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YOU CAN BE CURED !

Without swallowing nansours medicines, by simply wearing

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WHICH CURES BY ABSORPTION.

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he has not got it, sand \$2 and you will receive the Pad by return mail.

TESTIMONIALS FROM THE PROPLE.

Judge Bushanan, Lawyer, Toledo, O., says: One of Prof. Guilmaite's French Kidsey

Pads cared me of Lumbago in three weeks

ime. My case had been given up by the best loctors as incurable. During all this time I

offered untold agony and paid out large sums

Income," George Vetter, J. P., Toledo, O., says: "I iffered for three years with Scintica and Ki'-ay Disease, and Stien had to go about on utatus. I was entirely and permanently and after wearing Prof. Guilmette's French idney Pad iour weeks." Squite N. C. Soott, Sylvania, O., writes: I have been a creat miferer to be to

for, High Colored Urine, Pain in a le or Loine, Nervous Weakness, all disorders of the Bladder and pains, whether contrasted by pri-

FRENCH

L41M8, 81450 A XTAT No Subscriptions received int a aborter the way than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.



VOL. XIII. NO. 48. TIONESTA, PA., FEB. 23, 1881.

Love in All. Name the teaves 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 peniden's eye. Liston to the countless sounds In the wind that gaily bounds O'er the meads where, on the wind, 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 fold the rose; Silvery dews begin to fall; Crimson shades to shadow all: Holy nature veils her ince; Earth is lost in heaven's embrad

Love is in an hour like this, As in guileless maidon's kiss.

Go where, through the voiceless night, 'Trips tair Luna's silver light; Hear of nature's pulse that beat, Like the thread of unseen feet; See from out the lambent north Shimmering arrows shooting forth; Love is in a meteor's start,

As in throb of maidon's heart.

'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-

MY VALENTINE.

Valentine's day, and I am sitting in the bay-window of my front room in the little semi-detached house which is now my home. The little maid has laid the breakfast things, but it is early, and I sit on the horschair sofa in the window, looking out for the postman.

any romantic interest for me. Those

Squite N. C. Boott, Sylvania, O., writes: I have been a great sufferer for 15 years ith lidght's Disease of the Kidneys. For this is time was table to get out of 'ed; sublicits of medicine, but they gave me tomped to mile. I were two of Prot. Filmentes Midney Pals six weeks, and I how know I am entirely cured." Mrs. Helen Jaronne, Toledo, O., says: "For years I have been confined, a great part of the ime, to my had with Lascorrhea and Female Weakness. I were one of Guilmette's Kidney Pals and was cured in one month.' H. I. Green, Wholesale Grocer, Findlay, I am now arrived at the sober age of such deep interest to me.

years ago it was. How the years fly! and how short a time it seems! Those few bright years of a woman's life seem consequence. I should know whom to the bright years of a woman's life seem to be a see

of which I was the subject. Our con- solutely alone, my brother having gone versation on these occasions was of the abroad to seek his fortune, and I chose primmest and most demure. Sometimes, rather to seek an independence for myafter a silent walk of two or three minutes, a feeble request to carry my prayer-book, and that yielded to, a few remarks on the weather, and so on, and we were already at our journey's end; nevertheess this was sufficient food for mischief-

loving friends to found a joke upon. As to Mr. Bargill limself, he was fair game." His conscious, conceited, and yet awkward and bashful manner, made him, I must confess, a most tempting subject ; and while he had quickness mough to see that in some way or other he was ridiculed, his sense of humor was so dull that he could never comprehend the joke. All this com-bined to make him undergo torture when in my friends' society, and I verily believe he fled to me (quite, source and hermless as I was) as a refuge from their sallies. Whether that were so or no I have not but he down of the source o no I know not, but by degrees I became quite used to his society. and from tolrating I got to like it and to miss him when he did not come; and when the j kes raged, I invariably took his part-

Valentine's day drew near, and o course Kate Coventry was full of business. There were valentines of all kinds to be dispatched and expected in return. Numerous "hoaxes" de-signed for particular friends, and the plots and schemes as to places of postage and disguise of hand writing, were truly wonderful. "What fun it would be to send a val-

entine to Mr. Bargilli" exclaimed Charley. "What would he do with it? Put it into the fire, I expect, and never let any one bear of it. He would feel it an insult

"Mr. Bargill!" exclaimed Kate, suddenly looking up from her work of directing and stamping envelopes. "Why, of course, he shall have one. How stupid of me to forget! It's important, though. I must take time to think of it. Of course we know who the sender w li bel

She glanced at me as she said this.

