and gentle, perhaps because he was strong; he was peaceful, because he was powerful. And the soft word which turneth away wrath, with the gentle hand to soothe a sufferer, are often needed in the whale fisheries.

Most of the foremast hands of the Gazelle were rough Portuguese lads, from the Western Islands, on their first voyage. They were treated with coarse contempt by the few American seamen and by the officers.

The only man who was kind and patient with the rude boys was Chips; and he was never tired of showing them or teaching them something of what he knew. He was one of those unselfish fellows who did not believe in keeping knowledge to themselves. He had never been to sea before, but during the first two years of this voyage he had attended to so many things besides his own easy work, that he was considered as one of the best and coolest whalesmen aboard.

Atthough exempt from standing watch, he had insisted on doing the duty from the first day out. At night, if the weather was good, he would sit on the main hatch in the center of a ring of the Portuguese lads, and with | tures they pursue tends to fill them with | wonderful patience teach them to make splices and knots and to speak English. He never tired of doing this or any other kindly thing for them. In the day time it there was work for him at his trade he sti I had them around him, explaining everything as he sawed or planed, as if he wished to make them as good carpenters as he was himself.

On Sunday, when every one brought his letters and pictures on deck, Chips | angry whiteness that was fast spreading showed the only signs of sadness we

word to remind him of home. When the ship touched at some port with a postoffice and every one ran for letters, Chips remained aboard-he knew there was none for him. In one of the boys' albums he found a picture of an old white-haired woman—the lad's mother-and every Sunday afternoon he asked for that album, and always gave it back when he had turned and looked

at that picture. The ship had been two years out when I first saw Chips. Through strange and | most famous whaleman alive. unhappy circumstances I was affoat on the Indian ocean, in a small boat, when this New Bedford whaler hove in sight, and ran toward me. The first man to spring out in the mizzen chains, to help me aboard, was strong-handed Chips with tears of sympathy in his eyes. On deck the captain met me with open hand and heart, and for eight months I sailed with the whalemen, and took part in the good and ill that befell them.

Chips and I were friends from the instant our hands struck. Shaking hands

is one of the best tests of character. Some people stake your hand so politely that you feel they would care mighty liftle about shaking your acquaintance; some men slip their hands into yours and make you feel as if you were squeezing a fish; some people's hands are so thick, and fat, and cold, that you might as well grasp the fingers of a leather dummy. Most people, and nice people, shake hands as a preliminary to conversation; but now and then one's hand strikes into sympathetic palm, the fingers take full hold, the thumbs interlock and close—and when that friendly grasp is over, there is not a word to be said-it spoke all friendly greeting in its own good language. Just such a kindly and grim grip did Chips give me

the first time we met.
When I boarded the whaler I was in a had way for clothes; all that belonged to me in the world were the few branded rags that I had worn in the boat. Sailors are used to such things; and they know the remedy. Every one came forward with his little offering. One brought a hat, another a jacket, another a pair of sea boots, a jackknife, a cake of tobacco and so on, until I had a

bunk full of marine necessities.

Chips had least to give of all, for he had shipped without a regular outfit.
But when he saw all that had been given, smiling at the rough boys as each one handed his offering, he drew me off to his own cubby hole, and hauled round his own chest. Out on his bed came the contents; and in a minute there was a fair division of all it contained—flannels, shirts, stockings and everything to a handkerchief.

"These are yours and these are mine," said Chips; "and I'll make you a chest

That's the sort of a man he was in everything. No wonder the boys loved him, and that the one word spoken in the best tones of the ship was the name of the kind-hearted, manly Chips.

He was as brave as he was kind. When whales were chased Chips went down in a boat, and there was no cooler head among them when the fragile shell was to be laid broadside to a monster nearly as long as the ship. Once when the boat was stove in by a sweep of the awful flukes in the death flurry, one of the boys was crushed by the blow and driven senseless under the water. When Chips came to the surface, he counted the heads and missed one, and down in the bloody brine he went, among the sharks, and fished up the sinking body. He was a mighty swimmer, and with only an oar to cling to, he held the senseless man out of water until resound.

