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AT THE MILL.

What did you see, my farmer? Gray walls of wood and stone, A mill-wheel turning to grind your grist, And turning for that alone. You hear the mill-stone's murmur, The splash of the tumbling rill, As you plod with your oxen slowly down The sunny slopes of the hill. The heavens are blue above you, There's sun and shade on the road; You touch the bridle backs of your team And reckon the bags in the load. You clip the heads of the daisies, And wonder that God should need To litter the fields with the staring blooms Of a stubborn and worthless weed. You're honest and true and sturdy; Here, give me your brawny hand— A singer of idlesongs, I greet The farmer who tills the land. Plod home with your grist in the gloaming; The baby crows at the gate, And over the hill by the pasture bars The loving cattle wait. What do I see, my farmer? The mill and the rill and the wheel, The moss on the shingles, the mold on the stones, And the floating mists of meal, But the poet's vision is clearer, Revealing the hidden things; I see the rivulet flow to the sea From cool, clear, woodland springs. I see the brown fields quicken With the green of the growing wheat, When the swallow's a-tilt at the bending leaves, And the breath of the morn is sweet. I see the swaying reapers In fields of the golden grain; And oxen that pant in the summer sun Yoked to a loaded wain. I see white sails careening On the opal-tinted sea, When the silvery sunlight glints the waves That are stirred by freshening breeze. I see the storm-rack gather, That blots out the evening star; And flung in the foam of a billow's crest, A drowned man lashed to a spar. I see in the city's shadows A figure that creeps and scrawls "Give blood or bread," while the wine flows red. And there's mirth in the city halls, As rich men's darlings, As fresh as the rose's bloom, And the gaunt, white face of a little child, Dead, in a barren room. Plod home with your grist, my farmer, Nor heed how the wide world fares; The eyes that are clearest are saddest always, With their burden of alien cares. Hushed is the mill-stone's murmur, The dripping wheel is still; And over the dusky vale I hear The song of the whip-poor-will. —Boston Transcript

A TELEGRAM.

A TELLING INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JOHN MACKLEFRESH. "I—didn't—say—a great many words," said John Macklefresh, in a slow, grinding sort of way, "but I guess it'll—out." "I wish ye hadn't writ so hard, John," said his wife, pitiously. "Twas all the worse for bein' so short. Your brothers and I don't never mean to believe that Samuel meant to cheat ye out o' that \$200." "What did he mean, then?" snapped her husband, fiercely, his square, dogged chin in the air as he combed his whiskers upward, a favorite action of his when he felt particularly pugnacious. Mrs. Macklefresh turned one of the long stockings she was darning from heel to toe and back again before she answered: "Didn't mean nothin', husband," she answered, softly. "We're all feller-motles. Some of us is human, sometimes. Thought he'd pay ye, I expect when he borrowed it. Then he couldn't, that's all." "I dunno' anything about 'couldn't's'; I know about 'didn't's,'" said John Macklefresh, doggedly, still combing that perverse chin into the air. "This I know, he's got the two hundred, and I hain't, and I'll never—"

him, you know. Beside, he was a deacon and a—Christian! Alice had said so. But then he couldn't forget. That was what he was going to say when the door opened. The Bible don't ask that. Or, does it, when it speaks about God casting our sins into the depths of the sea—behind his back—remembering them no more against us. Forget it! What was there to forget? He had lent his own brother \$200. Might have given it to him and never missed it. Under his remorseful eye his great fields stretched away, white now with snow—white as the soul God had forgiven, but yellow enough he knew as summer came on, yellow as the gold they would bring to his pocket. Those few poor, pitiful hillsides of Samuel's! Why hadn't he given it to him right out and saved hard feelings? There was Johnny (named for him) wanting to go to college ever since he was out of petticoats. Suppose he had given it to him. Misery—misery of remembering unkindness when it is too late! And then that cutting letter! Had it reached him before he died, or was it only his poor stricken brother's family that would read the brief harsh words? He turned to his wife, who sat holding