The Forest Republican.

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A Sermon in Rhyme.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praise long,
Why should one who thrills your heart,
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

"AN OLD NUISANCE."

Mind, I quote those three words. They are none of mine. Only, thinking over three or four equally appropriate titles, I chose the one I use as being the oddest, and I always had a fancy for odd things. And now for my story.

On what my aunt (by marriage) and her family founded their claims to aristocracy I never could discover. My uncle had been a merchant, it is true, and one of considerable prominence in his day, I had been told, and so had been his father before him, and his father's father before that. That his business in his most prosperous time was intimately connected with China is impressed upon my mind (I became an inmate of his house when I was about six years of age, in consequence of the death of both my parents within a week of each other, leaving me with no means of support, and no other relative) by the fact that every first of June saw bright new mattings laid on our floors, to remain there until cold weather came again, and that our mantels and whatnots were decorated with many pretty, dainty little porcelain cups, thin as eggshells—rarities in those days, but in these plenty and cheap enough.

Now, according to all I have learned on the subject, real Simon Pure aristocrats look down upon trade even on the grandest scale, and never have anything to do with it further than once in a while marrying one of its sons or daughters who have come into possession of millions enough to offset the honor.

However, our family (I venture to include myself, none of my cousins being within hearing) assumed all the airs of the "blue bloods" of the old country.

Eleanor, our second, wore a look of deep indignation for several days after a manly, clever, good-looking fellow, the brother of one of her old schoolmates, with a considerable income, but who was junior partner of a firm keeping a retail store on Sixth avenue, proposed for her hand.

"The presumption of the man!" she exclaimed, raising her arched eyebrows in astonishment, and curling her full red upper lip in scorn; "to imagine for a moment that because I honored him with my company to the opera two or three times, I would marry him! If his business had been wholesale, it would have been bad enough; but fancy a person who sells pins and needles by the paper and lace by the yard! Never! I would die first."

Minerva, our fourth, was equally horror-stricken at the effrontery of a young bookkeeper whom her brother Laurence had introduced into the family circle—a rare thing for one of her brothers to do, for, like all other men, as far as my limited experience goes, they scarcely ever thought their companions to be good enough to be the companions of their sisters—when he ventured to express his admiration for her. The young man soon after succeeded to a very handsome property, and became a great swell—"a perfect too-too," as I believe the fashionable way of expressing it now is—a kind of being after Minerva's own heart; but she was never invited to ride behind his fast horses, and what was much worse, never again asked to take the head of his table.

And in like manner the graceful and enthusiastic professor of music, the stout, good-natured proprietor of the extensive iron-works ("wholesale and retail") on the next block, the young artist, who has since risen to wealth and fame, and sundry others, all falling short of the aristocratic standard set up by our family, were snubbed by my lady cousins, aided by their brothers, and not wholly unassisted by their mother. I never had had, at the time this story commences, being then in my eighteenth year, a chance to snub any one; for, lacking the personal attractions of my relatives, as well as their "high-toned" natures—truth to tell, having decidedly democratic tendencies—I was kept in the background on all occasions.

Let it be remarked in passing that Eleanor eventually married, when rather an old girl, a widower, in the milk business—very wholesale, however—the father of four children. At the same time Minerva, a few years younger, deigned to become the wife of an elderly bachelor, something or other in a shoe manufactory. But they held their heads as high as ever, and declared they had sacrificed themselves for the family, uncle having failed for the second time—through no fault of his own, dear old man—a few months before the double wedding.

That their "sacrifice" was for the good of the family I don't deny; but there still were left at home to be taken care of after their departure three old maids, a young one, and two helpless young men, who, having been brought up to do nothing, did it to perfection.

After the failure uncle got a situation as superintendent of one of the many departments in the large establishment of the gentleman who sold "pins and needles by the paper and lace by the yard" (he was now head of the firm, and had a pretty, lady-like wife and two pretty children), and we dismissed one of our servants and moved into a much smaller house.

