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Over a Million
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**Prof. Guilmette's
FRENCH
Kidney Pads**
Have already been sold in this
country and in
France; every
one of which has
given perfect
satisfaction and
has performed
cures every time
when used ac-
cording to direc-
tions.



We now say to the afflicted and doubting ones
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LAME BACK
That the Pad cures. This Great Remedy
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Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Dia-
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neys, Incontinence and Retention of the
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and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and
Urinary Organs, whether contracted by pri-
vate cause or otherwise.

L DIES, if you are suffering from Female
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Kidneys, Bladder or Urinary Organs,
YOU CAN BE CURED!
Without swallowing nauseous medicines, by
simply wearing
**PROF. GUILMETTE'S
FRENCH KIDNEY PAD,**
WHICH CURES BY ABSORPTION.

Ask your druggist for Prof. Guilmette's
French Kidney Pad, and take no other. It
has not got it, send \$2 and you will receive
the Pad by return mail.

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Judge Buchanan, Lawyer, Toledo, O., says:
"One of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney
Pads cured me of Lumbago in three weeks'
time. My case had been given up by the best
doctors as incurable. During all this time I
suffered untold agony and paid out large sums
of money."

George Vetter, J. P., Toledo, O., says: "I
suffered for three years with Sciatica and Kid-
ney Disease, and often had to go about on
crutches. I was entirely relieved and permanently
cured after wearing Prof. Guilmette's French
Kidney Pad for six weeks."

Dr. N. C. Scott, Sylvania, O., writes:
"I have been a great sufferer for ten years
with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. For
weeks at a time was unable to get out of bed;
loss of appetite, and they gave me many
medicines, but I wore two of Prof.
Guilmette's Kidney Pads six weeks, and I
was now as well as ever cured."

Mr. Nelson Jerome, Toledo, O., says: "For
years I have been confined, a great part of the
time, to my bed with Leucorrhoea and Female
Weakness. I wore one of Guilmette's Kidney
Pads a few weeks and was cured in one month."

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O., writes: "I suffered 25 years with lame
back and in three weeks was permanently
cured by wearing one of Prof. Guilmette's
Kidney Pads."

B. F. Keosling, M. D., Druggist, Logan-
port, Ind., when sending in an order for Kid-
ney Pads, writes: "I wore one of the first
ones we had and I received more benefit from
it than anything I ever used; in fact the Pad
gave better general satisfaction than any Kid-
ney remedy we ever sold."

Roy, & Shoemaker, Druggists, Hannibal,
Mo., writes: "We are working up a lively trade in
your Pads, and are bearing of good results
from them every day."

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eases, which gives the Sym-
ptoms, Cause, and the Best
Treatment of each. A Table
giving all the principal drugs
used for the Horse, with the
ordinary dose, effects, and
antidote when a poison. A
Table with an Engraving of
the Horse's Teeth at differ-
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Love in All.
Name the leaves on all the trees;
Name the waves on all the seas,
All the flowers by rill that blow,
All the myriad tints that glow,
Winds that wander through the grove—
And you name the name of love;
Love there is in summer sky,
As in light of maiden's eye.

Listen to the countless sounds
In the wind that gayly bounds
O'er the meads, where, on the wing,
Bright bees hum and linnets sing;
Pat of raindrop, chat of stream,
Of their song, sweet love's the theme;
Love there is where zephyr skips,
As in breath of maiden's lips.

In the west mild evening glows;
Angel fingers told the rose;
Silver dew begins to fall;
Crimson shades to shadow all;
Holy nature veils her face;
Earth is lost in heaven's embrace—
Love is in an hour like this,
As in guileless maiden's kiss.

Go where, through the voiceless night,
Trips fair Luna's silver light;
Hear of nature's pulse the beat,
Like the tread of unseen feet;
See from out the lambent north
Shimmering arrows shooting forth;
Love is in a meteor's start,
As in throb of maiden's heart.

Love's the essence of all things;
'Tis from love that beauty springs;
'Twas by love creation first
Into glorious being burst;
Veiled in maiden's form so fair,
I do worship thee in her,
Spirit sweet—all else above—
'Love is God, since God is love!
—Chamber's Journal.

MISS CAROLINE.
A THANKSGIVING STORY.
"You are the torment of my life, Seth
Smith. What under the sun, moon and
stars are you forever poking about my
kitchen for?" and the speaking, a pleas-
ant-faced serving-woman, looked up
from the pumpkin she was sifting, with
an expression of countenance which
quite belied the severity of her words.

