

The Forest Republican.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes One Square (1 inch), one insertion; One Square, one month; One Square, three months; One Square, one year; Two Squares, one year; Quarter Col.; Half; One.

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.

Around the Year.

Love came to me in the spring-time, With the soft, sweet April showers; Her breath was the breath of the woodland, And her lap was filled with flowers.

Her step was a song in the silence; Its melody rose and fell As she danced through the fragrant twilight To the lower we know so well.

And the spring glided on to the summer With the flame of its fervent darts, And the noon of the fleeting season Was the noon of our beating hearts.

But the autumn came with its shadows, And noon was no longer hot; And the frost crept into our pulses, And summer and spring were not.

And love was alive with the winter, But her beauty and grace had fled; 'Mid the snows of March I let her, With an eyeress wreath at her head.

—Hart Lyman, in Harper's Magazine.

BOWKER'S TRIUMPH.

THE BLISSFUL END OF A COOLIE'S COURTSHIP.

William descended to the pump in the back yard, and had a wash in the soft light of four o'clock, and Selina got out of bed and took six sheep at her rough her tears. William, his ablutions over, went out for a dreary stroll, up the hill, and down Jacob's ladder, and down Man's lane, and on to the brook again. There, on June bridge, he stood and watched the eddies circle round the great stones, and found that the eddies and the water which bubbled always finds in running water, while Selina had gone back to bed, and had then renewed her tears, and was finding some comfort in running water. And, at the moment when Selina stood upon June bridge, Abraham Gough, in a suit of flannels, was on his way to the day shift in the mill-and-at-it. Lest you should find yourself too much disturbed by the scene, let me explain that the Strip-and-it was a coal mine, so named by its name from the cant phrase of some "big" or gangster: "Now, lads, strip it."

Dear William regretted his holiday, and longed for the hour when work would begin again. He beguiled the long hours of the day by the composition of woe-begone verses, whereof for some time he preserved a fragment, which I will transcribe:

The sun that shines so bright above, Has taught about my wronged love; The birds that sing in Wigmore lane, Are nothing to my heart but pain.

William's muse was in the right. It is a very dismal thing to the wounded heart, grown egotistic through its pain, that nature should seem out of sympathy with it—that the sun should shine and the birds should sing just as brightly and as merrily as though Selina was still true and gentle.

William took his humble meal at a little public-house in the aforesaid lane, and then strolled home again, still very miserable, but a trifle soothed by the verse-making process. He was due at the mine at six o'clock, and an hour before that time he was upstairs exchanging his Sunday costume for the work-day coal flannels, when he became conscious of a bustle in the street. Looking through the window, he beheld men running hatless and coatless, and unbonneted, unshawled women hurrying along as fast as their feet could take them. Everybody ran in one direction, and in the crowd he caught a moment's glimpse of Selina and her father. The girl's face was white with some strong excitement, and there was a look of the wildest imaginable fear in her eyes. Both hands were pressed to her heart as she ran. A Black country coolie's instinct in a case like this is pretty likely to be true. William threw the window open, and cried out to the hurrying crowd:

"Where is it?" "At the Strip-and-at-it," some familiar voice called out as the straggling crowd swept by.

"What is it?" he cried again. "Shaft on fire," cried another voice, in answer; and in a second the street was clear. William Bowker dashed downstairs and hurried himself along the street.

"Anybody down?" he gasped, as he turned the corner and passed the hindmost figure in a hurrying mass. The woman knew him.

"For God's sake, lend me thy hand, Willy-ym," she gasped in answer. "My Joe's in."

He caught the shriveled little figure in his great arms as though the old woman had been a baby, and dashed on again. "Aye, the tale was true! There belched and yodelled the rolling smoke. There were hundreds upon hundreds of people already crowded upon the pit mound and about the shaft, and from every quarter men and women came streaming in, white-faced and breathless. William set his withered burden down, and pushed through to the edge of the shaft. There was water in the up-cast, and the engines were at work full power. Up came the enormous bucket and splashed its 200 or 300 gallons down the burning shaft, and dropped like a stone down the up-cast, and after a long, long pause came trembling and laboring up again, and vomited its freight again and dropped like a stone for more.

