No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

Che Forest Republican.

VOL. XVI. NO. 49.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1884.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

One Square, one inch, one insertion \$1 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Marriage and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Job work-east on delivery.

LONG AGO.

O ringlet, with the golden gleam, What memories are clustered here! The shadow of a passing dream, The silent falling of a tear;

> A breath of summers long ago, Drifting across the moment's space; A long-forgotten sunset glow Upon a long-remembered face. -A. A. Dayton, in Atlantic.

AN EXPERIMENT.

Theresa Darcourt was wholly devoted to her brother Harry, and when his duties as a special examiner of pension claims led him to Tennessee, she bravely followed him, though she knew to what deprivations and inconveniences she would be subjected.

Darcourt went first to Knoxville, and from there to Boxborough, a little hamlet of perhaps fifty houses, nestling right at the foot of a mountain. The postmaster, who owned the only house in the place which could boast of a coat of paint, took the examiner and his sister in, and tried his best to make them comfortable. But Theresa thought it a poor best; for the fare set before them was of the coarsest, cheapest kind, the beds were guiltless of sheets, and the cold Winter air penetrated the thin walls of the bedroom assigned her until she felt as if in an ice-house.

"How am I to endure life here for even five weeks?" she thought, when her brother told her that he would probably be obliged to remain for that length of time in Boxborough. "I shall die of simple inaction.

But she did not say anything of the sout to Harry, who was rather inclined to laugh at the peculiarities of their accommodations, and was of far too amiable a disposition to complain of them.

You will have a chance here to study the habits and manners of the native Tennessean, Theresa, he said, "and your experience may be sufficiently novel and varied to fill the minds of all your kie's ls with envy when you return to

you may be sure of that," said seresa. "I intend to go to that tencent entertainment in the school-house to-night, if you'll take me.

"Certainly I will," said Harry; "but I am afraid you will find it vastly different from any exhibition you ever attend-

ed in Washington."
"I suppose so," said Theresa. "I'm prepared for anything," But she was scarcely prepared to find

that the entertainment consisted solely of coarse comic songs, sung in a loud bass voice by a one-armed man with a

"This is awful-positively awful!" she whispered to Harry, at the conclution of ten verses about a young man whose sweetheart's father had set a dog on him, thereby causing him to lose a very important part of his raiment. wonder if he has many more like that in his repertoire."

And then she tried not to listen, and began to look about her. She had an excellent chance to study the faces of the Boxboroughites, for they had turned out en masse, and filled every seat in the house. . The women, with few excepwore calico, slat sun-bonnets, gaudy shawls and homespun or calico resses.

All the older members looked Juli and careworn, as though the burdens of life had borne heavily upen them—as indeed they had, for the life of a woman in the country districts of Tennessee is not an enviable one. She is obliged to work early and late, both in the house and field, is poorly fed and meagerly clothed, and her children are legion.

The majority of the men were rough, hearty-looking fellows, who laughed loudly at all the jokes perpetrated by the one armed singer, and seemed to enjoy the entertainment vastly.

In one corner, sitting rather back from view, was a young fellow who seemed to Theresa rather above his companions, in appearance at least,

He was of fair complexion, though a little tanned from exposure to the sun, and his straight, yellow hair was cropped close to a finely-formed head. His eyes were so dark a blue as to look extremely black at a short distance, and a long, light-brown mustache shaded a mouth as sensitive as a woman's.

Theresa looked at him long and earnestly.

"It seems to me that young man is worth attention," she thought. "Some-thing might be made of him if some one would only take him up."

Turning a little, she happened to meet the gaze of a pair of flashing black eyes belonging to a young girl who sat on one of the side seats just opposite the young man who had aroused Theresa's interest The black eyes looked indignant, and

Theresa saw at once that she had in some way incurred their owner's enmity; but how, she could not imagine.

The girl was better looking than most of the women about her, and was better dressed; but there was nothing of refine

ment or delicacy in her face. She laughed as heartily as the men at the songs and jokes, and was evidently highly pleased when the performer retired behind a calico curtain stretched across one corner of the room, reappeared after a few moments dressed as a woman, his face and hands liberally cov-

ered with burnt cork. In this garb he sang several sentimental ditties, and then declared the entertain-

ment at an end. "Well, how did you enjoy it?" asked Darcourt, as he left the school-house with his sister, and, with the aid of a lantern, began picking his way toward the postmaster's dwelling, a quarter of a mile

"How can you ask, Harry? It was a

rise in a body and turn the man out,"

ourselves, had never seen or heard any-thing better, probably."

ter; it would be an act of mercy.' "I don't agree with you, said Darwhere anything better in the way of amusement than we had to-night is never

pleasures 2" "You may be right; but all the same I man there whose face interested me very much. He sat in one corner, to the left of the teacher's desk. Did you notice him? He had on a blue flannel shirt, and was very good-looking."

