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WAXING AND WAWING.

Hope and the sun are like as one-Both largest when they rise; They shrink alike from morn till noon, As life grows old and wise.

With what unbounded hope the boy Begins his world-career! How wondrous large and bright with joy Do rising sons appear!

But as the sun grows less and less, And paler as they climb

The vacant sky, so we confess The cold deceits of time, Our boyhood hopes will shrink and fade As boyhood drifts away,

And one by one to rest are laid The failures of the day. And yet the sun at noon that turns

Its downward course will grow and grow Till in the west it rolls and burns, As large as half a day ago.

So, as we hear that other sphere, The early hope revives, That all we thought was ours here May be, in other lives. -Harper's Weekly.

#### LEFT BEHIND.

It was 10 o'clock of a July morning, and the largest fraction of humanity had been some hours earning its daily bread. the young man who leaned lazily on the piazza railing, and looked absently out on late Winnights Beside him in a huge ake Winnipake. Beside him in a huge chair, sat a little woman rocking to and fre, with an untiring movement, and with deft fingers plying in and out rays were mercifully tempered by a soft among bright silk and crewels. She was breeze on the lake. idle, too, in her woman's laborious way, but there was a lack of repose in her into her brother, who stood in statuesque inaction, looking into the still water

"What are you going to do, to-day ?" the little woman asked.

The one with red ?" "Yes, don't you think she's pretty ?" "I hadn't thought of it,"

"I'm not particular. Is she worth

"Ben, you exasperate me. Do you "I don't do anything else in Wall air about her.

"I don't do anything else in Wall air about her.

An hour had dragged its length when Josephene suddenly lifted her head and Josephene suddenly lifted her head and wan's veice singtake an interest in anything ?" street. I'm off duty now. I believe in resting in a philosophical sort of a way.'

young man. "I'll tell you how it is; I singing. simply want my liberty. It doesn't pay -this dancing attention on half a dozen

giris whom you never see again." "Oh, well, don't, then." Ben Adams at twenty-one had performed his social duties with great zest. Four years later he was still heart whole, and beginning to take a purely fraternal turbing sound of oars. interest in blushing debutantes. He danced less and went to the opera alone, or with his friend Rutland, a confirmed bachelor of twenty-nine. With entire me, I hope. What! I believe he's comresignation young Adams acted as usher ing straight toward me!" at many fashionable weddings, and without a sigh saw Catharine, Kate and Kitty led down the aisle by other men. And so he approached his thirties and within a year of them leaned idly over the piazza railing at Lake Winnipake, and declared to his sister that Robinson Crusoe was the luckiest fellow of his ac-

quaintance. Give me a desert isle for a summer sojourn. What would refresh a man like going back to savag-"I don't think it would be enough of a change to benefit some I know," "You have evidently been laughed his sister. "Well, Ben, all I Are you the sole survivor?" can say is, you are very different from

what you use to be.' In the meanwhile the boat below pushed off and at it would have been eyes, chiefly more trouble to look another way. young lady in the stern was Miss Josephine Vail, and the boy at the oars was her twelve-year-old brother. Josephine was a young lady of views supported by more in one moment." or less logic and by what some thought an extremely pretty face. Her enemies -but she had none-would have said a low she that while she despised conventionalities her side. no one was more annoyed when obliged to disregard them, and while she resented the protecting limitations of her sex, she was quite willing to accept the attentions based on the theory of their existence. Her father said one day: Nothing-would take the kinks out of Josephine like settling down with a good husband." The young lady took it in high dudgeon, and went away meekly to wonder if it were true. On this particular July morning Josephine accepted her brother Tom's services as oarsman, not because she was not perfectly able to row herself, but because it would keep Tem out of mischief.

"Don't rock the boat, Tom. It doesn't taste. frighten me, but I can't read."

There was a pause. "Row near the bank, in toe shade,

Tom." Another long pause. "Say, sis," said Tom at length, "now we're off, I'll tell you where we're you.