"You mean Miss Caroline's kitchen,"
said Seth, with a grin, as he seated him-
self by the pine table, which he had
been heard to say was whiter and
shinier than Deacon Brown's bald head,
and a considerable more wholesome-
looking."

"I rather think you know, Huldah,
why I stick round in this 'ere way," he
continued; "and if you really want me
to tell you the story over again, I am
just as ready now as I've been any time
these last twenty years."

"Oh, get out!" replied Huldah, mak-
ing an unnecessary racket with her sieve
against the side of the milk pan.
"Throw an armful of wood into that
oven, if you want to do something. I
ain't got no time to listen to stories."

Seth grinned again, and without
stopping to reply—though his great
mouth was eloquent with words, which
Huldah might have seen, had she looked
at him, were only postponed—arose and
did as he was bid. Mechanically and
abstractedly, he threw piece after piece
of the dry, split wood into the brick
oven, until Huldah, alarmed at the blaze
which shot out from its mouth, thrust
him quickly one side, and with a long
poker, separated the burning mass.

"Well, I should like to know, Seth
Smith," she exclaimed, as she finished,
"what you thought you was doing?
Ask a man to help you, and if he don't
set the house a-fire, 'taint his fault."
"You're more scared than hurt,
Huldah," Seth replied, coolly. "What
shall I do now—stir the pumpkin for
you?"

"No, you won't do anything of the
sort," his companion answered. "If
there's one thing that I hate above an-
other, it's to have a man fussing about
my cooking."

"I made my own pie last Thanksgiv-
ing," said Seth with unintended pathos.
"More shame for you," replied
Huldah. "There won't anybody to
blame but yourself if you did, for you
knew that I'd come over and made 'em
for you. All I wanted was an invita-
tion."

"Why, I've invited you to come and
stay hundreds of times," said Seth, in
the same pathetic manner.

"Well, suppose you have," was the
irritated response. "I should like to
know how you think Miss Caroline
would get along without me? I've
been in this kitchen a good many years,
Seth Smith, and the folks that I've
served are all gone now, 'cept Miss
Caroline, and I wouldn't give her the
slip for a hundred men, no, not for a
thousand! So, you can put that in your
pipe and smoke it as quick as you're
a mind to."

"That's the kind of tobacco I've been
smoking ever since I can remember,
Huldah," said Seth, with a comical grin,
but in a minor key for all that; "but
I've kinder thought that maybe what
you wouldn't do for a regiment, you
might some time see your way to do for
the man you know you love, Huldah,
whatever you may say and—"

"Rake them coals again, Seth!"
broke in Huldah, with a well-feigned
interest in the oven. "At this rate I
don't believe I shall get any baking
done to-day!"

"I've tried, lately," Seth began again,
quite ignoring the interruption, "to try

and put down this feeling that there
couldn't nothing come on, but I might
as well try to make myself over into a
handsome man, Huldah, as to stop think-
ing of you!"

"Well, there wor a time, Seth," said
Huldah, as she stirred the sugar and
spice into the golden pumpkin, and tak-
ing on a more confidential tone, "that
I wor willing to own up I was tempted."

"When was that, Huldah?" inquired
Seth, with a sigh, though his eyes were
dancing with fun.

"When you got 'home from the war
and had to go on crutches then for a
spell," cried Huldah. "Then it seeme
to me it wor my duty to take care o'
you; and I remember well the day I'd
made up my mind to say so. I was
looking up the road expecting to see
you come hippity-hopping down as you
had been doing, when lo! and behold!
there you wor as fine as a fiddle, with-
out any crutches at all, and walking
almost as spry as you do this minute."

"I give 'em up before I really ought
to, Huldah," said Seth, "because I
thought you hated the sight of 'em;
and now I find, when it is too late, that
they were my best friends. They're up
in the garret now, and I'll get 'em out
if you say so!"

"Don't be a fool!" said Huldah, with
a snap. "I just wanted you to get it
into that thick head of yours, that if
you needed me you'd have me in spite of
anybody in the created world. Stir up
them coals again!"

Once more Seth did as he was told,
and as he raked the glowing embers, the
door opened, and Miss Caroline, the
mistress of this great house and sole
heirress of one of the richest estates in
Massachusetts, walked into the kitchen.
She might have been thirty and even
more, but she looked about twenty-three
or four, with her fresh, almost childish
complexion, light brown hair and beau-
tiful gray eyes, with her long, dark,
sweeping lashes. She was a little above
medium height, and in face and figure
was the very personification of grace
and delicacy. Caroline Wyndham could
never be called pretty, but she was as
handsome and as proud a woman as
ever walked the earth.