"Yo' might just as well stand in a ring an' spit at it," said Bowker, with his face all pale and his eyes on fire. "Get the stinktore up and let a man or two go down."

"Will yo' mak' one, Bill Bowker?" said a brawny, coal-smear'd man beside him. "Yis, I will," was the answer, given like a bulldog's growl.

"I'll make another," said the man. "An' me," "An' me," "An' me," cried a dozen more.

"Rig the bowk, somebody," said the love-lorn verse-maker, taking at once and as by right the place he was born for. "Bill—Joe—Abel—Darkey—come wi' me."

The crowd divided, and the five made for the offices, and found there in a row a number of barrel-shaped machines of metal, each having a small hose and a pumping apparatus attached to it. These were a new boon from the generous hand of science—a French contrivance, as the name affixed to each set forth—"L'Extincteur." Each of the men seized one of these, and bore it to the edge of the shaft, the crowd once more making way. A bucket, technically called "a bowk," some two feet deep and eighteen inches wide, was affixed to the wire rope which swung above the burning shaft.

The self-appointed leader asked for flannel clothing. A dozen garments were flung to him at once. He wrapped himself up like a mummy, and bound a cotton handkerchief over his face. Then, with the machine strapped securely across his shoulder, he stepped one foot in the bucket and laid a hand upon the rope. A man ran forward with a slender chain, which he passed rapidly round the volunteer's waist and fixed to the rope which supported the bowk. Another thrust an end of rope into his hand, and stood by to receive out the rest as he descended. Then came the word: "Short, steady." The engine panted, the rope tightened, the clumsy figure, with the machine bound about it, swung into the smoke, and in a death-like stillness, with here and there a smothered gasp, the man went down. His comrade at the edge dribbled the rope through his coal-blackened fingers as delicately as though it had been a silken thread. Then came a sudden tug at it, and the word was flashed to the engine-room, and the creak of the wheel ceased, and the gliding wire rope was still. Then, for a space of nigh a minute, not a sound was heard, but every eye was on the rope, and every cheek was pallid with suspense, and every heart was with the hero in the fiery depths below. Then came another warning tug at the rope, and again the word flashed to the engine-room. The wheel spun round, the rope glided, quivered, stopped, the figure swung up through the smoke again, was seized, lowered, landed. When his comrades laid hands upon him, the flannel garments fell from him in huge blackened flakes, so near to the flames had he been. He cast these garments from him, and they fell, half tinder, at his feet. Then he drew off the handkerchief which bound his face, and, at the god-like, heroic pallor of his countenance, and the set lips and gleaming eyes, women whispered, pantingly, "God bless him!" and the breath of those bold fellows was drawn hard. Then he reeled, and a pair of arms like a bear's were round him in a second. In two minutes more he was outside the crowd, and a restorative which came from nobody knew where, was at his lips as he lay upon the ground, and two or three women ran for water.

And while all this was doing, another man, as good as he, was swinging downward in the blinding smoke. So fierce a leap the flames made at this hero, that they caught him fairly for a moment in their arms, and when he was brought to the surface, he hung limp and senseless, with great patches of smoldering fire upon his garments, and his hands and face cracked and blackened. But the next man was ready, and when he, in turn, came to the light, he had said goodbye to the light forever in this world. Not this, nor anything that fear could urge, could stay the rest. There were five and thirty men and boys below, and they would have them up or die. With that god-like pallor on their lips and cheeks, with those wide eyes that looked death in the face, and knew him, and defied him—down they went! I saw these things, who tell the story. Man after man defied that fiery hell, and faced its lurid, smoky darkness, undismayed, until at last, their valor won the day.

The love-lorn William had but little room in his heart for superfluous sentiment as he laid his hand upon the wire rope, and set his foot in the bowk again. Yet just a hope was there—that Selina should not grieve too greatly if this second venture failed, and he should meet his death. He was not, as a rule, devotionally inclined, but he whispered, inwardly, "God be good to her." And there, at that second, he saw her face before him—so set and fixed that in its agony of fear and prayer it looked like marble. The rope grew taut, he passed the handkerchief about his face again, and with the memory of her eyes upon him, dropped out of sight. The man at the side of the shaft paid out the slender line again, and old hands watched it closely. Yard after yard ran out. The great coil at his feet snaked itself, ring by ring, through his coaly fingers. Still no warning message came from below. The engine stopped at last, and they knew that the foot of the shaft was reached. Had the explorer fainted by the way? He might, for all they knew above, be roasting down below that minute. Even then his soul, newly released, might be above them.

