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A Broken Wing. I walked in the woodland meadows, Where sweet the thrushes sing, And I found on a bed of mosses A bird with a broken wing. I healed the wound and each morn! It sang its old sweet strain;

But the bird with a broken pision Never sours as high again. I found a youth's life broken

By sin's seductive art, And, touched with Christ-like pity, I took him to my heart. He lived with a noble purpose, And struggled not in vain; But the soul with a broken pinion Never soars as high again.

But the bird with a broken pinion Kept another from the snare, And the life that sin had stricken Raised another from despair. Each loss has its compensation, There are healings for each pain; But a bird with a broken pinion

Never soars as high again.

EDWARD MEYRICK'S FRIEND.

Mr. Thomas Springer had lived several years in New York city, and yet could at any time have disappeared without causing any anxiety or leading any one to feel more than a moment's surjosity, not to say responsibility.

To begin with, his name was not in be city directory. He never was anywhere when the canvesser for the direc-ery was on his rounds. He invariably est the house where he roomed just beore the annual visitation both of the directory man and the assessor of taxes and while these detectives were out, was sither traveling or lodging as a transica-in some hotel. He took a lodging and paid his rent monthly in advance, but he be numberless hotels and restaurants. therever he happened to be when his our for dining came round. He had o place of business, for he had no busi-He had money, enough and more snough for his needs, which was

lavested in government bonds.

I must not be supposed that Mr.

ringer because he bad so slight a holo n the community was a mere va-at. Having rothing to do, he fell into most methodical habits of doing it was the most punctual of men and most orderly. He kept all personal cts in a single trunk, and he had political life so perfectly that it never ired more than half an hour for him get together in his room all that he ed and pack it neatly in his one

Lue time had come round for one periodic removals on a Saturday ad his trunk was packed, ready for the rriage; he had taken leave of his land. with his usual formula: "I am ateful to you for your care of me. m going off on a journey to-day and an apertain how long I may be gone, so I ill not ask you to reserve the room for e," and she said, as his landladies al-

Oh, I hope you will come back again. ir, and if anybody asks for you, where hall I say you are?"

"I should really like to come back," a replied. "You have taken excellent are of me, but I won't promise; good-ye, good-bye." Then this landlady all the rest cherished for months rain hope that the quiet gentleman who aid in advance and never made any rouble would come back. For some reaon the carriage did not come, and Mr. pringer, getting impatient, went out to all another. He stood in the doorway ooking up and down the street, but there was no vehicle in sight. There was no man or woman either, but presently a sturdy young fellow came slowly along the sidewalk. He may have seen Mr. Springer's anxious face; at any rate he stepped briskly to his

"Do you want your trunk carried?" he asked, with a little hesitation and a Spring slight blush. "I am strong enough to friend. carry it some way. I'd like to carn a little something." Mr. Springer looked a second time at the young man, who was not, however, much younger than himself, but more robust and self-possessed. The young man had asked a favor, but Mr. Springer, who was always rather helpless in an emergency, se zed upor him as a deliverer. "Ob, if you would," he said, gratefully,

"I was looking for a carriage, but I don't see any. It is not very far, only to the Grand Central depot." He said this last in a low tone as if wishing not to be overheard by his landlady who was standing near. "I will pay you liberally. I will pay you what I should have to pay the hackman, and very

"Come along," said the young fellow, shouldering the trunk and marching off. tollowed by Mr. Springer. It was not a long walk, and as the porter was a vigorous one Mr. Springer found it easier to drop behind and follow his At the depot the trunk was checked duly for Oakdale, a viliage in the interior, for which Mr. Springer had bought his ticket. There was a halfhour yet before the train was to start, and he peed not have been so worried. Now that he had nothing to do, he re; covered his equanimity and taking out his pocketbook gave his extemporized

"It's more than a hackman's fare, isn't it!" asked the man, still looking at

it wistfully.