the dreadful envelope, sad, but doubting if she would be wise to speak yet to him. "Get your things on, will ye," he said, in a voice that sounded dry and harsh even to himself. "I'll be round with old Billy to the front door. Wrap up warm and take a soapstone. I'll have the buffaloes. It's mortal cold." She was ready and waiting when he brought Billy around. The house could take care of itself. She looked it. They had some sixty miles to ride. In the course of it his tongue became somewhat loosed, and he told in broken and jerky sentences into her sympathetic ear what little of the chaotic grief and remorse he was able to put into words. "My brother, after all. Used to play together when we was little. Hum, hum." A man grows very tender when he goes back to the days when he was "little." "Bought me a pair o' skates once, when I wanted some. Older than me—Samuel was always a making me kites and whistles and all seech rattle-traps. Never could seem to get along. Big family! Yes, I oughter to ha' helped him. Ain't a man livin' could scratch anything but moss off them rocks he calls a farm. I'll help the boys—see if I don't." It was a long, cold ride. Mrs. Macklefresh wrapped the buffaloes higher and higher till at last she was quite extinguished in their folds, and her husband thought on drearily alone. Almost there. The house is in sight. A long, low, unpainted affair. The oldest inhabitant could not remember when its owner had had money enough to paint it. Here at last. "Who-o-a, Billy! You remember the old hitching post though it is so long, since you've stopped at it. There hasn't been much visiting lately. Remember how brother used to rush out in his old blue coat, Alice, and—"

"Why, John! Why, John!" Mrs. Macklefresh rose up out of her enveloping furs like a startled Esquimaux. She pinched her husband's arm hysterically, and he in his turn rubbed his eyes half out at sight of the apparition that confronted them. "Come in! come in!" it cried, cordially. "You must be half frozen, both of you." "How do you come here?" said John Macklefresh, fearfully, not stirring a step in answer to this invitation. "How do you come, I should say," returned brother Samuel, for it was he, blue coat, brass buttons and all. "Come, are you dead? You act so." "No," broke in Mrs. John, who had found a tongue, "but we thought you were. It said so—the telegraph did. We came up to the funeral!" And so, between hysterical tears and laughter and questions that nobody pretended to answer, they unloaded and got into the house. At least Mrs. John did. The two brothers sidled off behind the barn. There John got hold of brother Samuel's hand and shook it silently and solemnly, while the strong tears ran down both their rugged faces. Neither offered or asked explanations. In that moment their hearts spoke plainly enough. "This my 'brother' was dead and is alive again." In the house they went to work more reasonably to unravel the mystery. Mrs. John showed them the telegram. "I see!" cried one of them with a sudden light, "there's a Samuel Macklefresh down at the Four Corners, and I did hear he was very low last week. He's got a brother John, too, but I didn't know he lived in your town. Now he won't get it. Ain't that too bad?" Two brothers now came in wiping away surreptitious tears with their coat-sleeves. They sat talking over the curious event, when the village post came rattling by, tossing the mail at them as they sat at the window. Some one rushed out to get it, but seized with a sudden impulse John Macklefresh dashed passed him and secured it himself. Hastily glancing about him he stuffed one thin epistle into his own pocket. It was the "cutting" letter. "That'll keep to the day o' judgment," he muttered, rejoicingly. "I'll write him a receipt in full for the two hundred—seein' I'm a deacon and a 'Christian.'" —Portland Transcript