But in spite of all our efforts at economy our income proved vastly inadequate to our expenses, and this was the cause of so much bewailing and bemoaning that our house seemed to be bereft of all gladness and sunshine. And one evening after Ethel, our youngest daughter, had burst into tears because aunt had declared it would be impossible to have ice cream, meringues, jellies and similar dainties every day for dessert, for the two sufficient reasons that we couldn't afford them and our present cook couldn't make them, I ventured to suggest to the weeping damsel that if she found life positively unbearable without the above-named luxuries (all the Egberts, by-the-bye, were extravagantly fond of good things to eat), she might knit and crochet some of the worsted articles she was in the habit of making so artistically for herself and sell them to—" Mr. Lee, uncle's employer, I was about to say, when I was interrupted by a shrill shriek.

"Work for a store!" she cried. "I'd starve first."

"You wretched girl!" added my aunt. "How dare you even think of such a thing? Ethel, my darling, calm yourself."

"It is not enough that strangers should presume upon our poverty," joined in Cleanthe, also frowning upon me, "but one bound to us by ties of blood, though it must be confessed more alien than many a stranger would be, must advance ideas that shock and wound us. Imagine"—turning to her brother Roland, who lay on the only lounge in the room, complacently regarding himself in the mirror on the opposite wall—"that impertinent Mrs. Bradshaw coming here this morning with the air of doing a kindness, too, to offer me a position in her academy!"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Roland, springing to his feet—and the cause must be a mighty one that brings Roland to his feet. "One of my sisters a teacher! Great heavens!" and he went stamping about the room in the new suit of clothes aunt had just paid for by parting with her handsome pearl ring.

"Whatever is done, we can do nothing," sobbed Ethel.

"Of course not," replied Roland, grandly; "the women of our family never work."

I thought to myself, "Nor the men neither, except poor old uncle, who is fagging at a desk from morning until night."

"But our income must be increased," said Alethea, looking up from her novel and joining in the conversation for the first time. Alethea was our eldest, and still wore her hair in the fashion of her youth, a loose curl dangling over each cheek-bone, being fully persuaded that no other fashion was half so graceful or becoming.

"Discharge the chambermaid," proposed Ethel, "and let Dorothea" (I am Dorothea) "do her work. It is about all she is fit for. She never had a bit of fine feeling or style about her."

"No, she never had; she always would bite her bread," sighed my aunt, "and she has seemed sadly out of place among my children. She comes of a working race, and her ideas and tastes all smack of trade—trade—trade." I discovered in after years that my aunt's grandmother on the maternal side made a fortune out of tobacco.

"But discharging the chambermaid won't help very much," said Alethea.

"It will not," agreed Roland. "What is saved thereby will no more than find me in the little extras no society man can do without."

"Dear! dear!" aunt took up the burden again, "could I have forseen that your father would have come down in this way I never would have married him. I really don't know what is to be done, unless we emigrate to some country place where we are unknown and where it don't matter how we live."

"The country?" screamed the children in chorus. "Better death at once."

I can't imagine where I got the courage to do so after my late sharp rebuffs, but at this moment I blurted out something that had been in my mind for several weeks: "Why could not Alethea and Ethel room together, and Alethea's room, which is the pleasantest in the house, be let to a lodger?—one who would—"

But here I paused abruptly. Alethea had fainted in the arms of my aunt, who, glancing at me over the top of her eldest daughter's head, commanded me in her deepest tone (aunt has rather a bass voice) to "leave the room—instantly."

But in a short time, during which things had been getting worse and worse, and we had been reduced to rice puddings for dessert on week days and apple tarts on Sundays, I was allowed to prepare an advertisement for the morning's paper, in which was offered to "an elderly gentleman, who must have excellent references, a fine room in the house of a lady of refinement, who had never before taken a lodger, for the privilege of occupying which he would be expected to pay a liberal equivalent."

I disapproved highly of the wording of this call for help, but my aunt and cousins insisted upon its being couched in these very terms, and so I was compelled to yield, inwardly convinced that it would bring no reply.

But it did. The very afternoon of the morning it appeared, a carriage with a trunk strapped on behind drove up to our door. An old gentleman got out, hobbled up our steps and rang our door-bell.

