# The forest Republican.

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No Time for Hating. Begone with foud | away with strife; Our human hearts unmating ! Lot us be friends again ! This life Is all too short for hating ! So dull the day, so dim the way, Ho rough the road we're faring-Far better weal with faithful friend, Than stalk alone uncaring !

The barren flg, the withered vine, Are types of selfish living; But souls that give, like thins and mine,

Renew their life by giving. While ovpress waves o'er early graves, On all the way we're going, Fur better plant, where seed is scant, Than troad on fruit that's growing

Away with scorn ! Since die we must And rest on one low pillow; There are no rivals in the dust-

No foes beneath the willow, So dry the bowers, so few the flowers, Our earthly way discloses,

Far hetter stoop where daisies droop Than tramp o'er broken roses!

Of what are all the joys we hold ' Compared to joys above us ! And what are rank, and power and gold, Compared to hearts that love us? So fleet our years, so full of joars, So closely death is waiting; God gives us space for loving grace, But leaves no time for hating. -A. J. H. Duganne.

PRINGLE'S FLAT.

" You will have a beautiful day, my dear," said Mrs. Hope, as she looked ad-miringly first at her son Dick, who was driving up to the door in his new buggy, then at her daughter-in-law, Mary Hope, whose honeymoon was at its full. "I am so glad !" said the young wife

"What lovely wer"her we have had ever since I came here! not at all like what some of my friends predicted when they said we ought to spend our honcy-moon in the East."

Dick Hope at that moment sprang out of his buggy lightly, and gallantly extended a hand to his wife.

"Nonsense !" exclaimed Mary Hope "I am not such a helpless creature that I can't get in myself;" and she stepped lightly into the buggy, with a merry laugh

Mrs. Hope the older gave an approv-ing nod: "It's to as well to let Dick know you can help yourself. These Western men-"

Need managing like other men. interrupted .her daughter-in-law, with another laugh. Old Mr. Hope, coming down from

mosphere with rich odors. There were lines upon lines of variegated tints it once; that is all I want to see." above the horizon. Such a sunrise Mary Hope had never looked on except among the mountains. There were tints of crimson, amber and gold ; and above all white pillars rolled majestically, palaces more magnificently and stately than any that the human mind could

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conceive.

"How grand!" she sail, as Dick looked smilingly at her. "The mind of man cannot measure all its beauties," said Dick, as he lighted

a cigar and settled himself down for some "solid enjoyment." As the red and golden glories stretch-

ed above the horizon a light breeze sprang up, fanning Mary Hope's cheeks, caressing her hair lightly, and sighing through the thin selvage of trees which Dick's father had planted along the roadway before his son was born. The god of day wheeled his chariot aloft, radiating, as only the summer can, the rarest tints of amber, and crimson and rarest interior amber, and crimson and gold, until the purple glories, rolling aloft like great billows, gradually arched themselves into the semblance of a gate-way; through which Mary Hope caught, in fancy glimpses of the celestial city. She did not speak, but sat perfectly quiet, drinking in the beauties of the most heartiful morning Dick Hope had most beautiful morning Dick Hope had ever witnessed in the West.

"There is Pringle's Flat," said Dick, suddenly, pointing ahead. "Surely we have not come seven

miles, Dick ?" "Scarcely. How far is that ahead ?"

"Is it a mile, Dick ?"

"That's what the smart hunters from the East say when they shoot and miss

their game. It's the atmosphere, Mary." "It's a small place," said his wife, as she looked forward to Pringle's Flat, lying a little below them. Beyond it there was a ribbon of molten gold, made by the sun's slanting rays falling upon the river. "And that is the river."

"We'll be there in twenty minutes," said Dick Hope, " when I want to introduce you to some of the nicest people in this end of the State." The people Dick referred to received

the young couple in a manner that made Mary Hope's cheeks glow with gratification. Her husband was a man universally admired—as fine a specimen of his kind as was ever produced west of Pringle's Flat. The bride during the two hours they remained in the town created a ripple of talk. There was something about Dick and his wife that made people turn to look at then. When they drove away a score of friends waved

fringe on a neatly-cut garment. The the water in the valley sweeps down below us here, fills the valley where it haled from the flowers, filling the atand then-look out for trouble. I saw

"Is it so awful, Dick?"

"It is really awful, Mary." "And now it looks like—like the plains of Egypt. I can't conceive of anything disturbing the perfect peace of the start along this beautiful scene. See that cloud away off there, Dick."

