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The Long Journey.

When our weary feet become heavy and weary
On the valleys and mountains of life,
And the road has grown dusty and dreary,
And we groan in the struggle and strife,
We halt on the difficult pathway,
We glance back over valley and plain,
And sigh with a sorrowful longing
To travel the journey again.

For we know in the past there are pleasures,
And seasons of joy and delight,
While before all is doubting and darkness,
And dread of the gloom and the night;
All bright sunny spots we remember—
How little we thought of them then!
But now we are looking and longing,
To rest in those places again.

But vain of the vainest is sighing,
Our course must be forward and on;
We cannot turn back on the journey,
We cannot enjoy what is gone.

Let us hope, then, as onward we travel
That once may brighten the plain,
That our roads be beside the sweet waters,
Though we may not begin it again.

For existence forever goes upward—
From the hill to the mountain its rise,
On, on, o'er invisible summits,
To a land in the limitless skies.
Strive on, then, with courage unshaken—
True labor is never in vain—
Nor glance with regret at the pathway
No mortal can travel again.

The Baroness' Jewel Box.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The Baroness Rukavina Eltz was the most splendid and dashing personage in the Er valley. Her castle near Somlyo was the finest specimen of a great residence in all that shadow of the Ermelék, and she, a Roumanian by birth, and a Hungarian by marriage, seemed to unite all the brilliant characteristics of both these picturesque races.

She was a widow to begin with, and since the animal, man, has speculated upon the varieties of the angel, woman, a widow has been pronounced the most available variety of the species. She was very beautiful, tall, blue-eyed, black-haired, pigmy, red and white, with the most scornful little mouth, and the most delicate profile; her hand and feet were models, although the latter was frequently stamped when she was not pleased. She was—in the third and last place, as the preachers say—very rich, and had fallen heir to two collections of jewels which were almost fabulously valuable. A brilliant creature, the baroness. She owned vineyards and vineyards, and made a large income every year from her sale of ruster, a wine of a pale golden hue, which had as full and peculiar a flavor as she had herself. The baroness sent her wine to Vienna, where it was considered almost equal to Tokay. Of course she had suitors, the beautiful, sharp baroness. They came from Transylvania and Russia, from Roumania and all Hungary, from Austria and from the German principalities, and as for the unlucky wretches about Pnszoki, and the Betar settlement, and the country gentlemen of Erdiozogh, they knelt and worshipped in vain as she dashed past them on her fleet thoroughbred, for she was Diana, as a huntress, and the queen of the amazons; also her black horse Tetenyer was said to emit fire from his nostrils when he stopped to breathe.

This grand lady was afraid of nobody, loved nobody, had no friends save the nuns at the foot of the Rez Gebirge and one old priest who seemed to be deeply in her confidence. Every year she made a grand visit somewhere—Vienna, Paris, Rome, London or St. Petersburg. She spent money like water, made everybody talk, wonder and admire, and her splendid jewels were the envy of all the court ladies.

Yes she was afraid of one man, and that was her steward, Neusiedler, he who for years had managed her vast estates, her vineyards and her wheat fields, her fields and fisheries.

Neusiedler was a crouching, cross-eyed, mean-looking man, married to a bold, black-eyed, large-nosed woman, who was twice his size, and who lived in the village, near the castle, and who spent her time envying and hating the baroness. Madame Pasteur, the French companion, and Matilde, the French maid, who never left the baroness, thought that Neusiedler and his wife had the evil eye, and that they would some day wilt the baroness. But Rukavina Eltz laughed at this fear, and kept on her course exultant. Still when the yearly payday came round, and she had to look over accounts with Neusiedler, she did show what she never had shown before—fear.

