The forest Republican.

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The Absent One.

The summer sun is shining bright, " Balmy and sweet the breezes blow, Fair Nature clothed in robes of light Would fain her joy on me bestow ; But ah ! in vain the sun doth shine, Charmless the breeze, the bird, the flower ;

For she who made them all divine Has gone, and they have lost their power.

Alas I without her brilliant smile.

The sheen of morn is midnight gloom. Earth can no more my soul beguile, My life is but a living tomb; Without her voice, the melody Combined of all harmonious things,

Is only dissonance to me, The sound of harps with broken strings.

Her eye is like the radiant star That ushers in the dawn of day, Through danger's night when sorrows mar,

A slooploss watch it keeps alway, Till peace and safety come again ;

Without its beams I dwell alone, Forlorn among the sons of men,

My pleasure, hope and mission gone. Come back my beauteous angel, come ! And never more from me depart :

Oh, seek thy final rest and home Within my loving arms and heart! Together we will roam around,

And in the scones before us find The glories of each sight and sound

Reflected from each other's mind.

THE CAMEO.

"Felicie! Felicie Brevard! Come here directly !'

The soft French name had a queer sound, coming from Mrs. Monson's thin lips and acid voice. Felicie came slowly up the stairs to where Mrs. Monson stood talking volubly with her lodger, Mr. Thornton.

"Felicie, walk a little faster !" said Mrs. Monson, sharply. "Here is Mr. Thornton, that has missed his finest cameo. You were in his room dusting, yesterday."

"It was a head of Apollo," said Mr. Thornton. "I bought it in Naples. Could you have swept it behind the farniture?

At the first mention of the cameo, Felicie put her hand in her pocket, she turned deathly pale, and a half cry es-

caped her. "Flave you got it?" cried Mrs. Monson unrilly. "If you have, out of these doors you shall pack. Trouble enough I have had with you already-and all of your relations !'

She seized her by her shoulders, and attempted to put her hand into her pocket. Felicie resisted desperately. She was as white as a ghost. "Come, come, Mrs. Monson! The cameo is not worth all that," said Mr. Thornton.

of a respectable place where you can live. Let me see-you are about fifteen ?" "Nearly eighteen," said Felicie.

Thornton stared. She was, then, quite a woman, and an uncommonly pretty one, too, he said

to himself. "You are sure you will not repent? But perhaps I am wrong in taking you

away from your natural guardians in this manner. "You may take me away or not," said Felicie, coolly. "But if some one does not take me away L shall take myself away. I am going now to get

everything I have, and nothing will induce me to sleep another night under this roof." That settled it. Thornton took a

card and wrote an address on it, and in less than an hour Felicie presented herself at her new friend's, with a basket containing all of her worldly possessions,

Mrs. Monson came home to find Felicie gone, and no clew to her, while Felicie was being snugly ensconced in a little sunny room at Miss Shepard's.

Miss Shepard had been an humble friend and dependent of Russell Thornton's mother, and was only too glad to have it in her power to do anything for "Mr. Russell."

Thornton appeared in the evening, and fixed upon a plan for Felicie's future arrangements.

"You shall have a certain amount a month," said he, "beyond your board. With that you may do as you please. You may go to school, or learn dressmaking, or anything else you like. I leave for New York to-morrow evening, and in a week I sail for London. I shall be in Europe certainly for three years, and at the end of that time I shall look you up to see what you have made of vourself."

Felicie looked at him with her pretty dark eyes brimming over with tears She had learned to dread and fear strangers. These two-Russell Thornton and Miss Shepard-were the only two who had ever been kind to her in all her life.

"I will try-I will try !" was all she could say.

Thornton rose to say good-bye. "When I come back I expect to be dazzled with your acquirements."

He shook hands with her as he spoke, and then with Miss Shepard, and the next moment she saw his graceful figure disappear in the darkness. She turned to Miss Shepard.

"Will he ever-do you think he will ever come back ?" she asked, with quivering lips.

"Of course. Three years will slip by

Felicie rushed upstairs to show it to Miss Shepard. "Just think ! Five hundred dollars !

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And only to sing for it! And lessons from Barilli! What I have longed for and could not afford !"

Miss Shepard looked at her in delighted surprise.

