

The Forest Republican.

Rates of Advertising.

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What is Fame? Fame? Is it to visit Europe, Study art a while in Rome, Paint, perhaps, a dozen pictures, Get your name up and come home; Then to have the neighbors ask you When they see your masterpiece, 'Does the knack of painting pictures Take much time and elbow grease?' And is it to write a poem Glowing with poetic fire, Full of passion, and the longing After something better, higher, Some time read it to the neighbors, And then, feeling like a fool, Here one day, 'I wrote such verse Very often while in school.' Fame? It is to keep on painting, Keep on writing if inclined, Till the world that lies beyond you Your position has defined. Is it labor, till your pictures Are exchanged for so much gold; Till your poems, like potatoes, In the market can be sold. After you have climbed the ladder, From the lowest round, Then the neighbors pat your shoulder, And your fulsome praises sound. After having, with your talent, Learned the money-making art, Then they say, 'We always loved you; Always said that you were smart.' -Paul Carson.

DOLLY'S DESTINY.

'I shouldn't be surprised any day, Dolly, to see David Wiggin tying his horse at your gate,' said Mr. Blount, roguishly, gathering up the reins. 'Nonsense, brother! Anything the matter with his own hitching-post?' retorted Miss Dolly, turning in the doorway. Mr. Blount laughed. Everybody felt bound to laugh at Miss Dolly's crisp sayings that had kept her friends in good humor these forty years. 'And when David does call on you,' pursued Mr. Blount, more seriously, 'I do hope, Dolly, you'll give him a chance to do his errand. That'll be no more than fair, and the man won't be easy until he has freed his mind.' 'What mischief are you the forerunner of now, James Blount?' cried Miss Dolly, facing about like a soldier on drill. 'What upon earth have I to do with David's errands?' 'Well, his wife has been dead a year or more,' said Mr. Blount, suggestively, shutting one eye and squinting with the other down the length of his whiskers, 'and lately he has been asking about you. You can put that and that together to suit yourself.' 'Fiddlestick!' said Miss Dolly, energetically. 'I shan't say have him or don't have him—though there isn't a likelier man living than David—but I do say, Dolly, you ought to give him a hearing,' and having convinced himself beyond a reasonable doubt that the whip was right, Mr. Blount tickled his sleepy horse with it and drove away. 'Oh, my sorrows!' ejaculated Miss Dolly, closing the door with an afflicted countenance, and sitting down so quietly for once that a photographer might have copied her then and there. Not that he could have done her justice, for her expression was too quick and varied to be caught by any trick of chemicals, and without it Miss Dolly's physiognomy would have been rather characterless but for her Roman nose. This organ gave tone to her face. By which I would not be understood literally as saying that she talked through a nasal whine. I mean simply in a metaphorical sense this bold feature spoke loudly of energy. And Miss Dolly had abundant need of energy—else why the nose? Every two years during her childhood she had been tiptoed into the east bedroom to see a new baby, till, at her mother's death, five little brothers fell to her charge to be coaxed and scolded into manhood. 'You can't bring up those boys,' groaned a dolorous aunt. 'They'll run square over you, Dorothy Almeda.' 'Let them run over me so long as it does not hurt 'em!' laughed Miss Dolly, skewing her flaxen hair with a goose-quill and tying a calico apron over her calico longskirt, preparatory to 'bringing up' said youths. From that day forward she went cheerily on, making the best of everything, though it must be confessed she often had odds and ends to work with, as those do have who are born with a faculty. Somehow she found time for all her duties except matrimony. If that were a duty, it was one she wouldn't and couldn't attend to while her father and the children needed her. Divers young men thought this a great pity, among them Wiggin. 'Don't be silly, David!' said Dolly, when he hinted as much to her; whereupon David went off and married Olive Searle, the plainest girl in the parish. This happened twenty years ago, and David was again wifeless, and again the current of his thoughts turned toward Dolly, who still lived at the old homestead at the foot of Bryant's Falls. Her father had died some months before. Of the boys James and Ezekiel had settled on neighboring farms, and the remaining three had gone West. David's benevolent heart warmed with compassion as he remembered Dolly's lonely condition, and he felt that it would be exceedingly kind in him to offer her a home, especially as he owned as good a place as any to find on the river, while the Blount cottage was falling into decay. He wouldn't let her former refusal tell against her, for as he

