The Forest Republican IN FURIARDED SYMPT WEDNERDAL, ST J. E. WENK. Office in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building, ELM STREET. - TIONESTA, PA. TERMS, \$1.50 PER YEAR. No subscriptions received for a shorter period

(3)

than these months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous

In Fature.

It seems to me the bud of expectation. Has not yet swollen to the perfect flower That with its wondrous exhalation The world of faith will dower.

The lamps we light are but the stars of promise The faintest reflex of a distant sun That wakes an eager salutation from us 'Till nobler heights are won.

The past was but the preface of the story In which the romance of our lives is wrought; The deeds that win imperishable glory Live searcely in our thought.

Whate'er we do falls short of our intending; The structure lacks the beauty we design; And toriared angels, to their home ascending, Depart and leave no sign.

By all the doubts and trials that so yex us, By all the falls and failures that annoy, By all the strange delusions that perplex us, And yield no fruits of joy.

We know that unto mortals is not given The strength of knowledge that is yet in store For us, ere yet we walk the streets of heaven, And dream of heaven no more.

The hear of earth has secrets yet witholden, That wait the dawning of some future day, When angel hands from sepulchre so golden Shall roll the stone away.

Man has n t touched the zenith of creation; The godlike thought that filled Jehovah's mind Has had in Him but feeble revelation, Uncertain, undefined.

The days wherein time reaches its fruition. With moments weighted with no vain regret, Those days of which the soul has sweet provision

> Draw nigh, but are not yet. -Josephine Pollard.

THE QUAKER ARTIST.

"I tell thee now, Richard, that thee'll aever get a cent of my money if thee keeps on with this devil's work."

The speaker was Friend Joseph Harris, and he held at arm's length a small picture in water colors, the features of which were hardly discernible in the gloom of the winter morning. Friend Joseph had been at the barn, as was his custom, to fodder the cattle and feed the horses before breakfast, and had discovered this humble bit of art in a "parents' lives.

Full of suppressed wrath Joseph burst into the kitchen where the family preface ad iressed his son with the threat plain surroundings Joseph Harris owned acre, and his visits to the county town on , to pay interest but to receive it. A tall, straight figure, he was nearing sixty years of age, but as vigorous as a youth, with quick motions and sharp black eyes, indicating a violent nature chained for life by the strict discipline of the Society of Friends. His son Richard, now turned of twenty-two, was of a different mold, short and stoutly built. His face at first sight seemed heavy and vacant, but this was in fact the abstraction of the dreamer. His soft brown eyes, and hair clustering in thick carls over his low but broad forehead, made amends for his somewhat commonplace features The moment his father entered the kitchen Richard felt that his secret labor had been discovered, but his anxiety was more for it than for himself. He rarely dured face his father's anger, for Joseph Harris, like many of his sect, made up in severity at home for the smooth and passionless exterior he maintained abroad. " Will thee give it to me, father ?" said Richard, advancing toward the outstretched hand which held the sketch, while the hand's owner contemplated it with unspeakable disgust. Poor little painting ! It was a fragment of an autumn afternoor, during which Richard had been husking corn "the hill field" and which had abided in his memory clothed with the halo of a hundred day-dreams. There brown and red. A rivulet leaving a piece of meadow still gay with autumn flowars and green with late grass, flowed rippling and sparkling out of the sunlight into the shade of the dying leaves. What courage and hope it must have! Richard followed in thought its waters as they flowed on to Chester creek and then to the stately Delaware river, and far out till they met the mighty ocean which washes the shores of all the world. And as he mechanically plunged his husking knife into the shucks and turned out the golden ears one after the other, he humbly took this lesson to himself, as was his wont, and said: "I, too, must have more courage, firmer hope. Why should not I go forthe vow he had painted two studies of th's little piece of meadow as a constant his side, holding a cross. He could reminder, snatching the time on First and mother were at meeting, and he and Mose Riddle, the colored man, were left to look after the stock. One ion house in New York, the other endeavor. he had hidden in the barn.

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him, and each tree had become a symbol of some rebuff or danger he was fated to encounter in his future life. He had, moreover, described it to Sibbilla Vernon, and had promised this sole confidante of his aspirations that he would bring it over some time and let her see it. But Sibbilla lived two miles away, and as her parents were also strict members of meeting, who regarded every work of art as profanity, this would have to be managed with due cantion. Richard's first impulse, therefore,

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was to secure the picture. But his father had a double cause of displeasure, and his anger was deep. He had agreed to give Richard a fourth share in the profits of the farm this year, and not only was this painting business an ungodly amusement, but also a waste of precious time and a loss of money. It must be stopped.