"Oh, Felicie, dear ! what will Mr. Russell say ?"

"Don't you think he will like it?" said Felicie, stopping short. "Of course he will, my darling.

"Then it's all right," said Felicie, skipping off to answer her letter.

: In a little while Felicie began to think she took a wicked pleasure in her voice. She could not but be proud of it. Sunday became a day of triumph to her. She felt that when she sung her solos every note was listened to with delighted attention; but she kept down her innocent, girlish vanity by saying to herself:

"When Mr. Thornton comes home he will have heard so many fine voices that mine will be nothing to him; and if he sees that I am vain of it, he will be utterly disgusted with me."

She had been singing in the choir one whole winter. It was the afternoon of Easter Sunday, and the church was packed to hear Miss Brevard sing.

She had never sung so gloriously she felt a delicious sense of impending happines

At last the service was over ; the people had flocked out; the sexton would be around in half an hour to lock up everything for the night.

Felicie remained. When every one had left the church she stole to the organ and began playing. Then she be-gan to sing a simple little hymn that Miss Shepard had told her was the favorite of Russell Thornton's mother.

"I never heard anybody but she sing it," she often said, as she heard Felicie singing it.

She thought she was entirely alone in he great, dark church, while the twilight shadows slowly crept in the stained glass windows; but there was some one else. A gentleman sat in the cor-ner of the church, who turned around so as to face the choir.

It was over in a few minutes. Felicie rose and made her way down the rickety steps that led from the choir gallery When she got to the church door the gentleman came forward out of the dusk, and caught her two hands in his. "Felicie !" was all he said.

"I thought you were not coming back for three years; and now-I am so startled !"

"Are you sorry, Felicie?" "No," said Felicie, boldly.

They walked together toward Felicie's in the soft spring evening "How gloriously you sing, Felicie!" said Thornton. "But do you know that little hymn you sang last was my mother's hymn?

FOR THE LADIES.

The Prettiest Bride in England.

Frances Evelyn Maynard, the young heiress who has just been married to Lord Brooke, eldest son of the Earl of Warwick is one of the most beautiful women in England, and as generous as she is beautiful. The wedding was the grandest that London has seen for many seasons, and was honored by the pres ence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and several other members of the royal family, Prince Leopold acting as best man. 'The bride's dress was an improvement on the usual livery white satin and orange blossoms, the front being covered with old point and drooping fringes of orange blossoms. The veil was also of old point. Her only jewels consisted of a single row of ex-quisite pearls. The bridemaids were twelve in number. Their Gainsborough a bow and strings. dresses were of white moire, the India muslin fichus being fastened on the

bosom with large bunches of Marshal Niel roses, the bouquets also consisting of the same flowers. The Gainsbor-ough hats were made of similar material

to that in the fichus. The favors were particularly pretty, consisting of daisies, orange blossoms and maidenhair. The bride's traveling dress was of velvet, of a perfect shade of brown, the bonnet and cape being of the same tint in brocaded gauze. The queen's present was a cashmere shawl. The Prince and Princess of Wales gave a gold bracelet with a clasp of magnificent sapphires and diamonds. It was purchased at St. Petersburg. There were several hundred presents, including some splendid jewelry and valuable plate. Lady Brooke's pet name is "Daisy," and her husband gave her a wedding present of a diamond collar with pendant daisies.

Gay Summer Dresses.

Red abounds in summer toilets, and is shown in all materials. A French costume, just imported for Newport, is of cross-barred batiste, in two or three shades of red, trimmed with deep plait-ings and draperies edged with black Breton lace. Another dress for yachting, or the mountains, or seashore, is a dark garnet wool as heavy as flannel, yet as fine as camel's hair; this is made with a hunting jacket and overskirt and has many rows of soutache braid of the same shade for trimming. Large bows and sashes of dark red satin ribbon are used with white costumes of various fabrics, such as nun's veiling, dotted muslin and cream-white batiste. Very three is devoled to authors and poets. pretty toilets of white wool have Span-Prominent among these are Oliver Werdell Holmes, Thomas Bailey Alish lace plaitings and draperies of satin surah in stripes of most brilliant hues, drich and Harriet Beecher Stowe. or else in pale fade colors. Mauve, or pink, or lemon-colored Surah dresses have two deep flounces of white open embroidery around the skirt; above this is a draped short overskirt and a shirred round waist. A polka-dotted surah of dull red shades has pink satin ribbon bows and facings of pink on the great ruche that heads the gathered flounce which is scalloped on the edges. The loveliest white nun's veiling dress with pale blue embroidered dots on i has border stripes of blue, and is edg ad with Russian lace. A pale blue sa' in surah has large balls of darker b',ue, with a shading of golden brown on the edge of each ball; this has loop s of golden brown surah covering the front

Parasols covered with Japanese crape are worn with gowns of Japanese crape.

