# The forest Republican.

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### Reconciliation.

If thou wert lying, cold and still and white, In death's ombrace, oh, mine enemy! I think that if I came and looked on thee, I should forgive; that something in the sight Of thy still face would conquer me, by right Of death's sad impotence, and I should see How pitiful a thing it is to ba, At foud with aught that's mortal.

So, to-night, My soul, unfurling hor white flag of peace-Forestalling that dread hour when we may meet, The dead face and the living-fain would cry Across the years, "Oh, let our warfare cease! Life is so short, and hatred is not sweet; Let there be peace between us ere we die."

- Caroline A. Mason, in Scribner.

# The Parson's New Coat.

The village of Buzzville having gone safely through the canning and proserving season; having with praise-worthy zeal carried off the palm as ro-garded the "annual county fair," over and above the surrounding towns; having shone conspicuously in an elaborate "harvest festival" for their church-and yet surviving, now cast about for other worlds to conquer before settling down for the winter.

for the winter. "Our minister needs a new coat," said Miss Mirandy Stebbins, rattling her knitting-needles in huge delight at first producing an idea; "he does, most dretful bad, an' that's a fact. Hain't any of you noticed how shiny it's got?" She cast a reproachful glance on all of the circle-who, while they waged war on unbleached cotton and red flannel, also carried on admirably the war with their tongues—and then proceeded: "An' I say it's a cryin' shame to see him git up in that pulpit another Sunday with that old coat on. Somethin' must done. I'm awful glad I thought of it."

"You hain't thought of it any quick-er'n anybody else," spoke up little Mrs. Bisbee, a stout, buxom matron, with flaming cheeks; and her black eyes flashed volumes. "'Tain't alwus talkin' folks gits the first idea. I've ben a-thinkin' of that same thing for some time yow," she added, with a venomous snap at the placid figure behind the rattling needles. "An'I shall do my best to git the parson one," she added, the best rye-bread premium, which Miss Mirandy had successfully carried off before her very yes at the county fair, urging her

"I shall begin a subscription right straight off, this very minute," cried Miss Mirandy, with great determina-

of Mrs. Deacon Higby presented a series of rippling smiles that threatened to eclipse every feature of her ex-pressive face, while she smoothed her

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fat hands complacently together. "Oh, well, you can talk," said little Mrs. Bisbee, energetically, and begin-ning to count up her list of subscrip-tions to the parson's new coat, "but we all know as well as the next one what all know, as well as the next one, what your cookin' is. Fifteen, twenty, twentyone, no, twenty-two-Mrs. Spencer Higginson's makes twenty-two-twenty-Higginson's makes twenty-two-twenty-five, twenty-eight, thirty, thirty-one-thirty-one and a quarter. Oh, dear I what a pity 'twarn't just thirty-two." "I'll make it up," said the "Square's wife," quickly, enjoying the distinction of being the only woman in the room to whom a dollar or two more or less

to whom a dollar or two more or less didn't make a matter worth a moment's consideration. Now, then, thirty-two dollars ought to git a first-rate article. Where'll we buy it? that's the question.'

Herenpon ensued a lively discussion, the deacon's wife favoring employing the village tailor, and, as he was second cousin to her husband, family reasons might have something to do with her opinion. Some of the ladies falling in with her, the idea would soon have been carried, but for the warlike, de-termined attitude of the other party, who decidedly favored the coat being made out of town.

"Twill be lots more stylish," said Mrs. Bassett, the "Square's wife," with an undeniable air that took immensely. an underhable air that took immensely. "I shan't approve in the least its being done here. When we give anything, let's give a good one. How should we feel to see the parson up in the pulpit with anything but the best on !" The view of the parson from his high parch dimensing spiritual things with

perch dispensing spiritual things, with anything less than a town-made coat adorning his person, was a sight that even in imagination so filled the circle with disfavor that the whole roomful in a body went over immediately to the side of the "Square's wife." All but Mrs. Deacon Higby. She remained firm, while the round visage lengthened ominously, and the little eyes snapped. "An' if you think 'Biah Williams