looked back he couldn't really see how she could have married any one at that period. She ought to be rewarded for the devotion she had shown to the family; and, for his part, he felt magnanimous enough to give her a second chance to accept him. Such was the worthy widower's state of mind when he asked James Blount, with mock humility, whether it would be of any use for him to try and make a bargain with Dolly. 'That's more than I can tell,' Mr. Blount had answered. 'Dolly's a puzzle, you'll have to find her out yourself.' Mr. Wiggin smiled in complacent anticipation of acceptance, indeed, if it might not seem like reproach to the memory of his lost Olive, I should say the kind-hearted man rejoiced in this opportunity of making Miss Dolly's happiness. Benevolence was in his face, benevolence was in his spirit, as he sallied forth at an early day to acquaint her with her good fortune. The broken harrow which he had strapped into his wagon to give the neighbors as a plausible one for his trip to the falls, was by no means typical of mental laceration to its owner. His feeling as he approached Miss Dolly's moss-grown cottage was purely one of thankfulness that it was in his power to provide her a better home. Not that he was grateful to his dead wife for leaving a vacancy there. Mr. Wiggin had mourned faithfully for Olive a year and a day. Miss Dolly was out in the garden gathering catnip. She had built a chip fire under the tea-kettle and then whisked off to pick an armful of the pungent leaves while the water was boiling. There she was, stooping beneath the eaves of a log-cabin, wearing a big sunbonnet, and humming a lively tune, when Mr. Wiggin drove up. 'Come, my love, haste away,' piped Miss Dolly, cheerily, snapping away briskly at the stalks. 'Cut short the hours of thy delay, Fly like a youthful—' 'Fly like a youthful—' struck in a wheezy bass. The sunbonnet tipped back like a cartbody. 'Sakes alive!' cried Miss Dolly, not in the words of the hymn, as Mr. Wiggin strode toward her on his slightly rheumatic legs. 'I didn't mean to put you out,' he laughed, shaking hands heartily; 'but it seemed kind 'o nateral to take part with you in 'Invitation.' 'You always had a way of falling in at the most unheeded of time, I remembered,' retorted Miss Dolly, saucily, recovering herself and going on gathering catnip. 'You used to say I kept good time, only too much of it,' pursued Mr. Wiggin with a sudden inspiration; 'but I tell you what, Dolly, time never did drag with me more than it does these days.' 'It is a dull season,' said Miss Dolly, with exasperating simplicity. 'I suppose the grasshoppers have eaten most of your wheat—haven't they—so it'll hardly pay for reaping?' 'Just so,' asserted Mr. Wiggin, discomfited. He had not traveled five miles in the heat to discuss the state of the crops. 'Walk in and sit down, won't you?' said Dolly, with reluctant hospitality. Her apron was crammed to its utmost capacity. She devoutly wished it had been larger. 'Well, yes, I don't care if I do,' answered Mr. Wiggin, after a hypocritical show of hesitancy. 'I had a little business further on at the blacksmith's. No hurry, though, as I know of,' and he turned to let down the bars for Miss Dolly, who meanwhile slipped through the fence, catnip and all. 'Bless my heart! I don't see but you are as smart as you ever was,' said he, admiringly, as he puffed along in her wake. 'Still you must get into years, Dolly, as well as I—no offense, I hope—and I was wondering whether or no it wasn't lonesome for you to live alone here a woman so?' 'Oh, I never was one of the lonesome kind,' responded Miss Dolly, briskly, seating her guest in the patchwork-cushioned rocking-chair, 'and, for that matter, hardly a day passes without some of James' folks running in.' 'Yes, I know; but if you was to change your situation wouldn't you enjoy life better, think?' Miss Dolly fidgeted at the green paper curtains and intimated that her happiness would be complete if the grasshoppers would stop feeding on her garden sauce. 'That's just it' continued Mr. Wiggin, eagerly; 'you seem to need a man to look out for your farming interests, now don't you, Dolly? I mean a man that will be ready and willing to do for you, and make you comfortable?' 'I don't know,' said Miss Dolly, dryly. 'The year father died I did have Silas Potter, and he is the most faithful creature living; but what with the extra cooking and washing I had to do for him my work was about double, and when mid-time came I was glad enough to send him off and hire by the day. I made up my mind that men folks cost more than they come to.' 'I guess we don't understand one another, Dolly,' said Mr. Wiggin, slightly disconcerted at this unflattering view of his sex. 'I wasn't speaking of hiring help, Dolly. Naturally you would get tired of that. It's woryin' to a woman. But if you was to have a companion now—one that could give you a good home, with wood and water under cover—' 'Shoo! shoo!' cried Miss Dolly, flying out after an inquiring chicken on the doorstep. Mrs. Millas, whose beautiful face has become familiar through the picture of the 'Huguenot Lovers' was one of the Gray sisters of Perth, who were commonly called the 'fair maids of Perth.' She was a slender, blonde-haired girl, but is now described as fat, fair and forty, the mother of grown daughters. It is estimated that 75,000 women in the city of New York support themselves—and many of them their families—by their own exertions.