But, to the story. The Gazelle had been cruising for three months a few hundred miles off the cosst of Western Australia—the great penal colony of England—and during that time had not fallen in with a single sperm whale

One raw afternoon, with a harsh breeze and a rising sea, at last we heard the long, sing-song cry from the mast-head: "He blows! ther-re-bl-o-ows!" Four times at regular intervals of about forty seconds the cry was repeated, and then we knew it was a sperm whale.

It'was about five o'clock in the evening when the first cry was heard, and the sun went down at 6:30, with scarcely five minutes of twilight. As a rule, on board of American whalers, when whales are seen late in the evening, the boats are not sent down unless circum. stances, such as weather, moonlight, and so on, are very favorable. In most cases the course of the whales and the speed of their travel are carefully noted. When "on a course" a school of sperm whales will move at the rate of about six miles an hour; when "feeding" they keep on the same "ground," not moving more than a few miles a day. When seen late in the evening, the ship is steered during the night according to the observation, and often finds the school in sight in the morning, when

the boats are sent down. This course was not followed on the evening in question. It was not a school we saw, but a "lone whale," and one of extraordinary size. The night promised to be a rough one, and the whale's motions were strangely irregular, as if he had lost himself in an un-

known sea. There is something solemn and mysterious in the sight of "lone whales," and marvelous superstitions are current among whalemen respecting them. Though spending year after year on the great waters, whalers become more impressionable to supernatural things than other seamen, and long observations of the shoals or schools of the vast creaamazement and awe when they meet with a solitary leviathan who has abandoned all fellowship with his kind, who lives by his own law-lonely, mighty

Soon atter the cry from aloft, we saw the whale from the deck, only a short distance from the ship, and we might have seen him long before had not his white, bushlike spout been lost in the

over the sea. For a moment all eyes were fastened ever saw. He was the only one on board—except myself—who had neither on the long body, like a great black pictures or letters, neither face nor tube, over which the waves washed. Every face was wonder-stricken at the immense size of the whale. Captain Clifford had been examining

him through a glass, which he handed in turn to each of his officers. What do you say, Mr. Hussey?" he inquired of the first mate, who glanced

at the sun and answered: " Go down, sir; we can do it?"
" Mr. Joseph?" and the captain turned to the second mate, an old Portuguese of extraordinary size, and perhaps the

"Go down, sir, if we want to get the fellow; we'll never see him again. The two other officers were younger men, and of the same mind. There was no time lost in further consultation. 'Swing the boats!" shouted the old

The lines and irons had already been thrown in by the crews. A "heave, oh!" and a straining sound, and in one minute the four boats struck the water. and the men were settled on the thwarts with the long cars out.

black. The picture was one of the finest I ever saw. The rising sea was jet black, except where it was bloody; a broad road of crimson shimmered from the ship to the sun; the long body of the whale, even blacker than the sea, wis plainly seen in the ruddy glare; and life was added to the immense scene by the

motionless monster.
It was not until the boats had left the ship that we realized how threatening was the weather. Every moment the seas came wilder and heavier against the vessel. Only now and again, as they were lifted on a sea, could we catch sight of the brave little boats. The breeze grew stronger at every moment, and, before the first boat neared the whale, was whistling through the rigging in the wild way that tells of a coming gale. The captain regretted the lowering of the boats, and soon signaled them to return. But the men were excited, and refused to see the signal. Filled to the gunwale, the seas lashing over them every moment, on they went where only a thing so nearly perfect as a whaleboat could keep afloat. As the first boat swung round to run down to leeward of the whale, the red sun stood fairly on the black field of ocean

Talk about the bravery of soldiers in battle, or of men ashore in any enter-prise you please; what is it to the brav-ery of such a deed as this? A thousand miles from land, six men in a little twenty-eight foot shell coolly going down in a stormy sea to do battle with the mightiest created anima! It is the extreme of human coolness and courage. because it is the extreme of danger. The soldier faces one peril-the bullet. The whaleman, in such a case as this, has three mighty enemies to fight-the sea, the gale and the whale.

