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Songs of Birds.

The skylark's song: "Arise, arise!
Oh, free glad wings, awake the air;
On, on, above, the light is there;
Pass the faint clouds and know the skies.
Oh, blueness! oh, deep, endless height!
Oh, unveiled sun!
Oh, ecstasy of upward flight!
mount! I mount! Oh, skies! oh, sun!"

The sparrow's song: "Let be to soar;
Skies blacken under night or rain;
Wild wings are weary all in vain;
Lo, the fair earth, the fruitful soil,
And the dear sunbeams travel down,
And warm our eaves,
And bring gay summer to the town,
Oh, sun! oh, bloom! oh, safe warm eaves!"

The linnet's song: "Oh, joy of spring!
Oh, blithe surprise of life! And flowers
Wake in the birthday April hours,
And wonder, and are fair, and bring
New promise of new joy to be.
Oh, hope! oh, Now!
Oh, blossoms breaking on the tree!
I live! Oh, day! oh, happy Now!"

The night-owl's song: "The flowers go dead,
Weak flowers that die for heat or cold,
That die ere even spring turns old;
And with few hours the day is sped;
The calm gray shadows chase the noon,
Night comes, and dusk,
And stillness, and the patient moon.
Oh, stillness! oh, long, cool dusk!"

The thrush's song: "Oh, wedded wills!
Oh, love's delight! She mine, I hers!
And every little wind that stirs,
And every little brook that trills,
Makes music, and I answer it
With 'Love, love, love,
Oh, happy bough where we two sit!
I love! I love! Oh, song! oh, love!"

The raven's song: "Waste no vain breath
On dead-born joys that fade from earth,
Nor talk of blossoming or of birth,
For all things are a part of death,
Save love, that scarce waits death to die.
Spring has its graves;
Our yew-trees see the green leaves lie.
Oh, churchyard yews! oh, smooth new graves!"

The song of the sweet nightingale,
That has all hearts in here, and knows
The secret of all joys and woes,
And till the listening stars grow pale,
And fade into the daybreak gleam,
Her mingled voice
Melts grief and gladness in a dream.
She doth not sorrow nor rejoice.

She sings: "Heart, rest thee and be free,
Pour thyself on the unbinding wind;
Leave the dear pain of life behind;
Loosed heart, forget thou art, and be.
Oh, pain! oh, joy of life! oh, love!
My heart is these,
Oh, roses of the noon! oh, stars above!
Dead, waned, still with me; I am these."
—Augusta Webster.

DELIA'S REWARD.

"It was a scandal," the neighbors said, "that Miss Delia should be obliged to take boarders, after all she'd been through; and heaven knows boarders did not help a body to work out her salvation. And so much money in the family, too, taking it by small and large. Want't her Uncle Eben, over at Dover, want'to-do, and not a chick of his own care-for, except the boy he had adopted, who was no credit to him? It was odd, now, that a man with poor relations should take to a stranger when his own flesh and blood was needy; but sometimes it does seem as if folks had more feeling for others than for their own kith and kin. Then there were cousins in the city, forehanded and fashionable, who were never worth a row of pins to Delia, and there was her great-uncle John's widow a-larking on the continent, a-gaming at Baden-Baden, and trying the waters of every mineral spring in the three kingdoms, from a disease under the sun and old age. She'd been known to say that 'her folks were too rich already, and probably she would endow some hospital with her property.' Plainly, wealthy relatives were of no value to Miss Delia. To be sure, she had never seen her great aunt-niece since she was a child, when her Uncle John had brought her into their simple life for a month's visit with her French maid and dresses, her jewels and fallals, which won the heart of her namsake. Since then Uncle John's widow has become sort of a gilded creation, always young and beautiful; for, though Delia had received little gifts from time to time across the seas for the last fifteen years, she had never heard nor seen anything of the being who had inspired her youthful imagination, and was quite uncertain if such a person as Mrs. John Rogerson was in the land of the living. Dead or alive, she seemed to have made no material difference to Delia's humdrum life. After having nursed her father through a long sickness, Delia found that he had left a heavy mortgage on the homestead, and her mother and herself on the high road to the poor-house, unless they should bestir themselves. As her mother was already bedridden, the stirring naturally fell upon Delia, and she advertised for summer boarders:

"Good board in the country, by the river-side, at seven dollars a week. Large chambers, broad piazzas, fine views, berries, and new milk. One mile from the station."
"Address DELIA ROGERSON,
"Croftsbrough, Maine."
"Cheap enough!" commented an elderly lady, who happened upon it.
"Delia Rogerson—an old maid, I suppose, obliged to look out for herself.

