# The Forest Republican.

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boughs, by the brookside, among the

put his face in the cooling grasses; the light even of the moon and stars shining

afar off up there gave him a sense of in-

fancied be could hear the bells, his bells

bells, sweet bridal bells; not for him,

with his gray hairs. Oh, no, but for

And now, what was this? Tender arms were round about him, lifting him

"Stephen! dear old friend - dear

Rick and Anne! He was not wholly

"Dear friend! dear Stephen! rouse

Anne's sweet voice. Anne's tears'and

prayers.
"N'Annette," he whispered, feebly.

She bent her face to his to catch his

words. "Was it-was it-because of

Her kisses fell on those silver threads;

"I loved you, Anne! I, too, loved

They bent over him—they two—try-ing to rouse him out of that deathly

"The bell-I hear the bells. They

are bridal bells—your bridal, Anne, yours and Rick's." He rose, stretching his arms upward. "My hair will not be

gray up there!" His gray hair fell over his face then, betwixt it and her tears

And did Rick feel no remorse? Alas,

and alas! They to whom the sweet

fruits of earth are given eat and are

content. To the strong belongs the prize, perhaps justly. The weak, too, have their part to act, though it be an

N'Annette! N'Annette!"

And then the bells were still.

"Oh, dear gray hairs! dear

these-of my gray hairs?"

her hot tears, too.

" Hark !"

lethargy.

the end.

of the lilacs.

hairs! you break my heart!"

up-come with us ! Oh, you must come!

forsaken, then-he would not be left to

He was tired. Oh, he was tired; he

tangled vines.

die there alona.

Drifting Down.

Drifting down in the gray-green twilight, Oh, the scent of the new-mown hay ! Sot, drip the oars in the mystic sky-light, Oh, the charm of the dying day ! While fading flecks of bright opalescence But faintly dapple a saffron sky, The stream flows on with superb quiescence.

The breeze is husbed to the softest sigh. Drifting down in the sweet still weather, Oh, the fragrance of fair July ! Love, me love, when we drift together, Oh, how fleetly the moments fly !

Drifting down on the dear old river, Oh, the music that interweaves! The ripples run and the sledges shiver, Oh, the song of the lazy leaves ! And far-off sounds-for the night so clear is-Awake the echoes of bygone times; The muffled roar of the distant weir is Cheered by the clang of the merry chimes,

Drifting down in the cloudless weather, Oh, how short is the summer day! Love, me love, when we drift together, Oh, how quickly we drift away !

Driftingdown as the night advances, Ob, the calm of the starlit skies ! Eyelids droop o'er the half shy glances, Oh, the light in those blue-gray eyes I A winsome maiden is sweetly singing A dreamy song in a minor key; Her clear low voice and its tones are bringing A mingled melody back to me, Drifting down in the clear calm weather.

Oh, how sweet is the maiden's song ! Love, me love, when we drift together, Oh, how quickly we drift along!

## Gray Hairs and Golden Head.

Gray Hairs and Golden Head walked up the village street together under the lilao blossoms in the bright spring weather. There were lilacs here, lilacs there, lilacs everywhere. They nodded over the low garden walls; by many a cottage window their purple clusters tossed so thickly a young girl's eyes could scarce be seen beyond, smiling across them at her passing lover.

The two loiterers spoke little to eac other, only a word now and then, like two who were content with silence and their own thoughts, till they reached a garden gate into which the young girl

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Norcroft. You have been such a help to us! There's no use trying to thank you!" "Good bye, Miss Percival."

She had made a movement to go in but something in this gray-haired man's voice, h's blank look as he answered her, made gentle Anne Percival hesitate. She glanced about her.

"How heavy this scent of the lilacs seems in the air this morning. Wait one moment, Mr. Norcroft My lilacs are no prettier than the others, but you shall have a bunch from my own favorite

She pulled down a great bough and nodded at him scross it. Golden Hair looking at him across a bunch of lilacs! His soft eyes smiling-would he ever forget that?

She brought him a spray. "They are quite pretty and fresh now, but no flower fades so quickly as the lilac. You must get its sweetness now." Stephen Norcroft took the flowers without a word, but his look would have been a thousand times sweeter than any thanks to one that loved him. The strong spring sunshine was all about him as he passed down the street. It touched his gray hair and his sad old face with a foreign brightness that was more pathetic than any sorrow of youth

He began talking in a low voice to

could have been.