Through the dead silence of the

crowd the word flashed to the engine-room. The wheel went round, and the wire rope glided and quivered up again over it. There was not a man or woman there who did not augur the same thing from the tenser quiver of the rope, and when, at last, through the thinner coils of smoke about the top of the shaft the rescuer's figure swung with the first of the rescued in his arms, there was heard one sound of infinite pathos—a sigh of relief from 20,000 breasts—and dead silence fell again.

"Alive?" asked one, laying a hand on Bowker's arm. Bill nodded and pushed him by, and made his way toward that marble face, nursing his burden still.

"Seliner," he said, quietly, "here's our sweetheart." "No, no, no, Bill," she answered. "There's on'y one man i' the world for me, Bill, if ever he forgives me an' my wicked ways."

Cheer and cheer of triumph rang in their ears. The women fought for Bill Bowker, and kissed him and cried over him. Men shook hands with him and with each other. Strangers mingled their tears. The steel rope was gliding up and down at a rare rate now, and the half-suffocated prisoners of the fire were being carried up in batches. Selina and her lover stood side by side and watched the last skipful to the surface.

"That's the lot," yelled one coal-smear'd giant as the skip swung up. Out broke the cheers again, peal on peal. William stood silent, with tears in those brave eyes. The penitent stole a hand in his.

"Oh, Bill," she whispered, "you didn't think I wanted him?" "What else did you think I fetched him out for?" queried William, a smile of comedy gleaming through the manly moisture of his eyes.

She dropped her head upon his breast, and put both arms around him, and neither she nor he thought of the crowd in that blissful moment when Mr. Bowker's courtship ended, and soul was assured of soul.

A Hint to Boys.

A philosopher has said that the true education for boys is to teach them what they ought to know when they become men. What is it they ought to know?

1. To be true; to be genuine. No education will be worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learned a letter in the alphabet, and be true and genuine in intention and action, rather, than, being learned in all science and in all languages, be at the same time false at heart and also counterfeit in life.

Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, more than culture, more than earthly power or position.

2. To be true in thought, language and life—pure in mind and body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning society where he moves with his smutty stories and impure example, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper, who ought to be treated like the lepers of old, who were banished from society and compelled to cry "Unclean," as a warning to save others from the pestilence.

3. To be unselfish. To take care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be polite. To be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from earliest childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being, however young he may be, however poor or however rich, he has learned some of the important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these properly mastered, it will be easy to find all the rest.—[Methodist Recorder.]

A Laplander's Home.

In a large but rather low room, with walls and roof of rough-hewn planks, and with beams stretching from wall to wall in every direction, were assembled at least twenty-five persons of all ages and both sexes. Most of them had taken off their skin blouses and hung them on the rafters near a huge wood fire, fit to roast an ox at. The half-stewed garments and the steam from the dirty persons of those in front of the fire caused a most unwholesome odor, which prompted us to make our stay as short as possible. All around the apartment, except near the door, was ranged the sleeping-shelves, the major part of which were already occupied—men, women and children all indiscriminately mingled together, not distinguishable to the unpracticed eye the one from the other, and appearing like nothing else than mere animated bundles of fur. From the group congregated around the fire no cheerful laugh, no buzz of conversation, no noisy merriment emanated—all were silent and still; perhaps they did not wish to disturb the sleepers, but, judging from their solemn and lugubrious countenances, their gloominess seemed but too natural and very far from assumed or constrained. Well, in the joyless and monotonous life those poor people lead, it is not surprising that all merriment about them is soon stifled.—[Reindeer Ride Through Lapland.]

Thought at a church fair—Faint pocketbook never captivated fair lady.—[Yonkers Statesman.]

WAGNER AND THE BARBER.

How the Great German Composer Had His Hair Shingled—The Torsorial Artist's Dilemma.