"Where you're going! Why, you're going to take me out for a row."
"Not much. I'm going two miles

about to see some fellows who are camp-

"And going to take me? I think you no hero, as you see."

are mistaken, sir. Give me these ours." The genuine analy

"Tom, turn this boat instantly, or I'll

What'll you do ? Come now; you sit still or I'll-

"Tom, there's the Desert Island just shead. Don't run into it. Be careful; you're going straight toward it," "We might land there," he said,

"To be sure we might," said his sister, glad of anything to divert him from the

"All right, just as you say."
Tom turned his boat toward the great rock, which lifted its broad back out of the water. It was fitly called the Desert Isle, for its few square feet of surface supported not so much as a blade of

grass or a bit of moss "Hop out," said Tom: "I've got to see to the boat. I guess you can climb up to the top easy enough.

"Of course I can," said Josephine;
"as if I needed your help, you little monkey." In a moment she stood at the top of

the rock, and in another moment a derisive laugh came from below. "Good-by; I hope you will enjoy your-

self. I'll see you later." Plato says: "A boy is the most vicious of wild beasts." Plato and Miss Vail were of one opinion on that point. She looked about her and took in the situation. She was monarch of about her only accessories, for by some happy sun was high in the heavens, but its hot

Josephine scated herself, raised her parasol and opened her book. She faced dolence that made it restful to turn again | the probability that at least two hours of noonday solitude were before her. The philosophical course of action was to make the best of it. But what a situa-tion to be discovered in! She remem-bered with satisfaction that a large party had gone on a pienie to-day, and "There's a great deal going on, and very nice sort of people, too. Do you see that pretty girl down there at the laugh it off if anybody should see her, the downgers left behind were not but under the most cheerful aspect she seemed to herself a little ridiculous spectacle. To be ridiculous in a good cause "Well, she is-remarkably. Wouldn't had in it an element of heroism, but the you like to meet her? I could easily manage it."

I mad in it an element of heroism, but the present situation was one of unmitigated absurdity, and Leephane Vall almost absurdity, and Josephene Vail always felt the heroic rather than the comic to be her forte. Once tears of real vexation started as her head began to throb in sympathy with the hot pulsation of the

Well, I suppose you are tired, poor listened painfully. A man's veice singfellow! I know how you feel. I am ling and the splash of oars, and, yes, in tired myself most of the time." an instant, a boat swung slowly around ed myself most of the time."

an instant, a boat swung slowly around thought on your account I wouldn't let the bend. One man sat in it lazily him tell. I didn't care; I liked it. I had

"It's that base creature who watched us off this morning. It's a type I detest. And to think he should see me here! It's really more than I can endure." The girl looked with envy on the tortoise which slipped easily from the base of the rock into the water as he heard the dis-

"I hope he'll have the good taste to suppose I came here of my own free will, He wouldn't think of interfering with

Josephene turned the leaves of her book with an interest that grew every moment more intense. But at length decency required some recognition of the nearing boat. The young man was rowing now as if he had renewed interest in He was soon at the base of the

"I beg your pardon," he said, as he raised his hat; "can I be of any service to you?" You are very kind, sir. You find me

in a very absurd condition." "You have evidently been shipwrecked.

"No, not shipwrecked, but put ashore and abandoned by my cruel tyrant of a while the boat below brother. To tell you the truth, sir, I am as followed it with his the victim of a practical joke. My little brother has left me here while he goes farther up the lake to visit some friends

who are camping there." "I beg you will make use of my boat, then, to return. I will come up to you

Leaping out of his boat before Miss Vail could say a word he drew it up on a low shelf of the rock and quickly reached

"Let me help you," the young man said, with such a firm assurance of good breeding that she made no resistance or attempt at independence, but accepted the proffered aid in a quiet, matter-ofcourse way. "Your boat! your boat, sir!" she sud-

denly cried. It was too late. The rising breeze drove the water with such force against the rock so as to dislodge the boat, and before Adams could grasp it, it was gayly tilting about, a half dozen yards away.

The two looked at each other a moment and then laughed, though both were conscious of its being questionable

Adams sobered and said: "Can you ever forgive me, Miss-'Miss Vail; I am Miss Vail."

maguanimous enough to forgive me?"

"And I am Mr. Adams. Can you be

"That is the question I should ask

"Ah, you evade mine. At any rate I shall never forgive myself. A worse bit of bungling I never saw. The truth is, Miss Vaii, I have had very little experience in rescuing fair ladles. You are the first whose life I have tried to save. I am

The genuine annoyance of her compan-

"No you don't. Leave 'em alone and | ion roused the compassion of Josephine. and she began to talk to him with a des perate cheerfulness and acceptance of the

"What a cold-blooded little villain that brother of yours must be, Miss Vail, to desert you in this fashion. I suppose we must throw ourselves on his mercy when he comes back. How are you going to account for me? Consider me

your man Friday."