I've a good mind to try her broad piazzas and new milk. If I don't like it, there'll be no harm done."
And so Delia's first boarder arrived—an old lady with false front hair, brown wrinkled skin, faded eyes, a black alpaca gown, and a hair trunk. Delia made her as welcome as if she had been a duchess; lighted a wood fire in Mrs. Clement's room, as the night was damp, and brought out her daintiest cup and saucer, with the fadeless old roses wreathing them.
"Wonderful kind," reflected Mrs. Clement, as she combed out her wisps of gray hair and confided the false front to a box. "Wonderful kindness for seven dollars a week! She's new to the trade. She'll learn better. Human nature doesn't change with latitudes. She'll find it doesn't pay to consider the comfort of a poverty-stricken old creature."
But in spite of her worldly wisdom Mrs. Clement was forced to confess that Delia had begun as she meant to hold out, though other boarders came to demand her attention, to multiply her cares. The fret and jar of conflicting temperaments under her roof was a new experience to Delia. When Mrs. Gresome complained of the mosquitoes, with an air as if Miss Rogerson were responsible for their creation; of the flies, as if they were new acquaintances; of want of appetite, as though Delia had agreed to supply it, along with berries and new milk; of the weather, as if she had pledged herself there would be no sudden changes to annoy her boarders; of the shabby house and antiquated furniture, "too old for comfort and not old enough for fashion"—then Delia doubted if taking boarders was her mission.
"What makes you keep us, my dear?" asked Mrs. Clement, after a day when everything and everybody had seemed to go wrong. "Why didn't you ever marry? You had a lover, I dare say?"
"Yes; a long, long time ago."
"Tell me about him—it?"
"There isn't much to tell. He asked me to marry him. He was going to Australia. I couldn't leave father and mother, you know (they were both feeble), and he couldn't stay here. That's all."
"And you—you—"
"Now all men beside are to me like shadows."
"And have you never heard of him since?"
"Yes. He wrote; but where was the use? It could never come to anything. It was better for him to forget me and marry. I was a millstone about his neck. I didn't answer his letter."
"And supposing he should return some day, would you marry him?"
"I dare say," laughed Delia, gently, as if the idea were familiar, "let the neighbors laugh ever so wisely. I've thought of it sometimes, sitting alone, when the world was barren and commonplace. One must have recreation of some kind, you know. Everybody requires a little romance, a little poetry, to flavor every-day thinking and doing. I'm afraid you think me a silly old maid, Mrs. Clement."
"No. The heart never grows old. The skin shrivels, the color departs, the eyes fade, the features grow pinched; but the soul is heir of eternal youth—it is as beautiful at fourscore as at 'sweet and twenty.' Time makes amends for the ravages of the body by developing the spirit. You didn't tell me your lover's name. Perhaps you would rather not."
"His name was Stephen Langdon. Sometimes Captain Seymour runs against him in Melbourne, and brings me word how he looks and what he is doing; though I never ask, and Stephen never asks for me, that I can hear."
Delia's summer boarders were not a success, to be sure. If they took no money out of her pocket, they put none in. She was obliged to eke out her support with copying for Lawyer Dunmore and embroidering for Mrs. Judge Dorr. One by one her boarders dropped away like the autumn leaves; all but old Mrs. Clement.
"I believe I will stay on," she said. "I'm getting too old to move often. Perhaps you take winter boarders at reduced rates. Eh?"
"Do you think my terms high?"
"By no means. But when one's purse is low—"
"Yes, I know. Do stay at your price. I can't spare you." She had grown such a fondness for the old lady that to refuse her at her own terms would have seemed like turning her own mother out of doors; besides, one mouth more would not signify. But she found it hard to make both ends meet, and often went to bed hungry that her mother and Mrs. Clement might enjoy enough, without there appearing to be "just a pattern." At Christmas, however, came a ray of sunshine for Delia, in the shape of a hundred-dollar bill from an unknown friend.
"It can't be meant for me," she cried. "It's directed to Delia Rogerson," said her mother; "and there's nobody else of that name, now that your Aunt Delia's dead."
"We are not sure she's dead," objected Delia.
"Horrors! Don't you know whether your own aunt is dead or alive?" asked Mrs. Clement, in a shocked tone.
"It isn't our fault. She is rich and lives abroad. I was named for her. I used to look in the glass and try to believe I'd inherit her beauty with the name, though she was only our great-uncle's wife."
"She ought to be doing something for you."

