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### The Loom of Life.

All day, all night, I can hear the jar of the loom of life, and near and far thrills with its deep and muffled sound, as the wheels go always round. Busily, ceaselessly, goes the loom, in the light of day and the midnight gloom, and the wheels are turning early and late, and the web is wound in the warp of fate. Click, click!—there's a thread of love woven in; Click, click!—another of wrong and sin; What a checkerboard thing this life will be When we see it unrolled in eternity! When shall this wonderful web be done? In a thousand years, perhaps, or one; Or to-morrow! Who knoweth? Not thou or I; But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly. Ah! and every weaver, the years are slow, But each one is nearer the end, I know; And soon the last thread shall be woven in—God grant it be love instead of sin. Are we spinners of good in this life-wool? Do we furnish the warp or a thread each day? It were better, oh, my friends, to spin A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.

### I WON'T AND I WILL.

"Aunt Bel, I shall never marry him!" The speaker was a young girl scarcely sixteen, and she was addressing a middle-aged lady, who wore a look of annoyance that showed that the remark did not please her. "He is far superior to Sylvester St. John," she said in reply. "He is conceited; and I don't like him," was the answer. And the young girl walked away. Laura Moore was the only child of Monroe's brother, who died a few years before, and left his daughter in her care. The headstrong waywardness of her mother had caused Mrs. Monroe no little trouble in many ways. Lately she had shown a decided preference for a musician in the neighborhood, Sylvester St. John, a young man whose impertinent and dissipated manners had fully disclosed to Mrs. Monroe the utter shallowness of his character. She had talked with Laura, but without effect, and, anxious to prevent the girl from growing into more intimate relations, she had decided upon a measure that she thought might avert such a calamity. Gerald Brown was the son of an intimate friend of Laura's father, and a young man with whom Mrs. Monroe was well acquainted, and for whose good worth she had the highest respect. Thinking that Laura might be dissuaded if she had the society of another, she had sent a pressing invitation to Gerald to come and spend his summer vacation there; and it was accepted. Gerald arrived at the house a few days before the conversation just recorded took place, and, as chance would have it, overheard it all. A few moments later he stepped out on the balcony, where Laura was standing among her flowers, and said, "Miss Laura, will you take a walk with me down to the almshouse?" The young lady assented, and when they reached the rustic seat, he continued, "I asked you to come here with me because I wished to have a little private conversation with you. I overheard all that passed between you and your Aunt Bel this morning, and I wanted to tell you that you are not in the least possible danger, as at present I have no intention of marrying any one." Here he stopped, for Laura's painful embarrassment made it impossible for him to proceed. "I did not think you were going to hear me," she half sobbed. "I do not blame you for one word you said," he continued. "A young lady should never allow herself to be coerced into a marriage with any one. And you did perfectly right; and, as there is no possibility that we can ever be lovers, I wanted to know if you were not willing that we should be friends. I cannot stay here unless you consent to this, and I do not wish to go away. Are you willing?" "Oh, certainly," she answered, too mortified to look up. "Well, don't annoy yourself thinking about it," he said, kindly. "If you will excuse me now, I will go, as I promised to take Mrs. Monroe to the village this morning." The minute he was gone Laura burst into tears, and sobbed out of pure vexation. "Oh, I wouldn't have had it happen for all the world!" she moaned. "How he must despise me! And I don't dislike him at all. It was only because I wanted to tease Aunt Bel that I said it." It was some time before she recovered her usual manner when in Gerald's presence, although he took every means in his power to make her forget what had happened. During the two following weeks the young couple received many invitations to parties and picnics, and Laura did not fail to see how much superior Gerald was to most of the young men of her acquaintance. And when at home he engaged in spirited arguments with Mrs. Monroe, who was a fine talker and a very intelligent lady, he often carried his point by force of sound logic, that showed a mind well-balanced and stored with information. Not a little surprised, he watched and