would make any but a good coat, you're much mistaken," she cried, with indignation. "I must take back my subscription then, for the deacon never'd hear to my given' his second cousin on his mother's side sech an insult, ef the tion, and starting from her chair, ignor-ing her rival completely. "How much will you give, Mrs. Bassett?" she asked, going into the Mrs. Bassett?" she asked, glared at them all. Now it never would do to offend Deacon Higby in all the world; everybody saw that at a glance; so, with many sidelong looks at each other, each lady began to cast about how she might gracefully wriggle back on to the other side without arousing the wrath of the "Square's wife." "I s'pose we had orter employ our own church people," said little Mrs. Bisbee, thoughtfully, seeing no one else was willing to take it up. "An', besides," she added, brightly, "p'r'aps, seein' it's for the parson, 'Biah Williams may do it considerable cheaper. So we'll save a good deal." "I don't know whether he will or not," said the deacon's wife, sturdily. "I ain't in 'Biah's business, an' I ain't ster's side, since, for various reasons of her own, the "Square's wife" had gone over to her rival. So she stalked back away from him, an' he a church mema-goin' to say what I don't know nothin' ber in good an' regular standin', to give it out down in the city, why, the deacon 'll be so mad he won't git over it in one spell, I can tell you !" "Yes, I do think," said little Mrs. Bisbee, reflectively, and giving a swift, comprehensive look at the "Sqaure's wife" at the same time that she administered, under the big table where the work was being cut out, an admonitory pinch on that lady's toes, "that probably 'Biah Williams won't charge near so much. We don't know, you know, but probably he won't. An' then, besides, 'twould look rather queer to hev us go outside, you know, to git some one else to do the work. They'd think the 'First church in Buzzville' had quarreled, maybe;" and she finished up with a laugh. "So they would, so they would," cried every lady present, delighted to find that some one else had done them the good service of whirling them over safely. "We wouldn't go out of Buzz-ville for anythin'; an' 'Biah Williams "'Biah !" M is jest the one to do it," they added, determined to do nothing by halves. So oil having been poured upon the troubled waters of Mrs. Deacon Higby's spirit, she considered her husband's family honor to be thoroughly vindicated, and resuming her former jolly expression, she set about preparing to pass around, the fragrant tea and the abundance of good cheer that accompanied it ; and a committee of three-Mrs. Squire Bassett, Mrs. Bisbee, and in compliment to her relationship to the aforesaid 'Biah Williams, Mrs. Deacon Higby-was unanimously appointed to confer with the tailor and order the coat. Feeling quite sure at this point that duty had been done and full reparation like pump handles and kissed her. for any fancied insult to the deacon's family pride had been made, they one and all, in a highly exalted frame of supper.

an' I run in the midst of cverythin' to give him a camfire sweat. So I didn't hev as good luck as I set out to hev." Notwithstanding these lamentable failures, the round, comfortable visage of Mrs. Deacon Higby presented a eat so much, I guess ma'd whip us. Just look at Miss Bassett stuff!"

Thereupon the other figure bounced Thereupon the other figure bounced up with great difficulty to get a good view from the keyhole. When he had gotten his eye fixed, he drews long breath. "Whew! don't she, though! An' see Miss Henderson! Her nose is a yard long. Look at her bite into that bisouit !! biscuit !'

"Let me see—let me see," exclaimed the boy on the floor, crowding up to push the other away from the keyhole. "That's my place. Get away, Tom, I say. I want to see." ""Tain't your place any more'n,"tis mine," retorted the other, in an awful ubisner that but for the rettle of curs

whisper that but for the rattle of cups and saucers going on on the other side of the door must needs have been heard. "The closet b'longs to both of us ; so of course the key-hole does."

"Well, I want to see once," said the first boy, waiving the point of exclu-sive rights; "so git away, or I'll holler ;" and he gave a smart push to the figure enjoying a view of the society that caused it to take its eye quickly away from the key-hole, while he resented his wrongs.

"If you do, you won't git nothin" only a whackin', an' I'll cut an' run," he declared, savagely, dumping down into look if you want ter; then you've got to give the place back."

"She's beginnin' on another," cried the victor, as loudly as he dared. "Oh! my jum-zies! I say, Tom-" "What?" said Tom, gloomily, on the

floor.

"There won't be a scrap left for us if they keep on eatin' like that. The riz cake's agoin' just awful! Let's go out in the back yard and holler 'fire,' an' start 'em home.'

"Oh no, we mustn't," cried Tom, in alarm ; "that will spoil the whole. "They can't eat much more," he added, decidedly. "An' then, after we've had our supper, we'll start an' tell all we know. Hain't we heard lots?" he asked,

enthusiastically. "Lots !" declared his brother; "I guess we have. Just twice as much as we did at last s'ciety; then 'twas all about Jinny Ann Rogers; that wasn't no fun at all."