"No, it's not more than I might have been charged," said Mr. Springer. "You've no idea," he added, candidly, " how they will take advantage of you if

you only seem to be in a hurry. Weil, I'm as much obliged as any hackman could be," said the man, necketing the dollar. "It's the first money I've earned in two days, and I

was speculating a little about my dinner, am very particular about my house. when I saw you. "Dear me," said Mr. Springer. "I'm

tession?" The man laughed. The truth was he had so much an air of good breeding that Mr. Springer beginning rick, New York, "and friend." "You "To be sure I had not thought of the pen and added after Edward Meyrick, New York, "and friend." "You had not thought of the laughed. his sentence to a workman felt disposed

to end it to a gentleman.

"No, my profession—" but the man hesitated a moment. "No matter about my profession," he added, "if I can only get something to do."

"What can you do?" Mr. Springer asked. "I haven't many friends," he went on, hastily, "but I may be able to give you some advice. You appear to be a stranger. Are you not an Englishman?"

"Yes, I suppose I can't conceal that.
Well, I play the organ."
"Play the organ! Dear me, Why, I saw an advertisement in the paper this morning for an organist wanted. He is wanted in Oakdale. In fact that's the reason I'm going to Oakdale."

"What! are you an organist?"
"Oh, no."

"Oh, no."
"Then you were looking out for a friend? Pardon me."
"Oh, no, not at all," said Mr. Springer, stumbling over his words. "I can't make it clear all in a moment. I wanted to go out of town to spend a few days, and I remembered having heard the clergyman of Oakdale preach and so I thought I'd go there for Sunday at any rate. You see there'd sure to be a rate. You see there'd sure to be a church." The young man looked again at this nervous gentleman, but suddenly bethought himself.

"Will you, my dear sir, do me a great favor, a very great favor, and mention my name to the clergyman?" He scribbled his address hastily on a piece of paper. His name was Edward Mey-rick, and the address he gave was that of a reputable music firm.

"But I don't know the clergyman," began Mr. Springer; then he said, looking at his watch, "There will be another train to-night. Will you allow me, as a friend, to-to put you in the way of going to Oakdale?" He said it as delicately as he could, but it was a bold thing for him to do. Mr. Springer used afterward to say that it was the

turning poir t of his life.
"Why, I'll go now," sa'd Meyrick heartily. "There's nothing to prevent willy, "There's nothing to prevent me. I thank you cordially. In fact I should have sked you if you had not got the start of me. What is the fare? Will my dollar pay it?"

"No, I think not," and Mr. Springer.

"No, I think not," and Mr. Springer, who had grown uneasy again, looked nervously at his watch. "It is almost time for the train to start."
"Well, here, come along to the booking office," and before Mr. Springer could bring himself well together, Meyrick had him at the little window, had asked the price of a ticket and almost beloed him out with his pocketbook. Only when they were aboard the train and were steaming out of the city did Mr. Springer Te looked furtively at his companion, nd found him a ruddy, well-conditioned young Englishman, with decision and frankness in his face. His dress was sorupulously neat and except for the story he had told of his poverty and the confirmation which that ob tained from his sudden porterage, Mr. Springer never would have taken him for a man in need, but would have thought him an English gentleman on his travels. Every once in a while Edward Meyrick broke into a low laugh, which he tried to suppress. The laugh somehow gave Mr. Springer more con-

fidence than anything else. "You seem amused," he said at "Do I? Oh, I beg your pardon, to

be sure, but every time I think of myself shouldering that trunk I imagine myself in Pall Mall," and Mr. Meyrick laughed agaid.

"Then you've not been long in this "Oh, come now, if you'll excuse me I won't try to give an account of myself. Just take me for granted, will you? I'm strictly honest and respectable, I do assure you, though appearances may be against me. I'm desperately hard up, to be sure, but if I can suit your friend

the clergyman-' "Let me remind you," said Mr. Springer, gently, "that he is not my

"Ob, never mind. If he wants an organist, I am pretty sure I shall give Meyrick satisfaction." Then Mr. plunged into talk headlong and amused Mr. Springer with a lively account of his passage. Mr Springer thought he had never met a more agreeable fellow, and the consciousness of having. as it were, set him on his legs again, gave him a little flutter of pleasure Besides the young man was an Englishman, just landed, and Mr. Springer fraterpized with him as he was not wont to do with his countrymen.