Mr. Wiggin drew his red handkerchief from his hat to wipe his glowing face. Certainly he had not felt the heat so bad through haying. 'How's your health nowadays?' asked Dolly, frisking back with a look of resolute unconcern. 'Very good; remarkably good! I don't know where you will find a man with a tougher constitution than I have got.' 'Ah!' and Dolly blushed like a sunac in October. 'Yes, I'm well,' pursued Mr. Wiggin, perseveringly, 'and I'm tolerable well-to-do, with nothing to hinder my marrying again, provided I can see a woman to my mind.' 'There's the deacon's widow,' suggested Miss Dolly, officiously; 'she's pious, economical—' 'She's left with means enough to carry her through handsomely,' interrupted Mr. Wiggin, quickly. 'Now, I'd rather have a wife to provide for—one that needed a home. In fact, Dolly, I have my eye on a little woman I want this minute.' He had both eyes on her for that matter, and Miss Dolly was forced to recognize the situation, whether she accepted it or not. 'I've managed to sweeten my tea so far, David, without calling upon my neighbors,' chirruped she, stooping to lay straight the braided mat, 'and I might as well keep on. I don't feel it a tax as some people would. But there's Martha Dunning, she's having a hard time to get along. Why don't you take her, David? She'd appreciate such a nice home as yours.' 'It would seem as if most any woman might,' said Mr. Wiggin, in an injured tone, 'all finished off complete, painted outside and in—' 'She'd be delighted with it, I'm sure of it,' broke in Miss Dolly, with an air of conviction, as she darted into the kitchen to lift the boiling kettle from the crane. 'But you don't mean that you won't marry me, Dolly,' pleaded Mr. Wiggin, anxiously following her to the door. 'I have been dotin' on seein' you at the head of things at my house.' 'Martha is a grand manager,' said Miss Dolly, coolly. 'David needn't think he can buy me with a new set of buildings!' she added, mentally, snapping down the lid of the pug-nosed teapot. 'I never did have the name of being crooping.' 'I tell you, Dolly, I won't have Martha; I don't like her turn!' cried Mr. Wiggin, testily balancing himself on the threshold, yet not daring to step over it. Miss Dolly gave her undivided attention to wringing the hearth. 'You know you was always the woman of my choice, Dolly,' pursued Mr. Wiggin, as tenderly as he could consistently with the distance between 'And when we were both young—' 'Pshaw!' snapped Dolly, searching her wing, 'that's beyond the memory of man.' Mr. Wiggin's position was becoming painful. Miss Dolly was not to be won by the attractions of wealth and position, nor even by tender allusions of the past. He would appeal to her kindness of heart. 'I used to believe you had some feeling, Dolly,' said he, tremulously; 'but you don't seem to have any for me. Here I am left alone in the world; children all paired off, 'thout's Matilda, and she'll go before the snow flies; house empty—' 'I suppose you can have a home with any of your boys, and welcome,' put in Miss Dolly, still fluttering about the chimney like a swallow. 'Yes, if it comes to worst, I suppose I can,' assented Mr. Wiggin, mournfully, anything but consoled by this reflection. 'It would break me up terribly, though, you may depend, to give up my place that I set so much by and crowd on my children.' No respond save the clattering of the tongs. 'And it's dreadful melancholy business for a man at my time of life to drag along without a partner. I'm getting too old, Dolly,' and Mr. Wiggin brushed his sleeve across his eyes as a furred schoolboy might have done. 'Yes, I'm getting to be old, Dolly, and it stands to reason that I haven't many years to live; but I did hope that we might go down hill together, Dolly, you chirpin' me up with that spry way of your'n that I always took to, and I carry'n the heft of it—' Here Miss Dolly gave a little sniff, nothing worth mentioning only for the effect it produced on Mr. Wiggin. 'Can't you make up your mind to have me, Miss Dolly?' pleaded Mr. Wiggin. 'I don't see how I am going to stand it if you can't.' 'Then Miss Martha wouldn't suit,' said Miss Dolly, archly. 'What a shame now, when she needs property so much!' 'Hanc the property? I'd mortgage the whole of it rather than not get you!' cried Mr. Wiggin, with a vehemence that quite closed her mouth. 'And so at last he had Miss Dolly.'