"Luxurious ease never calls out the best qualities of any one," he said, one evening, while talking with Mrs. Monroe. "Women as well as men are improved by the discipline of worldly contact. A few hard knocks don't hurt any one—in fact, they are rather beneficial than otherwise." Laura sat and listened attentively. But she noticed that Gerald never tried to engage her in any such conversation, much as he seemed to enjoy talking to Mrs. Monroe on these topics. "He treats me as if he thought I was only a butterfly," she said to herself, with some bitterness; and then added, "and I don't know as he has any reason to think me anything else." The weeks passed quickly by, and one morning Gerald stood waiting for the stage, valise in hand. He bid Mrs. Monroe an affectionate farewell, and then extending his hand to Laura, said "Good-bye" pleasantly, and, bowing, walked away. Laura flew to her own room when he was gone, and, while she tried to force the tears back, thought: "He don't even respect me and there is no person whose esteem I would so like to have. He thinks I am one of those light, frivolous persons that I have heard him so often describe, and that I know he despises. And, oh! what can I do? Here I am, the heiress of father's large property, and when Aunt Bel dies I'll have all her wealth! There seems to be nothing but fashionable folly for me to engage in. I wish I hadn't a dollar in the world!" The days passed drearily to Laura after Gerald left. Aspirations for a higher and better life had taken possession of her, and made her restless and unhappy. Sylvester St. John had been so frequently repulsed that he was at last obliged to withdraw, and he began to pay attention to the next wealthiest girl in the neighborhood. It was some weeks after this that, one day a gentleman, whom Laura had never seen, called and wished to see Mrs. Monroe. The interview lasted for some time, and when Laura again saw her aunt, there were traces of tears on her face. "Laura," she said, "the gentleman who called is a lawyer from New York. He came to inform me that every dollar of your money, and all of mine that your father invested so securely, as he thought, is lost; nothing can be reclaimed." Mrs. Monroe had dreaded not a little to make this announcement to her niece. But when she finished Laura only smiled and said: "Well, Aunt Bel, I can take care of myself, and you still have the little place at Springville; you can go there and live." "What will you do, my dear?" "I can teach music. I have a very thorough knowledge of it. I don't doubt that I will succeed. I will try, at least." Preparations were immediately made for leaving the grand home. The little place at Springville was fitted up and made as comfortable as possible. Laura had never been so helpful before. Aunt Bel was daily surprised by the quiet determination she displayed, and the willingness she showed to accept the situation as it was, and to make the best of things. A letter had been sent to a friend in the city, asking her assistance in securing music-scholars for Laura, and a week after they had taken possession of their home an answer was received, saying that she had obtained three pupils, who were ready to begin as soon as Laura could take charge of them. A few days after, one bright September morning, Laura stood on the platform at the depot, waiting for the train, and by her side was Mrs. Monroe. "Now, Aunt Bel!" she said, just before starting. "I am going out into the world to make my way if I can. I shall try my best to succeed; but if I fail, I will come back to you. Good-bye." And Aunt Bel held her to her heart for a moment, too affected to speak, and then, with a faint, "God bless you!" she turned away. Laura soon obtained more pupils, but she found that working for one's living is not an easy task, at best. Some of her scholars were dull, and others were irritable and peevish. And in some cases parents were exacting; but she was rapidly learning to preserve her soul in patience, even under the most trying circumstances. But yet she was wearied at times by the daily care and fret, and it was with unspeakable delight that she looked forward to two weeks of unbroken rest at Aunt Bel's at Christmas-time. And, oh! how delightful it was. "I never enjoyed my old home as I do this!" she said one day, when she and Mrs. Monroe were together in the little sitting-room. "Because you never needed the rest," replied Aunt Bel. "A busy life carries its own recompense to some extent. Appetite gives food a relish, and weariness gives to rest an exquisite flavor that nothing else can." At the end of the vacation Laura returned, refreshed in body and mind, and prepared to go steadily along till the summer months would come and bring another delightful change. It was one day about the end of January that Gerald Brown was hurrying on through the light snow that was falling, and saw a young girl just before him also hurrying. Something in the slight, girlish figure attracted his attention, when just as she turned to mount the steps of a house, he saw enough of her profile to recognize his old acquaintance, Laura Moore. Not a little surprised, he watched and