The ashes of Columbus, which have been shifted about repeatedly, and are now in the cathedral of St. Domingo, are to be taken out of their resting-place and inclosed in a plate-glass urn. This urn is to hold the casket containing the actual ashes in such a manner that the remains will be plainly visible. A Southern entertainment is guessing at the seeds in a certain watermelon, and one contest in Knoxville resulted 4,798 guesses from fourteen different States. FASHION NOTES. Mantles are long and tight fitting. Small waists are no longer fashionable. The English turban is a very popular hat this season. Heads, wings, breasts and crests of birds are the favorite ornaments for fall hats. A limited amount of gold tinsel appears in winter millinery and dress effects. The size of the tournure appears to be regulated entirely by the fancy of the wearer. Wool batistes in checks and white and black mixtures will be much worn this fall. Grays, browns and indefinite shades of blue or blue-green bid fair to be very popular. Crushed strawberry has lost caste, shot-blue and plum color having taken its place. Dresses for autumn wear are largely made of checked sarah silk and cashmere skirts. Wool dresses of beef-blood color, braided with black, are favorites with London ladies. Little girl bridesmaids may wear pink or blue shoes and stockings to match their ribbons. Torchon lace and Irish point embroidery remain favorite trimmings for ladies' and children's underwear. Nobody wears artificial flowers nowadays, but natural ones are employed for immense corsage bouquets. Fichus of black Spanish net are still fashionable, but are worn more especially over jerseys of dark blue and black. Dress sleeves are still worn so as to closely fit the arm and are padded when the arms are not plump and shapely. Delicate nun's gray kid sandals are worn with home toiles, over silk stockings of pale lilac, black or dark red. "Pigeon's throat," "watercress green," "duck" and "duckling green" are counted with new shades wearing rural names. A novelty for quilted undershirts to be worn next winter appears in the shape of foulard silk, with a dark ground and the pattern in bright colors. Rumor reaches America that the most fashionable ladies of Paris are going from one extreme to the other in the matter of the shape of the sleeve, and that the very close-fitting style will, in a measure at least, give way to a full flowing one. Autumn mantles of a dressy style are made either in the visite shape, with sash drapery in the back, or in modified Hubbard shape, these lined with deep Venetian red and trimmed with satin and lace, the favorite material of the wrap being a fine quality of black vogue. Half low bodices and short sleeves have reappeared, and for young girls charming at-home dresses are made of French gray wool, with square necks trimmed with black velvet and filled in with white muslin, and sleeves puffed over the elbows, a sort of "Marguerite" dress, which is simple, graceful, and generally becoming. Fine cloth shot with colored thread is the newest material for ladies' autumn suits. The bodice and tunic are of dark green or brown, dashed with red or with blue, and the Scotch plaid skirt is of stripes of the colors in the upper parts. A crimson or blue waistcoat inside this cloth bodice adds to its style and may be made of cloth or of moire fastened by small, flat gold buttons like sequins. Small bonnets for autumn are called princess bonnets, because they are in favor with the Princess of Wales, who was brought up to make her own bonnets, and therefore likes simple shapes. For this reason milliners object to them, as ladies can make them without assistance, and have merely to cover them with folds on the crowns and put a pair of gentle gray doves on the left side, pierced by a silver dagger, which apparently holds them in place. Making a Reputation Easily. The late Professor Moses Stuart Phelps used to tell this story with great glee: In the days when he was a graduate student at New Haven he took a walk one morning with Professor Newton, who lives in the world of mathematics. Professor Newton, as was his habit, started off on the discussion of an abstruse problem. As the professor went deeper and deeper, Mr. Phelps' mind wandered further and further from what was being said. At last Mr. Phelps' attention was called back to his companion by the professor winding up with: "Which, you see, gives us 'x'." "Does it?" asked Mr. Phelps, thinking that in politeness he ought to reply something. "Why, doesn't it?" excitedly exclaimed the professor, alarmed at the possibility of a flaw being detected in his calculations. Quickly his mind ran back over the work. There had, indeed, been a mistake. "You are right, Mr. Phelps, you are right," almost shouted the professor. "It doesn't give us 'x,' it gives us 'y.'" And from that hour Professor Newton looked upon Mr. Phelps as a mathematical prodigy. He was the first man who had ever caught the professor tripping. "And so," Mr. Phelps used often to add, with his own peculiar smile, in telling the story, "I achieved a reputation for knowing a thing I hate. It's the way many reputations are made in this superficial world."