"There is not so very much difference in our ages—not so very much as some might think. And Poonld make her bappy. How could she help being happy with one who worships her? Oh, I would try, and I should be young again-I feel young now!"

So he went dreaming on. Strong life was in the air about him. One could almost hear the green leaves as they uncurled from the tight-rolled He could see the tower of Saint Mark's down there with its line of Stephen Norcroft got the music of three times that number out of them, he rang them so deftly. And beyond that was great rafts of sweet-smelling oak and pine down it, helping to make the commerce of a world.

Should he not speak? Why should he not speak. He remembered.

"Ha, old dreamer !"-a quick step on the walk behind him-a strong hand descending on his shoulder and sending him a step or two stumbling forward-"what misty dream are you nursing now? Oh, I beg your pardon.

There was that in the vague light the eyes, in the pained expression of the sensitive face turned toward him that stirred in young Rick Sheridan a sense of something out of place in this rough greeting. His handsome face flushed slightly in his shame.

"I beg your pardon most sincerely, Mr. Noreroft. Did I disturb you?" "Oh! no, no! I was only dreaming, as usual. I had lost myself a little.

Now that you are here we will walk together if you have time. There's something I want to say to you." He slipped his arm in that of the

younger man. Rick slackened his quick "Well, I'm off now. I really must steps to suit the slower pace of his com-

time. It's early yet."

They strolled along together for a moment in silence. Rick noticed that Stephen Norcroft's face had grown pale he seemed tired—yet strangely excited. Perhaps it would be better if he himself were to speak first.

"Splendid weather, is not it? The picnics and children's parties will be coming on with a rush if this holds."

"Picnics? Oh, yes! As I was saying, there is something I wish to tell you, Sheridan. I want your opinion, too! But first you must promise not to laugh at me. No matter what I say you are not to laugh me! Do you promise?" "I certainly will not laugh at you,"

answered young Sheridan, with a smile, hiding a good deal of wonder as best he

"Well, then, look at me now. Look sharp!" Stephen Norcroft pushed the thin locks of soft hair back from his face with a nervous gesture. "Do you think, looking at me just as an outsider, you know, do you think I look so very old? If you did not know would you think my years so very many?"

The young man stared at him in sheer, blank amazement.

" Old-why?"

"If it were not for my gray hairs now!—do they look so very gray, Sheri-dan—in the shadow one would scarcely notice their being gray, would one? and, aside from that, I scarcely show age, sometimes. Eh?"

He spoke so eagerly, he looked so much in earnest, so piteous that young Rick pitied him; he pitied him with all

his generous, passionate young heart.

"Age—gray hairs! Why, I believe I've got gray hairs myself. I'm sure I should not be surprised any morning to get up and find my brown wig turning. They don't count—just a few silver threads. And as for years, you are as young as any of us, old fellow! I

should not put you now at more than—"
"Never mind that," Stephen Norcroit interrupted him, hastily. "I've not told you the whole story yet. I don't know why I trust you speaking of this, but I do trust you. Aside from my gray hairs there is nothing of the look of age about me, and if—if I, loving a young girl, beautiful as the day. one refined and sweet, if I ask her to be ny wife-my loved and honored wifewould she, looking at these," a little hesitation here as he put a thin hand up to those poor silver threads, so beautiful did he but know it, "would she, do on fancy, looking at these, sourn me?"

"Ah !" Rick Sheridan drew a long oreath. His own handsome, clear coung face had changed slightly with a tartled, white look. "Ah, that's it,

"Mind, you know, this is no sudden thing." The older man put his hand, with an eager expression, on the other's shoulder. "I have known her a long ime. I've watched her and seen her in all her moods. She is good and gentle and sweet—one who makes you think of ministering angels. When I ring the bells down yonder I imagine the great notes take up her name and carry it up, up! I can hear them say, "Anna— Nannie — N'Annette — sweet Anne, sweet Anne Percival!"