saw her take a key from her pocket and enter. "She boards there," he thought. "What can have happened?" That evening the servant announced to Laura that "a gentleman—an old friend—was in the parlor, and would like to see her." Laura went down, wondering who it could be, and was a little abashed when she met Gerald. "You are no doubt surprised to see me," he said, as he greeted her cordially and asked her to be seated. And then he told of seeing her that afternoon, and how anxious he was to meet her. "Are you staying with friends here?" he inquired. And Laura explained all the changes that had taken place, and told him that now she was teaching music. "It was the only thing that I could do; and I would not burden Aunt Bel with the care of me, although she wished me to remain with her." Gerald listened with surprise to the recital, and could scarcely make himself believe that the quiet, lady-like girl before him was the same young miss, full of petulant willfulness, that he knew a few months before. "I take it that you are very fond of music?" he said, after she had finished telling her story. "I love it dearly." "Will you allow me to accompany you to the opera of 'Les Huguenots' next Thursday evening?" he asked. Laura assented gladly, and on that night was treated to the greatest pleasure of her life. Gerald enjoyed the music, but he enjoyed her delight more. "Oh, it is grander than anything that I ever conceived of," she said, when, between the acts, she could bring herself to speak. During the remainder of the winter, Gerald was frequently in her company; and the admiration that he felt for her the first evening that he saw her in the city constantly increased. The last quarter was just begun, when, one evening, he sat again with her in the parlor. She had been speaking of the great pleasure she anticipated from the coming vacation, when Gerald said, in a half-laughing way: "Laura, do you remember a remark you made the last time I visited your Aunt Bel?" Instantly the hot blood crimsoned her face, and tears filled her eyes, as she said: "Oh, Gerald, how could you! I did not think you would ever speak of it again." "Laura, forgive me. I wouldn't, if I thought you cared so much," and then, taking both her hands within his own, and, with all the laughing light gone from his face, he said: "Laura, then I did not care; I smiled when I heard your remark that morning. But I do care now more than I could ever tell. Would you say the same thing again?" It was a very happy face, but one on which there were still traces of tears, that looked into his a few moments later. But there was mischief in her tones, as she said: "I thought you did not; think of marrying any one just yet?" "Laura, the first night that I met you here, I could not help thinking how the wheel of fortune moves around. About the same time that you lost your property, a rich relative of mine died, and left me all his money, which was considerable. And I am now junior partner in the firm where for years I had been bookkeeper." Laura taught to the end of the quarter, and then went home. But when she returned in the fall, it was to take possession of a pleasant house all her own, as Mrs. Gerald Brown, and Aunt Bel came with her. The little house at Springville was improved and beautified, and there every summer they spend some months. A Theater of Novelties. A curious report has been issued by the managers of the Folies-Bergere theater as to the number of novelties put forth before the public during the year before September 16, 1879, and September 15, 1880. There were 364 representations, in the course of which 212 fresh performers appeared, being at the rate of about two novelties every three days. The following are the details, viz.: Fifteen ballets, eight pantomimes, one marionette theater, one American rifleman (Dr. Carver); one sleight-of-hand performer, one dislocated man, one manipulator of "epileptic plates," one crocodile charmer, one instantaneous portrait painter, ten soloists on different instruments, one Zulu company, two Japanese jugglers, two stuffed orang-outangs, one company of comic gnomes, five dancing troupes, eight equilibristes, nine gymnasts, three velocipedists, one spiral ascensionist, one rink skater, five troupes of performing animals, including a learned cow, two clown dancers, two athletes, ten symphony marches, twenty-two fantasias, nine quadrilles, thirty-one overtures, twenty-three waltzes, three galops, eleven polkas, seven mazurkas, two fan-fans, one gypsy band, one company Spanish students.—London Times. A silent man is easily reputed wise. A man who suffers none to see him in the common jostle and undress of life easily gathers round him a mysterious veil of known sanctity, and men honor him for a saint. A great deal depends upon a man's conduct when he is slandered and traduced. Weak men are crushed by traduction, but the brave hold on and succeed.