A STRUGGLE WITH A FISH. ADVENTURE OF A SKOWHEGAN ATHLETE AT THE SEASORE. The Wager that He Made with an Old Fisherman—A Fish that Wouldn't Be Lifted. A Deer Island (Me.) letter to the New York Sun tells this humorous story of a young athlete's adventure with an electric fish. "You look like a likely hefter," said an old fisherman in oilskins, who was unloading a doryful of mackerel, to a lusty young man in knickerbockers and a white flannel shirt. "Yes," replied the young man; "I'm called pretty strong in the Skowhegan Athletic club." "Did you ever lift much fish?" asked the old fellow, throwing a huge netful of tinkers on the dock and looking his companion over with a critical eye. "I never saw the fish I couldn't lift." The fisherman thrust his hand into his pocket, from which, after a violent struggle and much invective, he hauled out a very flat, light leather pocketbook that was closed with a strap and a piece of rope yarn. He took out a clean ten-dollar bill and said: "I'm going on eighty-one year old next muster day, but I'll bet ten dollars even you can't lift fish that I can." "Where's your fish?" asked Skowhegan. "Well, I'll tell you. Here's a fish," and he poked among the mackerel, and pointed to a large, solid, skate-like fish in the bottom of the dory. "Let's see; it's about five foot up to the dock. I'll bet you the ten dollars you can't toss the fish up there." "I don't want to take your money," replied the young man, magnanimously, as a number of spectators drew around. "but if you've got half a dozen of the fish string 'em all together and give me something worth doing. I've lifted 500 pounds before breakfast." "Oh, yes, I've heard of you," said the old man, somewhat warmly. "You're the man that ate a piece of rubber hose for breakfast and didn't find out it wasn't sausage till somebody told you. See that thumb nail?" he asked, holding up a curious-looking stub with a horny growth upon it. "Well, I served 'prentice once to a boxmaker, and used to put in all the screws with that nail and pull 'em out when they broke off with my teeth. You know me, and I'll stick to it that you can't heave the fish up to the dock, and there's the money." The Skowhegan athlete thus called upon deposited \$10 with the owner of the mackerel canning shop, who had joined the party, and went down the ladder into the boat, while the old fisherman climbed up on the dock to watch the feat. "Stand back there!" shouted the fish tosser, rolling up his sleeve. "This fish might hit you, old man, and knock some of the blow out of you." "Heave away," said the man in oilskins, tipping a wink at the crowd in general. The young man now stepped into the dory and poked away the tinkers (small mackerel) that were sliding about. Standing on the edge of the boat he stooped down, grasped the skate-like fish, and lifted, raising it about a foot. Then, uttering a yell, he staggered a moment and fell with a resounding splash into the water, nearly capsizing the boat in accomplishing the feat, which was received with shouts of laughter from the dock, the old fisherman fairly dancing a hornpipe on the rail. "What's the matter with you?" he shouted, as the unfortunate athlete scrambled into the dory again, swearing like a pirate. "Trying to upset the boat, are you?" "Who struck me? Some one gave me a knock on the neck just as I was lifting." "Nonsense," said some one in the crowd. "You wasn't touched." "I'll take my oath I felt something hit me. If this is a skin game I want to know it." Bracing himself firmly in the boat he again grasped the fish in both hands and raised it three feet, and then fish, athlete and all went over backward among the tinkers. Man, fish, oars and balers were mixed up for a moment. At last the Skowhegan lifter made a break for the dock, and once upon it, sank down on a pile of boards. He was as white as a sheet and covered with scales from head to foot. "Send for the apothecary," he gasped, as the men crowded round. "Why, what's the matter with you?" "I've had a stroke," whispered the victim. "The minute I stooped to lift I felt it a-runnin' all over me. It's in our family, but I've got it bad," and here he rubbed his arms and legs. "It knocked me clean off my feet," he added, "and my limbs felt like sticks. Send—" but here a roar of laughter broke from the men, and one of them, seizing him by the arm, jerked him to his feet. "You're all right, my lad; only next time don't go fooling around old Amos. He's a hard nut." "Here's your money sonny," said the old man, holding out the bill, "you've earned it." "What do I mean?" he continued. "Why, jest this: You haven't had a shock of paralysis. You tried to heft one of these torpedoes. They'll knock a horse if you take 'em right." The athlete looked vacantly ahead, took back his money, and left amid the renewed laughter of the crowd. "He'll have a yarn to tell the Showhegan folks," said the perpetrator of the joke, "but I do hate to hear a man 'blow,' and thought I'd take him down. Injured! No, sir-ee. He'll feel stiff for an hour or so, but it won't harm him. I've been struck by ten hundred times, and it's no fun I can tell you. It's just like being struck by a mild stroke of lightning. I don't generally touch 'em, but a man