We saw the harpooner of each boat stand up as they came within heaving distance and send in his two irons. Al the boats were last before the monster seemed to feel the first blow. Then came the fight, the cruel and unnatural figut between vast power and keen skill. The black water was churned white as the flukes struck out in rage and agony The sun disappeared and the gale screamed wilder in the rigging. We could no longer see the boats from the ship. The few men on board clewed up the light sail and took a reef in the topsails, and by this time the night was dark as pitch, and the gale had whipped and howled itself into a hurricane. It was fearful to think of the four

smail boats out in such a sea as was then running. We on the ship had to cling to the rail of the rigging; the territic strength of the waves swept the heavy vessel about like a cork. I saw the captain's face a moment as he passed the binnacle lamps, and it was absolutely deformed with grief and terrornot for himself, brave old sailor, but for his boys in the boats. "Who's at the wheel?" he shouted.

'Send a steady man to the wheel.
"Ay, ay, sir!" answered in the dark a deep, quiet voice; "Ive got the

That was Chips, and I walked aft to be near him. Just then a long hall came through the darkness, and we saw the flash of a boat's lantern on the lee quarter. In a minute more a line was flung aboard, and we soon had one crew safe on deck. It was the mate's boat.

"Where are the others?" was the first

' Fast to the whale," was the answer, and there are no lanterns on the boat. One of the men from the boat relieved Chips at the wheel, and he went forward to rig lanterns at the fore and main tops. When this was done we stood together on the forecastle, looking and listening for the boats. Suddenly he turned to me and said:

We're going to lose some one to-ht. While I was at the wheel it seemed to me as if something whispered in my ear that we're going to lose one man to-night."

I sail that he was growing as superstitious as old Kanaka Joe, and he an-

swered: "I can't help it. It did seem that I heard that whisper, and so plain was it that I nearly dropped the wheel in ter-

Another shout from the sea cut off further talk, and we soon had two more boats at the davits. The absent one was Mr. Joseph's, and we knew that through thick and thin he would hold on to the whale. It was hours before we found him, and when we did he refused to cut his line from the carcass. The captain cried to him that we could not hold the whale in such a sea, but the whaleman

'He's a hundred-an' fifty barreler, and if you don't take the line aboard, we'll stick to him in the boat!"

Soon after, as the gale was moderating, the line was taken in, passing brough a strong iron brace screwed on to the starboard rail just forward of the gangway amidships, from which it was taken back and made fast to the windlass bits at the foot of the mainmast.

It was a new line of stout manila hemp, and its strength was put to a fearful test. A hundred fathoms astern of the ship it held the monster's carcass; and as the vessel rolled heavily to the sea the strain on the line was terrific. Standing foward of it I laid my hand on the line as the strain came, and I felt it stretch and contract like a rope of

india rubber. Mr. Joseph's boat had come alongside, and the captain, standing on the starboard rail, was shouting to him through a trumpet. The line from the whale passing from astern to the brace forward, and back to the bits amidships, made an acute angle, inside of which the cap-tain was standing. I saw and noticed also, in the dark, a tall man, who seemed to be leaning against the line. "I hope he is forward of it," I said to myself as I went on with what I was

about. I had no; taken six steps from the spot when something strange occurred.

The sun was low and large and red, and the whole western sea and sky were ceased. There was no sound greater magnificent in crimson and gold and than the storm; but, instead, there seemed to fall suddenly a stillness. I ran amidships and grasped for the line in the dark. It was gone! A rush to the rail, and all was clear. The strain had torn out the brace. The mighty pull of the whale astera had jerked the line straight, like the cord of a gigantic bow, and the captain, who had been standing four white specks—the whaleboats— on the rail, was struck by the flying closing to a point as they drew near the rope and thrown senseless far into the

All this had been seen by the men in the boat before any one on board had realized the affair. In less than a minute the cry of "Saved!" reached us from Mr. Joseph, and, in a shorter time than can be imagined by a landsman, the boat was hanging from the davits, and the injured commander was being cared for in his cabin.

remedies on a whaler, and by dint of these the captain opened his eyes in a quarter of an hour. He had been stunned, but not seriously injured. He was amazed at first at seeing the mate and myself standing over him with the rum bottle. But without a word

Rum and hard rubbing are the potent

he realized the situation.
"How is the weather?" he asked. "The wind has gone down," said Mr. Joseph. "We're under foresail jib and reefed topsails, and running right away from the whale."
"Gone?" said the old man.
"Gone!" answered Mr. Joseph, rue-

fully. "Stanchion dragged, and the line parted, and \$8,000 went without an "Tell Chips to see to that broken rail," said the captain, closing his eyes drows-

"Ay, ay, sir!" said the old second mate, as he stamped on deck. I heard him stop at the after-hatch

where the boat-steerers and the carpenter lived, and call "Chips!" two or three times. At last there was an answer in another voice—not Chips; then a round of hurried feet on deck, a shout down the forecastle, and a shout back in answer. There was no Chips there.
Two minutes after a heavy foot came aft to the cabin stairs, and Mr. Joseph, with a white face entered.