The Telegraph in Arctic Exploration. It is suggested by Mr. James Gamble, general superintendent Western Union Telegraph Company at San Francisco, that profitable use might be made of the electric telegraph in Arctic exploration. His plan would be to use light steel wire—say No. 20 gauge—weighing about twenty pounds to the mile. The wire, coiled on reels, could be hauled on sledges, either by men or dogs, over the snow or ice, paying it out as the advance exploring party went along. By this means the party would keep in constant communication with their base of supplies. They would have no cause for uneasiness about getting lost or beyond the means of rescue, as they would be able at any moment to call for aid. With this feeling of the certainty of relief in case of accident, they would not hesitate to push their explorations to a distance far beyond what would be considered safe in the absence of means of telegraphic communication with the main body. And should any accident happen to the advance party of explorers, or should they require a further quantity of supplies, the line of wire would serve to guide those going to the rescue straight to the spot where the explorers were camped. It would also serve as a guide for their return, materially lessening the chances of danger to life and loss of the party. Having established a base of supplies at some central point, there would be nothing to prevent several exploring parties being sent out at the same time in different directions, they reporting each night to the central station the progress and observations made during the day. Directed in this way the practicability of one route over another could, from the telegraphic reports sent in, be determined upon, and much time that would otherwise be wasted in vain endeavors to make way over barriers of ice, be saved. As hard frozen ground, dry snow or ice is a perfect insulator, no poles to string the wire would be required. It could be paid out on the snow or ice by the party as they went along. The generally accepted theory of those familiar with the Arctic regions is that the ice is seldom more than five or six feet in thickness, so that by boring through it with a common drill or through the frozen ground, there would be no difficulty in obtaining a good ground connection to complete the electric current. It would not be necessary to carry any battery material. One main battery at the central station would be all that is required. For a distance of 100 to 150 miles telephones could be used, dispensing with practical telegraph operators. Still, it might be advisable to have some of the party possessed of a practical knowledge of telegraphy. At twenty pounds to the mile 100 miles of wire would weigh 2,000 pounds. It could be wound on reels in size easy to handle. The cost of steel wire of that gauge is about twenty cents a pound, so that the total expense, including cost of reels, winding, etc., would not exceed \$1,000. Louisiana Yellow Pine. A correspondent of the Picoaynes, says: 'The building of railway lines that will center at Alexandria is likely to make this city a lumber manufacturing point. The pine section of the State lies north of Alexandria in the parishes of Grant, Winn, Jackson, Bienville, etc.; while the Sabine River and its tributaries furnish outlets for floating logs to Alexandria. Some parties from the northwest who have ample capital are now engaged in selecting public lands along the Sabine, preparatory to developing the lumber trade and transferring capital from Michigan to Louisiana. The demand for lumber in the American markets exceeds the supply. Prices have a strong upward turn, and, unlike cotton, there is no danger of an oversupply. We wish these parties success in their undertaking. Jay Gould and associates are running a trial line for a road from Alexandria northward via Monroe. A trial line is also being surveyed under the same management from Camden, Ark., direct to Alexandria. The surveyors on the latter line entered the State near the northwest corner of Union parish. The line passes near Vernon, in Jackson parish, and from this point to Alexandria it will pass through a level, pine section. Should the direct route from Camden to Alexandria be adopted, numerous sawmills will spring up along the line above Alexandria. It Cured Him. When I was a boy of about nine, a servant of my father's put a pipe into my mouth, assuring me that to smoke would make a man of me. I puffed away most vigorously, and persevered till I became sick and fell on the floor. I have never smoked since. In much the same way I was cured of hero worship. When I was a college youth I ventured one day to call on a man of some eminence to whom I had been introduced. He received me with smiles and compliments, and as I left his presence I was ready to proclaim him the most gentlemanly man I had ever met with; but after I went out I lingered at the door a moment to determine whether I should call on another great man who lived near, and I overheard the polite gentleman I had left call his servant to administer to him the most terrible scolding I had ever listened to in my life for letting in that stupid, impudent stripling. This cured me of hero worship and of interviewing great men. Since that date I have at times gone to a distinguished man's house with letters of introduction, and turned at the door for fear of what might come

