### J. E. WENK.

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## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one lucb, one mouth .......... 3 00 One Square, one inch, one year ...... 18 to 

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Job work-cash on delivery.

THE ANCIENT MINER'S STORY. BY WILL CARLETON.

Ob, yes, I'm fixed as solld, sir, as most of folks you

At least the coyote Poverty had ceased to sniff a That mine is worth a million down-that is, it is

What it might cost to morrow, though, I couldn't exactly any.

A boy in old Connecticut-this dream I used to

What if the cellar of our house should spring a leak with gold, And I from there at any time a shining lump could

I've got a collar in this rock that's just that sort o

The sum my father slaved himself for twenty years I've taken out of that there hole in less than half

If I could lead him up you path, I'd make him smile,

But his old labor-hardened hands are moldering in the East.

I'd pack my mother up this hill, and open to he

Enough to give a benefit to all the poor she knew; I'd pan a heap o' happiness out of her dear old face; But mother's struck a lead of gold in quite a differ-

My girl? Well, maybe this is soft; but since the question's put (I wouldn't tell this to any one except "a tender\_

foot"), We used to climb those Eastern hills (she was charming witch),

And prospect on what we would do when I had "struck it rich."

But her old father hadn't the heart to let us marry And so I shook off Yankee dust and took a Western

My trip it lasted several years. The old man

grieved, no doubt. I swore I never would come back till I could buy

You don't know what it is to hunt and dig from day to day. To strike a vein that almost shows, then dodges

clean away. You do? Well, yes; but have you starved, and begged, and almost died,

With treasures that you couldn't find heaped up on

And then her letters wandered, like; then tapered to an end; I wondered on it for a while, then wrote a school boy fr.end;

And just as I had struck this mine, and my old heart beat high, There came a letter up the gulch-it was my

friend's reply. "She's been a-wandering in her mind: the other afternoon

went within the asylum walls, as crazy as A rush across the barren plains, a snalish railroad

And I was in the asylum too, a-kneeling at her

shrank away, And never looked at me again, whatever I might

She wanders round, or crouches in a western window niche, And says, "My love will come to me when he has

"struck le rich." No word or look for me. Oh, but the Eastern bills

wers cold! And something seemed to always say, "Go back and love your gold ! And I came back; and in this but my purpose is to

A miser, with his treasure bright already stowed away.

Pm President, Cashier, and Board of quite a wealthy bank, With none except myself to please-and no one

else to thank ; But nothing makes my heart best fast-and I am growing old.

With not a thing to love or leave except this pile of gold. But I have learned a thing or two ; I know as sure

When we look up our lives for wealth, the gold key comes too iste; And that I'm poarer now than through those happy

days in which I owned a heart, and did not know that I had struck

Boulden, Colorado. -Harper's Weekly.

## A FAMILY FEUD.

"There!" said I, "how do you like the way I have rendered that red autumn

'It's capital!" said Simon, absently, Now, I can always tell my brother Simon's tone exactly whether he is at-tending or not. And this time he was

We were up in the garret of the old Battersley house, where I still kept my easel and paints, and lay-figures and things, although it was more than a year since the agent had warned us that Battersles was no longer our property, and compelled us to move into the little cot-

tage on the salt marshes.
"I wonder at your lack of spirit, child,"
mamma had said, plaintively.

"Oh, what is the use of having spirit?" I retorted, recklessly. "I must have a studio? And there isn't a room in this Httle beehive that has a good north light! Wasn't I born and brought up at Battersley? And why shouldn't I keep my studio in the garret, as long as there is nobody else there but the rats and or not. ghosts? I tell you, mamma, one gets inspirations in an old house like that! And I'm going to redeem all the family fortunes with my pencil before I get through!"

But mamma only sighed. Since the disastrous law-suit had been decided against us, she had fallen ifto the way of sitting aimlessly by the fire, for something in the shape of supper," I as if there was nothing | | left to do or thought. "Ah! he don't know that the

think of in life. But I cared nothing falls as judges of the supreme court, nor y. e distant not sure but that he speaks with a slight heir-at-law, who had is out of foreign accent. That I don't like In Batterslay.

to work, and to build up those castles in the air which reared their ethereal pinnacles in the morning, and dissolved nightly into the thin, gray mist, through which I walked to the little sea-marsh

cottage And this morning Simon had climbed My goodness me, what would mamma up the steep, garret stairs, with a bunch say! And Simon? How good that coffee of the silver tresses of the "Grandfather Graybeard," which was now ripening about the edges of the woods, and ventured to pass an opinion on my work

without ever looking at it. "Simon," said I, "you don't know what you are saying." "You are right, Baby!" he said. "I

know, Baby, you've got to turn out of

"What for?" said I, calmly sorting over the clusters of 'Grandfather Graybeard,' to get the silkiest plumes. "I've heard that before. I am not to be frightened away by mere shadows."