They were very slight reasons which had determined our hero to go to Oakdale, in fact, the reasons were just two In the course of his patient reading of the newspapers he had fallen upon a bit of letter writing which referred incidentally to the neat country tavern there, and once at Trinity he had heard a clergyman preach who was said by some people passing him in the aisle to be the rector of the parish in Oakdale. It did not take many reasons to decide Mr. Springer. Two were quite enough in this case. The country tayern was attractive looking and Mr. Springer for a moment felt a little pride at having brought this Eeglishman to a house which would give so agreeable an impression of American country life; it was Meyrick's first excursion out of New York. 'The host offered them the register, and Meyrick who was making haste to Americanize himself wrote his name boldly, but Mr. Springer was in tent upon the county map which hung in the hall, "Will you register your name, sir?"

said the host to him. "It's of no consequence," said Mr. Springer, firmly. Meyrick looked a trifle surprised. The host looked dis-

"You must excuse me," said he, " would rather lose a guest than-than-"Oh, I'll answer for him," said Mey-

can give us a couple of rooms, land-lord?" The man hesitated still. "What is your charge till Monday noon?" asked Mr. Springer, and drawing out his pocketbook he insisted on paying in advance. The host shouldered Mr. Springer's trunk and took his bag in his hand. The two rooms adjoined, and setting down the trunk in one room he was carrying the bag into the other.

"You can put those both in here,"

said Mr. Springer.
"But where's your baggage, then?" The landlord turned to Meyrick.
"Oh, I'm light-weighted," said that gentleman. The landlord looked per-

plexed. "I'll answer for him," said Mr. Springer, suddenly.

"Well, I never," grumbled the land-lord to himself, as he went away. "They're a precious pair, Edward Mey-rick and friend. The friend seems to pay all the money and have all the baggage, and Edward Meyrick has the name." But the landlord lad accepted the money and he tried hard to pocket his suspicions also. There was nothing more in the conduct of the two to excite his suspicions. They took their supper quietly and went out to walk afterward. first inquiring the way to the clergy-man's. Nothing could be more decorous than that, nevertheless the landlord made up his mind that the unknown was a detective who had come down to ferret out some forgotten crime. The clergyman's house was not far away, but when they came in sight of it Mr.

Springer turned aside. " I will take a walk while you go in," said he. "I am not necessary to the business. What did the landlord say was the name of the clergyman?"
"Johnson. The Rev. Mr. Johnson."

"No."
"Why, do you know him?"
the name

"That was not the name of the one whom I heard preach," said Mr. Sprin-

ger, faintly.
"Well, he's only been here a few weeks, the landlord said. Come in, Mr.—Mr.—. By Jove, I declare I don't know your name.

"No matter, no matter," said Mr. Springer, hastily; "and you needn't mention me. You know I don't know anything about you."

"That's a fact," said the Englishman, laughing. "We do look like a pair of conspirators. Going? Well, I'll see you at the inn," and as Mr. Springer walked quickly away, he himself kept on and rang at the door of the rectory. It was late in the evening before he returned, and knocked at Mr. Springer's door. That gentleman was sitting by the light of a kerosene lamp, reading.

"All right," said Mr. Meyrick. thing's done, thanks to you." "But you didn't mention me?"

"It would have been rather different to do that. No, I made my errand known, and found luckily that Mr. Johnson had engaged no one. "What does he look like?" asked Mr Springer, whose hand was shading his

"Tall, sandy-haired, blue-eyed, high cheek bones, long chin"—so he told off his points. "Do you think it is the elergyman you heard?"