Among her jewels was a splendid rope of pearl-colored pearls, the rarest thing in the whole world, neither black nor white, but pearl color, with three great emerald pendants, each as large as a small pear. The emperor always noticed this jewel with a smile and a compliment when the Baroness Rukavina Eltz went to a court ball at Vienna. He told her that the empress had nothing half so handsome, and it is to be feared that the emperor spoke also of the white neck on which the necklace rested, for Rukavina Eltz was apt to blush and look magnificently well at such moments. Then she had great chains of sapphires as blue as her eyes, and some big rubies which the baron had given her (the old baron, twice her age, who went down into Roumania for her when she was fifteen); and she had diamonds, of course—every rich lady has diamonds—and a grand box of engraved amethysts and antique gems. Some, that Cardinal Antonelli gave her

in Rome, for he, too, had admired the wild baroness.

Indeed, if the Baroness Rukavina Eltz had ever written her memoirs what a story she could have told! But the end of every woman's history is that she finally falls in love; and such was the beginning of the end of the story of Rukavina Eltz. She went to England one summer, and there was a young Lord Ronald Somerset, or a Lord George Leveson Montague, or a young Lord Howard Plantagenet (they mix them up so, these English words, they are not half so individual as our Hungarian names), who could ride better than she could. This was a dreadful blow to the baroness, and she wished herself dead.

But when at dinner the soft-voiced, handsome, tall young Englishman, Sir Lyster Howard Lyster (that was his name after all) sat next to her and talked so well and was so complimentary to her seat, cross-country, and noticed the pearl-colored pearls, and the emeralds, with his lips, and the neck with his eyes, Rukavina Eltz forgave him and began to talk of her home near Somlyo, and it ended in a large English party coming to the Er valley, under the shadow of the Er Mellek, for a long summer visit. And how they raved about everything—the wine, the horses, the scenery, the wild, barbaric splendor of the baroness' housekeeping, and how they all hated Neusiedler, and his big, black-browed wife, who were invited up to the balls.

There was an English lady, one with very long teeth, and a very long nose and very high eyebrows, and they called her Lady Louisa. She was very grand and lofty, and Madam Pasteur heard her say one day:

"Do you know, dear baroness, I think you are very careless—don't you know? about those beautiful jewels of yours—do you know?"

"But who could steal them?" said the baroness, laughing. "There are none like them in all Hungary, and no one would dare to wear them, they are so rare!"

"Ah! but some of these wild people of yours! They might swallow your emeralds, those fierce Croats, the Roumanians, and then you keep them in such open closets and boxes." Madam Pasteur nodded her meek head, too. She had trembled for the jewels always.

But the baroness and Sir Lyster began to think of other things than jewels; there were moonlight rides and walks, and there were long talks and many reveries; Lady Louisa went home, they all went, but Sir Lyster came back.

And then, one evening, Madam Pasteur said afterward that she saw Neusiedler come in and bully the baroness, and she heard him hiss out the words:

"Remember if you marry, you lose all. Remember the baron's will!"

And Rukavina Eltz turned pale and said, "Bully, traitor, fiend," between her shut teeth. She went off to Paris, for one of her long visits, and Neusiedler squeezed the tenants, and made every one miserable. The castle was shut up, and black Tetenyer grew thin in his stable.

When she came back she looked older and more sedate. She went often to see the nuns at the foot of Rez Gebirge. She saw the priest also very often, and Madam Pasteur thought she was growing devoted. But she dressed in her usual dashing colors (for she was a very Roumanian at heart) and she wore one of those scarlet quilted petticoats that the English ladies wore so much, and very pretty it looked, with her dark habit and her dark dresses looped up over it. This, with a scarlet feather in her hat, looked as if the baroness was thinking of England.

It was a miserable day that, when Madam Pasteur and Matilde came screaming down the long corridor.

"The jewels are gone! gone!"

The baroness had the great bell of the castle rung, and Neusiedler was sent for at once. She was very pale, for she loved those pearls and emeralds.

Neusiedler was composed; every look was made to say, "I told you so," he had always warned her about the jewels.

"What can be done?" asked the baroness.