I knew what he had to tell. I knew now-just as if I had seen it all-who the tall man was whom I had seen leaning against the line. The captain looked at the second

"Chips is gone, sir," said the old sailor, with a tremor in his rough voice; 'Chips was knocked over by the line, and we've gone four knots since it parted. I've put her about, and we're

knew the search was hopeless. No man also his companion in misery, having could swim in such a sea, and we had a thought, though no one spoke it, that brave Chips had been killed by the line before he touched the water.

All night we beat about the place where we thought it had occurred. The wind and sea fell, and the moon came out in great beauty to help our sad Every man on board stayed search. on deck till the sun rose, and then we looked far and vainly over the heedless swell of the sea.

Chips was dead. The rough Portu guese lads found it hard to believe that the kind heart and strong hand of their friend had gone forever. We all knew that the best man in the ship was taken awav.

Two years afterward, when I found myselt in Boston, I took from my sacred things a letter which I had found in Chips' chest. It was addressed to a woman, with the name and number of a Cambridge street. I found the placesmall frame house, with lots of Chips' handiwork around it. His mother met me at the door, a white-haired woman. She seemed to have been waiting and watching for somebody. A few words told the hopeless story. The letter was for her, and she read it over—the letter of her only boy, asking forgiveness for his one great and only disobedience and as she read, the white head bent lower and lower, till it met the thin hands; and I turned and left the little room I had darkened, with all its poor ornaments, useless now, and, as I walked toward Boston, I could not help thinking that God's ways are often wofully far from being our ways. JOHN BOYLE O'RELLY.

Sympathy as a Softener of Law. They allow very wide scope to sympathy, as a softner of law, in France. The case of the Countess de Tilly, recently tried in a Parisian court, was embellished by an outpouring of popular feeling such as would scarce have been possible in other places. The countess was tried for having disfigured the face of a young laundress who had become the favorite of the count, her husband. The girl was handsome, and vain enough of her conquest to tantalize the countess by boasting that madam would not live long, and that upon her death she herself would succeed to the title. Madame lost patience one day. and discharged a bottle of vitriol full in her tormentor's face, destroying one eye and reducing the pretty features to a mass of wrinkled scars. When the case came to trial the public took part. The jurors were publicly and passionately admonished, and entreated to acquit her. The newspapers were unanimous in her behalf. Her counsel shed tears while making his argument, which was based on wholly sympathetic grounds. The public prosecutor made merely a perfunctory request for conviction, and immediately added a plea for leniency. The judge instructed the jury in her favor, amid the uninterrupted cheers of the spectators; and the jury at once returned their verdict of acquittal, 'amid," as the account says "a perfect storm of applause."-Chicago Times.

Women, it is said, are more thorough in what they undertake than men are. Even in the matter of conversation we have the evidence of her striving to the very uttermost - Yonkers Statesman.

A TERRIBLE FATE.

How a Blind Man and a Cripple Eagned Their Living and Met their Death. At the mine known as "Filer's Slope," near Scranton, Pa., a painful accident resulted in the instant death of a miner named Felix Slavin, and his assistant. John Dougherty, in the chamber where they were at work. They were engaged in taking down a "skip," or loose piece of coal, when a huge boulder, known in mining parlance as "a black sulphur clod," weighing about three tons, descended upon them from the roof, killing both instantly, and crushing them to-gether into a shapeless mass. A miner named Finnerty, working in an adjoining chamber, had been in a few minutes before the accident and warned Slavin and Dougherty of their danger, but they replied that the loose end was only!" a little shell," and would not hurt anybody. When Finnerty heard the crash he knew what happened, and ran to where the accident occurred. To his horror he saw the miner and his assistant crushed by the "clod," their feet sticking out from under it and still moving. He called to his comrades, and a gang of men speedily congregated at the chamber and engaged in the work of remov-ing the roulder from the bodies. They found this a task occupying several hours. When it was finally accomplished, and Slavin and Dougherty were exposed to view, they presented a horrible picture. Their heads were crushed together, and they were disfigured beyond recognition. Strong miners, accustomed to fearful accidents underground, were compelled to turn aside and shudder as they contemplated the