Beneath their light talk ran an undercurrent of more or less bitter meditation on the part of each. Miss Vail shuddered to think what a good story this would make to circulate among her friends, while Adams foresaw how it would add to the conviviality of the club. He began with the fervent wish that he was out of the scrape. He ended, I am glad to confess, by ceasing to envy Robinson Crusoe his desert isle, and considering his own far preferable. There was a breeziness about this girl that made him forget the mounting thermometer. She had a way of going to the point, and, moreover she had a point, two things which Ben Adams told his sister he appreciated in a

woman. In short, by dint of making the best of it, Miss Vail and Adams were both able to express honest suprise when a boat appeared in the distance, and in taking out his watch, Adams found it to

"Now!" was all Josephine said, but there were conflicting emotions in the monosyllable.

"Hullo-o" shouted a shrill voice across the water.

"Hullo-o!" called Adams back.
Blank astonishment wiped all expression out of Tom's face at first, but a broad grin finally made its appearance. "You're a great one, Jo," he muttered. "I'd like to know where you wouldn't find a beau. Did he drop down out of

"Hush, sir; you have been a very naughty boy." As they rowed home Adams devoted himself to cultivating the acquaintance of the young scapegrace. The latter proved very approachable, and Adams found no difficulty in persuading him to

go fishing the next day.

When they were home at last, Josephine took her brother into her room and

turned the key. "Tom, you've treated me very badly to-day. What would you give if I would not tell father? You wouldn' like to be sent back to the military school, you know."

"Say, sis, I'll tell you what," and the little wretch gave a wink of immense satisfaction; "if you won't tell on me, I won't tell on you. Honor bright."
"Mrs. Adams," said Mr. Ben Adams to

his wife at their wedding reception a year after. "Don't you think we might afford to tell people how we met; I never knew a secret kept better. I nearly ruined myself buying up that precious You see, brother-in-law of mine. no business to, you say? But I liked it, Here are Rutland and his nevertheless. Mary. Let's tell them the story. They know we're going to Lake Winnipake for our honeymoon.

# Saved by an Albatross.

The Sidney (Australia) Telegraph says: A singular story has been related to us by the master of the bark Gladstone, which arrived there from London. While the vessel was in latitude forty-two degrees south and longitude ninety degrees east, a seaman fell overboard from the star board gangway. The bark was scudding along with a rough sea and moderate wind, but on the alarm of "man overboard " being given, she was rounded to and the starboard lifeboat was lowered, manned by the chief officer and four men. A search for the unfortunate man was made, but owing to the roughness of the sea he could not be discovered; but the boat steered to the spot where he was last seen. Here they found him floating but exhausted, clinging for dear life to the legs and wings of a huge albatross. The bird had swooped down on the man while the latter was struggling with the waves and attempted to peck him with its powerful beak. Twice the bird attacked its prey unsuccessfully, being beaten off by the desperate sailor battling with two enemies-the water and the albatross-both greedy and insatiable. For the third time the huge white form of the bird hovered over the seaman, pre-paratory to a final swoop. The bird, eager for its meal, fanned its victim with its wide-spread wings.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him that the huge form so close to his face might become his involuntary rescuer. Quick as thought he reached up and seized the bird, which he proceeded to strangle with all his might. The huge reature struggled with wings and padiles to free itself. In the contest the sailor was beaten black and blue and cruelly lacerated, but he held his own, and slowly the bird quivered and died. The carcass floated lightly on the waves, its feathers forming a comfortable support for the exhausted man, who had so carrowly escaped a lingering death. But another danger awaited him. He was not much of a swimmer, and the excitement of the extraordinary conflict began to tell upon him. He was faint and grew giddy. But with one arm around the albatross' body, under the wing, and one |\$17.000 a year. hand clutching the bird's feet, the sailor awaited his chance of rescue. Presently he heard his comrades shout from the boat, and in a few minutes more was safe on board the bark, though a good deal shaken and exhausted.