"Let's go to Cousin 'Biah's first," said Tom, eagerly, "an' mad him all up; an' then we'll cut 'cross lots to Miss Mirandy's. Let's, Joe." "All right," said Joe. "I don't care which one we go to first. Oh, dear ! I wish they was through."

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TIONESTA, PA., NOV. 2, 1881.

to 'em, I will." Thereupon she blew out the candle, and flounced her thin frame down into the middle of her feather-bed, trying to think of something bad enough to sat-isfy her thirst for revenge. Suddenly she sprang into a sitting posture.

that the agents of a menagerie have managed to step in before the vigilant Oriental elephant-seekers and carry off what is asserted to be the first white "I'll git straight up now an' write it down, before I forgit it," she cried, in great excitement, "for I never'll git elephant ever landed in Europe. Scientific observers will no doubt inspect the

And clambering out of bed, she groped around in the dark to light her candle, when she proceeded to slip her feet into some flannel slippers, and herself into a monstrous bed-gown of wonderful the description given to him. Pending their verdict, it may be worth while perhaps, to consider the Burmese test

White crows, rats, mice and hares, are common and easily distinguished; but it is different with a white elephant. "There, now, what was it? Let me see," she said, scratching her head with the end of a rusty penholder that she had with great difficulty found, after much rummaging in the bureau drawer. "Oh, yes, that was it. Yes, now, He is not to be considered as snowwhite; very far from it. All the white elephants now existing in Siam and Burma are of a light mouse-color, some-

what of the same tint as the pale freckles to be found on the trunk of ordinary elephants. This light gray is uniform all over, the spots on the trunk being white. The depth of the color, how-The old pen scraped its way over the small mangy piece of paper that Miss Mirandy considered suitable for the oc-

"REVEREND MISTER BLODGETT, DEAR countenance, and lighted up the dismal

some infallible test points, which will demonstrate the right of the ani-mal to his title. The Burmese skilled men fix upon two of these tests as su-"REVEREND MISTER BLODGETT,-There bein' an efort started afoot to give you perior to all others. One is that the elephant shall have five toes instead of a coat, I wish to state out of profound respect to yourself and Mis. Blodgett an"-here Miss Mirandy, finding still quite a stock of respect left within her bosom, concluded to bestow it liberally, four. four. This is a good way of making cer-tain; but occasionally there are indubi-tably black elephants which have the sacred number of toes. These are white elephants debased by sin, labor-ing under the evil Kharma of previous cristeness and therefore inclusible for so she added, with extra flourishes-"an your whole inclusive family, that I had the honor to propose the coat, an should a had the extreme pleasure of presentin it in a way suitable to the existence, and therefore ineligible for the honors accorded to the real animal. ocashun, if that insidious creature Mis. The other test is considered perfectly Seth Bisbee hadn't insulted me at the sewin society this even in at Mis. Dea-con Higby's. She started all those la-dies to talk awful about me, behind lecisive, no matter what the precise tint of the skin may be. It is this: If you pour water upon a "white" elephant he turns red, while a black elephant only becomes blacker than ever. This my back, when I wasn't there; but Tom and Joe Higby are noble lads, an they've is the final test always resorted to in jest ben an told me all about it. So Mandalay. It may be hoped that the animal recently landed will pass these two tests triumphantly. If he does Theebau will tremble for his throne, pardon my assumption in writin', an be-lieve I would a give fer the coat if I'd and will take no more pleasure in the monopolies he has been instituting so

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## HUNOR OF THE DAY.

How to avoid drowning-stay at home

Advice to a married man : Puta safety valve upon your self-esteem if you do not want to get "blown up."

"I would not strike you for \$10," said J., playfully, to his friend E. "Well, you would not get it if you did," replied E.-Philadelphia Sun.

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud," Or take in its strength such a boastful delight, A single bald hornet can scatter a crowd, And a wasp that means business can put it to flight.

"You want a flogging, that's what you want," said a parent to an unruly son. "I know it, dad, but I'll try to get along without it," said the independent brat.

Lesson for young housekeepers-"How can you tell a young fowl from an old one?" "By the teeth?" "But fowls have no teeth !" "I know they haven't, but I have !"

A newly married couple riding in a carriage, were overturned, whereupon a standerby said it was "A shocking sight." "Yes," said the gentleman, "to see those just wedded fall out so soon."

A clergyman remarked the other day: "Alas! how times change! In the Old Testament days it was considered a miracle for an ass to speak, and now it seems as though nothing short of a mir-acle would keep one quiet."