"You are speaking of Miss Percival?" Rick's voice was cold now, his eyes hard and looking fixedly straight ahead. "It is an old man's fancy, just an old and childish man's childish fancy," Stephen went on, not heeding him. "But I could make her happy. I would only live for her, Rick. If she would be my wife, my little light of life would soon burn out. An old fellow like me can't expect to live so very many years longer, and I would leave everything to her. I

You didn't know that, Richard?" "And it would only be for a little while with me," he went on, eagerly, piteously pleading his age now as he had plead for youth before.

have money-I could make her rich.

"You think women are so mercenary then," said Rick, with his eyes still cold and hard. "Do you imagine that love, or even devotion, can be bought with money?"

"Mercenary?"-the gray-haired lover seemed to wake up out of a dream. "No; I don't think that of her, but still white tombstones on either side; each | it has weight. It would not seem so morning and evening he rang its chime of bells; there were only three of them, but the villagers said that would be some recompense. She could do good with money, and she thinks of that always. Look here !" He opened his coat and took out of it a spray of the strong-beating river going to the lilac. "She gave me this not an hour sea, and the lumbermen sending their ago. It is fading now; she said it would fade soon, but her look, her smile, her gentle, happy voice as she spoke—the memory of those can never fade; I shall carry that to my grave with me-just the memory of a young girl's lovely eyes smiling at me across

a bunch of lilacs. "Good-bye! I think I must go now," said Richard Sheridan, roughly. was getting intolerable—this old man's dream of love, told with such happy confidence as if there could fall no shadow upon it. Let him select some other listener, if a listener was all he

But Gray Hairs did not notice this. It was his own hour of sunshine. Let him breathe it unrebuked.

"Just a young girl's lovely eyes smiling across the sunlight and above the flowers on one that loved her. Even one memory like that would be enough for some lives, enough to remember without asking for more. And if that is to be all—all—for me, I, too, will be content to die—die unrepining!"

Rick turned abruptly away. He tried

"I was going over on the other side, of an errand, but I can give you a little time. It's early yet."

They strolled along together for a moment in silence. Rick noticed that Stephen Norcroft's face had grown pale to say something of good-will; he strove to speak some word of friendly parting—good luck or Godspeed him in his wooing—but he found it impossible. He could not lie. There was no goodwill; he strove to say something of good-will; he strove to speak some word of friendly parting—good luck or Godspeed him in his wooing—but he found it impossible. silvered hair, who was talking of love for "sweet Anne Percival" to him.

"Must you go? Wait!" Stephen stretched out an eager hand. "There is another thing."

"No," cried out Rick. "Don'tdon't tell me anything else. I wish, on my soul, the you had not trusted me with this. You don't know me. How can you say I shall serve you more than harm you?

"I'll risk it; and it's only a little thing. You know how fond she is of reading. Don't you remember that little purple-and-gold volume of poems gave her, how she read it, how she praised and wept over it-over one poem in particular? It was one morning in the garden-

"Yes," said Rick, wondering. "I can hear her tears fall even now. Oh, how I loved her for the gentle pity she showed for the lover's sorrow I had written of there !"

"You?"

"I wrote them, yes—those poems! They are mine—my work—the work of lonely nights and restless, empty days, when I could only dream of her, remember her! I wrote them—all of them. The book is my memory of her, of sweet Anne Percival-my 'N'Annette!"

"But, man, how could you? Why, you have thrown a name away, and the praise of all the world. I remember that poem 'To N'Annette'-the one she praised."

"Ah, and was not that enough—her praise. Had she known I wrote them she would not so have told me all her liking of it, all her pity and generous sympathy; even her fault-finding was sweet to me, it was so freely frank, so genuine! Ah, yes! it is enough that I have heard her tears fall on the flowers for N'Annette."

Tears sprang to Rick's eyes, his lips quivered a little as he realized how infinitely below this man he stood, how far above him was this gray-haired lover, who could give so much and ask no recompense except a young girl's

Stephen fumbled in his pocket; he took out a paper.

"Look, here is a bit of a poem I wrote last night for her. I want you to take it and read it to her; mind, some time when I am present. She will say what she thinks of it then." Rick took the folded paper humbly

"I'll take it, and I'll read it to her, as

soon as I get a chance. And, look here Norcroft, I'm glad I have had this talk with you. No matter what comes, even should—should things go against me, I shall be a better man all my life long for this talk with you."