"You must see him, Dorothea," said my aunt, leaving the parlor, followed by a train of her children. "It is your affair altogether. I will have nothing to do with it."

"We none of us will have anything to do with it," chimed in my cousins. "We were not born with the souls of lodging-house keepers;" and away they sailed as I opened the door to the second—a little louder than the first—ring of the caller.

He was a short, slightly-formed old gentleman, with big, bright black eyes, bushy white eyebrows, and a long white mustache and beard.

"You have a room to let?" he asked.

"I have," I answered, ushering him into the parlor, where he glanced keenly around, and then as keenly into my face, while he announced in a decisive tone:

"I have come to take it. My luggage is at the door. Be so kind as to tell me where to direct the man to carry it."

"But"—I began, in a hesitating way, utterly confused by the stranger's brusque, not to say high-handed manner.

"'But me no buts,'" quoted the old gentleman. "I am Amos Griffin, lately from England, where I have been living for the past twenty years. Since I landed in New York, a month ago today, I have been boarding at the St. Nicholas. But where's your mother?"

I hastened to assure him that I was empowered to negotiate with him.

"Ah, indeed! Well, then, I'll go on, though it strikes me that you are rather young for the business. You 'have never taken a lodger before.' I am glad of it, for reasons which is not necessary to explain. You want a 'liberal equivalent' for your fine room; I am prepared to give it. That leaves only one thing to be arranged. I should like my breakfast at eight precisely every morning."

"But we did not propose to give breakfast."

"I know you didn't; but I'll give you another 'liberal equivalent' for it. You can't be very well off, or you wouldn't take a lodger; and the more liberal equivalents you can get from him the better. Will you be kind enough to show me to my room?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, meekly, completely succumbing to the big black eyes and strong will-power of the frail-looking old man, and totally forgetting to ask for the "reference" insisted upon in the advertisement. Whereupon he stepped to the front door, and beckoned to the man outside, who, taking the trunk upon his back, followed him, as he followed me, to the second story front room.

"Ah," said our lodger, as he entered it, "this is not bad—not at all bad."

And it wasn't. As I have said before, it was the pleasantest room in the house, and I had arranged it as prettily as I could with the means at my command. Fortunately these included a number of nice engravings and vases, and a capacious bamboo chair with a crimson cushion, and foot-stool of like color. And the fragrance of the honeysuckles that stole in at the window from the balcony, and the two or three sunbeams that had found their way through the half-closed blinds, and danced in triumph on the wall, and the half-dozen gayly bound books (mine) on the mantel, and the ivy growing from a red pot on the bracket in one corner, all combined to make the room a pleasant place indeed.

Mr. Griffin had been our lodger exactly two years, during which I had prepared and superintended the serving of his breakfasts, and taken entire charge of his room, "as well as though I had been brought up to that sort of thing," as my cousin Cleanthe remarked, and the rest of the family, with the exception of uncle, who became quite friendly with him, had only met him some dozen times—at which times they assumed their most dignified dignity—when he was taken sick.

"It's an old complaint, which will carry me off some time," said he to me; "but I hope not this time. Anyhow, Little Honesty" (a name he had given me from the first—I hope I deserved it), "live or die, I intend to remain here. Nowhere else could I be as comfortable. You must engage an extra servant, and you and she together must nurse me. I should certainly die of a professional. By-the-bye, who is your family physician?"

I told him.

"If I am not better send for him tomorrow. I am going out now—only a few steps," meeting my look of surprise. "I want to see my lawyer, and I shan't take to my bed for several days yet."

That afternoon, taking care not to repeat the old gentleman's exact words, but putting his remarks in the form of a request to be allowed to remain, I stated the case to the family.

"Going to be ill?" exclaimed Alethea. "Dear me! how disagreeable!"

"I'm sure I don't want him to stay: he might die here," said my aunt, who had the utmost horror of death.

"He's an old nuisance, anyhow," proclaimed Ethel, "and always has been, and I blush that any relative of mine should have degraded herself so far as to become his servant-maid."