Flour Manufacture. Until recently, says the Californian, it was believed that the only thing to be sought for in the production of a good article of flour was a more or less fine disintegration of the kernels of wheat. As long as millers held to the theory that "grinding" was all that was required, a large percentage of the flour had its nutritive powers greatly reduced by being ground to an impalpable dust. Science, by aid of the microscope, has shown that no really good bread can be made from flour in which any large portion of the starch globules have been thus broken down. The rising of bread is due to the starch globules which remain whole, while the dust from the disintegrated ones, by soursing, impairs the lightness and sweetness of the loaf. It is but recently that these facts have been made known to millers, and since that time they have been discarding their old theories and machinery and devising improvements with the view to separating the starch globules rather than pulverizing them. Another important advance in this industry consists of an improvement in belting machines. Until recently the bran was separated from the flour by a powerful air-blast, which blows off the light particles of bran. Considerable power is required for this process, and, although it is carried on in a closed room, there is not only a great waste of the finer particles of flour, but the impalpable dust penetrates every part of the mill, and often gives rise to destructive explosions. By a recent invention, electricity is made to take the place of the air-blast. Just over the wire bolting cloth, which has a rapid reciprocal motion, a number of hard-rubber cylinders are kept slowly revolving and rubbing against strips of sheepskin, by which a large amount of frictional electricity is evolved. Then as the middlings are sieved by the reciprocal motion, the lighter bran comes to the top, whence, instead of being blown away by an air blast, it is attracted to the electrically-charged cylinders, as light substances are attracted to a piece of paper or a stick of sealing wax, which has been smartly rubbed. The removal of the bran from the rollers and its deposit on one side are readily effected, while the flour is carried in another direction. The separation is thus made complete, with very little loss or dust. Still another device has also been introduced to remove from the wheat, before being ground, small pieces of iron which, despite the utmost care, will find its way into the grain, working great injury to mill machinery. This trouble is now remedied by the use of a series of magnets, directly under which all the grain is made to pass. These magnets readily capture all the stray pieces of iron from the wire bands used in binding; and they have also revealed the singular fact, that, of the scraps of iron and steel which find their way into the grain, fully one-third are something like the binging wire. They are of larger proportions, of varying character, and much more hurtful to the machinery than the wire. Thus it is that science is constantly coming to our aid in all our varied industries, lightening the labor of the workman, decreasing the cost of products, and in every way improving all the various processes which are involved in the improved and constantly advancing civilization of the age. Trade Diseases. In his address before the British Medical association, Dr. Arledge classifies, under the following heads, the various causes of disease in the different trades: First, the evolution of dust; second, the evolution of unwholesome vapors and gases; third, materials of an irritant or poisonous nature acting through the system or only locally; fourth, overheated air, whether dry or laden with moisture; fifth, compressed air and rarified air; sixth, external conditions acting upon the organs of special sense; seventh, over-exertion of particular parts of the body; eighth, mechanical appliances productive of bodily injury. Dr. Arledge pronounces the evolution of dust the most widely-spread source of disease flowing directly from the labor pursued—its presence and action being observed in all textile factories, in mining, for coal or metal in ores, in cutlery manufacture, in cutting and polishing stone and ivory, in the process of grinding flour, and likewise in a large number of the smaller trades. How Gambetta Lost His Eye. The tale that Gambetta, the eminent French statesman, when a child, voluntarily put out his right eye in order to be removed from a seminary which he abhorred, is pronounced an absurd fiction. The real facts are that one day when only eight years old, while looking at a cutter boring holes in the handle of a knife with a drill fastened to an old broken foil by a piece of catgut, this rude machine gave way by reason of too great tension, and the broken foil struck the right eye of the child with great force, perforating the cornea. This terrible accident causing him to be one different from his kind, he was petted, pampered and spoiled by his parents, his every whim and fancy indulged, and every caprice of his ardent and violent character allowed free play. Gilhooly got come up with yesterday. He had bought a barrel of apples from De Smith's grocery, which did not give satisfaction. "What is the reason," said Gilhooly, indignantly, "that the further down I go in the apples the worse they get?" "The reason for that is that you didn't open the barrel at the other end. If you had only done that the apples would be getting better all the time."—Galveston News.