"So Seth is tormenting you again, is
he, Huldah?" the lady inquired, laugh-
ingly. "You were so quiet down here,
that I didn't know but that you had
forgotten all about Thanksgiving prepa-
rations!"

"Now, Miss Caroline," said Huldah,
annoyed as much as she could be with
the mistress she was so fond of.

"I've been talking kinder of serious
to Huldah," Seth broke in, "but I can't
see that it has amounted to anything."

"Keep it up," Miss Caroline replied.
"There is nothing tells in this world
like determination! It is very strange
that Huldah holds out so against be-
coming Mrs. Smith;" and now the lady
brought a spoon and tasted of the cook's
pumpkin mixture, which was almost
ready to be poured into the pie-plates.
"A little more sugar, Huldah," she con-
tinued, and then, with another laughing
glance at the awkward lover, who stood
with his back against the kitchen door,
added: "Why, Seth, I should have
been obliged to give in with half as
much coaxing as Huldah has had."

"There are some folks you know,
Miss Caroline, who are too proud to
beg," said Seth, with a quick look at
the lady; "but I'm glad I ain't ashamed
to hang on to what I want. Huldah has
been telling me that if I'd been obliged
to go on crutches a little while longer,
she'd had to give in." Miss Caroline
turned away, and looked out of the
window, but not before Seth had seen
the color fade out of her face, and a
little shiver creep over her supple
figure. "I was down to Boston yester-
day, Miss Caroline," Seth continued,
carelessly.

"Well, I suppose Boston is as well as
usual," the lady replied, with a poor
attempt at facetiousness.

"Lively as ever," Seth responded.
"I run up to the West End to see how
Colonel Lovell was getting along. I
always like to call on him whenever I
get a chance."

If Miss Caroline imagined that Seth
was going to volunteer any more infor-
mation she was certainly disappointed.
After a pause of a few seconds, she re-
marked, with apparently very little in-
terest in what she was talking about:
"I suppose the colonel is still improv-
ing? At least, I've been told he was
doing very well."

"Oh, they are all fools," Seth replied,
angrily. "The colonel can walk round
his room a little with crutches, and
that's something he never expected to
do. Just think, twelve years, Miss
Caroline, without walking a step. I tell
you that last Bull Run give him a dose."

"Isn't that better?" the lady in-
quired, crossly, the blood coming back
to her face in a great surge. Some
emotion must manifest itself, and, as
sometimes happens, in cases where there
has had to be a great repression, anger
is the first to come forward.

"That's better as far as it goes," said
Seth; "and the colonel's general health
is very bad, and the doctor says if he
don't have something to rouse him from
the awful fix he's got into, he's a goner.
He looks fearful, Miss Caroline. His
eyes are as big as saucers, and he's pale
as a ghost."

"Well, we have all got to be ghosts
some time," the young lady answered,
after another pause, and with an as-
sumption of heartlessness which was
utterly foreign to her nature.

"I shall be obliged to you, Seth,"
she continued a moment after, "if you
will ask John to saddle Nero. I will be
ready in ten minutes."

"You're done it, Seth Smith," said
Huldah, in a rage, as her mistress

walked out of the kitchen and closed
the door. "Going to ride Nero? I
don't believe the Old Harry himself has
got a horse in his stable that'll come up
to Nero for viciousness. If you'd only
held your tongue she'd helped me make
some cake, and been as peaceable as you
please. Now she's all worked up."

"I'm glad of it," said Seth. "It's
time somebody was worked up, and if
you could see the colonel you'd think
so, too."

"But ain't the colonel as much to
blame as Miss Caroline?" Huldah in-
quired; "and more, too. 'Didn't he
break the engagement himself?"

"Yes," said Seth, "of course he did.
'Tisn't likely an honest, square-minded
man like Colonel Lovell, would expect
a woman to stick to an engagement with
a cripple for life, is it? But I'm just as
sure as if I'd him say so, that he never
thought Miss Caroline would take him
at his word. She thinks he wanted to
get rid of her, so there's a pair of idiots
together."

Seth went out to the stable, saddled
Nero, and brought him round to the
front of the house. Miss Caroline had
a scarlet spot on each cheek, as she
walked down the hawthorn-hedge path
to the gate where Seth waited.