ghastly sight. A peculiar feature brought to light by this grim occurrence, and one that seems almost incredible, is the fact that Slavin, the miner, had been totally blind from boyhood. Scarcely any other calling requires the exercise of such keen sight, yet this unhappy man groped his way for years amid danger, and, trusting to the skill of his hands and the eyes of his assistant, plied his perilous vocation uncomplainingly. His early days were spent in the mines of England, where he learned the business and lost his eyes. He was quite expert in the use of the drill, and when his assistant once placed it accurately on the spot where the hole was to be drilled for the blast, Slavin, without deviating a hair's breadth, made the hole at the proper angle, and then superintended how it should be fired. He had been a miner thirty years without the use of his eyes, and managed to get along in a way that was altogether wonderful to contem-plate. He left a wife and three children running down again."

There was a dead silence. We all Dougherty, who shared his fate, was een a crippie from ci physically weak and decrepit, and in reality was nothing more than the eyes for Slavin's skill and brawny arms. Some days before the accident George Filer, one of the owners of the mine, conscious of the danger these two men were daring, gave them notice that he could not employ them any longer; but they pleaded pitcously to be retained, saying it was the only way they could hink of making a living, and so Mr. Filer permitted them to remain. black sulphur clod by which these two

A Humorist's Ancestors. How much happier were our ances-

in appearance and weight.

When they awoke at sunrise, they just kicked off the bearskin, dipped themselves into the creek, if there was a creek handy, and didn't if there wasn't, hung a wolfskin over their shoulders, and they were dressed for the day. This was long ago, because we nome of a very old family. Our family records show that our direct ancestors had the handsomest cave in their range of mountains, and a stranger couldn't get up in the night for a drink of water without falling over a skull. And they never had to do a stroke of work. All day long the gentlemen hunted, not so much for sport as for meat. And the ladies stayed at home and talked gossip and chewed wolf-skins to make them soft and pliable for children's winter clothing. A man didn't go roaring and swearing around his room in the morning, in these good old times, with his eyes full of soap, groping for the towel There was no such thing as soap, and they had no use for towels. And they never worried about salaries and the price of commodities. When they want-ed anything they stole it, and when they couldn't steal it, in a sublime spirit of contentment, they went without it. And politics never worried them either. The man with the biggest club and longest arm was president by a unanimous vote every time, and the man who objected to the election was promptly sold to the Onio medical students in the interest of science. Those were the days when a man could run for president on his shape. They were good men, these ancestors of mine, in their day. I am not ashamed of them, because I have no reason for thinking they were ashamed of me, and if they can stand it I can. They were more reliable than I am. They prayed oftener and made more noise about it, and they had more gods than they had words in their language. They fought a little, stole some, and lied a great deal, and swore every time they thought of it, but they never played croquet, and were proof against the vanity of roller skates. There were some good things about them after all. The best thing I know about them is their distance, their remote antiquity. I revere the rare good sense which prompted them to live and get through with it and die, about three or four thousand years before their more fasticious descendants wanted the stage for their brief hour .- R. D. Burdette.

New York city has school accommo-dations for 124,353 pupils, the average attendance is 108,558, and the teachers salaries aggregate \$2,353,050.15.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Stable Venitlation.