"Kate, please do not," I said, im-ploringly, blushing up to the roots of my hair, for I knew that I was doomed "Do not what ?" replied Kate. "Oh! by-the-bye, Ethel, you're sure to receive

"Yes," broke in Charley. "Directed in a very stiff, upright hand. Now, who

would think that such a very modest, retiring person would write such a very decided hand ? You know who I mean, Miss Vane ?"

So the remarks flew round, and I knew that remonstrance was vain, and that Mr. Bargill and myself were to be Not only that, but I greatly feared that they intended sending either a valentine to me in his name, or, far worse, one from me to him.

For some reason this latter idea was torture to me. Ot course what I reself than to accept kindness from sister, who was not in affluent circumstances. Thus began my governess life, which

I am thankful to say, has been such a success that I am now able to live in comfort and to put by a mite for a rainy day. I have not scent much in traveling, though my kind friends, the Coventry's, sent me many invitations. Perhaps I am a little proud, for I think I could not mix in their society with just the same pleasure as in former days. However, they are unchanged to me.and always will be, I feel sure. The clock had just struck nine. What a time I have sat here ruminating on

past time! and the postman is not come yet. Valentine's day-that is the reason

of the delay, no doupt. Here he comes around the corner, but what a time he stops at each door! The five little dwellings to be visited before he gets here will cake, I should think, another quarter of an hour, at this rate of going. Well! you will not be detained the breakfast

Another ten minutes; he is here! Sarah puts two letters into my hand, and strange coincidence! one of them is in the handwriting of my old friend. Constance Coventry.

Constance Baintree she is now; she married Charley two years after my last visit. And bright, merry Kate is dead! My second letter, being evidently a business one, claims my first attention. It is from the mother of my eldest pupil. She is going abroad, and wishes my charge to accompany her. My three other pupils are at present in scarlet fever My hands will be empty! What shall I do? Look for temporary em-ployment? I should like to take a holiday, but know of nowhere to go just

Now for Constance:

"We have just come home from abroad," she writes, " and are settling in our new home, though it is a wretched time of year. I do want you so much to come and see me. Perhaps my reasons are partly selfish, for he will not see company yet, and I am dreadfully dull and lonely, but I know

that will be no crawback to you. She then goes on to say a good deal that is kind, and adds in a postscript: "I said we were alone, but I forgot to

mention that an old friend, or rather acquaintance, is with us whom I dare say ou will remember in by-gone days-Mr. Bargill! We came upon him at Basle, when Charley was dangerously ill, and his kindness I shall never for-get. I am so sorry that I ever laughed at or teased him, dear Ethel; he saved my husband's life! Do come."

That is all. And what a strange supelement to my meditations of the past hour. How the old familiar names re-

room, I no longer felt myself alone in the company. I talked indifferently to my next neighbor, hardly conscious who or what she might be, my eye meanwhile watching the door with anxiety, until at last the hum of voices outside told that the gentlemen were coming.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

There was a vacant seat beside me. Would he take it? Yes, he was evi-dently coming toward me. My heart throbbed loudly when down upon the chair I had guarded sat a fat old country 'squire who began to make himself agreeable to my next neighbor. I felt mortified and disappointed, and soon afterward took an opportunity of retir-ing to my old seat in the window.

I had not sat there many minutes when the curtain was drawn aside, and Mr. Bargili placing a chair for himself in my recess, sat down beside me. "Mr. Bargill," cried out Constance's

little girl, running up to us, "just look at my valentine! Isn't it a beauty?] have had such a lot, but this is the pretanother quarter of an hour, at this rate of going. Well! you will not be detained long here, my man. Sarah shall bring it was you. Now, wasn't it? Tell the truth.