The mantles bordered with stiff deep plaitings, like those on the lower edges of skirts, are uglier than any other outside wrap.

\$1.50 Per Annum,

brown suits have their edges button-hole-stitched in brown, with inner borders in colors.

daughters to the altar, and look as gay as the bridemaids.

replaced by those headed with stone when worn with the little linen collars in English shapes.

The Granny bonnet, worn by ch'ildren in the summer, is of foulard instead of velvet or beaver. Its trimming is only

like borders on their lighter edges. When made up into bows white lace is sewed on the dark edge.

Testimonial to Mrs. Hayes.

A letter from Chicago says: The auograph testimonial album to Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes by the women of Illinois has been finished. The work, consists of six large volumes, of 67,0 pages each, elegantly bound in fall Turkey morocco. All through the book are scattered India ink drawings. The inscription reads: "From the lad ies of Illinois, who have admired the courage Mrs. Hayes has displayed in the administration of the hospitalities of the executive mansion. God grant that the influence of this signal and benign example may be felt more and more as age follows age in the life of the great republic !" The dedicatory poer is by Mr. Benjamin, of Chicago. It is en-titled, "Greetings from Goil's Own Clearing, Illinois." The first signature is that of Mrs. James K. Poll , of Nashville, Tenn.; the second that of R. B. Hayes. Among the autog'raphs in volume one, are those of the members of the late "Hayes Cabinet." Chief-Justice Waite and the justices of the supreme court, and the governors of nearly all the States and Territories, under the official segl of each, followed by congressmen and prominent professional and business men. Volume two begins with the representatives of the State of Illinois, including the city and county officers, and a large space is filled by the postmasters, followed by railroad officer, and bankers. Volume

Rates of Advertising.

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Legal notices at exhibitshed values. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements end, lected quarterly. Temporary advertises ments must be paid for in advance. Job work. Cash on Delivery.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Wagons are born tired. A lover is like a tug-boat when he goes out with a toe .- Salem Sunbeam.

To be short in his accounts is, in a cashier, a crime; in a reporter it is a virtue.

Will the coming man eat dried apples? —*Central City Item.* If he wishes to be classed as a swell he probably will.

According to the recent census the opulation of London is 3,814,571, and the analysis shows that 3,814,000 called "Iroquois" a 'orse.-Puck.

The man who has invented a flying machine should make his trial trip now. There have never been more flies out than at this present time.-Picayune.

The Brooklyn Eagle gives the follow-ing as a Boston lad's definition of his stomach: "Something that goes across the teacher's knee when I get licked."

Ground for objection : "Me buy the property, sor? Me be a landlord and be shot in the back! Shure, there's to be no more landlords!—we're all goin' to be tinnants?"—Punch.

We warn newspaper men against a counterfeit \$100 bill now in circulation. Probably no professional men handle so many bills of that denomination as the pencil pushers, and we hope our timely warning will prevent any from getting caught.-Rochester Express.

An elderly gentleman says to a little, miss of seven: "Say, sissy, will you marry me!" The child, taking the pr... position gravely, curls up her mouth as if considering the subject. "Come, sissy," says her mother, "will you marry the gentleman?" "Yes, 'n., but-(aside)-ma, I'd like a newer husband."

FINANCIALLY EMBABBASSED.