" I'll put it where it deserves to go, and where thee will follow unless thee turns thy steps from the world and its follies. But the fire that thou wilt meet will be that which is not quenched, and where the worm dieth not."

With these words, which Friend Harris spoke slowly and with that slight chanting intonation which characterizes the utterances of the speakers in meeting, the solemnity of which was further increased by the use of the formal "thou" instead of the usual "thee," he stepped to the kitchen fireplace, where a goodly wood fire was burning under the crane, and striking the picture against the corner of the mantelpiece tore a rugged split through its center and threw the whole into the flames. In a moment it was a shriveled cinder. There are certain natures whose in-

herent strength can only be developed by a violent shock. Full of latent power, their weakness comes from a native humility. They distrust themselves through a genuine admiration of others. Such was Richard Harris. But the necessary shock had come. He gazed a moment at the cinder, his face crimsoned, but the severe discipline of the Society and the family exercised the sway that it usually does even on the very young among Friends. "Father," he said, in a low and even

tone, "I repeat what I have often told thee; I have no light that there is evil pook in the granary. He did not have to be told that it was his son Richard's I shall bid thee and mother farewell work, whose inclination to such ungodly to-day, and seek employment else-pursuits had been the distress of his where. I shall not ask thee for any share in thy estate."

Taking his hat from the window-sill he passed out of the kitchen door, leavwere waiting breakfast, and without ing his father speechless with amazement at this rebellious utterance, and considered the most dreadful his mother-a poor weak woman, conhe could use-that of disinheritance. It stantly in misery between carrying out meant something, too, for in spite of his the severe rule of her husband whom she feared, and yielding to her tendernearly two hundred acres of land worth ness for her boy whom she loved - easily a hundred and fifty dollars an wiping her tears without emitting any sound, either word or sob. As for his the first compril of each year were not two sisters they sat demure and motionless through the whole scene, at heart rather pleased at it, as they had no sympathy with their brother's taste for forbidden arts, and thought him a queer, wasteful, uncomfortable member of the household. Moreover, though younger than he, they were not too young to see at once the pecuniary advantage to them of his renunciation of his share of the estate. Richard went toward the barn and took a seat in a nook of the corn-fodder stack that was built along the side of the barnyard. He did not feel the cold raw air of the early morning. His mind was too full of the step he was about to take and what had led up to it. Now or never he must quit the farm, renounce the teachings of the Society, throw aside the coat with standing col lar and the quaint broad-brimmed black hat, give up the plain language, reject the counsels of the venerable facers of meeting who would surely be appointed to visit him, and prove a recreant to the revered precepts of Fox and Barclay. All this was meant by a pursuit of his strong bias for art. Why was he born with it? Whence came it? These questions he had often asked himself. For six generations his ancestors had never touched a brush or palette; not a painting nor a statue nor a musical instrument nor any drama or work of flotion had been allowed in him. But I am not afraid. All I ask their houses. How had he been created is that thee approve of my decision and with a passion for color and form, with was a corner of a woods, the foliage half a love of poesy and music, which neither green, half shading into tints of the dreary farm work nor the colorless life, nor all the frigid, deadening discipline of the Society could quench? Going back to his earliest memory he could recall that when four years old he was left for a few hours at the house of Mike Wallis, an Irish tenant on a neighboring farm, and that Mike's wife had kept him in the utmost bliss by showing him a colored print of the Virgin and the Infant, and telling him the pathetic history as it had pictured itself in her warm Irish heart. But what was the horror of his parents next day when he toddled into the room when they were at dinner and called : " Mudder, mudder, come see God." His parents ran to the door to see what this strange appeal meant, and lo! there, on the floor of the front porch, ward in my study of art with greater chalked in rude but faithful ontlines, faith? I must, I will." And to fasten were the Child, with rays of glory around his head, and the Mother, by still recall the scowl that came over his days and Fifth days, when his father | father's face and his mother's impetuous rush for a bucket of water and serubbing-brush. Nor had he forgotten the violent shake and immediate spankcopy he had sent on a venture to a com- ing he himself received for his artistic His memory 'eapt till he was a boy hundred dollars a year.