No, Carrie it was not I."

"I believe it was, though," she per-sisted. "I'm sure it was!"

"No, Carrie, indeed," he answered, while a grave smile hovered round his mouth, "I never sent but one valentine in all my life, and that-" Well, and that?"

years

"That one was never answered." He looked at me, though he was speaking to her, and instantly I remembered my two valentines of long ago, that one in particular which was Lever accounted for, and which I had troubled myself so little about. In my own mind I had never doubted that it had

been sent me by mischievous young friends. I remembered now how strongly they had denied it; and, as I thrught of its contents, I reflected, what if it really had come from him?-had lain all these unheeded and unnoticed? and

now My cheeks burnt crimson as I turned my head away, and my contusion must have been evident to him. Katie had flown away to exhibit her

treasures in another part of the room. I heard a low voice beside me: "Miss Vane-Ethel, will you answer

it now ?" I did answer it, and in a way that I

have never since regretted. When my friend Constance came to visit me in my bedroom that night, I had a secret to confide to r, and was kissed and congratulated to my heart's content.

"But oh! Constance," I exclaimed, when she allowed me a pause, "how could you not tell me that that second valentine came from him, or that it did not come from you? How could you let me believe otherwise!"

" My precious child, did 1

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Before the Day-Break.

Before the day-break shines a star That in the day's great glory fades; Too flercely bright is the full light That her pale-gleaming la np upbraids.

Before the day-break sings a bird That stills her song ere morning light; Too loud for her is the day's stir, The woodland's thousand-tongued delight

Ah! great the honor is to shine

A light wherein no traveler errs; And rich the prize to rank divine

Among the world's loud choristers.

But I would be that paler star, And I would be that lonelier bird; To shine with hope, while hope's afar, And sing of love, when love's unheard. -The Spectator.

HUMOROUS.

The feelings of a pig are always pent up.

Firemen, as well as other people, like to talk of their old flames.

One who knows says that a soft corn is the hardest kind of a corn.

A man who is as true as steel, possessing an iron will, some gold and a fair proportion of brass, should be able to endure the hardware of this world.

The weight of the circulating blood in a man is about twenty pounds. - But one pound will often cause it to circulate-if the pound is given on the nose.

"I know how many days there are in a year-three hundred and sixty-five and a fourth." Parent-"Is that so P Where does the fourth come in P" Pupil-"Fourth of July."

A prudent man had his portrait painted recently. His friends complained to him that it was much too old. "That's what I ordered," said he. "It will save the expense of another one ten years from now."

PONT-TREE.

Oak, Caroline ! fir yew I pine; Oh, willow, will you not be mine? Thy hazel eyes, thy tulips red, Thy ways, all larch, have turned my head; All linden shadows by thy gate, I cypress on my heart and wait; Then gum ! beech cherished, Caroline; We'll fly for elms of bliss divine.

True Manhood.

A true man is an earnest man, an industrious man, a sincere man, and above all a man who never stoops to perform mean or vulgar action. His soul, his mind and his body grow in strength and beauty year by year. His true worth and greatness are to be justly estimated by taking into consideration his usefulness to the world and the happiness he conveys upon others.

Only a true man can become a great reformer or successful moral physician. man must practice w in order to carry conviction with his tneories of theology or philosophy; he must live up to his creed by acts as well as by words eloquently uttered. A man should never put himself forward for a pilot and live the life of a castaway. Earnestness and honesty are great helps in the highway to success. A man may have the genius of a Gray, the brilliancy of a Byron, the eloquence of an Everett, and the power of a Pitt, and if he not carry into the hearts of his readers or hearers that he is truthiul he might as well talk to bare walls The soul of a true man is without deformity. No soul that is misshapen can long remain concealed from a snowledg of the world. It cannot be hidden by a sanctimonious face, plausible words, ostentatious benevolence, and pretentious piety. A bad character is as hard to conceal as the limp of a lame soldier. A man without gen-uine goodness is soon consigned to his proper level in society. He may hold his head high for a considerable space of time, but he is seldom ultimately successful in imposition. There are little loopholes in his mean nature through which keen and observing individuals may regard his impertections. A man may outlive a bad reputation, but he cannot permanently sustain a good one by continuous fraud, dissimulation and hypocrisy. Nobody can commit Iraud and many misdeeds without discovery. The fall of many individuals has been rendered hopeless . by reason of their having attributed to themselves rare virtues and qualitiesof neart they never really possessed. Another quality of true manhood is faith in and love for humanity. To be human is to be fallible. There is no sunny spot on this green earth where perfect beings dwell. The best and truest living men and women have their weaknesses and imperfections. Thus all should learn to look charitably upon the errors of others who are conscious of their own feelings. There is much that is good and pure in humanity, as well as many things that are evil and odious. It is unreasonable to believe that all are treacherous and talse because one person has been unirue. It is unjust to affirm that one who has committed a single error has no remaining grains of good in him.