"But it's a substance this time," said my brother. "Our dear cousin is here, a novel." He is coming to Battersley." "How do you know?" I questioned.

"Jones, the steward, told me. He landed in the Barataria on Saturday." "And this is Tuesday. Oh, he won't rush out to his new possessions the very first thing!" said I, cavalierly. "When he comes I'll go!" "What sort of a man is he, said Simon,

"What does it matter to us?" I retorted. "Why, I suppose he has some sort of

a right to Battersley, or the supreme court wouldn't have adjudged it to him," said Simon. "Pshaw!" said I, "Law isn't always

quity. He's a selfish, abominable old usurper, that's what he is!" "Well, have it your own way," said

come? "I should like to," said I, wistfully, but if that picture is to go in the au-

tumn exhibition there's no time to lose." So I settled to my work after Simon had whistled his dogs away and clattered down the stairs. The morning had been clear and

golden-bright, but at noon, when I sat down in the deep sill of the old garret window to read an odd volume of "Anne of Geierstein," and eat my lunch, I no-ticed that dark clouds had swept over the sky, and an uneasy wind was rifling the dead-gold of the hickory boughs. And long before it was night the gathering gloom warned me that it was time to desist from my labors.

I began to put away my things in a leisurely way. I did not dislike the old garret at twilight. I enjoyed the eerie shadows that peopled its dim recesses, the elm boughs against the windowpanes, the creaking groans which seemed. In by the fire, and then go for the nearest ever and anon, to thrill through the old doctor, if you will kindly direct me to chimney-stack without any apparent one?" cause; the skurry of the bright-eyed mice

across the floor. There was a portrait of my great-greatgrand-aunt Battersley behind the big red chest-a hard favored old dame, whose canvas had been rent apart by some untoward accident, nobody knew how, many years ago, thereby banishing it to this unfrequented region. And I used to fancy that she looked at me by times, | become of me. with a curious, icy gaze, as I went to

"Hush!" I said, suddenly, to myself, with a tin tube of ultra-marine in my hand, "there are footsteps down stairs. Somebody is moving about there."

I knew it wasn't ghosts, Aunt Battersey to the contrary, notwithstanding. I did not believe it was burglars. At the same time, however, I wanted to get out of the house as quick as possible, for dusk was deepening into night, and I knew that the tide, rising swiftly over the marshes, would roar like a wild wolf around my path, if I did not make

Most probably the heir-at-law had arrived. Well, let him come! Silently as a shadow, I glided down

the back stairway to the little side-door. which was my usual mode of egress and ingress; but, to my amazement, there was a pile of trunks heaped up against it, which I could no more stir than I could shake the foundation of the tower of

And to reach the front door I should have to cross the great hall, with its waxed floor, which was already illumined by the glow of a gipsy fire built in the monster fireplace in the sitting-room.

"No," said I to myself, with a hasty survey of the tightly-shuttered windows, whose bolts and bars were tightened by a year's corroding rust, "I must just go back to the garret and hide there."

In the midst of my perplexity, a sense of the ridiculousness of my position dawned upon me. I laughed all to myself as I glided noiselessly up the stairs, groping my way in the dark.

Cousin Battersley," I said to myself, 'you don't know how near you are to one of your relations. The chimney smokes, does it? Well, I only wish it would smoke you out! Damp down there, is it? I only hope it won't give your old bones a new lease of rheumatism!

It was so dark up in the garret now, that I could not even tell whether my great-grand-aunt's eyes were watching me

There was just a "glimmering square" where the hall window was, a moaning rustle of dry leaves against the mossy, shingled roof, and a herd of mice pattering across the floor.
I sat at the head of the stairs and lis-

tened, with my chin in my hands. "He is sending his servant to the inn inn is three good miles off. He hasn't a bad voice it is low and pleasant. I'm

I came there every day to dream and cans. Now he's making coffee. And it FOR THE LOVERS OF FUN. smells delicious! Dear me, I didn't know before how hungry I was!"

Here I descended two or three steps. "I wonder what he is like?" I thought, "I've a great mind to slip down and peep through the crack of the door. does smell! And the chimney don't smoke any more now."

Softly I crept down. Goblin-like I glided across the hall and peeped around the big mahogany door, which stood conveniently ajar.

The old room was all in a glow of ruddy light. Close to the hearth, whose wasn't thinking of the picture. Do you blazing logs cast so bright an illumination around, a wooden chair was drawn up, and there sat a young, handsome man, leaning thoughtfully back, as if his dark, Spanish eyes saw far beyond the leap of the flames or the columns of blue smoke.