"How can she if she's dead? I don't blame her, anyway. Her money is her own, to use according to her pleasure. Uncle John made it himself and gave it to her."
"But if she should come back to you, having run through with it, you'd divide your last crust with her, I'll be bound."
"I suppose I should," replied Delia. The winter wore away as winters will, and the miracles of spring began in fields and wayside; and Delia's boarders returned with the June roses, and dropped away again with the falling leaves, and still Mrs. Clement stayed on and on. Just now she had been some weeks in arrears with her reduced board. No money had been forthcoming for some time, and she was growing more feeble daily, needed the luxuries of an invalid and the attention of a nurse, both of which Delia bestowed upon her, without taking thought for the morrow.
"I must hear from my man-of-business to-morrow, Delia; I'm knee-deep in debt to you," she began one night.
"Don't mention it!" cried Delia. "I'd rather never see a cent of it than have you take it to heart. You are welcome to stay and share pot-luck with us; you are such company for mother and me."
"Thank you, my dear. I've grown as fond of you as if you were my own flesh and blood. There, turn down the light, please. Draw the curtain, dear, and put another stick on the fire, please. It grows chilly, doesn't it? You might kiss me just once, if you wouldn't mind. It's a hundred years or so since any one kissed me."
And the next morning, when Delia carried up Mrs. Clement's breakfast, her boarder lay cold and still upon the pillows.
The first shock over, Delia wrote to the lawyer of whom she had heard Mrs. Clement speak as having charge of her affairs, begging him to notify that lady's relatives, if she had any. In reply Mr. Willis wrote:
"The late Mrs. Clement appears to have no near relatives. Some distant cousins, who have an abundance of this world's goods, yet served her shabbily when she tested their generosity, as she has tried yours, are all that remain of her family. In the meantime I inclose you a copy of her last will and testament, to peruse at your leisure."
"What interest does he think I take in Mrs. Clement's will," thought Delia; but read, nevertheless:
"Being of sound mind, this 16th day of June, 18—, I, Delia Rogerson Clement, do hereby leave one hundred dollars to each of my cousins; and I bequeath the residue of my property—viz., thirty thousand dollars invested in the Ingot Mining company, fifty thousand dollars in United States bonds, twenty thousand in Fortune Flannel mills, and my jewels, to the beloved niece of my first husband, John Rogerson, Delia Rogerson, of Croftsbrough, Maine."
"For I was a stranger, and ye took me in, hungry, and ye fed me; sick and ye ministered unto me."
"Goodness alive!" cried the neighbors, when the facts reached their ears. "What a profitable thing it is to take boarders! Of course Steve Langdon will come and marry her, if she were forty old maids. You may stick a pin in there!"
Delia did not open her house to boarders the next season. She found enough to do in looking after her money and spending it, in replying to letters from indigent people, who seemed to increase alarmingly; in receiving old friends, who suddenly found time to remember her existence. And, sure enough, among the rest appeared Steve Langdon, and all the village said, "I told you so."
"It's not my fault that you and I are single yet, Delia," he said.
"And we are too old to think of it now, Steve."
"Nonsense! It's never too late to mend. I'm not rich, Delia, but I've enough for two and to spare."
"I wouldn't be contented not to drive in my carriage and have servants under me now," laughed Delia.
"Indeed! Then perhaps you have a better match in view. Captain Seymour asked me, by the way, if I had come to interfere with Squire Jones' interest."
"Yes. Squire Jones proposed to me last week."
"Now see here, Delia, have I come all the way from Melbourne on a fool's errand? There I was growing used to my misery and loneliness, when the mail brings in a letter in a strange hand, which tells me that my dear love, Delia Rogerson, loves and dreams of me still, is poor and alone, and needs me—me! And the letter is signed by her aunt, Mrs. Clement, who ought to know. I packed my household goods and came."
"I'm glad that you did."
"In order that I may congratulate Squire Jones?"
"But I haven't accepted him. In fact I've refused him—because—"
"Because you will marry your old love, like the lass in the song, Delia?"
In Croftsbrough people are not yet tired of telling how a woman made money by taking boarders.
"Here lies the youngest of twenty-nine brothers and three sisters." Such is the inscription on the stone that marks the last resting-place of General Marston G. Clark, at Salem, Washington county, Ind. He was a brave man and had a great deal to do with the victory at Tippecanoe, which made General Harrison famous.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Make the Ground Count.