"Oh, you mean George Felton," said Darcourt. "Yes, I saw he was there. He is rather good-looking. He is one of the leave till I've the witnesses for the claim of Nathaniel of you, neither." Brooks. He will be up to see me to-morrow, and you will have a chance to prised at this attack to utter a word. talk to him ?"

"I shall improve it, you may be sure," said Theresa. "I shall find out if his Collins; and now, I reckon, you undercharacter corresponds with his appear-

"If it does, I suppose you will experi- quietly. ment on him; teach him 'something bet-ter than he has known,' ch?" said Darcourt, laughing.

my hands. An experiment of that sort suthin'. I've stood your goin's on for would interest me, at least."

would interest me, at least."

"Remember the fable of the boy and "It was fun"

"It was fun"

"I don't know what you are talking "I don't know what you are talking toward." for that boy to throw stones, but it was

death to the poor frogs."

"Nousense, Harry. If I do try my experiment on Mr. Felton, he will have every reason to bless the day that brought me to Boxborough," said Theresa.

She was in the postmaster's sittingroom, searching a box of papers for a letter her brother wanted when George Felton came in the next morning. Harry was engaged with several other witnesses, and after introducing the young fellow to Theresa, went into the next room to continue the taking of testimony, sublimely indifferent to anything

George Felton was evidently pleased at having received an introduction to the examiner's sister. And she saw this at once, and it inclined her favorably ward him. Like all women, she liked to be admired, and even the admiration of an uncultivated, awkward young

Tennessean was pleasant to her. But she did not imagine how very deeply she impressed George Felton. Her manner, appearance and dress were so very different from those of the women with whom he habitually associated that she held a peculiar charm for him all her own. And she was so cordial and talkative that he felt at his ease almost immediately, and entered into conversation with her without a trace of embar-

By means of a pleasant exhibition of interest in him, and judicious questioning, Theresa soon drew from him the history of his life-a very simple, unexciting one, as may be supposed. He had received only a common school educa-tion, subscribed for no newspapers, and had never thought of leaving Boxborough, nor of striking out into a wider field of action. He had a mother and two sisters, and he lived with them, and tilled the land left him by his father.

The more Theresa talked to him the more interested she became in him. Here was soil, she thought, which would repay cultivation, and she determined that the experiment of which she had spoken to her brother should be tried.

She began by telling the young man omething of her own life, and painted in glowing language the pleasures of society and the advantages to be derived from a residence in a large city. She told of fortunes made by men who had begun at the very foot of the ladder, and

she spoke of music, art and the drama. George Felton listened eagerly to everything she said, his bright, blue eyes scarcely leaving her face for an instant, and when at length they were interrupted by the entrance of Darcourt, he asked if might see her again after his testimony

had been taken. Theresa answered in the affirmative, seeretly gratified that she had so thor-

oughly aroused his interest. 'In five weeks I can make a different man of him," she thought. "I never began an experiment that promised so

She took from her valise several books she had brought with her from home. Milton's "Paradise Lost," Tennyson's Poems, "Recollections of the Anti-slavery Conflict," and a volume containing

the biographies of several eminent men. When George Felton came into the oom again an hour later, he found her poring over these books as if perfectly

"You seem interested," he said, standing before her, a wistful look on his

"Yes, I am; and so would you be also, it you loved books as I do, Mr. Felton. What do you say to reading these with me? Couldn't you come up here every afternoon for an hour or

"I shall be very glad to do so," he answered, simply. "It is kind of you to think of it, Miss Darcourt."

"I consider it kind of you to be willing to give up so much of your time to me," she returned. "I had begun to think I would be bored to death in this place,

George Felton kept his word, Regularly every atternoon at 2 o'clock he appeared at the postmaster's house, and drooped, "I should never have encour- ever but milk.

wonder to me that the audience did not read, studied and talked to Theresa until aged your coming here; I should never CAPTAIN MARY MILLER. ise in a body and turn the man out."

'' The audience, with the exception of philanthropist interested in the cultivation of her pupil's mind that it did not occur to her that he had a heart as well, "More's the pity," said Theresa. "I and that constant association with one wish I could show them something bet- so attractive as herself was rather dangerous to its peace.