"John wasn't anywhere round," said
Seth, apologizing, quite humbly, for
doing the lady a kindness; "and so I
brought the horse round myself. Shall
I give you a mount, Miss Caroline?"

"Yes; thank you, Seth," she replied,
springing at once to the saddle, and
while her companion held the snorting
and impatient Nero, Miss Caroline drew
on and buttoned her gauntlet gloves.

"I don't know but this 'best will be
the death of you sometime, Miss Caro-
line!" Seth remarked, as she stepped out
of the way of the dangerous hoofs.

"Oh, well," the lady replied, "if he
is, there's one good thing, there won't
be any one to care very much about it."

This was said with a child's petu-
lance, but the tender look in the deep
gray eyes, and round the lips, which
would tremble in spite of all her efforts,
touched her companion to the heart.

"Seth," she broke out again, before
he could collect his wits to reply, "you
are always talking to me or at me, which
means the same thing, only it is vastly
more disagreeable, about Colonel Lovell,
and as if I were in some way responsi-
ble for all that has happened to him.
Now, I want to tell you one thing, and
I hope you will remember it sufficiently
to spare me in the future, and it is this,
I am no more to blame for Colonel
Lovell's being alone and unhappy either
in the past or in the present time, than
I am for the wounds which have made
him an invalid all these years. If he
had allowed me, I should have been
with him, not as a duty, but because I
couldn't be anywhere else in any com-
fort; but I could not force myself upon
Colonel Lovell, Seth. You have heard,
of course, that he broke the engagement.
I have given everybody to understand
this, because I could not allow my
friends to suppose that I would be mean
enough to desert him in his great afflic-
tion. Since this cruel letter, Seth, by
means of which he broke his promise
and mine, he has never sent me a mes-
sage or written me a line. Now, do you
think you understand the case enough,
Seth, to stop speaking of Colonel Lovell
to me?"

These last words rang out in such a
wall of anguish, that Seth's eyes filled
with tears. Miss Caroline gave him no
time to reply, for she took up her reins,
and Nero and his rider were off like the
wind. It wasn't but a few moments
before she came galloping back over the
meadows, and through the orchard, and
so up to the kitchen door.

"Where's Seth?" she asked of Hud-
dah, reining Nero in with great diffi-
culty.

"He didn't come in again after he
took the horse round," Huldah replied,
and, before she could say any more,
Nero was wheeled around and bounded
off in the direction of Seth's cottage, a
quarter of a mile up the hill.

All that day Miss Caroline was rest-
less and nervous. She was obliged to
return without finding Seth, and so she
wandered up and down the great house
without any apparent motive except to
kill time, and when Huldah asked her if
she wouldn't help her with the cake, she
replied that there was cake enough in the
house, and half an hour afterward en-
tered the kitchen, with her white cook-
ing apron on, to try a new rule.

That evening when Seth came round,
Miss Caroline sent for him to come to
the library.

"I never thought this morning, Seth,
to tell you," she began, with averted
face, "that what I said at that time was
in the strictest confidence. I rode back
to try and find you, for I began to be
worried five minutes after I left you."

"I hope you don't think I would ever
do anything to hurt you, Miss Caro-
line?" Seth replied, deprecatingly.

"I didn't think you would intend to,
Seth," the lady explained, "but I didn't
know but your desire to do me a service
might render you indiscreet. You
understand now, Seth, that your lips are
always to be sealed in regard to that
foolishness?"

"Yes, Miss Caroline," Seth responded.
"I'll never speak another word about it
as long as I live, unless you give me
leave," and here the interview ended.

Seth made desperate love to Huldah
the remainder of the evening, every
once in a while bursting out into the
most unexpected fits of laughter, and
these spasms were so contagious that
Huldah found herself joining in, with-
out an idea of what she was laughing
about.

"Say, Huldah," Seth remarked, just

as he was leaving. "I want you to
promise me one thing."

"I'll see," said Huldah.

"I want you to give me your sacred
word of honor that if Colonel Lovell and
Miss Caroline ever get married, you'll
marry me the same day."

"Lor, yes!" Huldah laughed, "and
I'll do better than that, Seth. I'll
promise to be your wife the day Colonel
Lovell steps foot into this house, or the
day Miss Caroline steps foot in his."

"All right," said Seth, "but suppose
he is brought in, instead of stepping
in?"