Here I will mention that my cousin Roland, a month or so before this, had married a young lady with a large fortune, and out of this fortune he generously proposed to make the family a liberal yearly allowance, besides which came many gifts from the married sisters, whose husbands had prospered, and thereupon been obliged by their wives to share their prosperity with us, that we might live at least, as Minerva expressed it, "with elegant economy." And so we were not entirely dependent upon our lodger for desserts and several other things.

But to go back. "He is not an old nuisance," said I, indignantly. "He is a kind-hearted old man, and I'm very fond of him."

"Good gracious!"

"Yes, Miss Ethel," I went on, "I am very fond of him. And if my aunt will allow me—I am sure my uncle will—I will take all the extra care resulting from his sickness upon myself, and no one else shall be annoyed in the least. After living beneath our roof for two years and contributing so bountifully to our comforts—you needn't glare at me, Cleanthe; he has, for I am quite certain no one else would have paid us so liberally—it would be the basest ingratitude, not to say cruelty, to send him among strangers now that he most needs care and kindness."

"Are you quite through, Miss Reynolds?" asked my aunt, sarcastically. "I had no idea you were so eloquent, never having heard you preach before. But of one thing I am determined: you shall not call in our doctor to your patient. He is a perfect aristocrat, and has no idea we keep a lodger, and I do not wish him to know it."

"There's a young saw-bones a few doors below," drawled my youngest gentleman cousin, who resented my waiting upon any one but himself; "he'll do for your fine old—nuisance."

That very evening Mr. Griffin had a bad turn, and I sent for the "young saw-bones a few doors below" in great haste. He proved to be a Dr. Rice, a frank-looking, brown-haired, gray-eyed, broad-browed young man, with gentle voice and quick, light step. And the old gentleman, taking a great fancy to him, decided on retaining him—a decision that relieved me greatly, bearing in mind as I did my aunt's embargo in regard to our family physician.

And from that time for three months, although very seldom confined to his bed, our lodger never had a well day. At the end of the three months, however, he began to mend slowly, and at the end of two more was on his feet again. And then he told me he had made up his mind to return to England.

"I am sorry, very sorry, to part with you," I replied. "But it is right that you should go."

"Well said, Little Honesty. And now let's begin to pack," said he.

Dr. Rice and I went with the old gentleman to the steamer that was to carry him away, and waved a last farewell to him—in the midst of a crowd also waving last farewells—from the pier, as the vessel slowly moved out into the stream; and then we returned to our respective homes to read the letters he had placed in our respective hands with his final good-bye.

Mine I read in the privacy of my own room at first; and when I had partly recovered from my astonishment and delight I flew downstairs, called the family together, and read it to them. It was as follows:

"DEAR LITTLE HONESTY—Had I died—which I didn't, thanks unto God to you and Dr. Rice—I should have left each of my dear young friends ten thousand dollars in my will. But having lived, I am going to do a much pleasanter thing—I am going to give them the ten thousand at once. My lawyer will see you both to-morrow.

"AMOS GRIFFIN.

"P. S.—I have also left a slight bequest to Miss Ethel Egbert. She wil find it on the lower shelf of the closet in the room I occupied when I was her cousin Dorothea's lodger."

Ethel for once forgot her graceful, gliding step. She started hastily for the stairs, but her youngest brother was before her, and she was fain to turn back again as he slid down the baluster, and landed in our midst with something in his arms.

It was a large framed photograph of Amos Griffin, with a card attached bearing these words, "An excellent picture of 'An Old Nuisance.'"

I married Dr. Rice.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A New Specific.

Bromide of sodium is Dr. Beard's specific for sea-sickness, and the flattering encomiums he bestows upon it will make the drug singularly attractive to others than those about to engage in a wrestle with Father Neptune. When he declares that if thirty to sixty grains are taken three times a day for three days they produce an unconquerable drowsiness and imperviousness to outside influences, he furnishes a prescription of which many a harassed and anxious debtor will promptly avail himself. When he has a note coming due which he cannot pay, or expects a dun, he will promptly dose himself with bromide of sodium and drowsily submit to the inevitable.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Weighing a Hog.