"No," said Mr. Springer, faintly, "it is not. But go cn." Well, it seems that his sister has been playing the organ since his last organist left, but she is needed in the choir. He took a lantern, we went over to the church and stayed an hour there. with his small boy blowing while I played. The short of it is, he engaged me on the spot, and I enter on my duties

"Did Miss Johnson go with you?" "Yes. It was her opinion I expect that decided the rector. I don't think he knew much about music, but she did. She evidently knew her own mind." Mr. Meyrick was ready to stay and chat, but Mr. Springer confessed himself very tired and they bade each

other good-night. When church time came the next morning Mr. Meyrick's friend unexpectedly declined to go with Mr. Meyrick. No. He would keep his room that day, and as he had given aiready various indications of oddity, the young Englishman simply accepted this as a new but nowise strange sign of insanity. To be sure he had come to Oakdale apparently for the express purpose of go ing to church, yet he did not stir out of the house, and scarcely left his room till night-fall. Then he strolled out with Mr. Meyrick and heard this young man's account of his day. It had been very interesting. The service was good, the sermon was good, and the sister of the rector sang in a way to inspire any

organist. "So you will stay and play the organ?" asked Mr. Springer. "Most certainly. I am better off here that I should be in New York. morrow I will repay you. The rector has promised to pay my first quarter's

salary in advance. "Oh,no, not at all, not at ail," protested Mr. Springer. "I consider the money most excellently laid out, most excel lently laid out, most excellently. a service to Mr. Johnson and to his sisr." The Englishman looked at him.
"By Jove, so it is," he said. "I'd not thought of it before in that light.

Oh, no. And don't mention You won't mention me, Mr.-Mr. Mey "I'll try not to, Mr. Meyrick's friend. It's a rum go. though," and he laughed

They owe you thanks."

again to himself. Mr. Springer continued to spend his isit to Oakdale in extreme seclusion. He bade his friend good-bye the next He would return day alter breakfast.

to New York by the first train.
"Now, really, I say" said Mr. Meyrick, as he walked along the platform with him, holding his arm, for Mr. Springer's hat was so drawn down over his eyes as almost to blind them, too had to let you go and not be able to "Dear me," said Mr. Springer. "I'm "Oh, I'll answer for him," said Meyget sight of you again. Do give me an very sorry. Are you a—aporter by pro-rick with alacrity. "Here, I'll put address to which I can write in case—

again."
"To be sure I had not thought of that," said Mr Springer.
"Or in case Mr. Johnson or his sister should need your help," he added, jocosely. Mr. Springer laid his hand solemnly on his arm and looked up from

under his hat rim.
"Mr. Meyrick," he said "promise me in such an event that you will write to

"Well, what is your name?"
"Write to me—well, write to Mr.
Meyrick's Friend, New York." The
train bell rang, and Mr. Springer
jumped on the platform.

By Jove," said Mr. Meyrick, gazing after him, "there goes a precious lunatic. But he did me a good turn when he brought me here."

"I say, Tom," called one postoffice clerk to another within the inclosure, about six months after our story began, "here's Mr. Meyrick's Friend at last. Shall we put him in M or F?"

"Oh, give him to me, Jack. He's M-M is for mad, as mad as a March

hare."

"Well, I'm glad he's happy at last. It must be a very good half year that i've been asked every Monday morning if there was a letter for Mr. Meyrick's friend. I'll give you the letter because I want to see the poor gaby twice more. He'll come Monday morning next to my window for Friend, and I shall cruelly disappoint him and then run round to your window to see his smile of joy." your window to see his smile of joy."
The next morning brought Mr.