It had acquired a kind of sanctity to of ten, and to his intense delight at Full of quiet joy he went home, an-nounced his intended marriage and imeffecting a trade of a Barlow knife for a box of paints. Many an hour of joy had they given him, hiding himself in the garret of the old house, in the back ready at 6 o'clock in the evening to part of the hay mow near the dusty gable window, or in a little hut he had built in the woods. But his prying little sister betrayed him one day, and not only was his treasure confiscated but he himself was tied to the bedpost by his mother and given such a whipping as would have discouraged most vouthful artists.

The Forest Republican.

TIONESTA, PA. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1882.

Later in life, when he was too old for such vigorous measures, many lec-tures had he received on the frivolity of such tastes and the wickedness of ministering to them.

These scenes passing through his memory convinced him that it was vain to battle with such inflexible rules, and that to be free he must leave the farm and all its associations.

There was but one which had really held him. This was Sibbilla Vernon. The daughter of rigid parents, her mother even a "public friend," whose voice at monthly and quarterly meet-ings was familiar to all members of the Society, Sibbilla was a not unusual type of the advanced thought of her sect. Calm, self-possessed, clear-headed, she had announced when but fifteen to her family that her own conscience was her guide, and that in all essential matters she should follow it. From childhood she and Richard

Harris had delighted to play and talk together; and though no word of love, no kiss and no care is had ever passed between them, both their families and themselves considered their union that at the same figure, cash on delivmerely a matter of time and money. Nor did this absence of the usual passages of love seem to any one conc. med

a strange circumstance. They were accustomed to the repression of all outward show of feeling. In neither household had the children ever seen a kiss exchanged among its members, young or old.

Though devoid of any passion for art herself, Sibbilla understood and respected the forbidden tastes of her lover. She looked upon his peculiar abilities as gifts of God for use in life, and she quietly but firmly put aside the traditions of her sect, which condemn them indiscriminately.

"Wilt thou presume to deny the many testimonies of Friends, both in England and America, against these sinful arts?" her mother would ask; being a "public friend" of considera-ble local fame she never employed the incorrect nominative "thee," even in family life.

"Mother," replied the daughter, " they spoke for their day. I must act in mine by the light I have, not by theirs."

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Logal notices at established rate Marriages and death notices gratia, All bills for yearly advertisements collected. quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be Job work, cash on delivery.

The Passing Day.

Stay, sweet day, for thou art fair, Fair and fall, and calm ; Crowned through all thy golden hours With love's brightest, richest flowers, Strong in faith's unshaken powers, Blest in hope's pure halm.

Stay, what chance and change may wait, As you glide away ;

Now is all so glad and bright ; Now we breathe in sure delight ; Now we laugh in fate's despite, Stay with us, sweet day.

Ah ! she cannot, may not stop ; All things must decay ; Then, with heart and head, and will, Take the joy that lingers still, Prize the pause in wrong and ill, Prize the passing day. -All the Year Round.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Why should candidates for the crew be less than twenty-one years of age? Because miners know best how to handle the ere.- Yale Record.

ships inland, among them the United States steamer "Wateree." A United States storeship was also lost by it. In A man who detected a piece of bark in his sausage visited the butcher's shop to know what had become of the rest of the dog. The butcher was so curred. One in 1822 caused a permaner affected that he could give him only a part of the tale.—Courier-Journal.

A very severe case: Tommy. "Oh! oh! oh! mamma, I've rund a great big to seven feet of fully 100,000 square miles of land lying between the Andes and the coast. February 20, 1835, the city of Concepcion was destroyed for splinter in my hand, and it hurts so offal I can't go to school." Mamma. the fourth time; there were felt over "But, my dear, mamma doesn't see any-thing the matter." Tommy. " Oh! April 2, 1851, a severe shock was felt oh ! Zeu I guess it must be ze uzzer hand."

> A correspondent of the New England Farmer writes about "My Experience in Bee Keeping." But as he says nothing about jumping into a well to drown the pesky critters out of his trousers, we don't believe he has made a truthful statement. Why will men dissem-ble about such matters-Boston Post.