Love's the essence of all things; Love is God, since God is love.

- Chambers' Journal.

Not that his coming this morning has drive of romance are past and gone.

thirty-five, and it is time to have done with such folly. And yet, as I sit here, and the postman delays his coming, my mind wanders back to other Valentine's days long ago, when it was a matter of

One fourteenth of February in particular I remember, ten-let me see, sixteen

wrh.s: "I suffered 25 years with lame and in three weeks was permanently wearing one of Prof. Guilmettes

H.I.

Green, Wholesale Grocer, Findlay,

Chesting, M. D., Druggist, Logans ad, when sending in an order for Kid-ads, writes: " I wore one of the first is we had and I received more benefit from than anything I ever used; in fact the Pads live better general satisfaction than any Kidy remedy we ever sold.

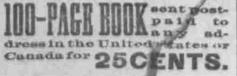
Ray & Shoemaker, Druggists, Hannibal, to : "We are working up a lively trade in your Pads, and are hearing of good results m them every day.

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to go by magic, and when they are gone what remains? Always at one time or other an aching sense that they are zone, and sometimes, alas! the knowledge that she is doomed to loneliness for the years to come. I felt that at one time myself, but I am used to it now.

At thirty-five these romantic regrets should be done with. And especially when one lives the life of a daily gover ness (as I have done for some year past), the realties of life press too constantly and too unplesently on one's mind to leave room for day-dreams.

But on the fourteenth of February just referred to my governess life had not yet begun. I had then as fair a future before me as most young girls or my acquaintance, with equal chances of an advantageous and happy marriage, and a life of independence. At that time I was on a visit to some old friends, the Coventrys.

The family consisted of father, mother and two daughters-ine, hearty. good-looking girls, tall, strong and highspirited. In that respect rather a con-trast to myself, for I was small, quietmannered, and (as I was painfully con-scious) rather plain in appearance. They saw plenty of company, for their father. "Squire Coventry as he was called, kept a most hospitable house, and, especially during the winter, the house was con-tinually filled with young people and amusement of all kinds was the order of the day.

In most of these amusements I took a part, and though I had neither health nor animal spirits equal to my young friends, their kindness and heartiness made everything pleasant. They had a most especial fondness for practical joking (I mean a harmless kind), particularly the younger one, Kate, who was ably assisted in this line by her cousin, Charles Braintree, who con-stantly formed one of the party.

Kate and Charley were in every kind of escapade-companions in mirth, and frequently companions in misfortune, when the evil effects of their joking ame home to their own door.

While I was at the Coventrys we attended a village church close by, where, the rector being absent, there officiated at the time a curate who had lately come to the place. He was a tall, slight mas, rather good-looking; but he had a painfully-stilted, self-conscious manner, which quite did away with the prepossessing effect of his appearance. I at first attributed it to conceit, afterward, when I knew him better, to shyness. He seldom came to the house, although the Coventrys quickly made his ac-quaintance, and pressed him to do so, but invitations of all kinds he refused. During my stay, however, he gradually acquired the habit of walking home with us from church, our road lying partly in the same direction; he would part with us at the park-gates, with the stiffest of bowa, refusing all entreaties to enter, and proceed to his lodgings of regrets at leaving my friends. in the village.

