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Daniel Gray.

DR. J. HOLLAND'S BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF HIS FATHER.

If I shall ever win the home in heaven, For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray, In the great company of the forgiven I shall figure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well; in truth, few knew him better; For my young eyes oft read for him the word, And saw how meekly from the crystal letter He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted On ready words his freight of gratitude; Nor was he called among the gifted In the prayer meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases, Linked in with sacred text and Sunday rhymes; And I suppose that in his prayers and graces, I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now—his form, his face, his motions, His homely habit and his silver hair— And how the language of his trite devotions Bled beyond the straight-backed kitchen chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded, "Help us, oh, Lord, to pray, and not to faint!" And how the "conquering and to conquer" sounded.

The loftier aspirations of the saint. He had some notions that did not improve him; He never kissed his children—so they say; And finest scenes or rarest flowers would move him.

Less than a horseshoe picked up in the way. He had a hearty hatred of oppression, And righteous word for sin of every kind; Alas, that the oppressor and transgression Were linked so closely in his honest mind!

He could see naught but vanity in beauty, And naught but weakness in a fond career, And pitied men whose views of Christian duty Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him; And I am told that when his Charley died, Not nature's need nor gentle word could win him.

From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side. And when they came to bury little Charley, They found fresh dewdrops sprinkled in his hair.

And on his breast a rosebud gathered early, And guessed, but did not know, who placed it there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling, Strictly attendant on the means of grace, Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling, Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer; He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for way His mighty friend in heaven, the great Redeemer, Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit Until in death his patient eye grew dim, And his Redeemer called him to inherit The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So, if over I win the home in heaven, For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray, In the great company of the forgiven I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

A LOST BABY.

Mr. Jonathan T. Ward, or as his card more modernly expressed it, "J. Templeton Ward, Jr.," looked like a man supremely satisfied with his fortune and himself.

He had just received a particularly gratifying letter from his sister in New York, calling him to the city on a flattering errand, and as he entered the cars this pleasant October morning the universe seemed irradiated with his own private sense of happiness. He dropped his hand-bag, cane and light overcoat carelessly in the vacant corners, and thus comfortably extended; he found himself able to contemplate his plebeian and more crowded neighbors with urbane composure.

After a few moments his fingers instinctively sought an inner pocket, and he re-read the letter which had so contributed to his self-gratulation. It was from his favorite sister Rose, who had married Henry Molineux, a wealthy broker, and whose happy married life had caused no diminution in her home affection. The Molineux were, in their way, very grand people, grander than the Wards, for they counted larger stores of shekels and lands and antique heirlooms, and Rose's alliance had been fully approved by her brother. Rose herself was a bit of a match-maker, and had long cherished a dream of a double connection between the two families by the marriage of her brother with her husband's sister, Miss Winifred Molineux. Unfortunately for her plans, shortly after her own wedding her husband's family had sailed for Europe, remaining abroad four years, and the objects of her romantic schemes had never met. Very deftly, however, Miss Rose Molineux had managed her cards, keeping up Miss Winifred's interest in the unknown paragon by means of shrewd allusions and items of interest, but never waxing sufficiently enthusiastic to alarm the shy girl with apprehensions of a matrimonial pitfall arranged for her unsuspecting feet. With her brother Mrs. Molineux's maneuvers had been less strategic and delicate. The matter had been frankly discussed between them, and Mr. J. Templeton Ward acknowledged himself prepared to become Miss Winifred's willing slave at first sight. Indeed, he nearly persuaded himself that he was already in love with her, and he brooded over his sister's

letter with all the benign serenity of an accepted lover.

"Dear Templeton" (wrote Mrs. Molineux), "Henry's father and mother have at length returned from Europe, and have agreed to let me have Winifred for the winter. I want you to drop everything else and devote yourself to us, to escort Winifred to all the exhibitions, symphony rehearsals, receptions, etc., of the season. She is looking remarkably well, and what is better, has returned heart free. I was afraid some French marquis would be attracted by her dot and snatch her up. I know that you are very sensitive on such matters, and will not thank me for telling you, but by the death of her Uncle Robert in Pernambuco she has come into possession of thirty thousand dollars, which, in addition to her expectations from Papa Molineux, makes her a very pretty heiress. As What's-her-name says, 'A crisis comes once in the life of every man.'"