"I'm glad, too, Rick," answered the other, gently. The two men went their different ways, Rick hurrying, for it was later

than he thought. "He's an old saint," he muttered, "yes he is! I felt as if I ought to kneel and kiss his hand-kiss those poor old gray locks of hair that trouble him He is much more worthy of poor

little Anne's love than I. And to think he wrote 'N'Annette.' If he wins er —she ought to take him—I can't say anything; but what shall I do? I, too, love her, little 'N'Annette!"

He did not care to go home, so he put away his lathe and carving tools, and locking up things went out to the one restaurant the village boasted. He got his dinner and sat a long time over his cup of coffee, dreaming-dreaming He told himself he was no poet; he had not the gift of writing, of making fine phrases. Still, there was one noble poem consisting of one noble line, that line of three words; it has been written and sung since life and world and youth were young:

"I love you,"

Match that, poets immemorial, if you can ! an! Rick wrote that down and kissed the words. Oh, tender, truthful words! He wrote them over and over on his sheet

of paper.
"I love you. I love you, sweet Anne Percival !" Then he thrust it back in his pocket and went out, leaving his coffee un-

untasted. The next morning when Rick was going to his work he met Miss Percival.

She stopped.
"Oh, Mr. Sheridan, I have a favor to ask of you. We want your help."
"Yes!"—he stood looking at her, To look at her was enough.

"We want to take the children out on Saturday afternoon for their pienic. You knew we promised them a long time ago, and we want you to go

"I shall be glad to go if you want me, Miss Percival," Rick answered. "Oh, it is the children, you know how much they think of you. I really don't believe they could be got to go without you!"

"I am glad somebody likes me, and thinks me of some use," he said, humbly. They both laughed; how beautiful she was in this strong spring sunshine, standing there, straight and slim and

tall, speaking to him in her sweet, clear "Oh, Miss Percival"-she had made a movement to go-"wait one moment. have a favor to ask of you, now-a little one.

"Yes; that is right." Rick fumbled in his pocket.

read; you can take it, and I want you he was tired, he laid himself down beto tell me some time, by-and-bye, what low the birches and the fragrant pine you think of it." He handed her the poem-Ah! poor

Stephen. "I hope it is something interesting, and Miss Percival slipped the folded

paper into the book she was carrying.
"I will read it." tolerable pain. Would they shine on forever, when he was so tired, so worn "Oh, I don't know what you may think of it; you see, I—I naturally want your opinion. That will decide and weary. There was a soft stir of night winds among the pine-tops. He

He was speaking with his eyes fixed of St. Mark's, ringing. Nay, he was ringing them himself-ringing them on the ground. He was striving to be true to his friend-the friend who had for Rick and Anne-they were bridal said : "But I do trust you !" Rick felt that his task was hard.

"Your opinion is all I care for about Rick and Anne!

"Then you shall have it. I will give it my very best attention. But it must up, gentle voices were speaking to him. be something very important, Mr. There were soft tears on his face. Sheridan, you are so serious over it." "Yes, it is; it is!" friend-look, speak to us! Rouse up-

They were looking at each other now the strong and steadfast soul of each shining in the clear brave eyes. The high and passionate love of youthyouth fearless and enduring—leaped in the light of those meeting eyes. There was no mistake in the language now, Try; you are not so weak now -- try to sit and each read-content.

So they, too, parted. Into the dim greenwood, past the sweet, wholesome fields, along the path winding below the hills, past many a nook where last year's leaves lie rotting in a wind-tossed heap, children to sing, "Oh, happy, happy day," while Stephen Norcroft, with his flute, made sylvan music, and Rick tossed the tired little ones on his broad shoulders, and sweet Anne Percival, with her two matron aids, watched and kept something akin

to order in the wild, merry ranks. "Oh, happy, happy day. And it would end so soon. Still there were other days to come—this might end but ... Should he speak now? Why should he not speak?

Stephen Norcroft meeting Rick spart, laid a detaining hand on the young fellow's arm.

"Stop, tell me in just one word, did you give her the poem? Has she read

Rick stood stone-still; his face grew cold and pale. "I thought I could wait," pursued

Stephen, "I thought I could bear it still longer, but"-he drew a long breath.