The cable has informed us that the czar and the Emperor William kissed each other when they met at Dantzig; but it forgot to add that after the oscnlation the czar gave a significant sniff and remarked in an "aside": "Great Cæsar, Bill yon've been eating Limburger!'

A young lady became so much dissatisfied with a gentleman to whom she was engaged to be married that she dismissed him. In revenge he threatened to publish her letters to him. "Very weil," replied the lady. "I have no rea-son to be ashamed of auy part of my letters, except the address."

## A Miner's Experience.

He was on his way home from Lead-

He was on his way home from Lead-ville. He had on a ragged old summer suit, a bad hat, and he had been taking his meals thirty hours' apart to make his money carry him through. "Yes; I like the country out that way," he replied to the query. "The climate is good, the scenery is fine, and some of the people are honest as needs be. The trouble is knowing how to take the had ones."

the bad ones." "I should think that would be easy."

A sure way to gain the favor of either

the king of Burma or the king of Siam is to present him with a white elephant. Hence, whenever there are reports of such an animal having been discovered anywhere, there are always prospecting parties who set out from both Burma and Siam to determine whether it is

\$1.50 Per Annum.

White Elephants.

points of an albino elephant.

ever, varies greatly, and there are often blemishes in the shape of darker patches

which would seem to ruin an otherwise

eligible candidate's claim. It has been,

therefore, found necessary to determine

really what it is represented to be. It is therefore somewhat surprising to find

it into my head so good again.' new arrival and determine his right to

pattern.

then."

casion, antil these words appeared: SIR." (On second thoughts, consider-ing the "Dear Sir" too familiar, she had, with extreme pains, marked it the vacated place on the floor. "So do over, while a blush flew over her spare

bedgown.)

lavishly of late .- St. James' Gazette.

going into the center of the group to attack the "Square's wife."

"An' I shall start one, with my own name first, before I ask other folks to give," exclaimed little Mrs. Bisbee, triumphantly, with an unpleasant laugh at Miss Mirandy, who was known to be "tight as the bark of a tree." "I'll give five dollars," she added, in a lond voice, determined to go without her new winter bonnet sooner than that her rival should carry the day.

"An' I'll join you with another five," spoke up the "Square's wife," looking past Miss Mirandy to the stout little figure with flaming cheeks. "Now, thep. Mrs. Bisbee, that's a good start, I'm sure."

There was no show now for the spinto her rocking-chair grimly, took up her knitting work, and watched, as best she might, the subscriptions grow enthusiastically under other hands than her

At last, as the laughter and excitement progressed on all sides, she was utterly unable to bear it another moment longer, and jumping up, she mumbled something about "must be home," and dounced out of the room.

"I'm glad she gone," said the "Square's wife," as the door closed after the retreating form of the spinster; "I am sick to death of havin' you always come to me for subscriptions ; an' she never gives the first cent herself,"

"She wouldn't see the need of the parson's coat, if she had to open that pocketbook of hern," said a tall, squarebuilt matron, who looked as if she had plenty of opinions of her own, and could express them when occasion required.

"Gracious !" ejaculated little Mrs. Bisbee, with a short laugh ; "who ever see that pocketbook anyway? I never did, an' I don't b'lieve any of you have 'either."

"A cent's as big as a cart-wheel to her," said the big square woman, who didn't love Miss Mirandy to death. "It all runs in the family. They wouldn't any of 'em open their mouths - to breathe, if they didn't get somethin' at the same time they giv it out."

"Well, she won't put anythin' in her mouth this time," observed the "Square's wife," laughing, and settlin back comfortably. "It's the first sewin" meetin', I guess, where she's gone home before tea

"" An' it means somethin' to go home before tea from Mrs. Deacon Higby's,' exclaimed little Mrs. Bisbee, enthusiastically, with an energetic bob of her black curls over at the hostess. "So she's lost her cake an' credit, too." "I don't know," said Mrs. Deacon

Higby, deprecatingly, though she wriggled all over with delight at the implied praise to her suppers. "My doughnuts ain't so light as usual, an' the loaf cake ain't riz quite as I'd like it. The descon came home last night in a chill cles, to another person who, like the

"I never see such eaters," said a muffied voice. The remark was addressed, in the depths of a big closet full of all sorts of family lumber and cast-off arti-

wish they was through."

But before he could plaster his pale blue eye up to the key-hole again, the enterprising Thomas already had possession of that outlook ; so he was forced to content himself with conjuring up new dark plans on the floor.

At last they had the supreme pleasure of seeing and hearing the biscuits, cake and tea passed out into the kitchen when, losing no time, they speedily took themselves out to the charms of a supper with no one by to restrain.