Springer with his customary punctu-ality. He asked at the S window for letters for Mr. Springer; he then applied at the F window and made his final call at the M window. Two clerks peered at him as one handed him a let-

ter. "He looked a shade more scared,

Tom," said one.
"Yes. I thought it made him a little nervous, Jack."
The letter which Mr. Springer read in the privacy of the Battery was as

"My dear Meyrick's Friend: I have not written to you before partly because I had great doubts whether my letter would reach you, and partly because I had no favor to ask of you. You know I was to write if you could do me a lavor, or Mr. Johnson or Mr. Johnson's sister. But I have really needed nothing until now, when I have a favor to ask which I hope you will a favor to ask which I hope you will grant. I am to be married, yes, be ready tor a surprise. I am to marry Miss Triphenia Johnson, Mr. Johnson's sister. I owe it to you, my dear fellow, for if it had not been for your kindness in a critical moment, I never should have had the opportunity of being organist here, and never therefore should have known the best and most charming of women. I wish you had seen her when you were here; then you would have understood better my great good luck; ter once to have seen her would have been to admire her. I had already fallen in love with her before you left Oasdale. And now I will tell you frankly what I have already told the Johnsons and made good to them. My name, as you will learn when you get to the end of this sheet, is not and never was Edward Meyrick. I am the son of an English nobleman and ran away from home with an assumed name and no money to escape marrying a lady to whom I was betrothed, who did not love me, and whom I did not love. The marriage was one of "convenance" or rather there was a question of money involved; I won't go into the whole story, especially as this letter may never reach you, but only say that the only way I could act honorably was to appear to act dishonorably, and run away, which I did with excellent effect. Circumstances since that, especially the lady's marriage, have made me free again. I return to my name, I marry the most lovely American girl and take her back to England after our marriage

"There is a somewhat grotesque attachment to this adventure of mine. Miss Johnson when quite young was engaged to a Thomas Starkey; they were to have been married, when at the very last moment, almost at the church door, Mr. Starkey fled, and never has been heard of since. The only explanation which appears to have been made i that he was seized with a panic at the prospect of marriage, and actually ran away. I owe Mr. Starkey no grudge; on the contrary he proves unwittingly to have been my friend, but his per formance nevertheless was a dastardly one. I should like at least to pull his

"And now, my dear sir, for the favor. I want you to come to my wedding next month, and be my best man. I have no other friend in America on whom could so gladly call. Let me shake your hand once more, and thank you for all you have done for me, and introduce you to the best, most charming of women.

"Faithfully yours. "EDWARD ST. GEORGE."

Mr. Thomas Springer read the letter through and smiled grimly. He went back to the office of the Burglar-Proof Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and cailing for pen and paper, wrote as fol-

Mr. Edward St. George: "Dear Sir-I do not wish to give you the pain of pulling Edward Meyrick's friend's nose, nor the pleasure of pulling Thomas Starkey's, and must, there-

fore, decline your kind invitation.
"Yours truly,
"THOMAS SPRINGER" Mr. St. George read the letter with imagement and then showed it to Mr.

"He is a lunatic, after all, is he not?" Mr. Johnson burst out laughing. is his handwriting. That is Starkey. He has been hiding all this while under the name of Springer. How wretched he must have been! You will not see him, Edward, but I think I can faintly imagine his relief when you and Phenie are both out of the country .- Good ComFOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Matters.