"Search, whip, imprison all who attempt to leave the province," said Neusiedler, calmly.

"Except women—I will have no women whipped," said the baroness.

"I am glad to hear that," said Neusiedler, laughing his malicious laugh, "for Madam Neusiedler goes to Vienna to-morrow."

"Ah!" said the baroness, "you know I could not mean, at any rate, that Madam Neusiedler should be disturbed; send her in my little carriage with the three ponies to Erdiozogh."

"Your excellency is very condescending," said Neusiedler, bowing to the ground.

The local police sought everywhere for the lost jewels, but no trace of them could be found. The baroness sat in a sort of stupor, and gazed out of the window.

"I will go to England!" said she, hastily, one day. "Neusiedler—some money, and arrange for me to be gone three months."

"It is well, madam," said the steward.

It was a very roundabout route that the baroness took for England! When Matilde and Madam Pasteur reached the station at Erdiozogh, they were astonished to see the baroness dash into the ticket office and buy tickets for Vienna, and when they arrived, all of them at her hotel at Vienna, who should step out to meet them but Sir Lyster Howard Lyster!

Nothing but the well known eccentricity of the baroness apologized to Madam Pasteur for what followed.

She commanded two dresses to be made, and that Madam Pasteur should go with her to a masked ball at the opera house in Vienna.

"Sir Lyster Howard Lyster will go with us!" said she, as a shade passed over the pale face of her companion.

Oh! that the lady of sixteen quarters should be seen in such a low place! No, she was not seen! she was masked; but that she should even go! What a sacrifice of pride and of decency, Madam Pasteur thought it, as she saw the baroness take the arm of one masked man after the other, and then go into the supper room with a party who followed a tall mask in a black domino.

A voice struck on Madam Pasteur's ear—was it that of Madam Neusiedler's? Was it—could it be?

Yes! and as she threw back mask and hood there sparkled on her neck the pearl-colored pearls, and the emerald pendants of the lost jewels. Oh, heaven!

"The necklace of the baroness," shouted the impulsive, the imprudent Madam Pasteur.

It nearly spoiled the plot, for Madam Neusiedler was amongst friends and confederates. However, the tall Englishman stepped forward, and two Viennese policemen arrested the woman.

She behaved with extraordinary coolness, and explained:

"It is indeed the necklace of the baroness, given by her to my husband for moneys which he has advanced to her. Let her deny it if she dare! I have her written acknowledgment of the money, and I have come to Vienna to sell the necklace where it is well-known."

The people gathered around the wonderful necklace, which the chief of police put in his breast pocket, removing the woman Neusiedler.

The baroness went back to her hotel, and allowed Madam Pasteur to pass a wretched night. She would explain nothing.

All Vienna was alive when the great case came on, and not a few ladies were glad to hear that the Rukavina Eltz jewels were in pawn—that envied necklace!

Neusiedler came to his wife's rescue, and told the story over again. The evidence against the baroness was damning. She had, according to his story, lived far, far beyond her income, and he had supplied her with money from the money-lenders. She had fabricated the story of the lost necklace to try and cheat him, but here were her signatures, and here was the baron's will, which she was about to try to disregard. His will, saying that she would never marry, or, if she did, that she lost all her vast estates.

"Baroness Rukavina Eltz, what have you to say to this? What is your defense?" said the prosecuting counsel.

"Only this!" said the baroness, holding up in her hand the pearl-colored pearls and the emerald drops, the real necklace! On the judge's desk lay a fac-simile of the famous necklace; the two ornaments looked exactly alike.

"Let an expert be brought and say which is the real necklace and which the imitation one, made in Paris, and used by me to lure this wretched and dishonest thief of a steward on to his destruction!" said the baroness, with a flash of Roumanian fire in her eyes.