When they had finally eaten till not another crumb was possible, they each grasped his cap, and flew as fast as was possible on their pleasant errand.

"1 wouldn't 'a believed it." Mr. 'Biah Williams brought his hand down hard on his knee, then stared at his wife.

"I would," she said, spitefully. "They're a mean, hateful set. It's jest what I've alwus told you, 'Biah, only you would have your own way. Now I guess you'll go over to the Methodists." "I'll go to the Methodists next Sunday, Sarah, if you want ter," said Mr. Williams, decidedly. "'I'll jine a church where the folks ain't too big for their clothes."

"Ain't too big for your clothes, you mean," said his wife, with a bitter laugh. "To think that stuck-up Miss Bassett, whose father used to peddle dared turn up her nose at your tailorin' !" know what a good coat is when she sees handkerchief, which being in the depths one," cried the tailor, in the greatest of his left-hand pocket, required a exasperation, "a-settin' herself up to "strong pull and a long pull "to get it tell me how much I was to charge ! I

guess I'll learn her how to mind her own business." And 'Biah got up, and sticking his big hands in his pockets, began to stalk up and down the room

"Biah !" Mrs. Williams stopped combing out her scanty locks, and letting them string down each side of her thin face, she eagerly faced her hus-

" I'll tell you what to do." band. "What?" asked her husband, stopping in surprise.

"You charge 'em just twice as much as you would 'a done," said his wife, peering through the two wisps of light hair that hung dismally on either side of her enraged countenance, "'an git your pay out of 'em all; an' then you give it back to the parson yourself, when the coat's done."

"Good for you," cried her husband. Hain't you got a head, though !"

And then he was so delighted at her cuteness that he lifted the two wisps

Meantime, Miss Mirandy Stebbins, feeling herself overreached in her effort mind, energetically set to work on the to be the prominent originator of the gift to the parson, and defrauded as to the supper she had counted so much upon, was doing up her corkscrew cuils in anything but a sweet frame of mind, preparatory to the sleep that wouldn't me at her bidding. "It's outrageous !" she hissed to her-

this over three or four times, she was so delighted with it. Then she blew out the light, and clambered into her feathers again.

"On second thoughts," she said, as she drew up the thick comfortable around her spare chin, "I won't send it now. I can afford to wait, an' when the ccat's done, I'll jest git 'Biah Williams to stick it in one of the pockets. That 'll be 'most as good as helpin' give it;" and hugely tickled at the turn of affairs, she composed her mind and fell asleep.

On the first Sunday in December-a bright, beautiful day-the "First church in Buzzville" was crowded to its utmost capacity. The presentation had taken place the evening before, and consisted in the coat being sent over at the hands of the tailor's boy, with a note contain-ing the names of the fair donors.

thanks. As he went up the broad aisle every neck was craned to catch a sight of the new coat, and many nudges and smiles were given to express the general satisfaction that was bubbling over in the andience.

After the first prayer, with a few pre-liminary "hems," the parson stood up and began to unburden his mind of the deep debt of gratitude that seemed to weigh him down.

"Hem! It gives me great pleasure," "An' that Miss Bisbee, who don't he mumbled; then sought relief in his ont. "Hem !"

Whiz-rustle-went some small white object out beneath the parson's hand up into the air; then it settled slowly, and made its way down, down toward the floor, when it fluttered a moment, to land in the second pew from the front, directly in Deacon Higby's lap. The two boys leaned past their mother to see the sight, and almost laughed alond. They didn't laugh again for many a day !

The deacon heard the concluding words of Parson Blodgett's acknowledgment, who, now that he had his handkerchief, was all right; then he slowly unfolded the paper in his hand and examined its contents.

Which done, he turned and took a long, deliberate look at his two sons, who were placidly observing the erratic movements of a belated fly on the ceil-

Miss Mirandy Stebbin's letter, though not in the way she had intended, finally reached the minister's hand, and she had full revenge; so also was the soul of 'Biah Williams fully satisfied.

But those "two noble lads," the deacon's sons, had the jolliest whipping ever known, and it wasn't safe to say " sewing society" to them for one good spell.-Harper's Bazar.

We can, without hestiation, say that Dr. Holl's Cough Syrop has given the best satisfaction. We have sold an immense amount of it during the past winter. WALLACE, HILTON & CO., Druggists, Lock Haven, Pa.