Our great thoughts, our great affections, the truths of our life, never leave us. Surely they cannot separate from our consciousness, shall follow it wither-soever that shall go and are of their na-ture divine and immortal.

# AMONG THE JERSEY COWS.

VISIT TO A MODEL PENNSYLVANIA STOCK PARM.

Butter Which Sells at Fifty Cents a Pound - Twenty Cows Worth More Than \$2,000 Each.

"Gath," in the Cincinnati Enquirer gives the following account of his visit to the stock farm of Joseph C. Sibley, near Franklin, Penn.

Franklin is surrounded with the derricks of oil wells, looking like skeleton church spires, to the number of scores and hundreds, and most of these are still pumping a small quantity of oil per diem. Overlooking the tower on the opposite side of French creek is the Pros pect Hill stock farm of Joseph C. Sibley, perhaps the most complete in all its ap pointments now in this country. Connected with it in different tracts are about six hundred acres of land, and it has a race-course used by the county agricultural society. Near the gate going in is the creamery, which manufactures two barrels of cream into butter in about forty-five minutes, and this butter is sent all over the country at fifty cents a pound. On the top of the hill is the barn, which is of an octagonal or almost circular pattern, and contains the entire herd on two floors. From the cupola of the barn, which gives the ventilation, descends a pole, around which is a winding stair connecting the two floors. In the center of each floor is a large open space, and the circle of cattle faces this in stalls, their heads all appearing above the stalls, and the troughs at their knees. Behind this row of cattle is an open corridor, also circular, around which the

second greater circle of cattle stand at On the upper floor a portion of this second circle is devoted to the cows with calves or about to caive. The cows in calf are generally kept dry where this is possible, so that the calf can get the full nourishment; but it is exceedingly difficult in some cases to dry the Jersey cow, as the tenacity with which she makes milk is the great secret of her value. She is the most wonderful butter-making animal known to man. Other kinds of cattle run to beef, but the Jersey so assimi-lates her food that the globules which might make beef flow in her milk, and hence the extraordinary production of some of these cows, and their high prices in a country where the chemist has been at work with butter, and has given us various forms of wagon grease and coal-

tar instead of the Alderney produce. The importation of Jersey cattle into the United States began about seven years before the war. It has gone on with such enthusiasm that we now have about 21,000 Jerseys, either imported or born here, every one of which is registered in the Jersey herd-book, that is now assuming the proportions of a library. The Jersey cattle-by which general name is meant cattle of Jersey, Sark and Alderney-improve in this country over their condition in their native islands, and they make more cream and butter, and thrive wonderfully. They are distributed over the entire country. are generally of a fawn color, with rather dark gray or blackish faces; the cows

are very gentle, and the bulls vicious.

I was interested in two things in this stable. In the first place the cream separator, which is run by a steam engine, revolves with enormous rapidity, and the cream flows out of one spigot and the skimmed milk out of another. I observed the apparatus for cleaning cows, which are earefully washed and brushed once or twice a day by means of brushes operated by the engine. The cow, calf or bull is brought forward and tied to a post, and from above these brushes are brought to her body, and carefully raise every The cattle like it, but their tails have to be tied up in a bag, for not long ago one of the brushes tore out a tail. The temperature in the barn is kept at fifty degrees the year round, regulated by the thermometer, and the barn is lighted with the Brush light on every floor, and at midnight is as bright as day. A storage battery is kept near the engine for this purpose. The light used is the ordinary

gas bracket and small lamp. At Prospect Hill farm the barn is eighty eight feet in diameter. There are thirty-two cattle on the inner rows and forty-six on the rear rows. The engineer has fifteen-horse power. The food given the animals is boiled and mixed, partly oats and partly ensilage, or leaves of corn plucked when the ear is full of milk. The cattle like this food very much, and it improves their butter. The Jersey cow can be relied on to make one pound of butter a day; many of them make sixteen pounds a week, and some of their performances are almost fabulous.

By the machinery used at Prospect Hill it takes thirty-five minutes only to separate the cream from the milk of forty-five cows. The separator is a Swedish patent. In one hour from the commencement of the milking the cream is in the creamery and the skimmed milk is being fed to the calves.