"About the size of a man's hand? see it." "It's the only speck in the sky," said

his wife. "It's not like our sky, then," said Dick, as he kissed her standing on the

very top of Dan's Rock. "Do you know it is time we were moving now?" "We have only been here a little

while.'

"It's three hours since we stopped at the foot of Dan's Rock."

"My goodness, Dick !"

"That's what I'm always saying to myself when I think you took me be-fore all the other fellows." "It can't be."

"Look for yourself," said Dick, holding out his watch.

"It's the grandest day of my life, Dick. I wouldn't have missed it for anything.'

He gave her his hand and helped her down the rough places. Once in a while Mary would stop to gather bits of moss and flowers as mementos of a red-letter day. At least an hour was consumed in the descent. Then they got into the buggy and turned homeward, but not on the road leading past Drake's.

"We want to see all that can be seen, don't we ?" said Dick.

"By all means," answered his wife, as she tied her hat loosely and prepared to enjoy the drive home. "But didn't your father tell you to go home by Drake's?"

"The other is the better road."

"You know best, Dick."

Dick's mare went at a slapping pace She smells oats," said Dick. "Look at Pringle's Flat, Dick."

"Protty, isn't it ?"

"There is not a leaf stirring, one would think. It looks so restful over there! It might be a deserted village." "It does look unusually quiet, now ] notice it. But then this sun is terrible.

See if you can find our house over there. Mary."

There was a long silence, then the young wife gleefully pointed out the house, and there was another long silence which was broken by Mrs. Hope saying suddenly: "What is that curious

Four young men, clerks and students, while on a summer vacation tramp and the water washing her long hair over her breast. He lifted her up. He

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felt her hands, her cheeks. Then sud-denly he summoned all his remaining strength for one supreme effort, and dragged rather than carried her up to the dry shelving beach under the bluff. Mary Hope slowly opened her eyes and looked at her husband. Then she put her hands slowly up to her face and covered it.

Dick saw the tears coursing down her heeks. "Don't — don't, Mary!" he cheeks. said.

"I can't help it. I am not crying with pain or grief; it's because you are living, because we both are spared."

Dick's strength returned to him. He stood up and looked about him. Until that moment he did not know that he was coatless and without vest or shirt : was contress and without vest or shirt; he was naked. He pressed his eyes with his hands and looked down on himself like one awakening out of a dream. He looked at his wife, still sitting with her face covered with her hands: "Mary, we are almost naked. There is nothing on me, and your dress is in ribbons." He looked up and down the river in a helpless way, still pressing a hand to his heart "I don't see—any sign of— the buggy or the horse." Then he cast his glance at the bluff back of them. eyes of another. "Now you are bound to try my brandy. I always rule."

Come, let us go up on the bank." He had to carry her.

He had to carry her. "It is the horrible fright, dear Dick. I'll soon get over it," she said, when he set her down gently on the level ground. "Mary, look over there. Do you see anything? My eyes are so full of sand, so sore, that I can't make it out quite, Exerviting looks bluered." into the stream, where the clinking of glass betrayed its utter destruction.

Everything looks blurred." She did not answer him, It was not because her eyes were not clear. As she looked wonderingly, her hand, that had a miserable drunkard, and my mother never relinquished her husband's from liquor till I should be old enough to take care of myself. I have promised her a hundred times I wouldn't taste it, the moment he seated her on the prairief clasped his convulsively. Then she ut-

tered a loud cry. "I-I expected as much," said Dick, speaking more to himself than to his wife. "Nothing-nothing man ever made could stand before that storm."

us shake hands. My mother would be a happy woman if I was as brave as "Oh, Dick," she exclaimed, sobyou. I wouldn't tempt you to do wrong. bingly, "there is nothing left of the I shall never forget you, nor the lesson town-not a house. I can only see a you have taught me.' heap here and there-something like fallen chimneys and smoke and fire." frankly.

"That's the end of Pringle's Flat, Mary." He looked back over the prairie-

back to the fringe of trees that skirted

speak in a low tone, reverently, as

though standing in the presence of the

Her Terrible Adventure.

coming over on the Sarcelito boat, last

Sunday, and the prettiest girl of the

and said :

white

thicket."

heroine

very hard.

There were a party of four couple

dead .- David Lowry, in Lippincott.