Wagner, the composer of the music of the future, writes a correspondent, is sojourning in his "own hired house" at Naples, where he is preparing a new work, and being lionized to an extent that must fill his soul, so fond of adulation, with sweet content. The maestro is shaved by a certain Neapolitan knight of the brush by the name of Gennaro, and a good story is told in this connection. The barber thought he had "a soft thing of it," and bargained in advance with certain worshippers of the composer to sell them locks of the hair which he should cut from the maestro's head, and the shaver had in consequence a nice little sum in anticipation.

He went gaily to the Wagner villa. The composer was waiting. Don Gennaro tied the towel around his neck and began operations. "Not too short," said Wagner. "It's dreadful hot, maestro; you will feel a hundred times better after the operation," said Don Gennaro, slipping his scissors into the salt-and-pepper curls. Hardly had the barber said these words when he turned white as a sheet. The scissors nearly fell from his hands, together with the first lock of the precious hair. What had happened? If I were a novel writer and not a correspondent, I might take a barbarous satisfaction, at this point, in writing "continued in our next," which would keep your nerves twitching for twenty-four hours. But I refrain.

What had happened? Had Don Gennaro, from over-excitement, cut the skin as well as the hair of the illustrious head he held in his hands? Was it remorse for having sold the spoils which made him tremble? Neither the one nor the other. Mme. Wagner, with measured steps like one who fulfills a sacred mission, had come to his side with an open ebony casket, and the instant that each lock fell she caught it on the wing and laid it reverently on the blue satin lining of the box. Imagine the disappointment, the organ of Don Gennaro! How he managed to finish the job I don't know, but I do know that he came home thoroughly desperate; in fact, completely wilted. Donna Teresa, his wife, thought something dreadful had happened.

"What shall I do," cried he, after recounting his terrible story, "what shall I do with all those Germans? Alas! I must refund the money, because they paid half in advance. Who could imagine this?" "Don Gennaro," said his wife, severely, "when I married you I thought you had more brains in your head. Will you drown yourself in a glass of water?"

The maestro is a great composer, no doubt; but his hair is salt and pepper like our neighbor, the butcher's. A word to the wise. At the present writing there are fifteen or twenty houses in Germany where, in the place of honor in the parlor there is a small lock of salt and pepper hair in a frame, and below it in gold letters in German: "Lock of hair of Richard Wagner, cut in Naples, March 23, 1880." Don Antonio, the butcher, has never been able to make out why Don Gennaro, the barber, insisted on cutting his hair, as it were by force, on the morning of the twenty-fourth of March, 1880, the following Sunday being his day instead.

Canoe Travel in Alaska.

Alaska is full of food for man and beast, body and soul, though few are seeking it as yet. Were one-tenth part of the attractions that this country has to offer made known to the world, thousands would come every year, and not a few of them to stay and make homes. At present, however, Alaska is out of sight, though by no means so far and inaccessible as most people seem to suppose. For those who really care to come into hearty contact with the country, making a long, crooked voyage in a canoe with Indians, is by far the better way. The larger canoes made by these Indians will carry from one to three tons, rise lightly over any waves likely to be met on those inland channels, go well under sail, and are easily paddled along shore in calm water or against moderate winds, while snug harbors, where they may ride at anchor or be pulled up on a smooth beach, are to be found almost everywhere. With plenty of provisions packed in boxes, and blankets and warm clothing in rubber or canvas bags you may be truly independent, and enter into partnership with nature; be carried with the winds and currents, accept the noble invitations offered all along your way to enter the sublime rock portals of the mountain firds, the homes of the waterfalls and the glaciers, and encamp every night in fresh, leafy coves, carpeted with flower-enameled mosses, beneath wide out-spreading branches of the evergreens, accommodations compared with which the best to be found in artificial palaces are truly vulgar and mean.—[San Francisco Bulletin.]

A London undertaker has within the last few weeks driven through the city as an advertisement an enormous coffin, mounted on a base and drawn by five horses. This final receptacle is got up in most gaudy colors, ornamented with the name and address of the purveyor on the outside and lined within with satin or some other comfortable and pleasant-looking material. A live corpse, with a sheet about him, did duty in this luxurious tenement.

The one-cent postal card will never quite take the place of the scented note-paper.

A NEW THING IN OPTICS.

A Discovery That Does Away With the Need of Telescopes.