Fishing for Alligators. Fishing for alligators in the soft mud of an uncovered lake bottom is a form of the angler's sport which probably Isaak Walton in his most halevon moments never dreamed of ; but it is precisely this which has been going on near Natchitoches, La. Sibley lake, just west of that city, has become almost entirely dry during thesummer's drought, and the alligators which infest it have sought solace and refreshment by burying themselves deep in the moisture of the lake bed. Their whereabouts are easily discovered by the huge burrows, the entrances of which have been worn smooth by the passage of their ugly

denizens. A party of men from Natchitoches recently visited the spot for the purpose of extracting a few of these alligators from their soft places. Their method of procedure was to thrust a long iron rod with a hook at one end into one of these caverns and stir up the occupant, who would naturally close his ponderous jaws upon the intruder. With that accomplished nothing remained but to draw the reptile to the surface and dispatch it with a hatchet. In this manner six alligators, one of which was nine feet long, were killed in a short time.

Witchcraft in Germany

Accusations of witchcraft and maltreatment of supposed witches by the illiterate country people are still things of frequent occurrence in Germany. A recent number of the Danziger Zeitung tells of an incident of this kind in the village of Stangenwalde, where an old lone woman was accused of having bewitched an invalid widow, because, as the latter was driving past the other's take them ?" hut, her horse suddenly came to a stop. This was assumed to be owing to the old woman's occult influence, and to prove that the widow's illness had been ened out of her senses, was dragged to Lake Tribune.

the widow's bedside and subjected to various torments to coerce her into expelling the devil from her victim. This mode of procedure failing, she was compelled to inflict cuts in three of her fingers and permit the widow to suck her blood, after which the invalid immediately began to feel better. It was then proposed to hang the witch, and a was fastened around her neck, rope while the crowd beat her about the head and face with slippers and shoemaker's lasts. She was finally resented

but in a dangerously injured condition.

A Police Captain's Ruse, A Chicago police captain arrested a wife murderer, but could not find the remains of the woman, and the case seemed likely to fall through. Knowing that the prisoner would be speedily discharged unless some proof was forthcoming, the captain entered the cell with a paper in his hand, and said : "Your wife isn't dead, after all. She to the hospital, as he supposed, he was culture and genius through the ages. induced to tell where he had shot his and afar over the broad seas seem wife, and there the body was found.

"Yes, it looks that way; but I had some experience. I am the original diskiverer of the richest mine around Leadville. Yes, I am the very man, though you couldn't think it to look at these clothes."

"Then you don't own it now ?"

"Not a bit of it."

"How is that." "Well, I was looking around the hills and found signs. I collected some specimens for assay, staked off a claim and went off to the assayers. It was two days before he let me know that I had struck the richest ore that he had ever assayed and then hurried back to my claim. Hang my buttons if it hadn't been jumped."

"How?'

"Why, a gang of sharpers had found the spot and built up a pole shanty and hung out the sign of the First Baptist church over the door. True as shooting they had, and the law ont there is that no man can sink a shaft within 200 feet of a church building. They saw me coming, and when I got there they were holding a revival. There was six of them, and they got up one after the other and told how wicked they had been and how sorry they were, andwould you believe it?--they had the cheek to ask me to lead off in singing. I went to law, but they beat me. Three days after came the verdict, the First Baptist church had burned down, and be fore the ashes were cold the congregation were developing a mine worth \$3,000,000. You see I didn't know how to take them.'

"Was there any particular way to

"You bet there was. I ought to have opened on the revival with a Win chester rifle and given the coroner \$50 for a verdict that they came to their caused by her. The old creature, fright- death from too much religion."-Sait

## In the Parthenon.

Colonel John M. Francis tells the fol-lowing incident of the historian Bancroft's visit to Athens in 1872, while the former was minister to Greece and the latter minister to Berlin. Mr. Francis went with him to the Acropolis by moonlight. "Standing in the Parthenon, on the spot where the statue of Minerva in ivory and gold once had its location, but where only the r latform now remains, Mr. Bancroft, with un-covered head and eyes slightly raised, repeated with spontaneous inspiration a magnificent passage from Homer, The scene was impressive ; the moonlight flooding those ancient ruins and gilding the figure of that snowy-headed pilgrim from our occidental shores, august with official honors, past and present, of a great re-public, but more august as a citizen of high rank in the imperishable republic of letters, Whole centuries of higa was found alive where you left her, of letters. Whole centuries of high She wants to see you." The murderer achievements and aspiration and prowas completely deceived. On the way gress, the stately march of thought and epitomized in that one exalted moment