It was true! Neusiedler had been foiled; he had stolen a false necklace, which the baroness had had made in the Rue de la Paix. "He has been stealing from me for years; he has doubtless forged a false will of the baron, for I have found the true one!" said Rukavina Eltz. "I could not unravel the net that he has thrown over me, but for this happy thought of tempting him to steal some false jewels. Had he got the real ones his story would have been possible. Now, I trust justice is convinced that it is a lie!"

A dreadful noise followed this speech of the spirited baroness. Neusiedler had fallen down in a fit. Never more would he drink the yellow-tinted ruster; never more would he return to the joys of crushing the peasantry of Somlyo—of cheating the baroness. The baroness had cheated him at last! Sold! sold! sold! with false pearls and emeralds!

It was a very grand wedding, that of the baroness to Sir Lyster Howard Lyster, who though only an English country gentleman, proved to be richer than she, and who made her a loving and a hunting husband.

The emperor gave her away, and she wore the pearl-colored pearls with the emerald drops, now become historical.

"Ah! Madam, dear baroness, please tell me where you have kept the real jewels all these months!" said the pious Madam Pasteur, almost kissing the hem of her mistress' robes.

The baroness was dressed for traveling, as her faithful adherent knelt and asked this question. She had on the quilted satin red petticoat; the scarlet of old England.

"Was it in the double-locked closet of the north tower?"

"Ah, no! faithful Pasteur, thou knowest Neusiedler had the key to that!"

"Was it in the jewel case of thy great ancestress, the Roumanian princess?"

"No. Guess again!"

"Was it in the convent of the nuns of Rez Gebirge?"

"No! Pasteur, I never gave them anything to keep but my sins!"

"Was it in the baron's strong box in the cellar?"

"No, my dear Pasteur, no. You have the hiding place under your finger. They were quilted into the lining of this red satin petticoat. I owe the idea to that good Lady Louisa. See her?" and gently raising the edge of her traveling skirt, right over her left foot

the baroness showed Madam Pasteur a neat little series of pockets, where the jewels had been safely hidden in a scarlet prison.

Sonnets from the Afghanes.

In venturing to publish a few specimens of the literature of a remote race, who have lately attracted the attention of the whole civilized world, I deem it necessary to offer a word of explanation, lest the reader should conclude that the colloquialisms of Cabool are too suspiciously like the slang of our own metropolis. Sir William Leslie, in his admirable work on the "Social Life and Manners of the Afghans," says: "Their poetry is rude and simple, full of colloquial phrases, and celebrates only the primitive passions and most familiar surroundings of their daily life." It will be observed that this remark is eminently true, if the following sonnets are faithfully typical of Pushtaneh literature. In translating, I have been at some pains to preserve a natural atmosphere by substituting for the idioms of the Pushtu language such of our own colloquialisms as most nearly correspond. In no other way could I preserve the vivacious tone of the originals.

No. 1.—TO A MULE.

A weird phenomenon, oh, mule, art thou!
One pensive car inclined toward the west,
The other son-'sout-east by a little sou',
The acute expletive of peace and rest.
But who can tell at what untoward hour
Thy slumbering energy will assert its function,
With fervid eloquence and awakening power,
Thy hee-haw and thy heels in wild conjunction?
Hear!
War, havoc, and destruction envy thee!
Go! kick the stuffing out of time and space!
Assert thyself, thou child of destiny,
Till nature stands aghast with frightened face!

A greater marvel art thou than the wonder
Of Zeus from high Olympus launching thunder.

No. 2.—TO A GOAT.

Thou hast a serious aspect, but methinks
Beneath the surface, Billy, I discern
A thoughtful tendency to play high-jinks,
A solemn, waiting wickedness superna.
Within the amber circle of thine eye
There lurketh mischief of exsiccous kind—
A humor grim, mechanical, and dry;
Evasive, subtile, and undefined.
I would I understood thee better, Bill,
Beseech thee of thy courtesy explain
Now, doth the flavor of a poster fill
Thy utmost need? Of olden hate art thou fair?
I pry thee, goat, vouchsafe some information.
Oh, say! Come, now! Get out! Oh, thunderation!