Professor Benjamin C. Merrill is generally conceded to be one of the foremost scientific men of Milwaukee. Hitherto he has confined his researches to the field of electricity rather than to that of optics, and it was not supposed that the world would be indebted to him for the most important discovery in connection with the eye that has ever yet been made. Professor Merrill has long been of the opinion that the telescope is a clumsy method of supplying the deficiency of eye power, and some months ago he undertook to ascertain if there was any way by which he could be able to dispense with artificial lenses. It is a well ascertained fact that persons who are near-sighted, or, in other words, can see only such objects as are near to them, have the ball of the eye globular and protuberant, while those whose vision enables them to see objects at a long distance from them have the eye flattened and sunken. The obvious explanation of this fact is the theory that when the eye is flattened the lenses are compressed, and thus focal distance is increased, while the opposite effect follows the too great rotundity of the eye.

Acting in accordance with this theory, Professor Merrill conceived the plan of increasing the power of the eye, not by using artificial glass lenses, but by improving the natural lenses. He designed an instrument, consisting of two small metallic disks, each pierced with an extremely small hole, and connected by a light steel band. These disks are to be placed one directly over the center of each eye, while the steel band, passing around the head, holds them in place. This band is so made that it can be shortened or lengthened by turning a thumbscrew, and, of course, just in proportion as it is shortened the disks press against the eyes and flatten them.

The inventor tried his instrument upon himself before exhibiting it to any one. He found that when the disks were put in position and the screw was gradually turned his power of seeing distant objects steadily increased. A very slight increase of pressure on the eyes gave a very marked increase of visual power. He made experiments both by day and night, and in every case with marked success. He found that in the daytime he could read the "Times" at a distance of twenty rods by giving the screw two complete turns, and at night he could perceive the moons of Jupiter and the ring of Saturn with six turns of the screw. Up to this point, the operation of the instrument was quite painless, but any attempt to give greater eye-power was attended with a sharp pain in the eyes and a dazzling light, which rendered all objects invisible. Professor Merrill has calculated, however, that six turns of the thumbscrew give his eyes a power equal to that of a refracting telescope of forty-two feet focal distance, and that, in fact, there is no telescope in existence which has anything like the power of his eyes when they have been properly adjusted by the help of his new instrument.

The Leather Medal.

And now it is the leather trade that Americans are making their own in England. There has been held recently a leather exhibition at the Agricultural hall, London, in which various foreign leathers as well as the British home produce competed for the prize. The result was that the United States literally bore off the leather medal. We export enormous quantities of leather to England, as also does Australia; leather of the heavier kind, sole leather, ready tanned. It was found on inquiry that American firms actually bought up pelts and hides in the English market, brought them over here, tanned them and sent them back to England in the form of finished leather. All this causes John Bull to rub his eyes, open his mouth and bellow. The Yankees, he found, do more yet. The American tanners buy the hides of the living animals exported from here to England, and when the animals are killed in England the hides are brought back here to be tanned. The explanation given is that American operators work on a very large scale, with a large and cheap supply of hemlock, which gives great weight, and gives it quickly, the tanner being paid by weight. The Australians have an abundance of hides, and send shiploads of sole leather. As a consequence of this fierce competition against two continents, the English tanner finds himself driven to the wall. The home trade in England is being ruined, tanneries are being closed, and capital refuses to waste itself on a profitless speculation. Even in light leathers, America competes with the British. The kind known as Levants, Memels and Cordovans are capitally imitated and equalled, if not surpassed. Germany does the same. France supplies the chief stock of waxed calf for boot uppers of the finer quality. The exports of tanned leather from France to England in the interval between the exhibitions is a great increase. In the United Kingdom there are 40,000 persons employed in the various departments of the leather and skin trade. The value of the hides and skins manufactured in the kingdom is about \$5,000,000. The value of the imported skins and hides exceeds this by \$3,500,000. The imports from France have more than doubled since 1867. In round numbers, the increase in value of the imports into the United Kingdom over the exports is equal to \$4,000,000 since 1867.—[New York Graphic.]

HUMOROUS.

Animated jailcellars—Grocers. A joiner's bench—The hymenial altar.