> Brown is a kind-hearted man. Every night he gives each of his children five cents for going to bed early so as not to disturb him when reading the evening paper. About midnight he creeps noiselessly up stairs, takes the five cents from their pockets, and the next morning gives them a whipping for losing it.-Philadelphia Bulletin.

continuance of this there came a A young lady of Boston was recently first severe shock with a swell like noticed by her mother to be fondling and kissing a pet kitten. "Why, Mary," said the mother, "you have kissed that kitten more in five minutes than you have me in five "Don't you know why I'd years." rather kiss the kitten than you, mother?" "No, my child." "You haven't got

mediate departure, packed his trunk, Western Hemisphere and told Mose to have the dearborn The last great earthquake which risited Central America was on March take him to the station. After the 5 o'clock supper the members of the 19, 1873, when San Salvador was utterly destroyed. That part of the world family maintained almost entire silence, is peculiarly exposed to these convulhis mother quietly crying, his father reading the "Book of Discipline," his sions, but the disaster of 1873 was not

favorite literature. The dearborn drove up with Mose, felt, the inhabitants, warned by previous who had been to the station with the milk, and stopping at the country store, which was also the postoffice, had brought a letter for Richard. It was rather unusual for any member of the household to receive a letter, therefore Mose announced it with considerable The city of Caracas was entirely deemphasis, addressing his master by his stroyed in fifty-six seconds on March 26, 1812. Quito, in Ecuador, was almost first rame as is the custom in strict families:

"Joseph, hy'uz's a letter for Rich-ard. Hiram sez it's a letter from York, and 'pears as if it mout be on bizness. Joseph took the letter, and resisting a strong inclination to open it passed it to his son. It was from the firm in 1868, in which Arica suffered severely. New York to whom he had sent a copy of his picture, and it read:

NEW YORK, January 18, -

DEAR SIR: We have the gratification of informing you that the study you sent us on sale has attracted the attention of one of our patrons, to whom we have parted with it for \$500. Deducting comm., stor'ge, insur'ce, del'y, etc., as per inclosed statement, leaves a net bal. of \$372.62, for which find our c'k herewith.

You mention a duplicate of the study | 300 successive shocks within two weeks. yet in your possesion. We will take at Santiago. ery, and will give you an order for five more studies to be completed within a severe shocks. The most severe which Respectfully, SMILES, WILES & Co. vear.

As he read this letter the check fell from his hand on the table. The sight of | undoubtedly promulgated from either the colored and stamped paper was too the same center which emanated the much for his father. Glancing at the disturbance that had destroyed Lisbon large amount, as much as he received on the first day of the month, when for the best wheat crop his farm could 60,000 persons perished in six minutes, raise, he snatched the letter from his or from a center whose activity had son's hand and eagerly read it. Richard stood by in silence.

"What does he mean by the dupli-cate study ?" said his father, in an uncertain voice.

"He means," said Richard, quietly the picture you threw in the fire this morning."

A new light dawned on his father's that of a rolling sea-a swell mind. So long as his son's taste seemed so great that men in the open fields nothing but a time-and-money-wasting ran to seize something by which form of idleness it had no redeeming fea- to hold on lest they should be thrown ures; but the incredible fact that there down. After two or three lesser shocks were people willing to pay hundreds of then came the most violent of all, prodollars apiece for such vain images now ducing a quick horizontal tremor with stood right before him.

\$1,50 Per Annum.

EARTHQUAKES. Seme of the Shocks that Have Visited the

so fatal as that just reported, for,

though three successive shocks were

noises, were able to find places of safety,

and only about 500 perished. Earth-

quakes have been so frequent in the

Central American States that the In-

dians are accustomed to say that it is

"the land that swings like a hammock."

destroyed on March 22, 1859. In Peru,

Caliao was destroyed in 1586, and the

accompanying sea wave was ninety feet

high. It was again destroyed in 1746.

An earthquake which will be readily

recalled was that of August 13 and 14,

The tidal wave carried a number of

Chili destructive earthquakes have oc-

In the United States have been many

ever visited the Eastern and Middle

States was that of November 18, 1755.

The shock felt in New England was

been stimulated by the continual

luaking that then prevailed from

Iceland to the Mediterranean. The

earthquake of the 18th began in

Massachusetts with a rearing noise like

that of thunder. After a minute's

Her mother wisely avoided argument, trusting that the Spirit would enlighten her daughter in time.