There is no radical change in the manner of making costumes, but they may be varied according to individual fancy. Waists are generally terminated in one or two deep points in front, and the back. They are, except for extreme full dress, cut open, sometimes as far as the waist, to display the chemisette. When closed at the throat they are finished with wide collars, a deep how plaiting in front and sometimes the box plaiting in front, and sometimes the small hood at the back. Edges of basques are finished with a cord. Sleeves are cut to suit individual tastes. A few puffed at the shoulder and the leg-of-mutton sleeves are on suits of foreign design. Fringes, rassementeries and beaded ornaments of the richest descriptions trim the skirts. Sunflowers embroidered in bullion and silk em-broideries on tulle in natural colored flowers are beautiful and expensive trimmings. They are made in sets of collar, cuff and pocket trimmings, and are also sold by the yard. The white Spanish laces, beaded and fringed with wax and crystal beads, are appropriate trimmings for wedding dresses. The ends of all tabs and similar trimmings are gathered and finished with a tassel or other ornament. This idea is carried even to millinery, where the ends of ribbons and bonnet strings are either gathered at the end or shirred a few inches above and the ends fringed, producing the same effect. The colored plaitings of last season are replaced on the edges of the newest importations of walking dresses by bands of colored plush. Shirred trimmings are still used, but not so extensively as last season. Knife plaitings share the favor they have held so long with box plaitings this season. The whole front of a dress is sometimes laid ir, tine knife plaits. This is seen only on plain silk and satin. Dress patterns with embroidered trimmings are one of the novelties. A new material for infants' cloakings is of snow white cloth, with raised figures. Black lace is seldom seen this season-never in millinery-and only the richest Spanish lace is used on black silk costumes. A large shawl is the most effective trimming for one of these serviceable toilets, draped to form the overskirt. The smaller shawls are used as a fichu or tie, for either house or street. Several kinds of white lace are used for trimming white fichus. The centers are of mouselaine de soie or silk muslin and edged with Breton, Duchess, Valencienues, Maltese, Alencon and the new Vermicelli lace. Three fichus are caught at the left side of the belt and fastened by a large bow with short ends of satin sash ribbon called the Watsonian bow. Ties of seven, eight and nine inches in width are of India mull with lace or embroidered insertions and edged with lace. Chemisettes of Duchess lace are finished at the neck with crepe lisse ruchings. Jabots are made with cascades of these

from eighty cents to \$3 a yard. - New York Herald. News and Notes for Women The French minister of public instruction has appropriated \$20,000 for the establishment of a normal school

laces and range in price from \$200 up to

any price, according to the lace used.

Breakfast caps are worn universally by

married ladies as well as matrons. They

are made generally of satin ribbon and

Breton lace, and occasionally a hand-kerchief, with delicately-printed border,

is effectively used in their manufacture.

Irish tatting and crochet laces are very

fashionable. The newest lace of the season is the real Irish point or Carrick-

macross, from two to five inches wide

and from \$5 to \$15 a yard. An imita-

tion of this, on bustiste, is called Honi-

ton, or Irish point embroidery, and is

for young women. Mr. Moody has built a girl's seminary at Northfield, Mass., in which board and tuition are furnished for \$100 a year. A hundred pupils are ready to enter the institution at the opening this fall.

A young lady in Newport, Conn., has season gathered with her own hands from the fourteen-acre pond near by over 800 pond lilies (American lotus) and forwarded them to the Flower Mission in New York.

Some good women of Paris have formed a society called the Association es Femmes de Mode, which takes under its|sheltering wing women who belong to the liberal professions and are, by misfortune or the loss of their natural protectors, left without resources.

A social philosopher takes note that where a lady is very presty one never looks, at her dress, and where the toilet is very striking, one lorgets to look at the wearer. In the first case the dress is an adjunct to the woman, in the latter the woman is an accessory of the dress.

The Irish university bill provides that the honors and degrees of the new Irish university shall be open to women as well as to men. A society has been formed to procure the endowment scholarships and other means of aid for the higher education of women in Ireland.

This may be a warning to the ladies who paint and powder their faces until they look like the wax-faced figures intended to exhibit goods on. A lady in New York went up to a dummy to put a shawl upon it to see how it looked. out when the dummy turned upon her with anger and indignation, the lady saw that it wasn't a wire figure, but a would-be blooming lass of forty or

When Secretary Chase organized the national banking system he organized the bureau with two ladies and one gentleman. One of these ladies, then a young girl, but now a widow, is still employed by the government in its national banking business. The most used sets of sheets, figures and reports made in the office of the comptroller of the currency are those prepared by the two ladies.

up from the floor of her nedroom what the tancied was her belt. It was a black snake. She put it down again.

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The Pariahs of Paris.