A FIGHT WITH A BOAR. Ya'n of an Old Hunter About a Savage Tussle in the Woods—A Side that was very Hard. A letter from Rockland, N. Y., says that Peter Stewart, a hunter, at the age of eighty-six is as vigorous as a man of eighty. He never tires in relating his adventures with wounded bear and deer and panther, one of each of which he had killed before he was twelve years old. His favorite story, however, is the one recounting his fearful fight with a wild hog in the "Rockland Beech," in 1825. The writer heard him tell it in his quaint way on a recent visit to the Beaverville wilderness. Said Peter: "The season of 1820, I'm a-thinkin', laid a leetle over any one they ever was in provin' beech-nuts. They was so many nuts on the trees that they wasn't hardly no room for leaves. When they fell off on the ground in the fall I'm a-drawin' it mild when I tell you that they laid two inches deep on the level. That year a crazy sort of a chap that had made a clearin' in the beech got it in his head that they was money in fattenin' pork that year on the nuts. He calculated that every hog that was turned in the woods was worth five dollars more when it come out than when it went in them. So he made up his mind that if he put a thousand hogs in the beech they'd come out with a little fortune o' five thousand dollars a-stickin' to their ribs. Well, sir, he goes to work and gets up every pig he could buy in the hull country. I guess he got nigh on to the number he wanted. He marked 'em and let 'em loose into the woods. Just afore the time come around for gatherin' his pork crop together an awful cold snap dropped in on the country, and they was a two days' snow come along with it. When the weather ceased up the pork speculator went into the beech to look after his stock. He found it layin' all around the woods in heaps. Out o' the lot he turned in he didn't find more'n seventy or eighty alive. A few o' 'em run wild, and if they hadn't I never would a had the best rascal I ever had in the woods, and I've had some good lively matches with 'em, wild cats and painters, at that. "I used to hunt a good deal with Sam Darbee, whose father come into the wilderness soon after mine did. Sam was one o' the best woodsmen I ever see and wa'n't afeerd o' nothin'. Along early in the winter o' 1825 me and him was out in the beech on a b'ar hunt. We'd settled three or four b'ar and hung up a number o' deer, and war thinkin' about gittin' back to the cabin, when Sam yelled at me from a holler off to the left o' where I was standin' to come there an' see what kind o' tracks them was he'd found in the snow. I went over to see the tracks, but I couldn't make out what they had been made by. They wa'n't deer tracks, certain, an' they couldn't be sheep tracks, 'cause they wa'n't a sheep within forty mile. All to once it struck me what they was, an' I says to Sam that I'd bet them tracks was made by some o' the progeny o' them hogs that the speculator o' 1820 had left over. We put the dogs on the track, an' I'm blowed if we didn't foller it for two days without seein' anything o' the animal as made it. We could find now an' then a place where the hog had rooted up a place, an' where he had wallered once in a while. An' the third day I was jest on the point o' givin' up the race when all of a suddint one o' the biggest boars I ever see jumped out of a bunch o' laurel. His brussels stood up on his back more'n six inches perpendicular, and his tushes stuck up on both sides o' his snout like spare ribs sharpened on one end. The minute he see me an' the dog he begun to chomp an' froth at the month as if he was eatin' soap. I guess he must a been more'n three foot high. An uglier-lookin' beast never stood before anybody. The dog were good grit, an' he didn't lose no time, but buckled right on to the boar. Nor the boar didn't lose no time neither, for he jest met the dog half way, gave one lunge at him and ripped him open like a buzz-saw goin' through a hemlock log. He tossed the dog more'n ten feet off into the laurels and then waited for me. "Think, says I, I guess I don't want to keep no company with the dog just now, so I'll try the virtue of a leetle cold lead on the old cuss's hide. I give him the slugs, but I guess they glanced off'n his shoulder like water slips off'n a duck's back, for they didn't faze him a bit. The noise o' the gun kind o' skeert him, though, an' he turned an' made off into the swamp. Darbee came up when he heered the gun, an' we started on after the boar. We come onto it afore we know'd it. He didn't wait for us to git in on him, but made for us right away, a gittin' rid o' the all-fired snorts anybody ever listened to. Darbee was in front o' me. The boar dashed plumb atwix his legs and tumbled him into the laurels 'fore Sam scarcely know'd what was up. He'd a ripped Sam as clean-cut as he did the dog in another second, but I jumped ahead and fetched the hog a fearful kick behind. Sam was in such a position that I didn't dare to snoot for fear o' hittin' him. The boar turned on me when I kicked him and I sprung on one side. He tore past me an' afore he could turn and get at me I give him a ball. It hit him in the fore-shoulder an' he dropped. He was up agin and come for me in less th'n no time. He come on me three logs, though. The ball had broke the other one. The blood was runnin' from the wound like sap out'n a maple, an' I know'd it were only a question o' time with the tough critter. The froth that came out'n his