Let it not be you and I .- Youth's Coma portion of the road near the base of Dan's Rock but a little while since. He panion. could not recognize the place he had looked on a hundred times. The trees

## Rates of Advertising.

One Square	(1 Inch,	)one	inse	rtio	n -	\$1	
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Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements col-lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-ments must be paid for in advance. Job work. Cash on Dellvery.

#### Singular Marks on a Woman's Face.

Mrs. Marcil, of St. Jean Baptiste, is eported to have her face marked with mysterious figures and letters. A reporter visited her and gives the followng account of the interview: One week from last Thursday, it is claimed, the first appearance was noticed on the left cheek of the face, and since that time it has appeared and disappeared continuously, always in the same place. The letters and figures the first few days were of a brown color, but later they have become of a bluish hue. The following figures and letters, as taken down on a paper by a party present and shown to the reporter, are said to have appeared on Monday afternoon, viz.: I, G, A, E, D, A, I, J, A, E, C, 9, X and F. Mrs. Marcil is of a prepossessing appearance, rather below the medium height and not averse to the visitors who have called upon her lately to become eye-witnesses

of the remarkable occurrence. She seems to be entirely unconcerned herseems to be entirely unconcurrent self as to the appearance or disappear-ance of the phenomena on her face and conversed with the reporter and A. Coblentz, of Morris, who was present at the time, quite freely on the subject, stating that before she went to bed on the previous evening she looked into the mirror and the figures 1, 8 and 4 could be distinctly seen. At the request of the reporter and the evening drawing to a close, she drew her chair to the window and exposing her face to the light in a short time both visitors were astonished at the result, for, the reporter adds: "We must confess that previous to this our credulity did not make us easy of belief, but there on the left cheek on Mrs. Marcil's face, al-though not so colored as we have been led to believe, the letter E was stamped, plainly to be seen. The letter resembled to us more the appearance in col oring of a smart slap having been given on the face. This disappeared, to bu replaced in a short time by the figure 4, and almost immediately by the letter R, it being closely joined to the figure 4, in the shape of a monogram. Sat-isfied with what we had seen we took our departure, totally unable in any way to account for the appearance and won-dering in our minds if it had any relation to old Mother Shipton's prophecy. Here is a circumstance for some scientific man to investigate. — Winnipeg (Manitoba) Times.

### Artemus Ward's Pranks.

The May Scribner has an anecdotal paper on "Artemus Ward; his home and family," with a drawing of the homestead, a portrait of his mother It Looks Suspicious. It seems suspicious for a dramatic the old "London Illustrated Times," and critic at a play to laugh until his vest which is said to be the only satisfactory portrait of the humorist. The following is vouched for by the writer as new: "Among his youthful diversions was an "encore," and then to write a criti-cism next morning condemning the play sons in all parts of the country whose names he happened to see in printentire strangers to him. These usually referred to some prospective business arrangement. Thus he would write to some gentleman in New York: 'Dear Sir-I'm sorry to say I shan't be able to get that harness done on the day I promised;' or, 'I will not be able to pecting people he was not unlike the German Owlglass, who, while always playing the fool, never lacked fools upon whom he might try experiments. Nothing seemed to please him more than to get the better of his brother Cyrns. One very cold night in the winter, when he had come home at a late hour from an entertainment, instead of going quietly to his room, for tioned himself in the street and called to his brother as if in deep distress about something. Cyrus was slow to wake and appear. Charles continued calling, and with more agony, 'Cy ! Cy ! Ho! Cy!' When Cyrus at last came to the window he solemnly asked: 'Do you really think, Cyrus, that it is wrong

through Northern New England, engaged for a guide to a certain romantic forest waterfall a boy named Forrest Graves. Forrest was a fine, athletic fellow, who could outwalk and outclimb any amateur in the mountains, and his

moral courage was quite equal to his physical health and strength. After he had guided the young men to the waterfall, and they had satisfied themselves with sight-seeing, they invited him to lunch with them.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

Resisted.

"Thank you, I have my own lunch;" and the boy went away by himself. Later, when full justice had been done to their repast, and a flask of brandy had furnished each of the young men

"You can't rule me."

These words were scarely uttered

when the flask was seized and hurled

"I did it in self-defense. You had no Sht to tempt me. My father was once

a rich and honorable man, but he died

came here to live to keep me away from

and I'd die before I'd break my promise."