There is a trite old saying in regard to cup and lip which I forbear quoting, remarking only that it is a mistake to confide delicate porcelain to baby fingers. Mr. Ward's cup would probably never have slipped had it not been for a baby of whose influence upon his fate he was as yet blissfully unconscious. It was a sorry day for him when the three weird sisters converted Mr. Templeton Ward's cup of happiness—which had hitherto been as carefully guarded as though it had been a veritable bit of blossomed Dresden or fragile specimen of Sevres in Pompadour rose—into a plaything for a ruthless and irresponsible baby.

Mr. Ward had drifted into a day-dream, when he was recalled suddenly to the actualities of the present by a sweet voice at his elbow inquiring diffidently, "Is this seat engaged?"

Turning sharply, he saw a dignified but youthful lady, with a face like that of one of Raphael's Madonnas. His impressive heart paid her homage at once, and he was about to spring to his feet with spontaneous politeness, when the pleasurable emotion was checked by one of dismay. She held in her arms a baby—well dressed, neat, chubby, bright, and, to a parental eye, a cherub of a child; to Mr. J. Templeton Ward, his pet aversion and peculiar horror.

He looked at the child with an expression of intense disapprobation. "I think you will be more comfortable at the other end of the car," he remarked, slowly raising his eyeglasses and surveying the perspective of crowded seats.

"I will try another car," replied the lady, with quiet dignity.

Mr. Templeton Ward's good breeding asserted itself. "Indeed, madam, I had not observed that there were no vacant seats. Pray do not imagine me so egregiously selfish; and the little lady was quickly seated at his vis-a-vis. For some time the baby conducted itself in an exemplary manner, drumming on the window-pane and watching the rapidly whirling landscape, and Mr. Templeton Ward had time to observe that the lady was dressed in that alleviated mourning which allows certain concessions to fashion and becomingness in the toleration of white at the throat and wrists, and solitary pearls in either ear.

"You have a fine little boy, madam," the lady smiled. "She is a very good baby."

Mr. Ward was momentarily confused. "Your little daughter resembles you strikingly," he remarked.

Again the rarely sweet smile flickered across the lady's lips. "You could not compliment me in a more gratifying manner," she replied. He turned to the baby and endeavored to interest it in an exhibition of his watch and seals.

"What is her name?" he asked, hoping that the reply might involve that of the mother.

"We call her Dimple. Don't you think a baby the most delicious thing in the whole world?"

"Well, no, it had never occurred to me in that light before, but you know I have not had the advantage of an acquaintance with Miss Dimple."

"You could not help liking her. She never cries; she is absolutely angelic."

Mr. Ward was on the point of remarking, "I said she resembled you," but he checked himself, they were not sufficiently intimate yet for flattery.

The conversation became impersonal, and drifted through a wide range of subjects. Mr. Templeton Ward, becoming more and more interested in his traveling companion, and quite ignoring the presence of the baby. This young person at last became fidgety and even cross.

"The precious infant!" exclaimed the lady. "How forgetful I am! She should have been fed twenty minutes ago."

A basket was produced, and a little rummaging brought to light a nursing bottle. "Dear! dear!" murmured the baby's guardian; "here is the bottle, but where is the milk! How stupid in Maggie to forget it!"

The baby at the sight of the bottle at first chirruped with gleeful excitement, then became frantically impatient, and finally burst into a roar of anger as the train paused at an out-of-the-way country station.

"I see farmhouses and cows grazing in the pastures," suggested Mr. Ward; "Perhaps I can obtain some milk for you."

"Oh, no, no; pray do not trouble yourself," replied the lady; "if you will kindly watch the baby I can get it." And before he had time to insist she was out of the car and running toward

one of the farmhouses. Mr. Ward explained the situation to the conductor, who agreed to wait two minutes beyond the usual time for her return. Two minutes, three minutes, four minutes passed, and still she came not.

The engineer sounded the whistle, the conductor shouted: "All aboard! I can't wait any longer. She's had plenty of time. I must reach the next station before the up-train," he explained, and the train moved on. Mr. J. Templeton Ward gazed in a stupefied manner from the window; the baby howled. "Come, this will never do," he said, as he endeavored simultaneously to realize the situation and to quiet the distracting baby, his thoughts and words keeping up a running fugue somewhat in this manner:

Thought: "What can have detained her?"