"I don't care a hang how he comes,"
Huldah replied, "but that day shall see
you and me one, and I'm safe enough in
promising it, too, Seth Smith."

Seth walked off still laughing, and
Miss Caroline, as she sat before the
library fire, felt more alone than ever.
Within the past five years her father,
mother and sister had been taken away
by death, and to-night of all nights since
these terrible events, she seemed to her-
self most wretched and lonely.

The next day but one was Thanksgiv-
ing, and Miss Caroline nerved herself to
meet this holiday with all the courage
and philosophy she could bring to her
aid. There used to be great feasting
and merriment in the Wyndham man-
sion on such occasions, but the mistress
of this beautiful home could not bring
herself yet to open its doors for the old-
fashioned hospitalities.

"I was in hopes you wouldn't cry to-
day," said Huldah, Thanksgiving morn-
ing, as her mistress entered the dining-
room. "Goodness me! my muffins are
as light as feathers, and the coffee is
unusually good, and seems to me this last
time we cut beats the rest all holler!
Now, I'm going to broil you a nice bit
of tenderloin. Say, don't cry—there's a
dear!" and Huldah patted Miss Caro-
line's shoulder and wept herself, as she
tried to comfort her mistress. "You're
got a heap to be thankful for, Miss Caro-
line, after all," Huldah added, with a
little protest in her voice.

"Yes, I know it," replied Miss Caro-
line, wiping her eyes. "I have muffins
and ham to be thankful for, and a little
more money and land than my neigh-
bors," she added, bitterly, and then—
"I don't mean that I haven't anything,
Huldah, for as long as I have you, I
can't be quite desolate."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Huldah.
"I've got a lump in my throat as big's
a loaf of bread!" and, as she left the
dining-room, "You know, Miss Caroline,
that when I get to sniffing there ain't
no stopping me."

Miss Caroline went to church that
morning, and as she walked up the aisle
to the Wyndham pew, there were no
traces of tears on her face, and her bear-
ing was as proud and queenly as if, as
usual thought, her wealth and position
entirely satisfied her. After the service
was over she greeted her friends and
acquaintances kindly, and then got into
her carriage and was driven quickly
home.

"Perhaps it would have been better,"
she moaned to herself, in her great loneli-
ness, "to have taken somebody home
to dinner with me. But how could I
make them happy with this heavy heart
of mine?"

When the carriage stopped at the
front gate, Seth was on hand to open
the door.

"Good sermon, Miss Caroline?" he
asked.

"I don't know, Seth," she answered,
"for I believe I didn't hear a word of
it."

"That's a pretty way to go to church!"
her companion laughed, and added, care-
lessly, "Say, Miss Caroline, you've got
company to dinner to-day."

"How many?" the lady asked, in an
absent sort of way.

"Only one, Miss Caroline," Seth re-
plied, "and he's making himself easy
afraid the library fire. You needn't be
in a hurry, if you've got any fixing up
to do."

Just here Seth dodged round the cor-
ner of the house, and when Miss Caro-
line called upon him to come back he
didn't reply, and the lady walked into
the house like one in a dream. Very
slowly and deliberately she removed
her things, and then stepped into the
parlor, which room communicated with
the library. The folding-doors were
partly open, and the first thing that
met the lady's longing eyes were a pair
of crutches standing in an angle of the
mantel. A little further, and there, in
her favorite lolling-chair, reclined the
man whom all those long years she had
so faithfully loved. Her step was as
light as a fawn's, but Colonel Lovell
heard it, and was prepared for her com-
ing. Stepping behind his chair, Miss
Caroline placed a tender hand on each
of his cheeks, and kissing his forehead
said, softly, between a sob and a laugh:
"My dear, I thank God you have
come at last."

Knelling beside him with her fair
head on his breast, and his loving arms
round her, the colonel said: "Seth
brought me to dine with you. Did you
know it, my darling?"

"And you shall never, never go
away," Miss Caroline replied; "until
you are strong and well again, and take
me with you."

"Shall I not?" he answered. "Do
you know what you please, and God
knows I shall be satisfied."

Just here there was a knock on the
door, and Seth and Huldah entered arm-
in-arm.

"I just come up," said Seth, with his
usual promptitude, "to tell you that
Huldah and me wor going to be spliced
this afternoon, and to ask you if the
parson mightn't just as well kill two
birds with one stone?"

Miss Caroline lifted a blushing, laugh-
ing face to her lover's, but replied quite
clearly: "It seems to me that would be
an excellent plan!"