"Bravely said. Forgive me, and let

The most reckless was the most gen-

erous, and seeing his error apologized

How many boys need to be kept from

strong drink; and, alas, how many men and women ! Who dares tempt them ?

Then a clear, defiant tone rang out:

with a stimulating draught, Graves was called. "You must drink with us, if you will not eat with us," now said the owner of the flask, and the most reckless of the party. "No, sir, thank you," was the boy's courteous response. "But I shall insist upon it." "You can do as you please, and I shall do as I please." The young man sprang to his feet, and with a bound stood beside the boy, too much absorbed in his own purpose to heed the quivering lips and flashing

stables at that moment, eyed the horse buggy and harness (Dick had expended seven hundred dollars on that turn-out) then stood patting the horse's neck kindly. He was an admirer of fine horses, and his judgment was sought far and wide on all points of horseflesh: "There's fine mettle here, Dick." "I know it," said Dick, proudly.

"Cheap at four hundred," said Mr.

" Have you tried her yet?" " I think she's go od for two-twenty one without much of an effort."

"Why, isn't that a fast horse, Dick ?" asked his wife, whose curiosity was aroused.

"Just middling," answered her husband. "We have them out here faster than that,"

"It is fast," said his father. "We used to think it impossible, but we have got so far on now there's no telling what's in a horse. I like this mare very much. If it was anybody else's, I'd-

"Come, now, what would you give, father ?" said Dick, banteringly.

"It's all in the family, so I'm saved a hundred dollars at least.

"A hundred more wouldn't buy her, father. Just say to anybody that covets my new mare I won't take a cent less than seven hundred dollars. Why she goes like wind."

"That reminds me, Dick, you'd best take the road round by Drake's.' "And lose a good half-hour," said

Dick. "That's a long way round, father,'

said the elder Mrs. Hope. "You take my advice," said her husband. "I mean coming back. It docan't matter going. If it should blow you will find it sufest."

satisfied way and observed: "I don't saved me the trouble. see any signs of a storm.

"Nor L" said his father; "but no Fiat.

Dick ?" Mrs. Dick Hope looked the husband. "Was it so bad, Mr. Hope?"

"Bad! Bad's no name for it. Why, eyes and viewed his tormentor. it blow my wagon as far as from here to tore up trees and lodged me against a rock that saved my life."

"That must have been terrible," said Mary Hope.

"Don't let him frighten you," said Dick, emilingly; "lightning never "Do you see strikes twice in the same place. I'm all left there?" right, you see. The only time I was you Are we all ready now? Basket They manufacture it up there."

Mrs. Hope nodded gayly, Dick lifted the reins ligatly and away the new buggy with its happy occupants sped over the prairie.

the

ound I hear? good wishes and tossed kisses after them.

" Now for Dan's Rock," said Dick, as he gave his mare the rein and cast a backward glance at Pringle's Fint. "Pretty, isn't it?"

"Pretty?" said his wife. "Why, Dick, it's lovely! See the light on the church windows; it looks as though it were really on fire. The houses are so pretty, too, the streets so wide, and there is such an air of peace and comfort about it! Why, it is like a town that has grown up in a night, it is so wonderfully clean and neat-just what a painter would make if he were painting towns to please people." "I'm glad you like it. That reminds

me; do you see that house above the church, to the left?"

"It looks charming-the prettiest house there."

"Glad you like it."

"Why, Dick ?"

"It's yours. I bought it before I went East for you. We'll look inside of it when we return, if we have time."

That was Dick Hope's way.

The drive to Dan's Rock occupied an hour.

"Now for a trial of your strength," said Dick, a) he tied his horse to a tree at the base of the great rock and assistmed his wife to the ground where they were to lunch.

"Must I climb up there, Dick ?" said Mrs. Hope.

"That's the programme, what we eame out for to-day. You've heard so much of the view from Dan's Rock that you want to see it for yourself. Do you know you remind me now of Parthenia fetching water from the spring ?"

Dick, who was adjusting a strap, looked off east and west, smiled in a she, Dick? I'm glad your mother esticited was and observed. It is a she, Dick? I'm glad your mother

That was a lunch Mary Hope often recalled in after years. Dick persisted one nows anything about the wind in forcing all kinds of dainties upon here. I'll never forget the sweep I got her, " Irish fashion," as she said aftertwenty years ago coming over Pringle's | ward. It was the first time she had ever had him to herself in the glad day with "That is where we are going, isn't it, no curious eyes to peer on them, and she subjected her lord and master in least trifle anxious as she turned to her her turn to such straits that he gladly cried quits as he put his hair out of his

Then they slowly mounted the massthe barn, blew the horses off their feet, ive heap called Dan's Rock. Such a view! A sweep of forty miles in one direction, east, and almost as grand a view to the west.