▲ man in business often is, You'll find, perplexed and harrasmed; But when he's walking down the street, With his best girl so trim and neat, And ice cream signs his eyes do meet, With not a cent to stand the treat, The girl may look him in the phiz; And at such times he surely is Financially embarrassed

- Yonkers Statesman,

Some one has formed 1,051 English words of not less than four letters from the letters in the word "regulations." The above item is having an extensive circulation through the newspapers. A glance at the word "regulations" shows that it contains all the vowels and six of the most frequently used consonants, so there isn't anything wonderful in the feat mentioned. The person who accomplished it could have done more for humanity by sitting at the forks of a road and acting as an automatic guideboard .- New Haven

The handkerchiefs to be carried with

Brides' mothers now wear white-blumed bonnets when they attend their

The little silver-headed scarf pins are

Some of the shaded ribbons have lace-

It was really worth enough to have made Felicie open her innocent eyes wider than they had ever opened before.

Mr. Thornton had often noticed Felicie. He believed her to be honest, and he saw that she was terrified at Mrs. Monson's violence.

"But I mean to get to the bottom of it," said Mrs. Monson.

Thornton caught her by the wrist and forced her to unloose Felicie. He gave her a look before which the shrewishness vanished like smoke.

"You had better go downstairs," said he, quietly, "I will settle this with Felicie."

Mrs. Monson walked submissively downstairs, and left Thornton and the frightened girl alone.

"Now," said Thornton, kindly, but with determination in his voice, "tell me how all this happened ?"

Felicie put her hand in her pocket, and handed out the cameo.

"I know you won't believe me," she said, bursting into tears; " but I did not steal it."

"I believe you," said Thornton. "Go on?

"I was dusting in your room. I put my handkerchief on the mautelpiece. When I took it up I did not notice that I took anything with it. When I got downstairs I felt it in my pocket. was hurrying to put it back when I found you and Mrs. Monson here."

She was very pretty when she cried. She had a delicate beauty very different from Mrs. Monson's buxom daughters. He wondered how two types so different could be produced in the same family. "Are you Mrs. Monson's niece?" he

asked. "No!" she answered, with a ring of

indignation. "My mother was Mr. Monson's sister, and a lady. My father was French."

"And how came you here ?"

"My father and mother died, and I had nowhere else to go.'

She began to cry again.

Thornton had never felt so sorry for any human being in his life.

"And have you never been educated ?" he inquired, after a pause.

"I can read and write, and I can speak French. My father was a French teacher, and he used to say to me, when I was a little thing : 'Felicie, you must study hard some of these days, and you must play and sing ;' but I cannot play, and I have no heart to sing.

Thornton looked at her in silence for some time.

"I have never benefited others much, but this is a chance I will not let slip. Felicie, how would you like to go to school, and then learn some business that would make you independentsuch as flower-making ?"

"Or dress-making," responded the practical Folicie.

"Very well," said Thornton. "I know

It seemed an eternity to look forward to, in Felicie's imagination. The next day, she said to Miss Shepard :

"Do you know what I am going to do with what Mr. Thornton gives me? intend to learn to sing !"

"Learn to sing !" said Miss Shepard, in the same tone as if she had said, 'Learn to fly !"

"Yes," said Felicie-"to sing like the great opera-singers. My mother sang beautifully, and I mean to sing like her.

Miss Shepard interposed no objection, and she soon learned to oppose nothing that Felicie said. She was so that Felicie said. bright, and so helpful ! Miss Shepard's dull little house had never known any youthful merriment, and it warmed the poor old soul's heart to feel Felicie's active and magnetic young presence about her.

She sunned herself, as it were, in Felicie's youth and beauty; and Felicie found herself soon to be the very apple ing; of Miss Shepard's eve.

She had begun her singing lessons the week after Thornton left, and might be heard trilling and caroling down in Miss Shepard's stuffy little parlor, and touching light chords on Miss Shepard's wheezy old piano, all day long.

Nor did she forget to learn some other things besides. She never knew herself to be fond of books. Her life had been so hard and colorless that she really did not know what she liked exsteady purpose of improvement that worked wonders. She bought copybooks and changed her unformed, childish handwriting for one full of vigor.

She had a natural quickness in learning everything that belonged to domestic affairs, and two years slipped away in a happiness and content that poor Felicie had never dreamed of.

About this time, when Felicie was twenty, she saw an advertisement for a first soprano in one of the great city to the comfort of all in the house. church choirs. She determined to apply for it, and without saying a word to Miss Shepard, she slipped off, and went to the vestry-room where the candidates were being examined.