But she was rudely awakened one day court. "You would only make them to the truth. She was sitting alone, discontented, since their lives are cast some fancy-work in her hands, and had just glanced at the clock to see how soon she might expect her pupil, when likely to come in their way. Why put the door opened, without the ceremony them out of conceit with their few of a knock, and a young girl entered.

Theresa recognized her at once. was the owner of the black eyes which would like to try the experiment—on had flashed so indignantly that evening his hand to her, one of them at least. There was a young in the school-house.

She rose at once. "Have you called to see Mrs. Dunn?" she asked. " She is in the kitchen."

"No, I haven't called to see Mrs. Dunn," answered the girl, insolently, as she sented herself in a chair near the fire. "I've called to see you, and I ain't goin' ter leave till I've told you what I think Theresa remained silent, too much sur-

"I suppose you don't know who I am, continued the girl. 'Well, I'm Mattie stand what I am here for, don't you?"

"No, I do not," answered Theresa, "Well, if you don't, you oughter. There's some as might be afcared o' you, with your fine ways an' your harnsome "Nothing more likely," answered his sister. "I must find something to do here, or time will hang very heavily on feller took away from me 'thout sayin' clothes, but thar ain't no fearedness

> about," said Theresa, moving toward the door which led into her bedroom, 'and I don't care to stay to hear the explanation."

> Mattie Collins's face grew crimson. She sprang before Theresa and put her back against the bedroom door.

> "You will stay, though," she said. "I mean you to hear every word I came ter say. So you'd better make your mind up to it. I don't stand no foolin', an' I told Sam Cosgrove yestiddy that I meant ter have it out with you, though I ain't so sure as George Felton's wuth so much talk. But-

> She was interrupted by the opening of the door, and the entrance of George Felton, whose face changed perceptibly as he saw the relative positions of the two women.

Theresa moved toward him at once "Mr. Felton," she said, "I must ask your protection against this woman. I think she must be insane."

"Insane!" repeated Mattie, with a harsh laugh. "George'll soon put you out o' thet notion. Why don't you speak up, George, an' tell her you've been promised ter me these two years back. Not that I don't believe she's back. knowed it all along, though. But there's

other girl's got a beau." George Felton had grown deadly pale during this tirade. He scarcely waited its conclusion before he advanced to Mattie's side and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder.

"Go!" he said, in a voice smothered with rage-" go at once!"

Mattie cowered under the fierce glare of his wrathful eyes, but she did not "You want ter be alone with her, I

suppose," she said, throwing a disdainful glance in Theresa's direction. "You want to have some more fool talk over them books. But I don't go till I've had my say out. I won't sit by an' see her a-ropin of you in this 'ere way. She's a fine lady, she is, ter-"

"Not another word," interrupted George, fairly livid with passion, and in spite of her violent efforts to release herelf from his grasp, he succeeded in getting her out of the room and closing the door upon her.

She stood for a moment on the step, as if debating whether she had better renew the attack; but finally walked off down the road, much to the relief of Felton, who was watching her from the window.

Theresa had sunk upon a chair and covered her face with her hands. She was sobbing from mortification and neryous terror. Never before had she been so grossly insulted.

George Felton gazed at her in silence an instant; the next he was on his knees by her side, his arms about her, his breath on her cheek.

"Theresa! Theresa!" he whispered, in a voice shaken with passion. "Oh, my darling! my darling! She started from him as if electrified,

a ghastly pallor creeping over her face, a strange look of horror in her eyes. "No, no!" she cried, in a voice of the keenest pain. "Oh, Mr. Felton, how could you think-how did you dare to

"Of loving you, I suppose you would say," he interrupted, bitterly. "Well, it is a strange thing for me to do, I know. But I loved you from the first hour I met you, I think. "And—and you were engaged to that rl?" gasped Theresa. "You are en-

girl?" gasped Theresa, gaged to her now." 'Yes, I am," he answered, "and I am sorry for it; for I can never marry h

"Why not?" demanded Thoresa, lookng at him with earnest, tear-wet eyes. 'I don't like her; but your honor, you know; and you can scarcely expect-

"To marry you," he said, as she paused. "No, I am not so mad as to expect that," and he laughed harshly. But after knowing you I cannot marry a woman so greatly your inferior, should loathe her."