A dog-fight sends the pulse of a village up to 130, and a foot-race or a knock-down will almost restore gray hairs to their natural color; but for real excitement let a man come along in front of the tavern about sundown driving a hog.

"Hay, where you going?"

"Going to sell this hog."

"Hold on a minute! What does he weigh?"

"Oh! about 225."

"You're off; he won't go over 200."

Every chair is vacated on the instant. Every eye is fastened on the hog rooting in the gutter, and every man flatters himself that he can guess within a pound of the porker's weight.

"That hog will pull down jist exactly 195 pounds," says the blacksmith, after a long squint.

"He won't go an ounce over 185," adds the cooper.

"I've got a $2 bill that says that hog will kick at 210," says the hardware man.

"You must be wild," growls the grocer. "I can't see over 150 pounds of meat there."

Twenty men take a walk around the porker, and squint and shake their heads and look wise, and the owner finally says:

"If he don't go over 220 I shall feel that I am no guesser."

"Over 220? If that hog weighs 200 pounds I'll treat this crowd!" exclaims the owner of the 'bus line.

"I dunno 'bout that," muses the 'squire, who is on his way to the grocery after butter. "Some hogs weigh more and some less. What breed is this hog?"

"Berkshire."

"Well, I've seen some o' them Berksheers that weighed like a load o' sand, and then agin I've seen 'em where they were all skin and bone. Has anybody guessed that this hog will weigh 600?"

"No."

"Well, that's a leetle steep, but I've kinder sot my idea on 250."

By this time the crowd has increased to a hundred and the excitement is intense. The 'squire lays half a dollar on 250, and the owner of the hog rakes in several bets on "between 220 and 225." The porker is driven to the hay-scales, and the silence is almost painful as the weighing takes place.

"Two hundred and twenty-three!" calls the weigher.

Growls and lamentations smite the evening air, and stakeholders pass over the wagers to the lucky guessers, chief of whom is the owner of the hog.

"Well, I'm clear beat out," says the 'squire. "I felt dead sure he would weigh over 300."

"Oh, I knew you were all way off," explains the guileless owner. "When we weighed him here at noon he tipped at exactly 223, and I knew he couldn't have picked up or lost over a pound!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Only Jewish Daily in the World.

While in pursuit of information one afternoon recently, a *Tribune* reporter stumbled into a strange-looking apartment on the second floor of an old house on East Broadway, which bore only the remotest resemblance to the place he was looking for. He had just time to take in at a quick glance the surroundings of the room before the occupants appeared. By the windows the eye first caught sight of a table covered with papers and chairs placed near. Venturing further, encouraged by these signs, a bed and other household belongings were seen. Thinking he had intruded the reporter turned to go out, when he saw through the thin curtains that divided the rear of the large room a number of frames and type cases, at which printers were busily engaged. So intent were they on their work that the entrance of the intruder did not disturb them. But a small, sallow, active woman, with her hair dressed in a strange, foreign fashion, quickly appeared, followed almost immediately by a young man with a foreign cast of countenance.

When the reporter explained his errand the youth answered in good English and put him on the right track. By further inquiry the nature of the place was learned. Here is set up every day of the week except Saturday the *Daily Jewish Gazette*, the only Jewish daily published in the world. The editor is K. H. Sarasohn, a Polish Jew, and here he lives with his wife and son. The paper has some curious features. The sheet is a little larger than one page of the *Tribune*, and its columns number four to the page, or sixteen in all. The type used is the old Hebrew. The title head, set in English and Hebrew, is at the top of the fourth page, as numbered in the English style. The lines read from right to left.

The editor, Mr. Sarasohn, has been publishing a weekly Jewish paper for some time, and in June started the daily, which is sold for two cents a copy. He claims a circulation of 2,600. He gives his readers summaries of all the news of the day, from all parts of the world, making a specialty, of course, of all that concerns Jewish people.—*New York Tribune.*

Ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, is a great admirer of the Paris *Figaro*, and frequently drops in of an evening to see the staff at work, always ending her call by inviting the force out to a banquet at her expense. We don't see how an editor can work with a queen rummaging round the office knocking over type and reading manuscript that is none of her business. It would annoy us to death.—*Peck's Sun.*

Life's Harvest.