gave me a dollar to fetch one in, so I kept it in the boat. They'll shock you right through the net. When I was hauling in the tinker seine this morning, I knew I had a shockfish from the jerking of my arms. The shocks come right up the wet cording, so that sometimes you can't hang on anyhow. I've seen a man who struck one with an iron harpoon, thinking it a skate, knocked down so quick he never knew what hit him." The Bad Boy Gets a Black Eye. "Well, I see you have got another black eye," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in with a kerosene can and sat down by a peach basket while the grocery man drew the kerosene. "How did you get it? Have a fight, or did your pa knock you down with a chair?" "Got it trying to be angelic," said the boy, as he fumbled around the mosquito bar over the basket of peaches to see if there wasn't a place where a peach might fall out. "You know that blind woman that grinds the hand-organ down on the corner. Well, a person would think that a poor blind woman who has to support herself and five children grinding out the awfullest music ever was would be the last person in the world to have tricks played on her, but this morning I found a couple of dudes dropping lozenges in the cigar box that is on her organ for pennies. The first time they dropped in one the old lady smiled and took it and eat it, and I wasn't very mad, 'cause I thought the dudes would surprise her by dropping in a five-dollar gold piece for a nickel, and make her feel good. But the next time they dropped in a cayenne pepper lozenger, and they got behind a peanut-stand to see how it worked. She bit it, and then she opened her mouth and blowed cold wind on her parched tongue, and I almost landed at first, she made such a face, but when I see the tears begin to pour out of her poor old blind eyes, and roll down her withered cheeks, and she took the corner of her apron and wiped the tears away, as she stopped right in the middle of 'Annie Laurie,' and the organ drew a long breath, and when I looked at those two dudes laughing at her, I got crazy. Somehow I felt as though that poor old woman was my ma, and before I knew it, I jumped right in among those dudes, and knocked one of them through the peanut stand on the hot chestnut-roaster, and I kicked the other where it hurt, and he ran, and the other one said: 'What you got to do about the old woman, don't you know—' and I said she was a friend of mine, 'cause she was blind, and then the Italian hit me in the eye with a hard peach, and a policeman came along and the dude told him I was a terrier, and the policeman jerked my coat-collar off, but when I told him what it was all about, he gave me back my coat-collar and chased the dude, and the old lady thanked me with her trembling lips that were smarting from the lozenger, and I went home to get my collar sewed on, and pa was going to take it out of my hide. I guess if I hadn't told him about the blind woman, he would have been kicking me yet. Sometimes I think it don't pay to be too good. For instance, now in this row, all the friend I have got is this blind woman, and she will not know me when she sees me. The two dudes and the Italian will lay for me, and the policeman will, very likely, be told by the dude that it was me who fired the lozenger in there, and I have got to wear this black eye for two weeks, just for having a heart in me. Do you think it pays to be good, or didn't you ever try it?" "You bet it pays," said the grocery man, as he stuck the nozzle of the kerosene can into a potato, and ripped off the mosquito bar and told the boy to help himself to peaches. "You have got a friend in me, and you can call on me for a certificate of character at any time. A boy that protects the poor and unfortunate is a thoroughbred, if he does get a black eye occasionally." —Milwaukee Sun. On "Letting It Alone." There is nothing in which men do more wisely, when they agree to act upon the principle of letting things alone, than when they apply this rule to the slanders and misrepresentations which are directed against themselves. If only they can possess their souls in patience, and sit down in quietness and self-control when they are misunderstood or misrepresented, they may rest assured that they will gain a much more certain and easy victory than if they insist upon doing battle with all whom they regard as their enemies. The truth is great, and it will prevail, says an old Latin proverb. One may go further and say that, after all, the truth hardly needs to be helped by us. It will make its way by its own weight; it will prevail by reason of its own strength. So when the angry storm of slander rages, when jealousy has become fierce and bitter passions, which in their turn have armed themselves with the cruel weapons of falsehood and malice, the wise man will learn the wisdom of letting things alone. Let the storm blow past; but do not bruise yourself in fruitless attempts to hurl back the remorseless blast. Leave it alone, and it will shriek around you harmlessly, and by-and-by the hurricane will have blown itself out, and you will be exactly where you were before it began to rise—that is, provided you have the wisdom to let it alone. Taking It Out in Trade. "Doctor," said a man to his physician, who had just presented