We have learned one mistake we have made for years past, and that is covering too much ground with too few plants. Vacancies not only make a loss, but are expensive every way—in preparation and cultivation of soil, in extra expenses for manure, and interest and tax on land. We are too apt to be ambitious as to having a great number of acres planted, regardless of the yield, expense, etc. We will guarantee that, as a rule, persons having the least land get the most fruit from their land in proportion to the number of acres, and make the most money.—*Fruit Recorder.*

A Valuable Table.

The following table will show the number of checks or hills contained in an acre of ground at certain distances:

1 foot apart each way,	43,560
2 feet apart each way,	10,890
3 feet apart each way,	4,845
4 feet apart each way,	2,722
5 feet apart each way,	1,740
6 feet apart each way,	1,210
9 feet apart each way,	597
10 feet apart each way,	435
12 feet apart each way,	302
15 feet apart each way,	193
20 feet apart each way,	108
25 feet apart each way,	69
30 feet apart each way,	48
40 feet apart each way,	27

Cuttings.

M. Loiseau recommends that the usual method of striking cuttings should be altered. When, he observes, a cutting is put in perpendicularly, the sap, the natural tendency of which is to rise, is expended in pushing forward a new bud instead of forming a root. But if it is laid horizontally, or even with its lower end higher than the upper, that is not the case; the sap prefers to move toward the higher end, or at all events is evenly distributed between the two extremities. This causes the callus to form so rapidly that if the cuttings are put into a warm place eight or ten days are enough to secure its formation or even that of the roots. Autumn cuttings taken off a little before the sap ceases to move, and treated in this manner, form the callus so quickly that they are ready for planting out before winter. In winter it is necessary to keep the cuttings in a gentle heat, or beneath leaves deep enough to keep off frost, and even then a callus will be found to have formed by spring time.

The Grape.

Many vine-growers, says the Cincinnati Gazette, experience great disappointment between the budding and ripening of their grapes. In spring the leaves and sprays shoot forth abundantly and the "blossoms" appear in gratifying profusion. As summer advances the growth of the berries is at first satisfactory, and then a reverse commences. Some shrivel up, others mildew and many drop off, the curculio takes share and general deterioration ensues. If the trunks of the vines are large and the branches extensive these changes are only the more remarkable. But larger vines absolutely require to be profusely watered, for the proportion of water in the skin of the grape is evidently very considerable, and every drop ascends through the pores of the trunk. If the vines are near the dwelling waste washing water, soap-suds, etc., cannot be poured too profusely on the roots. We have known young trees, vines, etc., rescued from death by drought by the profuse watering of their roots. Again, the paper bag protection to the bunches is well worth trying. Old vine growers near this city find it to succeed admirably. There are few noble grape "trees" in this neighborhood which rival in size and production the famous Black Hamburg at Hampton Court, England, but they are well cared for by their owners, although in our latitude it is not necessary to keep them in glass houses. He who hath a thriving vineyard hath a good possession.

Raising Calves on Skim Milk.

A. B. Allen, writing to the Western Agriculturist, gives some advice on raising calves. He says: A friend who has a large dairy in the western part of the State of New York informs me that he has kept twenty-four grade shorthorn and Guernsey calves, dropped the last spring, in the following manner: They were allowed to suck their dams a few times immediately after birth, and then taken away and taught to drink milk from the pail. This was warm and fresh from the cows for a week or ten days, and then skim milk was gradually mixed with it till substituted entirely for the new milk. This was frequently lobbared, in very hot weather, before feeding, and was thought all the better for it, as being more easily digested. The calves were put into a good pasture and at a few weeks old began to nibble the grass. The summer being very dry this failed considerably during August; but they mixed up with wheat shorts were then given in place of it. One may judge how well these calves thrived when simply fed, for at six to seven months old they weighed from 500 to 600 pounds each. The cream from the milk of the dams of the calves was made into butter of first rate quality, stored till October, and then brought a good price. Many think that choice calves cannot be well raised on skim milk, and therefore feed all new milk to them. But I think this is wasting the cream on such as are designed to grow up for dairy cows and that they are all the better for this purpose when reared on the quality of milk which is the least fattening and gives the most muscle. Many a shorthorn heifer is injured for the dairy by being