"Mr. Felton, I have done wrong. see that plainly now," and the girl's head

have entered on so close an intimacy with you. But I did not dream for a moment that-that anything so unpleasant could arise from it. I wanted only to show you that you were capable of better things, and that you were wasting your life here in Boxborough. The experiment has ended disastronsly."

"It has indeed!" he returned, sadly and yet I do not think I shall ever regret having met you. And I may feel after a while, that all this was for the best. At all events, you must not let any recollection of me trouble you. I shall never think otherwise than kindly of you, believe that." And he held out

"I shall not see you again, then?" she faltered. "I think not. We could not meet as

we have heretofore done, you see. He held her hand a moment, looking at her with eyes in which lay a world of pain; then, without another word, he turned and walked away.

Theresa was very glad to hear from her brother that evening that he would be able to arrange his business so as to leave Boxborough the following day. She felt that it would be a great relief to her to know that twenty miles of mountainous country separated her from George Felton, of whom she could not think without pain and self-reproach.

But she said nothing to Harry of her anxiety to be gone, and packed her valise with such apparent indifference that he laughingly accused her of regretting the necessity which compelled it.

"By the way," he said, as he was driv-ing her back to Knoxville the next day, 'you have not told me anything about your experiment. How did it turn

"Not very well," answered Theresa, in

"I didn't suppose it would. I rather thought you overrated that young fel-

Theresa let this charge pass in silence, She did not care to make a confident of her brother, and so would not enter into any argument which might lead to embarrassing questions.

Three months later she saw in a Knoxville paper a notice of the marriage of Samuel Cosgrove and Mattie Collins, of Boxborough; but of George Felton she never heard again. Whether he ever recovered from the wound she had given him, whether he continued to pursue the studies he had begun under her direction,

she never knew. When telling her experiences in Tenuesee to her friends in Washington, she was always careful to avoid any mention of that very unfortunate experiment. - Florence B. Hallowell.

The Best Liked Travelers.

"Yes, sir, I can tell in a general way within ten minutes after his arrival about almost every man who comes up to register," said a well-known hotel clerk to a reporter of the Detroit Free Press.

"What are the points?" down his name, sees that he is assigned to a room and we hardly hear from him until he pays his bill and leaves the city. "You mean your reasonable old

traveler?' "Nearly all old travelers-men who have been on the road ten or fifteen years-are reasonable. Then there is the young old traveler, the person who had been kiting through the country a year or He puts down his name, calls you old boy,' and all the time insinuating that he hates to 'kick,' that he is easily satisfied, demands an outside room with

bath, not too high up." "How do you satisfy them?" We do the best we can and make them believe they have got the best in the house solely through their knowledge of traveling ways and their quiet demeanor.'

"What is next on the list?" "The novitiate-the man making his first trip. He knows it all! He comes to the front with what he got in Buffalo Cleveland or Chicago, how nice he found this or that hotel, and 'Now, my dear fellow, I expect to visit you about four times a year and want you to do well by me. 1 He gets his room, and no matter if it's a first-floor-fronter, he grumbles; he swears at the bell-boys, curses the hall men, complains in the dining-room and in every way makes himself a nui-

sance. "What is the most interesting class of

travelers?" "The once-a-year visitor who makes a trip of fifty or 100 miles away from his home. He comes to the counter in a strange sort of way and registers, the chances being that he writes his name forty per cent, worse than usual. Then he draws a sigh and looks the office and the clerks over pretty thoroughly. Then he leans against the counter and takes a tooth-pick between his teeth. Strolling over to the water faucet he takes a drink and begins to examine time tables, advertising clocks and play bills. You see he's not only a stranger, but he feels lonesome and does not know where to go or what to do. Presently he comes up to the counter and asks for his key, say ing that he 'guesses he will go up to his room.' So he disappears, but down he comes in about ten minutes and gets a eigar and a drink of water, after which he again goes over the time tables and advertisements. At last, staring at the clock, he asks us what the time is, and getting a reply he goes to bed to dream that he wouldn't live in a city if they would give him the whole town.

"Which class do you like best?" "The genuine old traveler has first choice, and the once-a-year man comes second.'

On account of several recent cases of death in England among children who had been fed on wheaten biscuit, a phy deinn states in the British Medical Jo that infants under six or eight months should be fed with nothing what | Not many boats take our route. It is | Pore.

AND HOW SHE HANDLES THE LITTLE STEAMER SALINE.

Reporter Has a Pleasant Chat With the First Feminine Captain of the Land.