a bill of \$50 for treatment during a recent illness, "I have not much ready money. Will you not take this out in trade?" "Oh, yes," cheerfully answered the doctor; "I think that we can arrange that—but what is your business?" "I am a cornet player," was the startling reply. —Harper's Bazar. IN THE CYCLONE BELT. To wake at morn, and thank the night; To sleep at eve, and bless the day; To feel, on storm-swept cheeks, the gray And ashen signet of fierce fight; This is the lot of those who wait In storm-cursed lands the tempest's fate. The torrid heat of summer day An icy terror is to him Who sees, on far horizon's rim, Piled high, the thunder's banks of gray; While wandering breaths of vagrant air Seem like the music of despair! Plenty and peace and youth and hope One hour; the next, the whirling blast— With death and want, when it is past, Maimed forms through tear-wet ruins grope— Source time for love to gasp, "Good-bye," And after that—Eternity! —Clarence M. Boutelle. HUMOR OF THE DAY. If you want to experiment on the adhesiveness of affection, endeavor to divorce a lazy boy from a warm bed on a cold winter morning. —Brookridge News. Professor (looking at his watch): "As we have a few minutes, I shall be glad to answer any question that any one may wish to ask." Student—"What time is it, please?" During a recent storm off the North Carolina coast the wind blew eighty-one miles an hour. This nearly beats the best time made by audacious and stamp-speakers. —Detroit Journal. Neighbor—"Your family looks contented and happy." Mother—"Yes; the boys are happy because they are through with their whipping, and the girls are happy because they didn't get any." —The Judge. Little Freddie (late to breakfast): "Papa, what is the difference between me and those baked potatoes?" "Give it up, Freddie." "Why the potatoes early rose, and I didn't." —Burlington Free Press. A Brooklyn woman has been arrested, charged with stealing an accordion. A woman wicked enough to steal an accordion would do worse. She would even play on the diabolical instrument. —Norristown Herald. A lady in Toronto got to laughing over some amusing incident and couldn't stop. Finally a doctor was called in, and he couldn't quiet her. As a last resort some one had to tell her that her back hair was coming down. —Lovelock Citizen. A preacher in Tennessee is known as the "satisfying preacher." Whenever a church began to get a little tired of their pastor, this man was sent for, and after hearing a sermon or two from him they were "satisfied"—to keep the pastor they had. In Scandinavia mothers take their infants to church, closely swaddled and wrapped in furs, and bury them in the snowdrifts at the door, leaving little holes for them to breathe through, when, from time to time, issues a superior article of ice cream. —Rochester Express. The most humane woman this country has ever produced has just been discovered. In the early part of the season she gave away her switch to be tied to the abbreviated appendage of a hobtail horse, herocally parting with it rather than see the poor animal pestered by flies. —Philadelphia News. "Well," said Amy, after patiently trying for an hour to drown a worm in Horse creek, without being rewarded by even a nibble: "Well, fishing isn't what's cracked up to be." "More slang!" exclaimed the high school girl; "you should say: 'Fishing is not pulverized according to the original intention.'" —Derrick. An attempt having been made to take a census of the females of Kurdistan, they rebelled, and 500 of them, assembling, attacked the soldiers who were sent to aid the enumerators, and put them to flight. The census had to be suspended until the reinforcements could arrive. These ladies should not have asked the census takers their ages without protection. Adele is a splendid cook, but it is evident that she cannot content everybody and his father. The other evening madame went into the kitchen and found the gas stove lighted. "Why, Adele, do you light your stove at this hour?" "But I have not put it out since morning." "Why, girl, are you crazy?" "No, but madame is always complaining that I use too many matches." —Paris Paper. Secrets in Washington. Secrets are often valuable in Washington. When the ways and means committee decided to increase the tax on whisky to two dollars a gallon a number of fortunes are said to have been made within a small circle of men. In the dark days of 1864 a treasury clerk kept for twenty-four hours a secret known only to President Lincoln and Secretary Chase beside himself. When it became officially known it sent gold flying up, and the country was in dismay. It was a secret, too, that could have been passed on without harming the Union cause. It was simply a question of keeping faith till the time came. An hour after the news broke the clerk fairly staggered under a terrific slap on the shoulder. He heard and saw a banker whom he knew well. "You miserable fool!" cried the banker. "I have given you one hundred thousand dollars to have known this twenty-four hours ago!" And the banker could have well afforded to do it. But the clerk had the satisfaction of knowing that he had done his duty, as many another government officer has done under circumstances of temptation. —Washington Magazine.