When she found herself before so fessor who presided at the organ, her vard" was called forward, and she saw the familiar notes, her voice returned to her. She had never felt more mistress of herself. She sang with inspiration. Her voice was so pure and rich and beautiful in tone and compass that made inquiries about her, and finding she was a suitable person, would be glad to have her accept the place of first soprano. The salary would be five hun-dred dollars, with the privilege of taking lessons from any professor she might select in the city, not to cost more than -, etc.'

"I know it," said Felicie. "Miss Shepard told me so, and taught it to me; and I have often thought I would learn to sing-much better than I do now-and sing it to you."

They lingered on the way home, so that Miss Shepard was quite miserable when they came in.

"I knew something pleasant was go ing to happen," Felicie said, "for I felt a bird singing in my heart all day.'

In a week people were saying : "Do you know Russell Thornton is

going to marry that pretty girl, with the French name, who sings in St. Peter's church ?"

The report was true.

"Do brides ever select their wedding oresents ?" asked Felicie, just before they were married.

"I don't know," said Russell, laugh "but you may."

"Then give me that head of Apollo. Oh, what a lucky thing it was that I unconsciously stole it !"

A Beautiful Home.

It is an excellent thing to have a wellkept house, and a beautifully appointed table, but after all the best cheer of other color. every home must come from the heart and manner of the home mother. If that is cold, and this ungracious, all trimmed. the wealth of India cannot make the cept singing. But she read with a home pleasant and inviting. Intelligence, too, must lend its charm, if we would have home and Eden. The severe style of house order neatness seldom leaves much margin for intellectual culture. Even general reading is considered as out of the question for a woman so hurried and so worried with her scrubbing and polishing, and making up garments. A simpler style of living and house furnishing would set many a bonded slave at liberty, and add vastly

Hospitality rarely prevails in these spotless line and letter houses. Company disarrange the books and disorder the house, which had work enough in it before. The mother cannot throw off her household cares, and sit down many persons, and saw the strange pro- for a real heart to heart converse with the old friend of her childhood. heart sank ; but when at last "Miss Bre- Still less can she enter into the joys and pleasures right and delightful to her own children, because of the extra work of clearing away it will be likely color about half way up the gores. to make.

With all your toils to make a house beautiful, do not neglect the first eleshe knew almost intuitively that she ment of all, to beautify yourself, body would succeed. And, indeed, about a and soul. A sweet loving word, and a week afterward, she received a letter warm clasp of the hand, are far more from the choir committee, who "having to a guest than the most elaborately embroidered lambrequins at your windows or the most exquisite damask on your table. There are bare cabin homes that have been remembered with pleasure, because of the beautiful loving presence there; and stately palaces which leave the impression of an ice berg on the mind.

Fashion Fancies.

plaitings at the foot.

revived. Cut silk flowers with bead hearts are substituted for muslin and cambric blossoms.

Little girls' kilt-plaited gowns have rows of buttons down every sixth or seventh plait.

The red shaded feathers seem to find favor more rapidly than these of any

Cheap Japanese hats are again worn this summer, but they are extravagantly

Olive and tea rose is one of the most xquisite of color combinations for evenog wear.

Arrasene is knitted into pretty hoods for evening wear. It is as soft and becoming as chenille.

Pink linen undergarments trimmed with black lace are fresh enormities in Parisian underwear.

White Spanish lace scarfs, or muslin scarfs with borders of Aurillac lace, are worn in full dress.

The lily of the valley effect in chenille fringe is produced by pressing the strands at regular intervals. The most fashionable size in Japanese

panels is four and a half feet long and five and a half inches wide. Batiste printed with bouquets of small flowers is new and exceedingly meetly

for summer gowns. Instead of a border some parasols

have a band of bright plaid or bright Printed cambrie dresses for morning

and sateen for afternoon is laid down as the rule for summer dressing.

The silk mull used for kerchiefs and collarettes this season is striped, and is even more becoming than the plain.

Ties for traveling dress are about four and one-half inches wide, and are made of mixed silk resembling the granite ribbons.

A wreath of flowers worn around the crown of a bonnet, and then carried down to the front of the dress, is exceedingly pretty.