Aloud: "Precious little Dimple, so—"

Thought: "Where did she disappear to, anyway?"

Aloud: "—it was. Shall have the pretty watch."

Thought: "Great Caesar! Can it be—"

Aloud: "Angelic little cherub!"

Thought: "—a case of desertion?"

Aloud: "Never cries—no, never."

Thought: "Of course not. She's a perfect lady; impossible!"

Aloud: "Shut up this minute, or I'll—"

Thought: "What shall I do with the consumed—"

Aloud: "—speak to you like a father."

Thought: "—thing when I got to the city?"

Aloud (to old lady who offers a peppermint): "Thank you, ma'am. (To baby): "There, choke your blessed throat!"

Thought: "What a figure I'll cut at the depot!"

Aloud (attempting to sing): "Oh, where shall rest be found? Byelo, byelo" (shaking child violently) "go to sleep!"

Thought: "Suppose Rose should be at the station with Winifred to meet me?"

Aloud: "Darling popsy-wopsy, chickabiddy chum! See how funny it looks in big man's hat!" (Extinguishes it in light-colored high hat.)

Thought: "She said a baby was the most delightful thing in the whole world. Any woman who can lie like that is capable of deserting her unprotected offspring."

Aloud (removing the hat): "Good gracious! It's black in the face; its going into convulsions!"

Thought: "I'd like to know what everybody is laughing at. If I had a pistol I'd shoot somebody."

Aloud: "Look here, now, Miss Dimpsey Impsy. Come, let us reason together. This thing has got to be stopped. Be calm—I say be calm."

Thought: "I'll leave it in the seat, take my baggage and put for the smoking-car." (Suits the action to the idea. Settles himself comfortably. Newsboy appears almost immediately with the baby, still screaming.)

Newsboy: "Please, sir, you left part of your baggage." (Trin comes to a stop in New York depot.)

Thought: "There's a policeman. I'll hand the wretch over to him, and get him to carry it to the station-house or the foundling hospital."

A few minutes later and Mr. J. Templeton Ward gaily mounted the steps of his brother-in-law's brown-stone mansion. A great incubus had been removed from his mind, and he now felt disposed to treat the adventure with hilarity. His sister met him most cordially, and, throwing himself upon the sofa by her side, he related the story, decorated with considerable imaginative embroidery.

"Think, Rose," he said, solemnly; "what a tremendous escape! There I was a complete victim. Why, I actually took her for a respectable and fascinating little widow, and was flirting with her in the most confiding manner."

"Do you really think she meant to desert the baby?" asked Mrs. Molineux.

"Oh, without doubt. She had got herself up nicely on purpose to deceive, and to think that I did not suspect her designs when she asked me if I did not think that execrable baby delicious!"

"Was the baby pretty, Templeton?"

"Pretty! I should think not. I wish you could have seen it. It bore the marks of depravity stamped upon its brow. When it howled, it glared at me with demoniac eyes, and fisted like a prize-fighter. I am morally certain that its father is one of the champions of the ring."

"And what did you say you did with it, dear?"

"I got rid of it as quickly as possible, I assure you. I handed it to a policeman, and requested him to drop it into the East river. I had the satisfaction, however, of pinching it well before I saw the last of it."

"Do you suppose the man thought you were in earnest, Templeton?"

"Of course not. He has carried it off to the Home of the Friendless, or the Asylum for Little Wanderers, or some institution of that sort, I suppose. But let's drop the baby. Where's Winifred?"

"I expect her every moment. There's the door-bell now. Let me see."

Mrs. Molineux motioned back the servant and herself opened the hall-door, finding herself, to her surprise, face to face with her husband, who wore an anxious expression. Mr. Ward, who sat just within the parlor, heard their conversation distinctly.

Rose. "Why, Henry, what's the matter?"

Mr. M. "Nothing. Don't be alarmed; only a telegram from Winifred. She was left and will come on the next train."

Rose. "Oh! is that all? Then she ought to be here now; the train runs every hour."

Mr. M. "Winifred's all right, but I don't want to alarm you. Be calm—"

Rose. "The baby! is she sick?"