Leaving the fodder stack Richard walked across the bare fields toward the city, and will be present at the car- the most considerable shock that has the plain brick house which was Sibbilla's home. His mind was made up. He would go to New York and devote himself to the study of art. He had saved since his majority about three hundred dollars. He had youth, strength, talent, love-was not that enough? Would Sibbilla approve of it? Would she make the serious sacrifice it involved ?

As he approached the house it was about 10 o'clock, and all the males were out at work. He knocked at the front door, instead of the side door as usual. and Sibbilla herself opened it and gazed at him with considerable surprise in her hazel eyes, quickly changing to an expression of pleasure, which Richard did not fail to note, and which filled him with both joy and anxiety.

"Why, Richard, what brings thee here at this hour?" was her exclamation.

"Sibbilla," he said, "I wish to see thee," and stepping in he closed the door, and they both stood in the wide hall. obscurely lighted by the transoms at each end. He paused a moment to recover his control, and then spoke in a low, vibrating tone: " I am going to leave the farm in order to study art. shall have to give up my membership in the Society, as thee knows. Father says he will leave me nothing if I do. and I know thy mother agrees with will become my wife as soon as I am able to offer thee a home."

At that supreme moment of resolve all the strength which for generations had been nurtured by the noble Quaker theories of self-reliance, all the passion which for generations had been mufiled and smothered under the narrow Quaker system of formality and repression, burst forth and were expressed in the face of Sibbilla Vernon. She seemed to rise in stature, and looking him full in the eyes, laying one hand on his arm and passing the other round his neck, she said:

"Richard, I will come to thee then, or I will go with thee now."

The tone was low and the words without haste, but he who heard it felt in his inmost soul that no oath could be stronger.

"Thank God and thee," he uttered, and for the first time in their lives each felt the magic meaning of a kiss of love.

Seated on the wooden "settee," which is the common furniture of the ountry hall, he told her his father's ords and action and his own unalterale determination to seek his future in It was agreed that they should be married by a magistrate as soon as Richard should have an income of seven

shrewd to misunderstand it and its re- tinued two minutes, and after a short sults.

voice, "I desire that thee would post- month. In Boston many buildings pone leaving us for a few days. Thy mother and I will accompany thee to shape. On October 19, 1870, occurred mony. I think Sibbilla's parents will been observed in the Middle and Eastalso not refuse to attend."

As he went out he said to Mose, who was waiting with the dearborn :

actions when out of temper."-Our Con-

" Mose, thee should always be slow to anger, and avoid the committal of rash

Hair Turning White in a Single Night.

tinent.

About fifteen years ago a young man named Henry Richards, who lived at Terre Haute, Ind., was going home one eveving about dark from a visit to a friend, and was walking along the railroad track. Some little distance from town was a very high trestlework over a creek, there being no planks placed across for walking, so that people had to go over on the ties.

Richards was walking along at bridge he did not stop to think that a train coming in was then due, but, being in a hurry to get home, he started to walk across on the crossties. He had gotten nearly half way across the bridge when the train came slipping around a curve at a lively rate. He saw the train at once and started to run, but saw that it was useless as it would certainly overtake him before he could get off the bridge.

He was now in a terrible plight. To jump off was certain death, and if he remained on the track the train would crush him to pieces. There was no woodwork beneath the bridge for him to haug on to, so he saw that his only chance was to swing on to a small iron rod that passed under the crossties. No time was to be lost, as the train was nearly on the end of the bridge. So he swung himself ander the ties, and in a few moments was hanging on for dear life. The engineer had seen him just before he swung under the bridge, and tried to stop the train, but did more harm than good, as he only succeeded in checking the speed of the train and made it a longer time in passing over the form of Rickards. As the engine passed over the coals of fire from the ashpan dropped on his hands, burning the flesh to the bone, as he could not shake them off, and to let go would have been certain death.

The trial was at length over, and, nearly dead from fright and exhaustion, with his hands burned in a terrible manner, Richards swung himself upon the bridge again and ran home. When he reached there his hair had not turned, but in a short time afterward it began to get gray, and by morning it was almost perfectly white .- Louisville Courier-Journal.

How to procure a telling effect Communicate a secret to a woman.