Dick sat down and handed his wife the glasses as he lighted a fresh cigar. "Do you see that hill away off to the

"Hasn't it a curious shape?"

"That's where the wind comes from.

"What do you mean, Dick ?" "There's a valley back there that ex-

tends full forty miles northwest, where you come to prairie land like ours back of Pringle's Flat, only there is ten times was early morning. The fingers of more of it. The wind rolls down the dow strotched upward, dissolving valley and plays the very deuce with shadowy mist that hing over the things on the river about the Point. rie and the thin line of woodland Sometimes it rains, and then you'd w away off to the west like a think the heavens were emptying; all "I hear nothing." "There ! Do you hear it now?"

Dick inclined an ear. They were fairy clear of the rough land at the base of Dan's Rock now and the mare was trotting rapidly. Suddenly her driver's firm hand brought her upon her haunches. Dick listened intently. His wife was right; her ears were keener than his. There was something in the air.

At that instant Mary's hand clutched his arm convulsively as she cried out: "Oh, Dick, what is that back of us?" She was looking back with horrorstricken eyes and pale lips.

Dick turned. A cloud like a black wall was rushing down upon them; it seemed to Dick Hope's eyes as black af ink. An awful fear possessed him. There was a hush, a stillness, in the air as chilling as the terrible cloud behind them. "Go 'long !" he exclaimed desperately, cutting the mare fiercely with his whip.

The mare shot out like an arrow, and at that moment another sound smote their ears—a sound that was like the crash of worlds. The mare plunged, reared, then resumed her onward course. Her owner had lost all control over her.

But one thought animated Dick Hope as he clasped his wife with his right the rest. arm, while he held fast to the reins with his left hand, shutting his teeth like a vise. That thought was, "Pray God we reach the river bottom !"

The earth groaned under their feet. A sound like the rush and roar and scream of a million locomotives deafened them. Dick Hope instinctively turned and clasped his young wife in his arms. He did not see the mare; he saw nothing but his wife's face, and something in it struck terror to his heart. His own was ashy gray at that moment, as was his young wife's when she turned her last appealing look upon him and moved her lips. His one prayer was that they might die together. It seemed to them then that all the sound in the air and earth was condensed, gathered into one awful shriek. Earth and sky were obliterated. Dick Hope felt himself lifted up and flung

like a flake through the air.

When he recovered his senses he was lying where he had prayed to be-in the river-bottom, with his wife close beside him. The awful storm did not have fainted." divide them. The tornado, like a raging beast, had simply taken them up in his teeth, so to speak, tossed them aside, and pursued its path. Where they were lying the water was so shoal

that it scarcely covered them. Dick sat up and spoke to his wife; she did not answer. Then he put one hand up involuntarily, in a weak, helpless way. There was blood on his face ; he could not see; his eyes were full of sand. He struck himself in despair, and, again grasping his wife, said, in a hoarse voice: "You are not dead, Mary?"

"But the audience refused to "suppose," and the party looked like a Whether it was the water from the Quaker funeral until the boat struck river he dashed into his face or the gush of tears that came into his eyes, Dick | the wharf .-- Virginia (Nov.) Chronicle,

been a grizzly."

had disappeared; they had been swept from the face of the earth. Then he shaded his eyes with his hand and buttons rattle off like peas from a pod, looked across to where Pringle's Flat be affected to tears until he has to borrow an extra handkerchief to absorb the had stood in all the pride of a new moisture, applaud till he seems to lead Western town. Dick Hope suddenly knelt by his wife's side, still holding her hand, saying: "Let us pray." Among all those who witnessed the as execrable and the actors as worse,

awe-inspiring tornado that swept Prin-It seems suspicious for a young man to call on the same girl every other evengle's Flat until not one stone stood upon another, killing, maiming all ing and on another girl every other evening. It seems as if 'twould be "s'mother evening" with him before a living creatures in its path, none have such vivid recollections as Dick Hope and his wife. When they refer to their great while. experience on that terrible day they

It seems suspicious for a grocer to put up a sign "None but diary butter sold call at your house, as you requested," here," when there are a dozen kegs of etc. In this mystification of unsussomething or other with the labels scraped off just unloading at his store door.