Right in the very heart of Paris, in the Rue des Lyonnais and next door to the church of Saint Medard, the visitor who has courage enough to see such a sight may find a lodging-house and restaurant frequented and patronized by the pariahs of Paris. The somber building, covered with smoke, and begrimed without and within, has no flaming placard. Its owner has not christened his house with any high-sounding name to qualify the word "hotel," and the lantern which hangs out at the first floor alone indicates that lodging may be had within. The windows of the ground floor are closed, and the panes have been carefully whitewashed to save curtains. Now and then a man comes slouching down the street, pushes with his shoulder against the greasy door, and

The hesitating wanderer, who casts his eye up at the lantern and shudders when he reaches the door as if all hope were abandoned, has perhaps seen better days. His demeanor contrasts strangely with that of the next comer, who has his hands in his pockets, jing-ling the few coppers which will enable him to eat and drink, as well as obtain a bed. All sorts and conditions of men find their way to the Rue des Lyonnais. The place has a reputation for cheapness. and poverty gives men strange bedfellows and companions, so that the fastidious must put all their finer feelings in their pockets when they find that their ideas are not counterbalanced by a certain sum of money sufficient to enable them to maintain their reputa-

Follow the man who has just gone in, who looks like a student of the Raoul Rigault school, and who carries a bundle of manuscript under his arm, as if he had been taking copious notes at some lecture, or had been copying some data-from the well-thumbed folios in the public libraries. The door when pushed open, leads to a passage, the floor of which is caked with dirt. In front are the stairs, and a lantern stands on dark days at the turn so as to prevent the lodgers from breaking their limbs. On the left of the door is the restaurant, with its low ceiling, dirty floor and green tables, while an indiscribable odor of damp straw, old clothes, etc., pervades the place.

Honesty does not appear to be a prominent trait in the character of the cus-tomers of this establishment. The pewter platters, which are used to pro-tect the food served from any contact with the table, are attached to the wood with thin but stout chains, for the proprietor knows that the merest trifle has some value in the eyes of a man whose cravings and stomach cause him to rise against his neighbor, take what belongs stolen property. Benches, worn and stained with use, are the only seats provided, and the luxury of knives and forks is unknown. True, every customer carries his own knife, and knows how to use it on a pinch, while more than one has been arrested by the police, dragged from his lair, his hands and finger-nail bearing traces of the bloodshed he has mitted. Forks are quite superfluous w. here fingers can be used, and then meat is not sold in the restaurant. Portions of vegetables fried in some nameless tat can be had for a penny, while the bouillon, or broth, which has some "eyes" of grease on it for the sake of appearances, is sold for

about half that sum. Contrary to the custom prevailing in other establishments of this description, neither wine, coffee or brandy is sold here. The only beverage the customers can obtain is what the proprietor has been pleased to denominate "beer, made without nops, by the owner of the place in some dark cellar, and sold for two pence a quart-a price which effectually prevents any grumbling. Bread is generally brought into the house by the customer, who can buy old crusts and leavings from the restaurants for

three half-pence a pound. So much for the restaurant, which has peculiarities of its own unlike the house in the Boulevard de la Gare, where the customer enters, take a penny from his pocket, fand places it on a plank, when it is swept in by some unseen individual, and in return a tin pa anikin, full of fiery spirit, more than half vitriol, called "cognac," is handed out, while the receptacle which contains it is chained to the counter, or like that house in the Rue des Anglais, where men may pay so much an hour and drink as much as they can .- London Globe.

Interesting Figures.

Nin veh was fourteen miles long, eight miles wide and forty-six miles round, with a wall thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and 100 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 425 feet long, 225 feet wide, with 127 columns sixty feet high, each one the gift of a kingit was 100 years in building. The large pyramid was 481 feet in height, and eighty-one feet on the sides. The base covers eleven acres. The stones are sixty feet in length, and the layers are It employed 350,000 men in build-The Labyrinth, in Erypt, contains 300 chambers and twelve halis. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles round, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delyhos was so rich in decorations that t was plundered of \$50,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried a way from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles round.

A romance may sometimes be hid in a package of coffice. In a coffee grinding mill in Chicago a maiden of advancing age placed in several packages of coffee a card saying that any gentleman matrimonially inclined might address her. An aged and wealthy Milwankee widower quarreled with his housekeeper and while preparing his lonely breakfast " found "Aggie's "card, and now she is Mrs. Milwaukee.