He was too sudden jerks and wrenches; this con-

revival died away. Numerous other "Richard," he said, with a softened shocks followed in the course of a were thrown down and twisted out of ern States during the present century. The source of this disturbance has been traced, with some probability, to the volcanic region fifty to 100 miles north-

east of Quebec. From this region the shock spread to St. Johns, N. B., and thence was felt westward to Chicago and southward to New

York. The velocity of the wave or shock was about 14,000 feet per second. The occurrence of the shock felt at Quebec was telegraphed to Montreal by the operators of the Montreal Telegraph company in time to call the attention of those at the latter city to the phenomena, about thirty seconds before the shock reached them. In California the earthquake of 1852 destroyed one of lively rate, and when he arrived at the bridge he did not stop to think that a Special damage was done in San Francisco by the cracking of the walls of fine public buildings. In Nevada the

mining regions suffered in 1871 by the destruction of Lone Pine and other settlements.

The Way of a Serpent.

The movement of a snake in climbing a perpendicular surface, as I have observed it, is a vermicular, undulating motion, not spiral, but straight up the face of the surface. I have seen a black snake thus glide up a beech tree with the easy, careless grace of movement which is characteristic of that snake when moving over horizontal surfaces. The bark of the beeck affords few inequalities into which the edges of the gastroslegal bands could be thrust claw-fashion, and I have no doubt that atmospheric pressure is the force that holds the snake against such surfaces in climbing, sucker-fashion, as the boy lifts the brick with the piece of wet leather. I once knew a black snake to ascend a stucco wall to the second-story window, and another I saw go up to the eaves of a carriage-house to the swallows' nest, straight up the up-and-down boards. I have seen them glide from tree to tree and leap down from near the top of large trees, but never saw one descend by going down a smoothly perpen-dicular surface. I have no doubt of their ability to do so, however. I do not believe that this power is enjoyed by the copperheaded or rattleanake, or any venomous sort with which I am familiar, they being heavy and sluggish in their movements. I have seen them go up on leaning trees and crawl into the foliage of bushes, however.

The difference between a flog and a boy consists in the fact that when the dog finds a sceni he doesn't spend it for candy.

whiskers !'

A Sunday-school teacher at Lewiston had grown eloquent in picturing to his little pupils the beauties of heaven and he finally asked : "What kind of little boys go to heaven?" A lively four-year-old boy, with kicking boots, flourished his fist. "Well, you may answer," said the teacher. ones," the little fellow should to the full extent of his lungs.

The full term of three years had nearly expired, and they were discussing at the breakfast table the certainty that they must move and the uncertainty as to where, when the young miss of the parsonage drew a heavy sigh. Sympathizing father asks the cause and she replies: "Oh, I was thinking what a mistake mother and I made when we married a Methodist minister."-Boston Transcript.

A Galveston school-teacher asked a new Loy: "If a carpenter wants to cover a roof fifteen feet wide by twenty broad with shingles five feet broad by the Southern missions. That of March twelve long, how many shingles will he 26, 1872, was the most severe that has need?" The boy took up his hat and slid for the door. "Where are you going ?" asked the teacher. "To find a carpenter. He ought to know that better than any of we fellers,"

Before a booth in a village fair flar ing placards announce the celebrated woman fish-price of admission, fifteen centimes. The booth is promptly crowded; the stage manager draws up the curtain, and a little old woman appears on the stage and, dropping a' courtesy, says: "Ladies and gentlemen. [am a woman fish. [Murmurs.] Yes, ladies and gentlemen, my husband, Isodore Fish, died three years ago; leaving me a widow, and, as you seem to take such a lively interest in my fortunes, I will proceed to take up a collec-"" The audience vanishes and makes room for a new one .- From the French.

A Catfish in the Parler.

The Cairo (Ill.) correspondence of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat furnishes the following in the course of an interview with a merchant of Columbus, Ky., relative to the flooding of the town':

" How high did the water come ?"

" Well, the Belmont hotel was built above high water mark of 1867, the highest flood ever known, and the water was two feet deep in the house. Why, the proprietor actually caught a huge catfish in the parlor on the ground floor."

Coleridge's Epitaph.

One of the most perfect epitaphs in the English language is the following, which Coleridge, the past, wrote for himself:

"Stop, Christian passer-by t stop, child of God! And read with poatlo breast. Hencesh this sod A poet lies, or flat which once seem'd to be, Oh, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.I That he who, many a year, with toil of breath, Found death in life, may here find life in death! Morey for praise—to be forgives for fame, He ask'd and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same."