It seems suspicious for a woman whom you have knowr since she was a girl as a decidedly fruskled specimen, to appear on the streets without a freckle in gushers looked up at Mount Tamalpais sight.

It seems suspicious for a restaurant "Oh, that horrid, horrid mountain, keeper to carefully avoid dining at his I had the most frightful adventure up own place of business, just for the sake which his mother had provided by there last summer you ever heard of ! of walking two miles to dine with his leaving the doors unfastened, he sta-It's a wonder my hair didn't turn | family.

It seems suspicious for a clerk who "What on earth was it?" chorused gets \$6 a week salary to appear in a new pair of mauve pantaloons and suit to match at least four times a year.

It seems suspicious for a man to bring down a cotton umbrella in the morning and carry home a silk one at night. It also looks like a good trade .- New to keep slaves?" Haven Register.

The proclamation of a king of Poland could not be made without the free and undivided consent of every member of the nobility. At the coronation of Ladislaus, the eldest brother of King Casimir, the primate having demanded of the nobility whether they accepted that prince, one of the inferior nobility replied that he did not. When he was asked what objection he had to Ladislans he replied that he had none, except that he did not wish him to be king, and persisted in this for more than an hour, during which time he necessarily delayed the proclamation. At length he threw himself at the king's feet and said: "I only desired to see whether my country was still free. I am now satisfied, and give my suffrage for your

in any luxuries other than children was presented by a loving but unreckoning wife with triplets-three boys-and he sought for some family to adopt them. Mr. Clark was rather inclined to take them, but his good wife thought one would perhaps be enough. They were talking it over before their little eightyear-old daughter, who said: "Why don't you take one of them, ma, or don't they want to break the set?"

SHE BELIEVED IN ADVERTISING. "Oh, where are you going, my pretty maid ?" "To do some shopping," she sweetly said; "And where," I asked, in a glad surprise; "Oh, anywhers, where they advertise ?"

#### HEALTH HINTS.

All stimulants, even tea and coffee, act upon the system as poison, and are consequently injurious.

The Family Physician says: Digestion requires leisure. Never eat until you can be sure of leisure for digestion. After rest then "give an hour of exercise to every pound of food."

Terra alba, or white earth, is used to adulterate white sugars, cream of tartar, and other commonly used articles. Its use tends to produce disease of the kidneys, bladder and stomach.

Writes Mr. Labouchere: I arrived at Milan from the Lake of Como. I felt the symptoms of malaria, and, instead of sending for a doctor, shut myself up in my bedroom for two days and two nights, during which time my only nourishment was lemonade. This regime entirely cured me. Were those who catch any malarial fever to pursue the same course they would find it worth all the prescriptions that doctors ever wrote

Dr. Guillasse, of the French navy, reports that in the early stages of ty-phoid fever coffee is almost a specific against typhoid fever. He gives it to adults, two or three tablespoonfuls of strong, black coffee every two hours, alternating with one or two teaspoonfuls of claret or Burgundy wine. The beneficial effect is immediate. A little lemonade or citrate of magnesia should be given daily and after awhile a little quinine.

never touch dead people. So I just shut my eyes and held my breath." "Gracious !" "Pretty soon the great brute walked up close and began sniffing me all over. "Should have thought you would majesty." "Oh, I didn't dare to," said the

A man who was too poor to indulge "Just then I suppose the party rushed up and rescued you?" said the appalled "No, they didn't. Pretty soon I felt the great beast pulling at the flowers in my hat, so I just got up and shooed the horrid thing away." "What! The grizzly?" "Oh, it wasn't a grizzly. It was a nasty old cow. But just suppose it had

"Well, you see, I was up there with a private picnic party, and I wandered off by myself about a mile, picking flowers. After awhile I sat down to rest in a lonely canon, and before long I heard a queer rustling sound in some

bushes right behind me. I knew at once, somehow, that it was a grizzly." "Great Scott ! and you all alone !' shuddered her escort. "Not a soul within a mile of me.

was just paralyzed with terror. I didn't

dare to stir, but m a minute I heard the

beast coming toward me through the

"Oh, if I'd only been there," said a

"I knew it was no use to try and run,

and I had read somewhere that bears

Oh, it was just terrible!'

pimply-faced young man, breathing