Too much attention cannot be paid to the matter so all important to the health of demestic animals, and to those persons who have the care of them. The necessity of making animals comfortable in their yards, stables, stalls or pens—of giving them an abundance of pure air, keeping them clean, dry and warm, of giving them the light and the warm sunshine, of locating the barns properly. so that a southerly and pleasant ex-posure may be had, so that the cold north winds may be warded off and the sloping and dry yard may be enjoyed by them—the importance of all these matters is not sufficiently considered nor properly appreciated by the farmers. The close packing together in low, damp, dark places of horses, cattle and swine is in effect just as pestilential among these animals as similar conditions are among human beings. From excessive development of the breathing apparatus in the cow and horse, the activity of the cutaneous function, the accumulation of animal substances and the evolutions of gases from excreta, it should be seen that atmospheric contaminations are constantly going on in all stables, and that pure and abundant air food is conse-quently withdrawn from the stabled animals, unless unusual care be taken and great discretion practiced in the construction of their abodes. In the best regulated stables, cleanliness and an abundance of pure air, light and warmth alone can insure the health, comfort and useful life of our farm stock .- American Cultivator.

Habits of the Grasses. The majority of the grasses mostly highly valued for pasture are gregarious in habit, and seem to thrive better when several species are mixed together than when each is growing separately. Many interesting experiments have been made in this direction, and all show that for a good permanent pasture a mixture several species of a similar habit is etter than any one alone. There are, is true, exceptions to this rule, principally found in localities where some particular species is especially adapted to a certain formation or kind of soil. For instance, the Kentucky blue grass will on some soils take entire possession and crowd out other kinds, while in others will scarcely holds its own against timothy, red top, and similar well-known species. Some of the species are especially valuable for hay, others for pasture, owing to their different habits of growth. For hay the farmer wants a grass that grows moderately full and comes to a maturity early, and if several are sown together they should all mature at the same time. But in a pasture different species should sown, coming on at successive periods of flowering, in order that some one or other of the number may be in perfection at almost any time during the summer and autumn. It is by having some such combination of a considerable number of species that the farmer should seek to secure a rich pasture for his stock the season through. The roots of grasses are almost as variable in form of growth as the stem and leaves. [Some have long fibrous roots that penetrate the soil to a great depth, and these are adapted to light, poor soils; while others, like timmen were killed is a good deal like lead othy, are almost bulbous in form, with a few long fibrous roots extending from the base, the latter requiring a rich and rather heavy soil. The fibrous-rooted and low-growing species usually produce a close, compact sward, while the others form at most small tufts or bunches. Many of our valuable inditors than ourselves. Why, I was telling my son this morning about his ancestors, and I just envied them. genous species grow in bunches; hence the very common name, "bunch grass' applied indiscriminately to at least a score of different species of prairie and mountain grasses. In appearance grasses are very deceptive; the most luxuriant may be very poor in nutritive proper-ties, while the small, rusty looking may be exceedingly rich. The same is true in regard to fragrance; the sweet vernal grass so very much prized to give hay a sweet flavor, is really a very interior species, and by itself would make very poor fodder. The above are only a poor fodder. The above are only a small part of the various characteristics and habits of grasses that might be named, but they are important and should be known and investigated by every farmer who is desirous of procuring the species best adapted to his particular soil and climate .- New York

Household Hints.

An exchange gives the following directions for cleaning jewelry: Mix cau de Cologne and whiting to the consistency of cream; apply it to the article, brush it well in, and leave it to harden. Finally brush it off, and the result will be most satisfactory.

In canning fruit, either put glass jars into a pan of cold water, and bring the water to scalding heat with the jars in it, emptying each as it is wanted, or wrap a dish towel out of cold water around the jars while filling, and you need not fear breaking them by putting

boiled fruit in them. If you want good starch, mix it with cold water; add boiling water until it thickens, then add a dessert-spoonful of sugar and a small piece of butter. This makes a stiff and glossy finish equal to

that of the laundry. For a damp closet or cupboard, which is liable to cause mildew, place in it a saucer full of quicklime, and it will not only absorb all apparent dampness, but sweeten and disinfect the place. Renew the lime once a fortnight or as often as

it becomes slaked. Remove ink stains from carpets with milk, and afterward wash with fine soap, a clean brush, and warm water. For grease spots use powdered magnesia, fuller's earth, or buckwheat. Sprinkle on the spot and let lie until the grease is absorbed; renew the earth, magnesia, or buck wheat until all the grease is removed. Time and patience will in this way remove the worst of grease spots .-

Twenty-five manufacturing establish ments are in full blast at Erie, Pa-

Detroit Free Press.