Was it not said by some great sage
That life is an unwritten page?
We write our fate; and when old age
Or death comes on,
We drop the pen.

For good or ill, from day to day,
Each deed we do, each word we say,
Makes its impress upon the clay
Which molds the minds
Of other men.

And all our acts and words are seeds
Sown o'er the past, whence future deeds
Spring up, to form or wheat or weeds;
And as we've sown
So reap we then.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"All things come to him who waits," but a quarter judiciously bestowed on a waiter will hurry the things up a little.—*Picayune.*

The *Policeman* is the name of a new London newspapor. We will wager a ten-dollar bill (counterfeit of course) that it never appears when the people want it.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

A circus proprietor in Canada has applied for the admission of his elephants to this country free of duty, on the ground, we presume, that their trunks contain no valuables.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Mabel, why you dear little girl," exclaimed her grandpa, seeing his little granddaughter with her head tied up, "have you got the headache?" "No," she answered sweetly, "I'se dot a spit turl."

A circus acrobat who can tie himself in a knot and hide away in a corner of his vest pocket receives only $30 per week salary. This should discourage a large class of politicians, but probably won't.

"Why is it your loaves are so much smaller than they used to be?" asked a Galveston man of his baker. "I don't know, unless it is because I use less dough than formerly," responded the baker.

If a great many young men's clothes didn't fit them till they pay the tailor, we would see lots of noble young bloods going around like a loaded clothes line flapping in the idle breeze of a summer day.

After a Michigan farmer had committed suicide because there was no show for his corn, a soaking shower started every kernel into life and guaranteed a big crop. Some folks are always a day too late.

Probably the meanest man on record keeps a boarding house in San Domingo. Last winter an earthquake turned the edifice clear upside down, and the very next morning he began charging the garret lodgers first floor prices.

"At Bordeaux," said one, "if you let a match fall to the ground the next year there will grow a forest." "At Marseilles," cried the other, triumphantly, "you let a suspender button fall, and in eight days you will have a pair of pantaloons ready made."

They wore a sunflower at the side.
Their bangs were in a flutter,
And as I looked on them I cried,
"Those maidens are too utter."
And that was so. For that same night
These fair young Vassar scholars
Caught victims twain—each bill was quite
For cake and cream, $4.
—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

Youthful Heroism.

A year ago, in the summer of 1880, a deed of heroism was performed by a young lad at Alessandria, in Piedmont, for which he has just been rewarded in a characteristically Sub-Alpine and Latin manner. Some children were playing upon the bank of the river Tanaro, when one of them, a boy four years old, toppled over into the stream, and, as it chanced, at a most dangerous spot, where practiced swimmers had already lost their lives. Eduardo Pozzi, a lad of twelve, who saw the accident, determined to venture upon the task of rescue. He knelt down, made the sign of the cross and jumped boldly into the raging waters. He was seized by the torrent, but not until he had tightly grasped the little boy. The two were sucked under by the waters, but rose again to the surface, and the young hero, with great resolution and daring, forced his way into still water, from whence a policemen drew him to the shore. He fell down exhausted and unconscious, but kept a firm grip upon the little fellow whom he had saved.

The king of Italy heard of the deed, and directed that the silver medal of the Order of Merit, with his king's thanks, should be sent to the little hero. The actual bestowal of the gift, however, was reserved to the present year, when the anniversary was made the occasion of a public ceremonial. The courtyard of the Collegio Nazionale was adorned with flowers and banners; the municipal authorities were convoked; the whole population was invited to take part in the function; and Senator Zopp fastened the medal upon the boy's breast, while the mayor of Alessandria gave him a kiss upon his forehead in the name of the whole town. When Pozzi was questioned about his deed he said, with touching modesty: "I knew that if I were drowned he and I would have gone into Paradise together." His father, who is a railway servant, was invited to dinner by the prefect, and the sons of that functionary solemnly divided bread and salt with the hero of the day, as a token of perpetual alliance. The father refused to receive a sum of money which had been collected.—*London Globe.*