SCIENTIFIC NOTES. When in Africa M. d'Abadie witnessed lightning without any thunder. He contends that in this instance the ordinary explanations of so-called "heat lightning" as the mere reflection of a storm below the horizon is not applicable, because it was a thin fog occupying a narrow valley which was suddenly illuminated by sheet lightning. Sir William Armstrong, at Craigside, near New-rle, England, has utilized a brook to run a dynamo-electric machine by means of a turbine water-wheel, and so manages to secure electricity enough to keep thirty-seven Swan lamps in a state of incandescence in his house. In this case the motive power costs nothing, and electric lighting in this way is an exceptional luxury. Color-blindness as a cause of disasters is now tolerably well recognized by those intrusted with the safety of passengers on land or by water. Sounds, however, as well as colors, are employed as signals, and the inability to distinguish the former may prove as fatal as a lack of sensibility to the latter. Sometimes, too, persons having excellent eyes have very poor ears, and the contrary is also true. But perhaps the gravest source of catastrophes, especially in railroad travel, is the tendency of engineers to what may be called absence of mind, especially when those men manage their locomotives for months and years over the same monotonous track. Long ago it was customary for the men employed at railway stations to convert unoccupied spaces of ground near the stations into flower beds. The taste and skill displayed incited people in the neighborhood to try what they also might do with the unsightly and unused pieces of rocky ground near their dwellings. In a short time the country all round the stations underwent a sort of transformation, and a study of botany, in which book knowledge and actual practice went hand in hand, was greatly promoted. In other countries likewise on a few of the great lines of railroad there are some stations that present magnificent displays of floriculture, which are a grateful relief to the eye of the weary traveler and a source of elevating enjoyment to those who produced them. Importance of Thoroughness. One of the most useful lessons a boy can learn, whether on the farm or elsewhere, is to do well whatever he undertakes. There is a growing tendency in all departments of labor to slight the work, to get along with as little manual labor as possible. Every progressive person welcomes the substitution of the use of machinery whenever it is possible for human labor, but whenever manual labor must be employed we would insist upon its being well done. We would also insist upon any machine used to facilitate work being so adjusted as to be the best of its kind, and capable of being run with the smallest possible expenditure of power. Aids in farm work are seldom automatic; the use of animals, or of machinery, demands individual thought, skill and careful attention to detail. Even in the employment of a horse or an ox it is important that the teamster or plowman should so drive the team or attach it to the plow that the power shall be economized to the best advantage. Careless indifference is an offset to the best mechanical appliance. The economic value of cart or wagon may be lessened materially by neglect in oiling the axles. In a hundred ways may careful thought and study add to the power of team or machine. It is never too early in the life of a boy to form habits of care-taking and thoroughness. There is an enormous surplus power stored in the strong, active, healthy boy, and if directed in proper channels it is capable of becoming an efficient force on the farm. A reckless boy will almost certainly become a reckless man. Caution and thoughtful consideration of matters in hand increase by cultivation, hence the importance of inculcating correct principles in the youthful mind. The practical education of a boy were better confined to a few subjects, thoroughly mastered, than a superficial knowledge of a multitude of facts. To do a few things well is of more importance to youth or man than to perform all work slightly. Proper attention to little things, a place for everything and everything in its place, are important items in farm economy. Many boys and hired men have a provoking way of carelessly throwing down tools and implements where last used, and when subsequently wanted not knowing or remembering where to look for them. Beside the damage to the tools from exposure, the loss of time in hunting them up is very considerable. Not His Handwriting. 'Sir,' said a fierce lawyer to a witness, 'do you, on your solemn oath, declare that this is not your handwriting?' 'I think not,' was the cold reply. 'Does it resemble your handwriting?' 'Yes, sir, I think it don't.' 'Do you swear that it don't resemble your handwriting?' 'Well, I do.' 'You take a solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?' 'Ye-o-o, sir.' 'Now how do you know?' 'Cause I can't and never could write.'