Mr. Sibley says that the keep of his cattle in the winter is some where between twenty and thirty cents a day, but that for a portion of the year they do not cost above eight cents a day. There are about thirteen men employed on the herd farm, and the cost of running it is about

At Prospect Hill there are forty-five milch cows, producing not less than one pound per diem of butter, while a good deal of the milk without being skimmed is given to the calves. There are twenty cows in the stable that \$2,000 apiece would not buy.

The exar of Russia owns personally 220,000 square miles of territory in Si-beria, yielding the small aenual rent of \$150,000, not much for 140,000,000

#### SELECT SIFTINGS.

Total abstinence, even for boys, was a thing unknown in England early in Savon, the French word for soap, is ascribed to Savona, the place at which it

was first manufactured. Among the Goths, Iberians and Moors the licking of the thumb was regarded

as a solemn pledge or promise. The pearls and emeralds worn by Caligula's wife were worth \$1,600,000, but she was not usually attended by private

It was formerly customary in England for the sick to wear a kerchief on the head, and a certain virtue was attached to the custom so that in Cheshire tying a kerchief on the head and drinking a posset was a remedy for everything.

The Musurgia, printed in 1650, tells of a speaking-trumpet invented by one Kacher, who read a litany from a convent on the top of a mountain standing at the foot of it two Italian miles off. This is the first telephone of which there is any account.

The earliest statute against the employment of playing cards bears date in the reign of Henry VIII., and is entitled, "An act for the maintenance of artillery and the debarring of unlawful games. In fact, it is simply intended to encourage

North America was called Mexicana in an English almanac published in 1747, and South America, Peruviana. The provinces of Mexicana were New Spain, Florida, New Albany, New England, New Franca, or Canada. The islands were Newfoundland and California.

The captain of a coal steamer, which loaded at Cardiff, Wales, missed his dog, and sailed in grief without him. When, thirty-one days later, his cargo was discharged at Constantinople, the spaniel was found in a little cavity among the coal, where he had survived his long fast. Though too weak to stand, h was restored in a few days by careful feeding upon small quantities of bread and milk, repeated at short intervals-

#### WISE WORDS.

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much.

The beggar is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appear-

That each thing, both in small and in great, fulfilleth the task which destiny has set down.

Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things, and is not hurt by them. Be at least as polite to father, mother, child, as to others; for they are more im-

portant to you than any other. Treat everybody with politeness, even ber that you show courtesy to others, not go. This is the kind of departing train

you are one. Young man, don't forget that all the people are watching you, and most of them are more ready to charge your account with something bad than something good.

Never pronounce a man to be a willful niggard until you have seen the contents of his purse. Distribution, you must remember, should be in accordance with the receipts.

The hours we pass with happy pros pects in view are more pleasing hose crowned with fruition. In the first instance, we cook the dish to our own appetite: in the latter, nature cooks it for

It is not a question as to whether any man may or may not have objects of beauty; it is not required that any man should make himself a hermit in the desert. A man has a right to wealth and all that it produces, but no man has a right to hold them selfishly and shut others out from their enjoyment.

# Beautiful Harbor.

One grand picture gallery Sydney posesses and sufficiently enjoys-its harbor. Let none who values his place in any Australian heart murmer that he never heard of Sydney harbor, or hint that it has any equal in the world. When I first sailed on it a gentleman gravely assured me that, with all its sinuosities, this harbor, had a water-front of 2,300 miles. Deduct about two thousand and you will be nearer the fact. Deduct a proportionate amount of enthusiasm and you still have the sober truth that this harbor, with its green promontories and islets its bays and nooks and beaches, studded with shining villas, is of a beauty that never wearies the eye. As, during many months of the year, fair weather may be counted on, there are many picuics on the wooded shores and so much room that none need jostle each other. On Sundays there are many excursionists, but little bathing, the sharks being a sufficient police force to keep all bathing inside the palings and hoses provided at various spots, with scrupulous separation of sexes.—M. D. Conway.

One of the most interesting and valuable features of the Johns Hopkins University library is the newspaper bureau. A trained editor and a staff of assistants read all the representative dailies and mark superior articles upon economic, political, social, educational, legal and historical subjects. These are afterward clipped, arranged in newspaper budgets, and kept in large envelopes or oblong boxes, which are marked with labels. The lists of subjects includes everything of value that finds its way into the columns of the press. Bulletiu boards are covered daily with the best clippings from the latest papers, arranged under the leading heads of surrent topics.