One could see that he was suffering His thin, sensitive face had seemed to Rick to grow fine and clear-like something purified by fire in these last days. "In just one minute, old fellow. I'm sorry, but you shall see at once. Wait

He cast a quick glance about him ; then, darting down a narrow path, across a bit of green turf, around the belt of pine and sweet white birch, he

She was kneeling by a pool of water, cool and clear and green-"Venus mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones called them—her white arm deep down, pulling at the strong root of sweet-flag growing there.

"I beg your pardon, but I must ask you now did you read the poem I gave "Yes; I read it!" Oh, how beautiful her blush was saying his.

"You did? And-and what do you think of it?" And he was pleading for another man-he wih that voice, with those eves.

"I thought it was very beautifulvery beautiful-but brief!" "Oh!" his look fell. "Will youhave you by any chance got it with you,

Miss Percival. You see I am not quite sure what was in it. Will you let me see it, please, one moment?" Strange her face too changed now at this. But she drew out the paper,

folded, and without a word handed it to Rick tore it open. What are the few hurried scribbled words scrawled here-scribbled in his

writing over and over: I love you ! I love you ! sweet Anne Percival! He glanced up into her face. Their eyes met and that one look was enough.

Rick stretched out his arms. "Oh, it is true! I love you! Come to me -be my wife! Come to me, Anne'

dear Anne! It was only a step—one step—but it crossed a whole wide world and entered those two into heaven!

"Weli!" An hour later Stephen met and faced him. "Well, you have seen

No avoiding the end now; no drawing back and away. Speak the truth, speak boldly, it were better. Rick grew deadly pale thinking how

he must wound this tender soul. He felt a sense of unmerited punishment "Yes, I saw her ! It's no use, Stephen,

for you!" The happy secret of his own success spoke in the very tones of his voice; it was in the light of his face, in the sparkle of his eyes.

Stephen Norcroft fell back a step, his

gray hair fell about his forehead, on his sunken cheeks. "Traitor!" he cried out. He lifted one long thin hand toward the far blue heaven. "Traitor, and I trusted you!"

A darkness fell upon him now. After the first numb shock had passed he "Here is something I want you to the hillside path a while, and then, as | wind.

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One Square, one inch, one month.....
One Square, one inch, three months....
One Square, one inch, one year...... 

Marriages and death notices gratia.

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Job work, cash on delivery.

Oh gentle, gentle summer rain, Let not the silver lily pine, The drooping lily pine in vaiu To feel that dewy touch of thine-To drink thy freshness once again, Oh gentle, gentle summer rain !

Through parching air and purple skies The earth lor as up in vain, for thee; For thee-for hee, it looks in vain, Oh gentle, entle summer rain.

Come then and brim the meadow streams, And soften all the hills with mist, Oh falling dew ! from burning dreams By thee shall herb and flower be kissed, And earth shall bless thee yet again, Oh gentle, gentle summer rain.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It is estimated by the census of 1880 that there is an average of five and » quarter persons to each family. An ex-

When a man says he is a miserable sinner, if you take him at his word and tell him you agree with him he willwell, it's on the whole better not to do it till you get on the other side of the

A medical journal devotes a whole column to explaining what caused cold perspiration. Any one who has gone up a dark alley and stepped on a dog would be wasting valuable time in reading it. - Puck.

Now the siry lady-killer Getteth off his wild invec-Tive when doth the caterpillar, Tumble down his neck From a limb In the woodland cool and dim.

as large as parasols; others no larger than a saucer, and others still are of medium size. The big ones are intend-ed for the theatre; the small ones for wear in the sun. That's the way w men always arrange it .- Boston Post-

g story of his father's man-servant, Some one asked him: "Well' Aleck, how do you like Washington? to which Aleck responded dramatically: "Oh, I'd rather be a yaler gas lamp in New York than the brightest electric light in Washington."

It is claimed that the author of the popular melody, "Over the Garden Wall," caught his inspiration while investigating a melon patch at the business end of a ferocious bulldog. A garden wall studied under such circumstances is apt to leave a lasting impression on the average mind.- Totodo