W. Long'ellow subscribes his name Register. with the lines :

"'Whene'er a noble deed is wrought, Whene'er is spoken a noble thought. Our hearts in glad surprise To higher levels rise

"Her presence lends its warmth and health To all who come before it ; If women lost us Eden, such

As she above restore it."

Mark Twain says : "Total abstinence is so excellent a thing that it cannot be carried to too great an extent. In my passion for it I even carry it so far as to totally abstain from total abstinence itself." Then follow departments devoted to music, actors, painters, sculp-tors, science and education. Volume breadth, with alternate blue and 'orown four contains autographs of scientific and professional men; volume five, prominent business men and journalists; volume six is devoted to the representa-The parasols with knots on the top tives of temperance and religion, both and at the end of the handle have been State and national.

The Leslie Assignment,

The final proceeding in the matter of the Frank Leslie assignment was taken yesterday. An order was entered acquitting Mr. Isaac W. England, the assignee, from all further obligations to the trust, and discharging and releasing the bondsmen who had become his sureties in the sum of \$100,000, and

canceling their bond. The case has been a remarkable one, and probably stands unparalleled in the judicial history of this State. It is peculiar in that it probably is the only instance on record where an assigned estate, instead of being sold in accordance with the provisions of the assignment, has been carried on by the assignce in the interest of the creditors for a period of nearly four years. The experiment was a hazardous one, but in this case it seems to have been attended

with the best results. The estate at the time it came into the possession of the assignce was inventoried at \$75,000, and was incumbered by debts amounting to about \$400,000. In less than four years the assignce has compromised with and obtained releases from all the creditors, and has turned over to the executrix of Mr. Frank Leslie, who had meantime died, an estate worth certainly not less than half

a million of dollars. Though several millions of dollars bassed through Mr. England's hands during his assigneeship, his accounts were passed without the challenge of a dollar.

In these days when so much has to be published about delinquent trustees and estates absorbed in the process of administration, it is gratifying to find so conspicuous an illustration of a trust keeping. faithfully and wisely administered .--New York Sun.

Morse, who invented the telegraph, and Bell, the inventor of the telephone both had deaf mute wives. Little comment is necessary, but just see what a man can accomplish when everything is quiet .- Lowell Citizen.

ODDITIES.

Agassiz once had an opportunity to carefully measure a large jelly fish as it lay at the surface of the sea. Its disk was seven feet in diameter and its tentacles 112 feet long.

The house-spider's web will last for many weeks, while the garden-spider must spin afresh or mend his web every twenty-four hours. The former sometimes lives from six to eight years.

In various parts of Ireland, Scotland and Wales are remains of beehiveshaped huts, underneath which are chambered burial places. These huts are of great antiquity.

About the year 400 of our era died Simon Stylites, a Syrian, who had lived in self-imposed martyrdom for thirty years on the top of a granite column thirty or forty feet high.

"Boot stretcher to the royal family" is a decidedly rare title, yet there still lives at Baden an old man who for many years filled this office to the father of the present Austrian emperor. His only duty was to wear the archduke's new boots until they were sufficiently easy for his royal master, and the old retainer now enjoys a comfortable pension for his services.

A close observer claims to have dieproved the story about an owl wringing its head off by looking at a man who was walking around it. He writes that he placed an owl on a post, and began to walk rapidly around it. The large round eyes followed him through three circles, and he began to wonder why the head didn't drop off, when he discovered that the neck had a fly-back motion which, when the head had been turned half way round, whisked it back through the circle, and brought the gaze again on him with such precision and so quickly that the movement had three times escaped his notice.

A wild goose joined the flock of a farmer of London, Canada, but only appeared at meal times. After satisfying its appetite it was noticed to pick up an ear of corn and fly away. After circling about it dropped apparently into the river. It was discovered that it cars ried the corn to a sick and disabled companion that could neither walk nor fly. Finally the visits ceased, but shortly afterward the sick gander wandered into the camp and gobbled up the corn itself. He remained all winter, and the indications are that he has made up hi mind to settle down and go to house

Professor Dolbeare, of Tuft's college, one of the original inventors of the telephone, whose rights were bought by the Western Union Telegraph company, has now invented an entirely new tele phone, through which it is claimed conversation can be heard over any length of wire.