### THE HOME OF THE SOUL

Job work-cash on delivery.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE STAR SPANGLED.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one month

Marriage and death notices gratis.

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

The correspondent sending the following poem to the New York Observer, remarks: "I have never seen it in print, but obtained it through a manuscript copy of a friend of the author, Mr. Francis S. Key, and feel sure I can vouch for its authenticity."] Oh, where can the soul find relief from its

A refuge of safety, a home of repose! Can earth's highest summit or deepest bld

Give a refuge no sorrow or sin can assail?

No, no, there's no home! There's no home on earth, the soul has no

Can it leave the low earth, and soar to the

And seek for a home in the mansions on high

In the bright realms of bliss a home shall be given, And the soul find a rest in its Home of the

Heaven.

Yes, yes, there's a home! There's a home in high heaven, the soul has a

Oh, holy and happy its home shall be there, Free forever from sorrow, from sin and from

And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise

To welcome the soul to its home of the skies. Home, home, home of the soul! The bosom of God is the home of the soul!

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Under a cloud-An umbrella.

The man who "found his level" was a carpenter, of course.—Boston Bulletin. The best hand to hold in the game of life is that of your best girl. - Waterloo

One good thing may be said of the pawnbroker-he sticks to his pledges.-Somerville Journal.

A Vermont man has been married six times, and he's the citizen they always get to go first in a bear hunt, -Boston Post. It doesn't speak much of the size of a

man's mind when it takes him only a minute to make it up .- New York Graphie An English paper says that American are good listeners. Our invention of the telephone proves it .- New York Journal,

It seems strange that a man should hurt himself when he drops on a sidewalk. Down is so soft, you know .-Every affliction has its blessing. The

man with a wooden leg never knows what it is to have rheumatism in that ankle .-A linen shirt was first worn in England about the year 1250. There was a

man in our office yesterday who had on that identical shirt. - Rockland Courier. A fashion item declares that the long those who are rude to you. For remem- train is going out of fashion. Let 'em

because they are gentlemen, but because | that no one will care if they do miss,-"There is a species of lizard that can throw off its tail at pleasure." In this it resembles the writers of serials for the story papers, albeit the latter throw off

much the longer tails .- Norristown Herald. When a young man lays siege to a young lady, and insists upon her con-senting to become his wife, she cannot but confess that he is "a man after her own heart," however heartless she may appear. - Chicago Sun.

An iceberg 110 miles long was seen by the steamer Norseman on her way from Liverpool to New York, and perhaps the Arctic regions and the north pole, in order to avoid giving us any further trouble, are coming down here. - Chicago Times. "My dear," said Mr. Muckleham to

his wife, "those hams I bought the other

day are so badly spoiled they cannot be

eaten." "What a pity," his wife replied. "Guess we'd better send them out to the charity hospital."-Arkansaw As somewhat of an inducement to ama, teurs we take this method of announcing that everyone sending us a poem of "Spring" this year will receive of dynamite done up in a beautiful sheet

of colored tissue paper. Now is the time to get up clubs. — Chicago News. A loving father at Clayton, N. Y., in his anxiety to marry off his daughters (fifteen in number) as quick as possible, has killed his dog, taken the locks of his doors, and hung rope ladders over his dooryard by the dozen, and still his provision bill is as large as ever .- Bismarch

The pleasurable part: An Austin man, who has just got out a book of poems, met Gilhooly, and the following pro-ceedings were had: "Did you read my new book?" "Oh, yes, I read it." "How did you like it?" "My dear sir, I assure you that I laid it aside with a great deal of pleasure."-Texas Siftings.

"If you don't marry me," he exclaimed, 'I'll take myself out of this hated world and I'll haunt you as long as you live!" Said she: "It will be more respectable than your present haunts. Please stand a little further off. I never could bear the smell of alcohol so soon after tea .- Boston Transcript.

"All this hard wood you export," the English tourist asked the Indiana lumberman, "all this maple and beech, you know, where does it go ?" And the man told him that most of it went direct to both and churns and paper folders from iters of Burns' cottage and the home offeir Walter Scott." And the tourist said "Haw," and wrote something in his note-hook. - Hawkeye.

Over 500,000 rose trees are annually emported into this country from England, France and Holland,