overfed and kept too fat from its birth up to three years old, when it is the usual time for it to drop its first calf. As fed above the calves occasionally scoured, and to stop this some astringent medicine had to be given in their food. But if a heaping tablespoonful of oilmeal, gradually increasing to a pint for each calf as it grew older, had been made into a gruel and mixed daily with the skim milk, it would have prevented scouring, kept the bowels in good order and made them relish their other food more heartily. Flaxseed boiled to a jelly answers the same purpose, also if ground mixed with oats, one-fourth of the former to three-fourths of the latter, and then a quart or more, according to the age of the calf, fed daily, is a good substitute for the oatmeal.

Recipes.

SWEET APPLE PICKLES.—Sweet apples make delicious pickles; peel and quarter them, boil them until tender in vinegar and water; to one quart of vinegar add two pounds of sugar; heat the vinegar and dissolve the sugar in it; add cloves and cinnamon, and pour over the apples while hot.

CRANBERRY ROLL.—Stew a quart of cranberries in just water enough to keep them from burning. Make very sweet, strain and cool. Make a paste, and when the cranberry is cold spread it on the paste about an inch thick. Roll it, tie it close in a flannel cloth, boil two hours and serve with a sweet sauce. Stewed apples or other fruit may be used in the same way.

AN APPETIZING DISH.—One of the most appetizing dishes that can be placed before a hungry family, and which may tempt the appetite of one who isn't hungry, is made in this way: Take one dozen ears of corn, grate it, stir in four eggs, one-fourth of a cup of flour, a little salt, and fry in hot lard; if the corn is not milky add a little milk or cream. This is next to fried oysters.

TO STEW VEAL CUTLETS.—Cut them about half an inch thick, flatten them with a chopper, and fry them in fresh butter or dripping. When brown on one side turn and do them on the other, continuing to do so till they are thoroughly done, which will be in about a quarter of an hour. Make a gravy of some trimmings, which put into a stew-pan with a bit of soft butter, an onion, a roll of lemon peel, a blade of mace, some thyme, parsley, and stew the whole over a slow fire for an hour, and then strain it; put one ounce of butter into another pan, and when melted mix with as much flour as will dry it up; stir this for a few minutes, then add the gravy by degrees till the whole is mixed; boil it five minutes, then strain it through a sieve and put it to the cutlets. Some brown may be added, together with mushroom or walnut catsup, or lemon pickle.

TO DRY PUMPKINS.—Take ripe pumpkins, pare, cut into small pieces, stew soft, mash and strain through a colander, as if for making pies. Spread this pulp on plates, in layers some half an inch thick; dry it in a stove oven, which should be kept at so low a temperature as not to scorch it. In about a day it will become dry and crisp. The sheets thus made can then be stowed away in a dry place, and are always ready for use, either for pies or stewing. The quick drying after cooking prevents the souring which is almost always the case when the uncooked pieces are dried, while the flavor is much better preserved and the after cooking dispensed with. On going to use, soak portions of the article in a little milk overnight, when it will return to as delicious a pulp as if made of a pumpkin when fresh.

Fish that Fly.

An old sailor said there was nothing on land not to be found in the sea. There are sea cucumbers and carrots, and many other sea vegetables that look very much like those whose names they bear. Some of the fish even have names like those of land animals. There are hog-fish, sea-horses, toad-fishes and sea-cows. One very lovely fish is the angel-fish. But the most curious of all is the flying-fish, which has broad fins like wings.

This fish is shaped and colored something like a mackerel. Its back is blue and its under parts are white. When it flies it takes short flights from the top of one wave to the top of another. The flying squirrel can fly, in this way, from a high point up on a tree to one lower down. They are plentiful near the West Indies, where the water is warm. In the morning the sailor may find a dead fish on the deck. It had seen the lights that the vessel carries at night and flown toward them. It could fly high enough to reach the vessel's deck, but could not fly across it. It may have struck a boom or sail and fallen dead from the blow. After this they grow more numerous, and you will see them in the daytime.

They will fly out of the water in front of the ship in little groups, looking like flocks of swallows. Their white sides will gleam like silver in the sun. They cannot fly far, perhaps a hundred yards. After wetting their wings or fins they then can fly farther on. They look as if they enjoyed their life in the air, but they do not always fly for pleasure. The dolphin, a very fierce and fast swimming fish, hunts them in the water. When the poor flying-fish tries to escape him, the great sea-birds, the gulls and pelicans, seize them as they fly out. They are very good to eat. The people in the islands about which they live catch them in dip nets and fry them.