Mr. M. "Don't get excited. The baby is not sick."

Rose (desperately). "Is she dead?"

Mr. M. "No, no. You always imagine the very worst that can happen. She is only lost."

A piercing shriek followed and Mr. Ward sprang into the hall just in time to see his sister faint in the arms of her husband. They carried her into the parlor, and she was at once surrounded by frightened domestics. In the confusion that followed Winifred Molineux arrived. There was no time for introductions, and indeed none were needed, for Mr. Ward to his utter dismay recognized his companion of the train, the supposed mother of the baby.

"I was bringing Dimple home from a visit to her grandmother," she explained, and added: "Is it possible that you are Mr. J. Templeton Ward? Then the baby is safe."

Mrs. Molineux opened her eyes, and suddenly sitting bolt upright assumed a tragic attitude. "Winifred," she demanded, "why did you abandon my precious Dimple?"

"I left her to get some milk," Winifred replied, good-humoredly, "and as I was coming out of the dairy a horrid goat barred my passage. The woman drove him away, but he stopped me again at the pasture bars, and I did not reach the station until the train had left."

Mrs. Molineux laughed hysterically. "Jonathan Templeton Ward," she exclaimed, "what have you done with your sister's child?"

"How was I to know it was yours?" he asked, deprecatingly. "I had forgotten that Miss Winifred would be in mourning for her uncle, and I thought she was a widow."

"You thought!" interrupted his sister. "The least said about that the better. He sent his niece to the foundling hospital; he insulted Winifred and all of us in a manner not to be repeated. Oh, my precious Dimple, my lovely pet! He told the policeman to drop her into the East river. Henry, he said you were a prize-fighter. Winifred, he is not worthy of your slightest thought. Why do you stand there staring at me in that idiotic manner, Jonathan? I disown you; you are not worthy to be uncle of that cherub darling."

Mr. Templeton Ward did not wait to hear all. He darted out of the door, murmuring to himself, "A crisis comes once in the affairs of every man;" and, seeking the policeman with frantic haste, Mrs. Dimple was in a few hours returned to the bosom of her family. His sister, however, refused to see him, and it was not until the marriage of Miss Winifred Molineux to an officer in the United States navy that Mr. J. Templeton Ward finally made his peace with his outraged relatives.

Johnny and the Sour Apples.

"Johnny," said a lady living on Austin avenue, to her ten-year-old son, "take a basket, go to the grocery on the corner, and bring me a dozen nice apples. Be sure and taste them, and see they are not sour ones."

"Yes, mother, I will try and remember to taste them," said Johnny, cheerfully, taking up the basket and sauntering out the gate. In about half an hour he came back and placed the empty basket on the table.

"Didn't the grocer have any apples?" asked the anxious mother.

"Yes, mam. I bought a dozen. They were not sour."

"Where are they?" asked the fond mother, taking another squint into the empty basket.

"You told me to be sure and see that they were not sour, so I had to taste every one of them, you know, ma; I had to bite each apple, you know."

"Where are they!" shrieked the now thoroughly aroused woman.

"They were all little apples, ma, and one of them didn't make more than a good bite, but they wasn't sour, ma, indeed they wasn't."

Judging from the way Johnny walks the apples did not agree with him, even if they were not sour.—Texas Siftings.

Where the Money Went.

In July last George Sands, a well-to-do farmer living near Milan, Ohio, took home \$300, and handing it to his wife requested her to take charge of it. She, with the thoughtfulness of the average housewife, considered that the straw bedtick would be about as safe a hiding place as she could find for the wealth. Accordingly she placed the roll of bills among the straw. The money not being needed for any purpose it was forgotten until several weeks after the house had been cleaned, when Mr. Sands inquired of his wife if she had that money. The thought came to her at once that she had emptied the straw-bed in the orchard, and of course the roll of bills had been dumped out too. A visit to the orchard showed that the swine and poultry had been very industrious there, and ten and twenty-dollar bills were found scattered by the wind and torn by the aforesaid farm stock. Careful search brought back about \$230, leaving seventy dollars as the price of the carelessness. Mr. Sands does not put his money in straw-ticks any more.

THE SUPERNATURAL.

The Belief in "Wise Men" and "Witches" Still Held by Millions in All Civilized Countries.