Advertise. Ye men of business, stop this way. Please notice what I have to say: 'Do simply this I would advise: Do not forget to advertise. The efforts of an honest man, When made according to this plan, Can scarcely fall across to bring, And wealth will be a certain thing. How is it with the stingy knave? Desires all his cash to save; He gains no wealth, and wins no prize, Because he does not advertise. Suppose the cost seems rather high, 'Twill surely pay you by and by, And all the world will soon despise The man who does not advertise. Why should you wait? It will not pass, So send your orders right away Straight to this sheet, where friendly eyes Await to see you advertise. This sheet, my friends, is just the thing; Success it cannot fail to bring. If you would be admitted wise, In this sheet's columns advertise. HUMOROUS. According to the Waterloo Observer love is so heavy that it sometimes break down the gate. At this season of the year most every man on his way to the barber shop is looking for a short cut. 'Tis the last row of summer,' as the farmer said, when he finished plowing his corn.—New York Dispatch. Astronomer Proctor says the world will last 50,000,000 years yet. That will do. Any man who demands more is a hog. Medical men say no benefit is derived from seasickness. It will continue to be fashionable, however.—New Orleans Picayune. Two or three hairs properly arranged on a plate of butter will save it longer and make it go farther than eight pounds of oleomargarine.—Binghamton Republican. It takes 800 full-blown roses to make a tablespoonful of perfume, while ten cents' worth of cooked onions will scent a whole neighborhood.—Detroit Free Press. 'I think the goose has the advantage of you,' said the landlady to an inept boarder who was carving. 'Guess he has mum—in age,' was the withering retort. The little ones will keep on saying things. Six-year-old Mabel is industriously engaged in 'cleaning out' a preserve jar which her mother had just emptied. Four-year-old Bobby looks at her for a while and then blurts out: 'Say, sis don't you wish you could turn it inside out, so's you could lick it?' 'You sit on your horse like a butcher,' said a pert young officer, who happened to be of royal blood, to a veteran general, who was somewhat bent from age. 'It is highly probable,' responded the old warrior, with a grim smile, 'it is because all my life I've been leading young calves to the slaughter.' Now whoa! my gallant bicycle! My nickel-plated steed! Thou'rt cleaner than an icicle, Thou art of noble breed! They talk of Foxhall, Inoquois, And Luke, the Blackburn nag; It's stale and ancient stuff, my boy, A jockey's mandarin g. Now fly, my gallant glitterer! No spoke of thine be seen! We'll see who shall be twitterer When halts my sourcer here! —Louisville Courier-Journal. Woodcock Telegraphy. On a number of occasions I have closely observed the woodcock's system of telegraphy. The bird's mandibles are furnished with extremely sensitive nerves, so arranged that when the point of the bill rests upon the ground the slightest sounds are conveyed to its brain. Standing upon the water-saturated earth of a spouty bog, our bird utters a faint, keen cry, scarcely audible at two rods' distance, then immediately lets fall his head till the tip of his bill touches the ground, and listens attentively. If his mate hears him she replies, puts her bill on the ground, and listens in turn. So the love messages go back and forth as long as the birds have anything to say. This sort of thing usually happens in the soft twilight from May to the middle of August, though occasionally I have seen and heard it in the broad light of a summer day. In June, 1898, I made the following note: 'To-day sketched a woodcock in the listening attitude. Shall try to get further studies.' Five years later I succeeded in getting three more sketches and last year (1899) I got four more. Many of these and kindred sketches have been obtained at the end of indescribable care and labor. The woodcock is so shy, so attentive, so sensitive, that the least sound will cause it to skulk and hide—a thing it does with even greater cunning and success than the quail. The only way in which I have been able to get near enough to the bird to sketch its natural attitude has been to crawl on the wet ground through tangled weeds and shrubs until I reached a hiding place on the border of its feeding range, and there patiently and silently watch for its coming. This I have done over and over again for days together before getting sight of the bird.—Chicago Tribune. The Boston Courier thinks that the dentist will be able to pull through his life all right.