mouth was streaked with red. Darbee had got on his feet and jumped between me an' the boar an' give it a thundersnack 'twixt his eyes with his huntin' axe. That whack would have floored an ox, but it never even staggered that boar. On he came and give a lunge at Sam that I thought was a finisher, an' I had to shut my eyes. But it missed Sam's flesh by a quarter of an inch. The tush struck the bottom o' Sam's corduroy pants and ripped that leg clean to the waist better'n you could a done it with a knife. "Now things begun to get lively. Sam's gun laid off in the laurels, where he had dropped it when the boar knocked him over. My rifle was empty and I hadn't no time to load it. I dropped my gun and ran to get Sam's to give the boar another shot. I jumped in the laurels. The boar kept right on after me, and 'fore I could find the gun was straight on me. I sunk my huntin' knife in the boar's shoulder up to the hilt and hollered to Sam to load my rifle quick while I was keepin' the hog busy. I kep' a diggin' away into the boar wherever I could find a place, and he staid right by me. By the time Sam loaded up and got to my aid I hadn't but a few rags left on me, an' the boar had got his tusks in on me in a way that sliced me up pretty bad. If I'd been all hog eye that would a stopped all future huntin' expeditions o' mine. When Sam came up agin he was afeerd to shoot, an' so went to hackin' the boar with his ax. That turned him agin on Sam. Sam run back and grabbed my gun. When he got the boar right he gave him a ball in the other fore-shoulder. That dropped him. He tried hard to get up, and tore the ground up and frothed and hollered in a way that would a skeert an army of Ingins to death. By-an'-bye he weakened and Sam cut his throat. He lived nearly an hour after that. I never went a boar-huntin' agin, I kin tell you. I made up my mind to give my attention to such common game as painters, b'ar and wolves in the future. I didn't git over that hunt for two weeks, and I've got the scars o' that boar's tushes on me yit." Eggs as Food. Eggs are an article of cheap and nutritious food which we do not find on farmers' tables in the quantity economy demands. They are very convenient to take to market, and this is the disposition which too many farmers make of them. They probably do not comprehend how valuable eggs are as food; that, like milk, an egg is a complete food in itself, containing everything necessary for the development of a perfect animal, as is manifest from the fact that a chick is formed from it. It seems a mystery how muscles, bones, feathers and everything that a chick requires for its perfect development are made from the yolk and white of an egg; but such is the fact, and it shows how complete a food an egg is. It is also easily digested, if not damaged in cooking. A raw or soft boiled egg is always as easily assimilated as is milk, and can be eaten with impunity by children and invalids. The average egg weighs a thousand grains, and is worth more as food than so much beefsteak. Indeed, there is no more concentrated and nourishing food than eggs. The albumen, oil and saline matter are, as in milk, in the right proportion for sustaining animal life. When eggs bring no more than twenty cents per dozen, it is much better economy to find a market for them in the family than at the store. Two or three boiled eggs, with the addition of a slice or two of toast, will make a breakfast sufficient for a man, and good enough for a king. An ordinary hen's egg weighs from one and a half to two ounces, a duck's egg from two to three ounces, the egg of the sea-gull and the turkey from three to four ounces, and the egg of a goose from four to six ounces. The solid matter and the oil in the duck's egg exceed those in a hen's egg by about one-fourth. According to Dr. Edward Smith, in his treatise on "Foods," an egg weighing an ounce and three-quarters consists of 120 grains of carbon, and eighteen and three-quarter grains of nitrogen, or 15.25 per cent. of carbon, and two per cent. of nitrogen. A writer in the Scientific Farmer estimates that the value of one pound of eggs, as food for sustaining the active forces of the body, is to the value of one pound of lean beef as 1884 to 990. As a flesh-producer, one pound of eggs is about equal to one pound of beef. A hen may be calculated to consume one bushel of corn yearly, and to lay ten dozen or fifteen pounds of eggs. This is equivalent to saying that three and one-tenth pounds of corn will produce, when fed to a hen, five-sixths of a pound of eggs. But five-sixths of a pound of pork requires about five pounds of corn for its production. When eggs are one shilling per dozen, and pork five pence per pound, we have a bushel of corn fed, producing ten shillings worth of eggs and four shillings of pork. Judging from these facts, eggs must be economical in their production and in their eating, and especially fit for the laboring man in replacing meat.—Provisioner. A little girl in Belfast, Me., recently dropped her doll and broke its arm. The doll was a favorite one, and the accident was to the child a calamity of the severest nature. The tears started, the little lips were trembling with grief, when a bright thought struck her. With a beaming face she exclaimed: "Papa, I don't know as I care, after all. Perhaps it will be put in the paper."