# The Cup that Cheers.

There is, perhaps, no beverage the How Shot are Made, world over so popular as the cap of tea, so potent to brace the nerves, so A shot-tower is certainly a curious place to the uninitiated visitor, and the conducive to domestic comfort and process of manufacturing the leaden cheerful, innocent gossip. If one has missiles is most interesting. Of course a headache, is chilled or weary, the cup it is necessary that the shot should fall from a considerable elevation, and the height of many of the towers is over two hundred feet. As pure lead will not make perfect globules, it is neces sarily "tempered." This "temper" is prepared by the addition of ingredients, of which arsenic is the main property. It is run into bars convenient for use, and with pig-lead, hoisted to the top of the tower. Here are two small rooms, one about twelve feet below the other, and each containing two huge kettles in which the pig-lead and the "temper" are melted. From one or the other of the two kettles in both rooms—as each room has a separate shaft-streams of shot are constantly flowing. At the bottom of each kettle the molten stuff pours into square pans perforated at one side. These perforations are large or small, according to the size of shot desired, and separate the mass into distinct, delicate, gleaming streams, which in turn, as they come in

# journey and the water into which they fall below. The Weather and the Mind.

contact with the atmosphere, sepa-

rate into perfect globules or shot, which

are cooled in their two hundred feet

Dull, depressing, gloomy days produce dispiriting reflections and gloomy thoughts, and small wonder when we remember that the mind is not only a motive, but a receptive organ, and that all the impressions it receives from without reach it through the medium of senses which are directly dependent on the condition of light and atmosphere for their action, and therefore immediately influenced by the surrounding conditions. It is a common sense inference that if the impressions from without reach the mind through imperfectly-acting organs of and those impressions are themselves set in a minor resthetic key of color, sound and general qualities, the mind must be what is called "moody". It is not the habit of sensible people to make sufficient allowance for this rationale of dullness and subjective weakness. Some persons are more dependent on external circumstances and in which some of the tea leaves have conditions for their energies- or the stimulus that converts potential kinetic well if we followed their example, inforces-then others; but all feel the infivence of the world without, and to this influence the sick and the weak are orept away, thinking only that he must especially responsive. Hence the vary-hide himself forever from the light of day, from human sight. He followed with the weather, the outlook and the

Invocation to Summer Rain.

In heat the landscape quivering lies; The cattle pant beneath the tree;

change unfeelingly adds: "In many of them the husband is the quarter."

Some of the new hats and bonnets are

President Arthur's son tells the follow.

bumble one. When the cold dews of death fall on gray hairs, the hands that ere too weak to win great triumphs can cld themselves in helpful prayer—they can close the sad, tired eyes of death. Renunciation is not in the blood of routh. So Rick and Anne are happy. Peace be with them, and good-will to And to Stephen Norcroft the memory

of tea revitalizes and kindles the exhausted flame of energy and spirits; it is the small currency of hospitality. Is it not the gentle tea leaf which brings kindred spirits together? Has not one of the most important and social meals of the day taken its name from that insinuating plant? what is home without a enp of tea? And when would the 5 c'clock tea have found favor or votaries under any other name? Is it not the moving spirit of the sewing-circle? and who ever heard of a fortune being told from coffee grounds or chocolate dregs? Is any cordial more delicious than iced tea on a scorching July day? In Southey's division of his day's work it was tea which ushered in poetry, while Dr. Johnson may have flavored many an essay with the effusion, and who can tell but we owe "Rasselas" to its exhilarating effects, "when with tea he amused the evening, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning 9" Like woman's rights and other eternal verities, it had a battle to fight before acquiring its present position in the world. It was proscribed by physicians, denounced by the essayists, ancered at by the wits and poets. It was supposed to provoke scandal, and even to this day the sus-picion is not obsolete. Yet a present of tea was thought to be suitable for royalty to receive, since in 1664 we are told that the East India company sent the queen two pounds! It was doubtless reserved for high days and holidays in early times, and was not poured out for poor relations, nor sent into the kitchen; but familiarity, instead of damaging its reputation, has recommended it to greater favor; and the poor working people who allow themselves no luxuries regard the cup of tea as a friend and necessity. "I am glad I was not born before tea," said Sydney Smith, one of whose recipes against melancholy is a kettle singing on the hob. As there is a right way to boil an egg, so there is a right way to prepare the stimulating beverage. In China the wealthy make it by pouring boiling water into a cup been placed, and it would, perhaps, be

stead of allowing it, as many do, to

boil, as if the whole object was to ex-

tice to the genial herb-whose native

country is wrapped in mystery, although

it is found wild in India-by making as before the tea bell rings. -Basar.

tract the bitter tannin.

We do injus-