By degrees his visits to the house became more frequent, and of course the change was attributed to me, I could not help becoming conscious that during these Sunday walks his place was gen-

thank for it; but if I only could know how they meant to make use of my unfortu .ate name in playing their jokes upon him.

So time wore on, and I comforted myself by thinking that Mr. Bargill. come what might, would believe that I had sent him a valentine, more especially such a one as I feared they would send him.

"It will be as Charley said," I ought. "He will most likely put it thought. in the fire, and no one will be a whit the wiser."

And then I caught myself wondering whether it would make him shy of our company, and whether he would cease the walks from church, etc. And I must allow that the idea vexed me.

"How very tiresome they are!" I said to myself. "And what bad taste it is to play these jokes on people," forgetting for the moment how often I had myself been a party to jokes of the kind. At last Valentine's morning came

There was much excitement round the breakfast table when the post-bag, full to bursting, was handed in.

I waited patiently for my share of its contents. They were three. First, a letter from home in my mother's writing; secondly, a large document, di rected in the stiff, upright hand I had been led to expect; thirdly, a letter directed in a handwriting perfectly un known to me. I opened the secondmentioned first.

"Now, Ethel, let us hear!" assailed me on every side.

"That's the writing! I knew it would come !" shouted Charley.

"Thank you, I am much obliged to you ail!" I replied. "It is admirably written; but this one is much better done"-ns I spoke I held up the thirdmentioned, written in the unknown hand. "That large one is too elaborate. Mr. Bargill, 1 am sure, would never that. Now, this is sober, and to the send such a flowery composition as

I had just read it, and was surprised to find only a short, simple, earnest offer of marriage-not much like a valentine, except that the writer slightly referred to the character of the day as a kind of apology for addressing me. It was signed only "J. B "I see," I said. "Y thought by

sending me two that I should certainly becaught by one of them. This last one is certainly the best. Some of your work, I suspect. Connie. It is not in Katie's style.

Constance protested her innocence but in vain. Indeed, a general chorus tisclaimer was raised round the table; out I simply ignored it, put the two valer times in my pocket, and began to read my mother's letter. This was of another kind. My father was seriously iil. My mother wanted me home

Then began a season of calamity and trial. My father died, after a fortnight's illness, leaving myself, a brother and sister almost unprovided for.

148 & 150 Worth St., N. V. these Sunday walks his place was gen-from the siy looks and multered remarks ward, and I was left alone-almost ab-

should like to see her again in her new home; and Mr. Bargill? I smile as remember the valentines, and I think on the whole I should like to see him again, too! It is decided. I will go and sit down and write to that effect.

Three days later, at five o'clock on s cold winter's evening, I am driven up the avenue at Braintree, trying hard, through the dusk and the drifting sleet, to catch a glimpse of my friend's new home. A double row of stately lime trees on each side of the drive is all that I can see, and as we draw nearer Iperceive a fine old Elizabethan house nearly covered with ivy and creepers. It has been the home of the Braintrees for many generations, and has just descended to Charley from an uncle.

A bright light streamed forth when the door was opened, and Constance stood in the nall ready to receive me with open arms. In a second I was in a cozy little room with a bright fire, where lay her husband, looking not much older, but pale and delicate from his recent illness.

Constance led me to my room, and on leaving me, said .

"We have just a few friends coming to-night, dear; you won't mind? Ill send you my maid," and without waiting for an answer, she was gone.

I did "mind," but there was no help for it. Constance was always fond of society. I dressed mysel as well as my limited wardrobe would allow, and she presently returned and escorted me to the drawing-room, where about fourteen persons were assembled; but among them all not one face was familiar to me save that of my host.

I quietly ensconced myself in a window recess, where I was partly hidden by a curtain. My eyes wandered for a moment rather anxiously over the group in a vain hope that I might discover Mr. Bargill, but in vain. No one was known to me there.

Dinner was announced. The party paired off. As I sat wondering who my pariner was to be, Constance touched the arm of a portiv-looking man who sat with his back to me, engaged in earnest conversation. He rose at once, and she led him up to me.

"An old triend, Ethel. Mr. Bargill, you remember Miss Vane?"