Every ten or twelve days the habitue of the levee hears sounding across the river where it washes the big foot of Canal street, a peculiar, pert little whistle, and a small, queer looking craft comes with a steady, sturdy motion, swinging into port. Alongside of the big up-river boat this craft ties up, lying like a pigmy 'twixt giants. The hind part of the "Saline" is well boxed up in front, there's room for much freight, and a pair of stairs as straight and as steep as the path of the righteous lead to the upper deck, and office and living cabins of the boat. On top of the cabin deck squats a pilot house, out of which many and many a time dwellers on Bayou Bouf, Bayou Macon and along the yellow Red river have seen the smart, handsome, shrewd, but womanly face of Captain Mary Miller, peering, as she carefully, but with the air of concious capability, pulled at her wooden reins and guided the Saline in and out and all around the torturesome windings of Louisiana waters. The Saline was built, is owned and run by Captain Miller, the husband of Captain Mary Mil-ler. She makes a round trip 1,000 miles in length, and does business mostly on her own hook. The small cabin is the floating home of the only woman steamboat captain in America. One day week a Picayune reporter crawled gingerly up the stairway and got into the Saline's cabin. First door on the inside opened into the office, then the passage was broadened and expanded into the proportions of a good sized room. On one side bunks were ranged, with red chintz curtains tucked away from them and suggesting the possibility of semi-privacy when night came on and the tired passengers or crew turned in. A big cannon stove, at that moment red as a turkey gobbler's wattles, stood roaring and groaning in the middle of the floor; beyond it two doors evidently shut off two full-blown staterooms. A sewing machine and some dainty work mightily like a child's dress was in view, and by the stove in a splintbottomed rocking-chair sat Mary Miller.

Mrs. Miller is a trim, bonny little woman, whom nobody would credit with years enough to be the mother, as she is, of a family of four children, two of whom

are almost grown. The reporter was made welcome with the off-hand hearty hospitality that seems natural with almost all steamboat folks, and being seated in another rocking chair-sure evidence of a woman's management, the talk naturally turned to Mrs. Miller's unusual life.

"I come of a steamboat family," said the lady; "my father was a steamboat man, and after I married Captain Miller-that distress or behaving himself otherwise was seventeen years ago-lof course spent | than as a perfect bear. Whether he had much of my time on the river. We have a beautiful home at Louisville, and my little ones are all there now, but for the past four years I have been living mainy on a boat. My husband used to do nothing but pilot, and I spent much of my time in the pilot house and learned to manage a boat and how to navigate certain rivers in spite of myself. There is no reason why a woman should not know or learn how to manage a boat as well as a sewing machine.11

"Women often lack confidence in their own ability," hazarded the reporter, She stared a bit, and then said: "Yes, that is true. They know what to do, but prefer to stand by and tell some man how to do it for them. But, as I was saying, I learned to handle a boat as well as any man on the river, and several years ago I had occasion to test my ability. Once my husband fell ill with fever, and we had a run of half a hundred miles to make, with several landings, in a very crooked bayou. I took the boat's wheel and got through all right, although you would have laughed over the amazement of the natives to see a woman piloting. Several years ago we had to go and take off loaded barges from a large boat stuck on the sandbar above Cairo My husband had to leave our boat to remain on the other, which was leaking badly, and so I took the deck, had the barges made fast to us, turned the boat round and carried her down to Cairo. Captain Cannon said then I had as good a right to a captain's license as any man

on the river." "What do you do with yourself all the time, Mrs. Miller?" asked the reporter. "Well, I manage all the money matters When we are up in the parishes, I buy and load the boat with cotton seed, which I buy after inspecting samples, and bring to New Orleans and sell out to merchants We carry other freight, of course, and I buy all the boat's provisions, and pro visions, also, to sell to the plantation hands up the country. Then I do all the colecting and banking business. At first the merchants thought it odd to see a woman come in collecting, but I have never yet been treated with anything but courtesy and kindness; and, beside, they never halloo out to me to 'call again, as they might to a man." "Possessed of your captain's license, what do you meen to do?"

"I shall keep on just as I am moving, except that I shall be oftener on deck and looking after the boat when she lands and puts freight off or on. I

wanted a license because I had earned it

and wished to undertake, when necessary,

the free duties of a steamboat captain. "You must not think my life has been eventful. We have never had any accidents happen to us since we have been on the river, and I am not afraid of any. Ours is a thousand mile trip, and I sew, read, write to the children, make out bills, and take the dock when necessary. again, old only in years!-- Bes. Perley

through a beautiful, hilly country, and the people we meet at landings all know me. Most of them call me Captain Miller already."