No. 3.—TO TAFTY.

Hail, Tafty, now-born goddess! Thou art come
Into the world effulgent and serene,
With liberal hands dispensing balmy gum,
A syrup-mouthed, molasses-visaged queen!
What are thou giving us, oh, gracious one?
Thou dost assuage our daily cares and toils.
Thine to modify the rasping din,
Thine to alleviate domestic broils!
The lover seeks thy aid to win his joy,
The statesman looketh toward thee, and the preacher,
The interviewer, and the drummer-boy,
Who drummeth wisely, owing thee for teacher.
The claim-dispenser to thy tuneful praise,
The lightning-rod-kid knothead all thy ways.
—D. S. Proudft, in Scribner.

A Bear With a Strong Head.

An enterprising and good-natured visitor at Castle Park, a few days ago, in generosity of heart presented the bear with a bottle of beer. Bruin ascended his throne, and after uncorking the bottle, drank it, and appeared much refreshed and well satisfied. This amused the visitor to such an extent that he took a glass himself and gave the bear another bottle. The performance lasted about two hours, the generous visitor drinking his glass each time that the bearship put a bottle of the "hop juice" under his belt. At the expiration of the two hours it was found that bruin had indulged in nineteen bottles of beer, and his friend had gotten himself on the outside of nineteen glasses of the foamy stuff. The only difference to be discovered between the two was that bruin was quiet and docile, and walked to the end of his chain with his usual dignified tread, while the man imagined that he was the czar of all the Russias, and was momentarily expecting to hear an explosive missile burst about him. He was finally conveyed home "upon a shutter," while the bear quietly walked his beat and looked anxiously for the appearance of another fun-loving visitor who would "set 'em up."—Hot Springs (Ark.) Evening Star.

Met a Violent Death.

The shooting of the President recalls the fact that the first Fourth of July orator this country ever produced died in a similar manner. In 1773, just two years after independence had been declared, the day was celebrated in Charleston, S. C., and an oration was delivered by Dr. David Ramsay. The latter was an able author, as well as a physician, and published the first history of America. He married the daughter of Henry Laurens, the distinguished patriot, who was for a time imprisoned in the Tower of London for his devotion to his country. It is a curious fact that this very David Ramsay was shot in broad daylight by a lunatic, this being at the time a new feature in crime. The weapon was a pistol and the wound was immediately fatal. Dr. Ramsay was a member of the first Congress. It convened in this city in 1789, and included a remarkable representation of the talent and patriotism of the country. He was the first instance of assassination among our public men. The patriots of the Revolution indeed, as a class, have escaped violent death, the exceptions being found in James Otis, who was killed by lightning, and also in Button Gwinnett and Alexander Hamilton, both of whom were victims of dueling.—New York Correspondence Rochester Democrat.

President Garfield's life is insured for \$25,000 for the benefit of his wife.

Pueblos Racing.

The march past ended, the governor of San Juan—for each pueblo has a governor of its own nomination and election—gravelly walked down to clear the course. In his hand he bore as a scepter what seemed to be a bottle of whisky, but what in reality was a whisky bottle filled with gunpowder, that he distributed as largesse to the Indians with guns, and behind him came a company of guards in their finest clothes, bearing green branches and wearing—a part of them, at least—garlands of green leaves upon their shocks of hair. These guards he distributed, at intervals of a hundred yards or so, in couples along the course; the couples being taken, apparently, from the opposite sides. This preliminary being settled, a tremendous old patriarch, with a waving mass of gray hair down to his shoulders and wrinkled beyond all expression, stepped out midway in the track, bearing in his hands an ancient drum. He was clad gayly in yellow buckskin leggings, a checked shirt that he wore outside of them, and a battered old straw hat, once black, that he carried on his head as proudly as kings in pictures wear their crowns. With becoming dignity he sounded a long roll upon his drum, the signal for the race to begin. Long before he had finished two lads, the youngest of the racers, had started out together, and on an easy lope came down the course, while the three or four thousand spectators sent up a ringing yell. As the boys arrived at the goal, two men started out, not together, but as far apart as the boys were when they came in. This was rather puzzling, but after a little investigation the principle of the race was clear. The two sides were divided, each into couples, one man of each pair being at each end of the track. As a runner came in, his partner at once started out, while the partner of the man who lost the heat had to start as far in the rear as the distance by which the heat had been lost. The final victory rested with the side whose man came in first on the final heat.