Was it possible? Was the fine-looking man before me the "shy curate" of former days? No need to ask if he remembered me. He gave a start, and colored visibly, when she uttered my name, and then I saw plainly the resemblance which I had failed to detect at first. He recognized me at once, too. I saw that, and it was no small pleasure to think that time's ravages had not altered me in his eyes, at least beyond recognition.

arm, and after the first lew rentences directly; and the next day found me on my homeward journey, depressed at the thought of my father's illness, and full ody he had developed and improved; or ryther, having gained in assurance and maniiness, those qualities which I imagined he always had possessed were

suffered to come to the surface, while that stiffness of manner which we had the fields, on water and on land, in peace called conceit, and which I now felt sure and in war. Through life the China-The following year my sister, who called conceit, and which I now feitsure had proceeded from snyness, had vanished altogether.

When I returned to the drawing- last resting-place.

you." she answered, laughing, " a hundred times over?-and why were you so obstinately persuaded to the contrary? Why, the signature should have been enough! But never mind, 'all's well that ends well,' and this is just the very

thing I should have wished." "Yes," I said, soft'y, "I believe it is well; and though I shall only be a poor curate's wife, I shall be the happiest

"A poor curate's wife," broke in Constance. "Why, don't you know that Charley has given Mr. Bargill the rich living of Braintree, two miles from here, and I shall have you near me always? Oh! it is delightful. So you thought you were marrying a 'poor curate,' did you ?"

The lovely rectory of Braintree has long been my home, and the "shy curate" the best and most devoted of "shy husbands. Little does the title apply to him now! Beloved and respected by his parishioners, and known far beyond his own little circle for conspicuous talents, my home is all and more than I could wish; and as the fourteenth of February again approaches, recalling the happiest event of my life, with what different feelings do I greet it from when, ten years ago, I sat in my lonely dgings, thinking sadly of "my Valentine's days " of the past.

The Bamboo Tree.

Although no production of China is of so much importance to us as tea, the camboo tree is, perhaps, to the Chinese themselves, the most valuable article their land produces. It is used for every conceivable purpose, and has been called "a universal material." It grows to the height of about eighty feet, bears neither blossom nor fruit, and the leaves are narrow and small; many of the canes are much thicker than a man's arm. For building purposes its largest stems serve for pillars, refters and planks; its leaves are thatching for the roof and the small fibers are matting for the floor. For household use it is made into bedsteads, tables, chairs and other articles of furniture; also into umbrellas, hats musical instruments, baskets, eups, brooms, soles of shoes, pipes, bows and arrows, sedan-chairs and wicks of candles. Its fine fiber is made into twine; its leaves as a kind of cloak for wet weather, called "a garment of leaves." Small shoots form the celebrated chopsticks; other tender shoots are boiled and eaten; the pulp is formed into paper; the pith into good pickles and sweetmeats; and a thick juice, which is pressed from it, is said to be an excellent medicine. For maritime purposes it is transformed into boats, floats sails, cables, rigging, fishing rods recognition. I went into the dining-room on his together a few camboo reeds a swimming jacket is constructed capable of containing one o more persons. In agriculture, carts, wheelbarrows, waterpipes and wheels, tences and many other things are made from it. In the manu-

facture of tea it helps to form the rolling tables, drying buskets and sieves. It is the universal demand in the houses, in man is dependent upon it, nor does it leave him until it carries him to his

Mr. Topnoody was in good humor this morning, and coming into the kitchen, where Mrs. T. was at work, he threw a barrel hoop over her that he found in the back yard and said : "Ha! ha! Mrs. Topnoody, why are you like the wife of a circus clown ?" "I don't know," snapped Mrs. T., jerking away the hoop, "unless I'm married to a fool." Poor Topnoody collapsed and forgot the answer to his conundrum, all except something about being in a ring. and even ais friends down 10.177 couldn't recall to his mind what it wep. -Steubenville Horald

Greedy grocer (to farmer's wife who is supplying him with butter)-"This pun' o' butter is over licht, gudewite." Gudewife-" Blame yersel', then; I weighed it wi'the pun' o' sugar I gat frae ye yestreen.

The motion of a woman's jaws in chewing four caramela at once gives a very poor idea of the postry of motion.