"Do you think steamboating would be good profession for a woman?

"Certainly not, unless it had come to her, not she to it-as in my own case. Steamboating was forced on me, and the appliest thing it has taught me is that whatever a man may learn to do, a woman may also, provided it is not a question of muscle.1

Somebody poked an enquiring head in at the door and asked Mrs. Miller if sha had taken on that circular saw for the wilderness.

Mrs. Miller donned her business ait and the reporter withdrew .- New Orleans Picayune.

Wrestling With a Bear.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times gives this scene from the daily life at the Hot Springs, Ark.: A street car passes, drawn by a melancholy-looking mule. On the car hangs a placard:

BLACK DAN AND THE BEAR
WILL RESTLE TO-DAY

AT CASTLE PARE.

I board the car and am carried through an entirely new part of the town, northward of and above the Arlington. The valley widens again. We pass the Josephine cottage, the Avenue hotel and a number of very pretty private residences. These become rarer after awhile and at last the mule is trudging between the tracks over a country road. Again the strains of martial music assail my ears and I discover a third band playing furiously in one corner of a little two-acre enclosure. A man at the gate relieves me of a quarter and I am free of the

There is a cottage in the rear occupied by a Frenchman as a restaurant. In one corner, chained to a tree, lies a gigantic bear the biggest black bear I ever saw.

A notice is pasted on the tree: BEER FOR THE BEAR Scattered about in the park are a hundred or so of spectators. I do not like to show ignorance by inquiring the meaning of the placard, but quietly wait. Presently a young man, evidently not a member of a red-ribbon society, gently approaches the bear, who looks at him lazily and blinks his eyes. The young man displays a bottle of beer. The big beast (the bear, I mean,) rises on his haunches and licks his jaws in token of approval. The biped, after one or two, feints, rolls the bottle over to bruin, who seizes it, uncorks it with his teeth and takes a tremendous pull. After a rest he takes another. This time he has emptied it, and letting it roll to a distance gazes at it with an expression half melancholy and half comical. "Treating the bear" is a daily amusement with the visitors here. His powers are great. He has

been known to make away with twenty-

five bottles at a sitting, or rather a squat-

ting, without hanging out any signal of

a headache the next day or not no one

knows.

"Time" is called for the wrestling bout, and a negro in a ragged suit of clothes steps forward and prepares for battle. This, it seems, is Dan. The bear at first seems disinclined to move, but is prodded into activity by the blows and insults heaped upon him. He shows considerable skill and does not lose his temper. Occasionally he handles Dan pretty roughly. In the first round Dan pulled a hat of some tough material down over his eyes and made a dash at bruin, The latter dodged, and, clutching Dan, who had slipped and fallen backward into the bear's hug, laid hold of his arm with his teeth, pinching it severely, as was evident from the expression of Dan's face. negro finally freed his other arm and struck bruin a terriffic blow on the snout, at the same time shouting: "What's de matter wid yo' b'ar!" The bear loosened his hold and Dan hauled off for repairs. After pausing to regain his wind Dan, evidently a little disheartened, made another rush, but the bear stooped, caught him nimbly, and falling backward, flung him bleeding and half-senseless into a pile of rubbish twenty feet away. Poor Dan picked himself up and retreated toward the house, turning from time to time to bestow a farewell curse upon his late adversary, whose eyes shone with a merry twinkle as they followed the

vanquished man. "The show" was ended, and the crowd made a rush for the bob-tail cars.

Henry Clay's Last Visit to the House.

Henry Clay's last visit to the House of Representatives, over which he had presided so long and well, was at the funeral of Mr. Kauffman, of Texas, in February, 1851. He did not come in with the Senators, but he entered the House alone, and took his seat immediately in front of the Speaker. not remove his blue cloth cloak, but remained well wrapped up and unvarying in his position. Thad never before seen him look so much like an old, old man. The damp and gloomy day perhaps conspired with the passing scene to depress him, or it may be that he was not in health. I do not know, but sure I am that from his appearance no one would believe his voice could be even audible in the Senate, much less that, by the power of his eloquence he could control or influence its deliberations. His face shrunken and shriveled, his eyes lustreless and heavy, his mouth in repose only when open and expressionless, he seemed to have so long since passed into the "lean and slippered pantaloon" as to be no longer suited to the ardent encounters of the Senate. And yet, with a few rays of aunshine upon his brow and upon his heart, how he could be himself