People are only too apt to believe that witchcraft has become an exploded article of the popular creed, and that there are no classes holding to the faith professed by Raleigh and Bacon, Selden and Hobbs, Boyle and Moore, Sir Thomas Browne and Sir Matthew Hale. Yet there would not be the slightest difficulty experienced by any one whose reading includes a moderately large list of daily newspapers, domestic and foreign, in compiling a very respectable annual volume on contemporary witchcraft and proving that a belief in the supernatural and malignant attributes of crazy old crones, in the vampire tastes of unquiet corpses, and in the potency of charms and spells, is to-day entertained by millions of people in the most civilized countries of the world.

They had an epidemic of witchcraft in Butler, Pa., a few months ago, when the fact was revealed that there were six professional "witch-masters" in the county, and that when the devil got possession of a man and was not disturbed in his tendency for two months, \$5 was the smallest sum for which he could be evicted. The modus operandi is to cut a circle on a white oak tree and lure the devil to enter it, which he does with a noise like thunder and a vehemence that splits the tree to splinters. The patient is then corked up, as it were, with prayers and charms. It is only a little while since the Davenport Ia., papers chronicled the death of Mary the Witch, and gave an appetizing inventory of her professional possessions, her "cabinet" containing a cat's skull, a chicken's head, bats' wings, toads' feet, spiders' webs, various bones of various animals, dried blood and eyes of owls and cats deposited in various places wrapped in paper. It is safe to say that the professors of witchcraft in the United States are numbered by hundreds and derive an annual revenue from the credulous which it would take at least seven figures to express.

Though witchcraft is not so public and profitable a business in England, the belief in witches is even more generally held. Within the last few weeks one case has been reported where the person of the parish was appealed to to cut a sod from the alleged witch's grave to stop her nightly promenades for evil purposes, and two young men were brought before the courts for knocking down an old woman and "drawing blood" from her with a knife, so as to release their sister from her spells. At Sheffield, in November, 1880, Agnes Johnstone was sent to jail for three weeks for obtaining £5 8s. from Margaret Devaney, through a promise of "ruling her planet" and bringing her a fortune through the agency of subterranean spirits. The witch had, her dupe testified, danced with the fairies and worked with the devil for night after night. At East Dereham, one William Bulwer was fined for abusing and assaulting a girl named Christiana Martins, because she was a "partner in the witch industry" being her mother, his testimony being as follows: "Mrs. Martins is an old witch and she charmed me, and gold no sleep for her for three nights, and one night at 11:30 o'clock I got up because I could not sleep, and went out and found a 'walking toad' under a clod that had been dug up with a three-pronged fork. That is why I could not rest. She is a bad old woman. She put the toad under there to charm me, and her daughter is just as bad, gentleman. She would bewitch any one. She charmed me, and I got no rest day or night for her till I found this 'walking toad' under the turf. I got the toad out and put it under a cloth and took it upstairs and showed it to my mother and 'threw' it into the pit in the garden. I can bring it and show it to you, gentlemen." In Dudley, in June last, a professional witch came to grief and the jail for selling "a bottle of stuff to burn at midnight" to a woman who, though admitting that this practitioner was a fraud, insisted that she herself was bewitched.

The London Daily News is authority for the statement that "to-day in England women of bad temper and a certain originality of character deliberately give themselves out to be witches. They win some respect and exercise some influence. One woman has at this moment a reputation for keeping seven little familiar spirits, which leap out of her mouth, like the red mouse from the lips of the fair witch in 'Faust.' A witch often lowers the rent of the adjacent cottages and demoralizes a whole neighborhood."

The last legal execution in England for witchcraft occurred in 1716, but in 1863 a reputed wizard was drowned in a pond at the village of Hedingham, in Essex, not forty miles from London; while in 1807 "Dr. Harris" was committed for trial at the Radnorshire assizes for duping persons into the belief that their ailments were caused by their being "witched," and for professing to cure them by giving them charms to wear suspended round their necks.