A Texas dog was born without a tail, and he will sit down right beside an old kettle. "Do we eat too much," asked the "Detroit Free Press," and out of five dozen boarding-house keepers sixty answered in the affirmative.

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither of them is satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.—[Owego Blade.]

When Sydney Smith was out of health his doctor advised him to take a walk on an empty stomach. The witty patient asked, "Whose?"

Butter is now adulterated with soapstone to make it weigh heavy. With the usual hair, this ought to make good mortar.—[Syracuse Sunday Times.]

"Canadian hemlock forests are being rapidly destroyed for their bark." Why not destroy a few dogs? There is as much bark in a Spitz as there is in a forest.

"Make a note of that," said one business man to another who owed him a balance and was not manifesting much enthusiasm about settling.—[Steuvenville Herald.]

The pleasure of having a thing consists in knowing that some one else wants it. This accounts for the allied joy of possessing a sore thumb.—[Boston Transcript.]

Camping out in a canvas tent during one's vacation is like kissing a pretty girl at a candy scrape—you have a good time, but you come out of it rather the worse for wear.—[Boston Globe.]

A good many of the new stars and comets we read about in the newspapers are discovered by men who come home late and meet the clothes on the bridge of their nose.—[Middletown Transcript.]

This is getting to be a well-padded world. There are horse-pads, foot-pads, hip-pads, liver-pads, back-pads, kidney-pads, and stomach-pads, and soon it is expected that somebody will get up a pad for bald heads.

"Small women generally have the largest hearts." Hope that's so; we own a small woman—no, a small woman owns us—but we haven't seen her heart yet to see what size it is. We've heard it speak, though. It's a good speaker.—[Kentucky State Journal.]

A Minnesota exchange says that "Peter Butler, of Cannon Falls, aged eighty years, shocked eleven acres of grain one day last week." Some of these old farmers use pretty hard language when they once get started.—[Peck's Sun.]

Dear soul! she looked at me askance, Her eyes filled full of tears;— While I, content to take my chance— Kissed her, and cooled her tears. And what her tears were, who can say? Perhaps at them you'd laugh— For near her stood, blocking the way, A tiny week-old calf.— [Meriden Recorder.]

A young man with an umbrella overtook an unprotected lady acquaintance in a rain-storm, and, extending his umbrella over her, requested the pleasure of acting as her rainbow. "Oh," exclaimed the young lady, taking his arm, "you wish me to be your rain-dear. Two souls with but a single umbrella, two forms that stepped as one.

ALL'S FAIR. "Do you attend the fair?" she said, And tossed her pretty little head. He spoke up, with a roguish glance, "Yes always, when I get a chance."

She blushed and said: "Now, don't be green; You know quite well, sir, what I mean; There's only one fair in the town." Said he: "That's what I said to Brown."

"Charles, I shall have to box your ears," The lovely eyes were full of tears. "You know what fair; will you take me?" For better or worse! said Charles in gloe.

"All's fair in love or war," and they A family ticket bought next day. Now Charles looks into her sparkling eyes And swears he has carried off the prize.— [Rochester Express]

Courage Rewarded.

Some notable deeds of unselfish courage were rewarded yesterday with the silver medals of that excellent institution, the Royal Humane Society. Honor is due, in the first place, to a lady, twice noble—by compassion and by birth—the Honorable Blanche Colville, who, at West Cowes, on August 24, hearing that a poor girl was drowning who had already twice sunk, plunged in the sea in her yachting dress as she stood, and, notwithstanding the weight of her soaked garments, saved this all but lost life. Another brave breast decorated with the medal was that of Arthur Evans, a lad of fifteen, who, at Aberayn, in Cardiganshire, seeing a man carried head down and sinking, flung off his clothes, swam to the spot, dived thrice, and finally brought his prize up by the hair of his head, saving him, but so narrowly that the gallant boy fainted himself while still in the water. William Chambers was the third of the generous souls whose loving kindness honors human nature. He descended a well at Ashford wherein two men had already become asphyxiated, and fastening a rope to one of the sufferers, brought him out alive, returning for the other, but only to obtain a dead body. We salute with deep respect the English lady, the lad and the workman. In days of cynicism and self-seeking they teach us the impressive lesson that there are many things better than life and dearer than length of years.—[London Telegraph.]