"Is it not a shame?" the colonel be-
gan—but a little hand was placed over
his mouth and the sentence was never
finished.

"Well, Seth has come over me this
time awful," said Huldah; "but I gave
my word, and I can't go back on it."
"You were wiser than I, Seth," said
Miss Caroline; "and I shall be grateful
to you as long as I live."

"And I," said the colonel.

That evening there were two weddings
at the Wyndham mansion.
Did the colonel get well?
Of course he did.

Enormous Emigration.
The heavy arrivals of the present year
call attention to the immense additions
to our population by the influx of peo-
ple born in foreign lands. In the fifty
years between 1830 and 1880 nearly
eleven millions have been added to the
population of the United States from
this source. But the mere arrivals do
not correctly represent the contributions
which have been made. Unlike the
Chinese the European emigrants are
not of one sex, but of both sexes, and
they obey the primal command to "in-
crease and multiply." The marriages
of emigrants are more fruitful
than those of our native population,
owing partly to the fact that they are
more frugal livers and do not so much
feel the burden of large families, and
partly to the fact that the emigrating
classes are the most energetic portions
of the stock from which they come, and
being full of health and vitality they
have an abundance of children. The
actual emigrants amounting to nearly
eleven millions, their offspring must
have doubled the contribution to our
census returns.

The money which these emigrants have
brought with them must amount in the
aggregate to a large sum, but this is a
bagatelle in comparison with the wealth
which they and their descendants have
created by their labor. It is not ex-
travagant to say that the mainpring
of our prodigious national growth is the
great tide of stout hearts and strong
hands which has flowed in upon us
from Europe. The liberal policy of our
government in admitting strangers to
all civil and political privileges after a
short residence has had the happiest
effect. We have no jealousy of race;
we tolerate all forms of religious wor-
ship; we open all employment to capac-
ity; and industry, and by making this
chosen heritage of freemen the paradise
of emigrants our country has become
the marvel of the world and the admi-
ration of the laboring classes in every
land. In the second or third genera-
tion our emigrant population becomes
thoroughly assimilated. In spite of
these large accessions we are substan-
tially a homogeneous people. We are
certainly to be the most composite people
on the globe, uniting the most energetic
elements of all races and climes.—New
York Herald.

A Primitive Life.
The people of some parts of East
Tennessee are singularly primitive in
their manners and way of living. The
best of fashion are unheeded save in
cities and large villages; a lady dressed
in the extreme of fashion would create
a decided sensation. The dwellings are
for the most part erected of hewn logs,
notched down at the corners and the
interstices "chinked," and daubed with
clay or lime mortar. One room is often
deemed sufficient for all uses, but it is
esteemed a commendable thing to have
a small cook-house a few steps from the
door of the living-room to cook and eat
in. Until recently, glass windows were
esteemed a luxury. Cooking stoves are
in many places unknown, the children
of the soil preferring a fireplace even for
cooking purposes. I will endeavor,
says a correspondent, to describe the
process of "getting a meal ready." When
the wood burns clearly, the shallow
oven, with its lid, is placed to heat
over the blaze. Next the bread-tray is
taken down from its place where it is
hanging against the wall, a sieve pro-
duced from the "meal gun" or "four
stand," and the meal sifted with a quick
series of rotary jerks into the tray.
Next, if it is the good woman's intention
to make some "fatty bread," a little
lard is incorporated with the meal,
which is then made into a stiff dough.
This is placed in the oven; the cover is
placed over it and live coals heaped
thereon. Now the bread is cooking.
The meat is next cut into slices and
placed in a skillet on a fire of coals, the
coffee ground or pounded and placed
over the fire to boil. But few families
have ever seen "store tea." Then the
table is prepared. Sometimes a home-
made spread of linen decorates it, and
the dishes are placed thereon. Some
one has meanwhile made a trip to the
spring house, and cool milk and butter
grace the board. The molasses or honey
stand is filled. The smoking bread and
meat, with coffee, are placed upon the
table, and the meal is ready.

A diagnosis of the disease reveals the
fact that a schoolboy's toothache gen-
erally begins at 8 a. m., reaches its high-
est altitude at a quarter to nine, when
the pain is intense; begins to subside
at nine, and after that disappears with
a celerity that must be very comfortable
to the sufferer, especially if there is any
hope of his going a-fishing.

Gold and silver brocaded white satins
and velvets are shown for brides'
dresses.