At Havy, in Belgium, in June last, a peasant lost not only his child but his cow, and consequently consulted the village wise man, or devin, who said: "Go home and to-morrow morning burn the first person who crosses your doorstep. That person will have been the cause of your ills. I will take care that God sends him." The countryman went home as directed, and with the aid of his spouse prepared a kind of funeral pile in the biggest room of the

house, and when next morning a kind neighbor, who had nursed the child in its last sickness, came to the door, the couple pounced on her, tied her hands and feet and kindled the pyre, on which they laid her. She had the wit to confess her guilt and beg for a priest, and when the priest came he liberated her, but not till she had been fearfully burned. The tribunal of Mons laid its iron hands on the culprits, sent them to jail for sixty and forty days and made them pay \$50 damages to their victim. In the south of France a similar charm is in vogue. If you are worried by witches you have but to steep a new kettle put into it all the old nails, pins and pieces of iron obtainable and boil it furiously. As soon as the vessel begins to sing keep an eye on the door and the first person to enter will be the witch, obeying an irresistible impulse. Upon clapping the witch vehemently the evil spell will be broken. At Charleroi, in Belgium, four women were convicted recently of swindling by pretended sorcery. Their practice was to select old women who had come into property and blackmail them under the threat of allowing the spirits to kill or bewitch a favorite child.

At the Russian village of Wratshevo, near Nevgorod, two years ago, there was a woman named Agrafena Ignatieva, a widow, who had the reputation of being a witch, and who encouraged the belief, as it made the peasants bring her food and gifts in abundance. There were many persons in the district suffering from epilepsy and it was popularly believed that the witch had thus punished them for offending her in some way. One of these epileptic sufferers, a girl from a distant village, besought some peasants to burn the witch and so release her from her sufferings. At an assembly of headmen and seniors of the village it was resolved to extinguish the source of mischief. They proceeded to her hut, which they found fastened up. They broke it open, discovered the wretched woman, charged her with the crime and then nailed up the window and door to prevent her escape. By this time over 200 men had assembled around the hut and amid their jeers and shouts of exultation it was set on fire and the whole crowd remained until it was quite consumed. Though the rural policeman was offered a bribe of \$16.50 to report the burning as accidental, he informed on the village lagers, sixteen of whom were brought to trial. The three prime movers in the cremation were sentenced to slight penances in church, and the others were set free. The courts in Germany were called upon not long ago to decide a suit brought by a peasant and his wife against a neighbor whom they accused of having caused the death of their two little pigs by witchcraft. "You couldn't see any marks on their bodies at all," he testified. "In the evening they were healthy, ate heartily, the piggy was looked, and in the morning one of them was already dead. The defendant crossed the yard in the night and bewitched them. I speak to you, judge, as to a father, and I implore you to make her give you the doctor books she has got. In there it stands how to bewitch." When the suit was dismissed the complainants said they would appeal, and as they went out the husband exclaimed: "This we cannot lose; it is impossible." It may be added that while in Madagascar the missionaries have rooted out the last vestiges of idolatry, the belief in witchcraft defies extinction. It was reported last winter that a dog had spoken and had announced that a hurricane, causing grievous famine, would devastate the district; that immense hailstones would descend and that even the heavens would fall. To advert this the people were told to get six black and six white beads and to wear them around the neck and no harm would come to them, and all the influence of the missionaries could not prevent the converts from investing in beads.

Something for Nothing.

All newspaper publishers have had experience with men who want to advertise themselves or their business in newspapers without cost to themselves. It is pitiable to see the shabby means they take to attain the end they have in view. Men who would feel insulted if they were called dead-beats, will with bland effrontery ask a publisher to "please mention so and so" (an advertisement), or, handing in what is really an advertisement under the guise of a communication, they will say, "Here's a little item that will help you to fill up with." Men who do this—and there are some in every town—call themselves honorable and would not think of asking a real estate owner to let them use one of his houses a few months for nothing; nor would they ask him to let them cultivate and use a part of his farm, without expecting to have to pay rent for it.

The advertising columns of his paper is to the publisher what the house or farm is to the real estate owner—his source of income. Why any one should expect the newspaper publisher to be more generous in squandering his substance than other business men is something that cannot be accounted for, except on the supposition that some people have an idiotic idea that printers set up type for the love of the work, and that ink and type and printing presses are gifts from heaven to sinful men, who publish newspapers merely for the purpose of smoothing the pathway of their fellow men on the rugged road to fortune, and who hope not to reward this side of the grave.—Texas Siftings.