One advantage of this arrangement, so far as the spectators were concerned, was that the race was going on all the time; and as the man behind frequently overtook and passed the man who had started out ahead, victory constantly trembled in the balance, and from start to finish the excitement was kept at fever heat. For the most part the running was magnificent, the lithe form and vigorous muscles coming out grandly under the spur of emulation and the encouraging shouts of the crowd. Indeed, the encouragement was rather overwhelming, vigorous partisans breaking through the line of guards and coming close to the runners to shout "Aca!" "Aca!" "Our side!" "Our side!" The scene along the course, meanwhile, was as picturesque as it well could be. Pressing close upon each side over its entire length was the brightly-dressed crowd of Indians and Mexicans, on foot and on horseback, brilliant scarlet blankets and white robes giving the high lights, while softer colors shone in the shawls and wraps of the Mexican women, and so graded off into the warm browns of the ground and of the clay houses to the black sombreros of the men. Higher up, along the roofs of the houses, the same color effect was repeated against the brilliantly clear blue sky. And down the wide lane, traversing the crowd from end to end, the magnificent fellows went tearing along as hard as possible. It was a barbaric rendering of the Olympic games.

But human nature, even Indian human nature, cannot stand such tough work as the runners accomplished for long at a time, and in a trifle more than an hour the racing came to an end; but whether it was the peace or the war party that was victorious ever will remain to me a mystery. That the result was unsatisfactory to somebody is certain, for after the race there was a pleasant little impromptu fight between Indians and Mexicans out on the plain.—Philadelphia Times.

The Age of the Earth.

Richard A. Proctor says that the age of the earth is placed by some at 500,000,000 years; and still others of later time, among them the Duke of Argyll, places it at 10,000,000 years. None place it lower than 10,000,000, knowing what processes have been gone through. Other planets go through the same process. The reason that other planets differ so much from the earth is that they are in a so much earlier or later stage of existence. The earth must have become old. Newton surmised, although he could give no reason for it, that the earth would at one time lose all its water and become perfectly dry. Since then it has been found that Newton was correct. As the earth keeps cooling it will become porous, and great cavities will be formed in the interior which will take in the water. It is estimated that this process is now in progress so far that the water diminishes at about the rate of the thickness of a sheet of writing paper a year. At this rate in 2,000,000 years the water will have sunk a mile, and in 15,000,000 years every trace of water will have disappeared from the face of the globe. The nitrogen and oxygen in the atmosphere are also diminishing all the time. It is an inappreciable degree, but the time will come when the air will be so thin that no creature we know could breathe it and live; the time will come when the world cannot support life. That will be the period of old age, and then will come death.

The Dark and the Dawn.

The glow against the western sky
Has faded into tender gray;
The breezes in their fitful sigh
Betoken soon the end of day.
The shadows creep from vale to hill,
The chill mist settles o'er the river;
The things the day brought now are still
The birdlings in the night air shiver.

From out the woodland's darkling glade
Two figures take their silent way;
Across their path has come no shade,
The world to them is fair and gay.
The paling light that wraps the earth
Is more to them than bright adorning;
But marks the token of the birth,
The dawning of love's fairest morning.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The fly that walks on oleomargarine
Is not the butterfly.—Pittsburg.