Only a Smile.

Only a smile that was given me
On the crowded street one day!
But it pierced the gloom of my saddened heart
Like a sudden sunbeam's ray.
The shadow of doubt hung ever me,
And the burden of pain I bore,
And the voice of Hope I could not hear,
Though I listened o'er and o'er.

But there came a rift in the crowd about,
And a face that I knew passed by,
And the smile I caught was brighter to me
Than the blue of a summer sky.
For it gave me back the sunshine,
And scattered each somber thought,
And my heart rejoiced in the kindly warmth
Which that kindly smile had wrought.

Only a smile from a friendly face
On the busy street that day!
Forgotten as soon as given, perhaps,
As the donor went her way.
But straight to my heart it went speeding
To glid the clouds that were there,
And I found that of sunshine and life's blue skies
I also might take my share.
—Harper's Weekly.

HUMOROUS.

The true way for a woman to drive a nail is to aim the blow square at her thumb. Then she'll avoid hitting her thumb, anyway.

"Smith," said Brown, "there's a fortune in that mine!" "I know," said Smith; "I've put my fortune in it."
—Philadelphia Sun.

A codfish produces 3,686,780 eggs. There's millions waiting for the man who succeeds in crossing the codfish with the hen.—*Boston Post.*

Sharks will eat cats if they can get hold of them. We shall make arrangements for shipping large quantities of cats to the seacoast to enjoy bathing facilities.—*New Haven Register.*

A correspondent writes: "Will you tell us what Mrs. Langtry's maiden name was?" Certainly; her maiden aim was to marry Mr. Langtry.

"There is a man in our town,
And he is wondrous wise;
Whenever he has goods to sell
He straight doth advertise.
And when he finds his goods are gone,
With all his might and main
He hurries in another lot
To advertise again."

Carrie was six years old and quite a model of propriety; but one day she shocked her mother by doing something very much like ordinary naughty children. "Why, Carrie!" exclaimed Mrs. B., "how could you do such a thing?" "Other little girls do so," replied Carrie. "But that doesn't make it right, does it?" asked Mrs. B. "No," answered Carrie, with deliberation, "but it makes it a good deal more comfortable."

Young man, be happy—hoot, holler, skip, gambol and snap your fingers at the nightmare of a new overcoat for next winter. Last fall a Canadian genius shivered awhile and then reflected awhile, and the result was the purchase of a box of mustard plasters. These were distributed around on his frame where they would do the most good, and while men in beaver overcoats shivered with cold he was warm and happy in his shirt sleeves. One dollar takes you through a hard winter, and you come out in spring fat.—*Free Press.*

Now the papers are predicting a lumber famine. Good gracious, have we got to go through that horror, too. Have we got to sit idly by and suffer, with no sixteen-foot board to fill an empty stomach, no bunch of shingles to cool our parched tongue, no cedar posts to fill a want long felt, and no bundles of lath to press our fevered lips? This is too much. We could stand the famine in box cars, predicted last spring, but to cut off our supply of lumber, just as we have got a new bottle of stomach bitters for an appetizer, is piling the agony on too thick.—*Peck's Sun.*

What a Gentleman Is.

"The essential characteristics of a gentleman," says our American essayist, Mr. Mathews, "are not an outward varnish or veneer, but inward qualities, developed in the heart."
The drover was a gentleman at heart, and in speech also, of whom this anecdote is told. He was driving cattle to market one day when the snow was deep, save on the highway. The drove compelled a lady to turn out of the road and tread in the deep snow.
"Madam," said the drover, taking off his hat, "if the cattle knew as well as I what they should do, you would not walk in the snow."
Charles Lamb tells a story of Joseph Paice, a London merchant, who revenged womanhood in every form in which it came before him.
"I have seen him," writes the genial essayist, "stand bareheaded, (smile, if you please), to a servant girl while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street, in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, or himself in the offer, of it."
"I have seen him," he continues, "tenderly escort a market-woman whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess."
These anecdotes show what genuine politeness is. It is a kindly spirit which expresses itself kindly to all. Of one who possesses it the remark is never made, "He can be a gentleman when he pleases." As Mr. Mathews says—and we wish the boys to memorize the saying—"He who can be a gentleman when he pleases, never pleases to be anything else."