Melinda wants to know the exact
length of a lumber yard.—Philadelphia Sun.

It is a mistake to assume that a rose
by any other name would smell as
sweet.—Yonkers Gazette.

War history: "What is the greatest
charge on record?" asked the professor
of history. And the absent-minded
student answered: "Seventeen dollars
for hack hire for self and girl for two
hours."

"I am waiting, my darling, for thee,"
he warbled; and yet when the old man
threw up a chamber window and assured
him that "he'd be down in a minute,"
he lost his grip on the melody and went
out of the waiting business.

How is this for a three-year-old? An
old man was passing the house Sunday,
taking exceedingly short steps. The
little one looked at him for several
minutes and then cried out: "Mamma,
don't he walk stinky?"—Springfield
Union.

Young lady (to her old uncle): "Oh,
uncle, what a shocking thing! A young
girl was made crazy by a sudden kiss!"
Old uncle: "What did the fool go
crazy for?" Young lady: "What did
she go crazy for? Why for more, I
suppose."

If you want to get the reputation of
knowing a heap do as Professor Proctor
does. He guesses what happened three
or four million years ago, and predicts
what is to happen fifteen million years
hence. It is only a few years since he
commenced, and now he can get credit
at any grocery.—Detroit Free Press.

The *Examiner* and *Chronicle* says a
cup of water in the oven while baking
will prevent bread and cakes from burn-
ing. Thanks for the information. And
a ten-year-old boy, loose in the cellar,
will prevent apples from spoiling.
About one boy to four barrels of apples,
doctor.—Hawkeye.

A Syracuse girl broke off her engage-
ment because her lover joined a base-
ball club. She felt that she would
never be happy with a man who had
six fingers and his nose broken, and
four teeth knocked out, and who was
liable to dream that he was batting
for a home run and knock her clear across
the room.

It was not sickness: "When we are
married, Lucy," said the poor man's son
to the rich man's daughter, "our
honeymoon shall be passed abroad. We
will drive in the Bois, promenade the
Prada, gaze down into the blue waters
of the Adriatic from the Rialto, and en-
joy the Neapolitan sunsets, strolling
along the Chiaja." "How delicious,"
she murmured, "but, Joan, dear, have
you money enough to do all this, for
papa's? I mustn't expect anything until
he dies." Joan's countenance underwent
such a change that she couldn't help
asking him if he felt sick. "No, dar-
ling," he answered, faintly, "I am not
sick. I was only thinking that perhaps
he had better postpone the marriage until
after the funeral."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Novel Device in Smuggling.

A novel device in smuggling has re-
cently come to the notice of Colonel
Alexander, the fifth auditor of the treasury.
Sometimes ago a vessel laden with
lumber somewhere in Texas was dis-
patched to one of the Mexican ports,
but for some reason she could not
make her destination, and discharged
her cargo upon the beach some sixteen
miles distant. After a time the Ameri-
can consul or some one acting for him,
evidently not well informed of the af-
fairs of the vessel's owners, sold the
lumber on their account, and sent the
money to the treasury department.

The lumber was sent by its purchasers
to a sawmill, and the first log was
placed in position to be cut into boards.
The saw had penetrated only a few
inches when there began to appear upon
its teeth shreds of clothing and finally
it became fast and refused to move
further. Investigation disclosed the
fact that the log had been made hollow
by boring, and had been filled with
clothing and other dutiable material,
and then plugged up. The vessel was
seized by the Mexican government, but
being worn out and worthless was
abandoned.

The way of publishing a work in an-
cient Rome was this: The author placed
a copy of it into the hands of the trans-
cribers, called librari, who wrote out
the required number of copies. These
transcribers, who were equivalent to
modern printers, passed the copies over
to certain artists, called librarioli, who
ornamented them with fanciful titles,
margins and terminations.

Six lines of railroad now enter into exces-
sive Col., and three more are soon to be
added.