"He isn't Old Crab Battersley at all," said I to myself. "He's like the hero of

And then I took a second look. "Then who is he?" I asked myself-

and what business has he here?" All of a sudden the trembling coffee pot, which was placed on a bed of coals, boiled over. The hero of romance stooped to remove it, and in the change of position his eyes unexpectedly met

mine. I took refuge in instantaneous flight. but I was too late. He had seen me, and sprang to his feet. But the hall was only lighted by the red stream of brilliance from the blazing logs, and I had the advantage of being thoroughly acquainted with the premises. If I could once hide away behind my great-great-

grand-aunt's picture in the garret-But even as this possibility flashed across my mind, I slipped on the lower Simon, "I'm going over to Hawley on stair, a sharp, needle-like pang of pain the pony to-day. Don't you want to shot through my ankle, and I sank helpless to the floor.

My captor hastened to the rescue, "Are you hurt?" said he, with solici-

"Yes!" I cried out, sharply. "I have sprained my ankle." "But-I beg your pardon!" he said.

'I-I don't quite know who you are, nor how you came here!" "I am Barbara Battersley!" said I, defiantly.

"My cousin?" with a sudden brightness in his face. "Yes, I suppose so!" I ungraciously admitted.

"What can . ... for you?" he quesioned, carnestly. "You can let me alone!" I cried, contracting my brows, as a fresh spasm of

pain thrilled my nerves. He looked at me, half smiling. "I could I suppose," said he; "but don't you think I had better help you

His manner was kindly, although a little satirical. I was heartily ashamed

"I beg your pardon!" I said. "You couldn't help my clumsiness, and you cannot prevent the pain. But-" At this moment there came a volley of thundering knocks at the door. It was Simon, come to see what on earth had

"It's raining like the deluge," said he, and the tide is up, and-hello! who is this?—and why are you so pale? Is any

thing the matter?" I don't know what happened just then. I believe I fainted. When I came to my senses, mamma

was there, and the doctor, and cousin Battersley's Italian servant, who knew exactly what to do in every emergency. And my ankle was bandaged up, and they had made an impromptu couch for me with two old packing-boxes and a scarlet plush railway rug.

And mamma was crying and declaring that she did not know what she should have done if it had not been for Rudolph Battersley's kindness and presence of mind.

We stayed there all night, because of the rain and the rising tide. We stayed there during the next week, because Rudolph declared that he never could get settled without my taste and woman's ad-

vice, and Simon's help.

And we concluded to remain there forever, because Rudolph-who was only the grandson of the cross old old kinsman who had sued us and was since dead-assured us that he saw our shadow of right in his grandfather's claim, supreme court or no supreme court; and that he should return at once to Switzerland, if we didn't agree to live on there, just as if there never had been any lawsuit.

"There!" cried Simon, laughing:
"Baby has always been sighing for a hero
of nomance, and I guess she has found
him at last,"

But when Cousin Rudolph told me, ust six months afterward, that he could not be happy unless I would promise to become his wife, I could scarcely credit my own cars. 'It's because you want to settle the

family dissensions," said I, almost inclined to cry. "No, it isn't," said he; "it's because I love you, Baby." "But how can you possibly care for

me?" said I, with a sudden burst of hu-He turned me gently toward the mirror which hung close by.

"Look in the glass, Baby," said he, 'and see?" So we are to be married, and my wedding is to put an end to the quarrels which have rent the Battersley family for more than a generation.—*Helen Forrest Graves* 

"Were you ever caught in a sudden squall?" asked an old yachtsman of a worthy citizen. "Well, I guess so!" re-sponded the old man. "I have helped us out of foreign accent. That I don't like. In to bring up my mind, Americans should be Amerito bring up eight bables!"-Burlington

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FOUND IN OUR EXCHANGES.

No Fire Needed-A Great State-She Laughed Too Soon -His Last Song -Verified-Supposing He Hand.

"Don't they have any fire in this car?" asked a passenger of a drummer. "They never do," replied the drum-

"Why, because this is such a slow road that when a man feels cold he is supposed to get out and walk along beside the train for several miles to get his blood in eirculation."-Puck.

"How is that?"

A Great State. Several gentlemen from different States were discussing the merits of their par-

ticular homes. "Kansas is a great State. We raise sixty bushels of corn," said a man from Kansas, "and 200 bushels of potatoes to the acre."

But have you Kansas people any market for your produce?" asked a man from Connecticut.

"Certainly they have," responded an envious Texan, "they raise enough grasshoppers and potato bugs to eat up ten times the corn and potatoes they can raise."—Siftings.

His Last Song. This is a story of George D. Prentice, which I never saw in print and which is a better illustration of his ready wit, than anything else he said, I think. The old Journal office used to be the stamping ground of many Southern men, more or ess known, who liked to hear the veteran journalist tell a story or warm up a presumptuous young man for lunch. Among those who frequented the Journal office was Will S. Hays, the song writer.

Coming into Mr. Prentice's office one day in that free and easy way of his, he sat down in one chair, with his feet on another, and jamming his hat on the back of his head, said, without consulting Mr. Prentice's leisure:

'Seen my last song, George?" Mr. Prentice ceased writing, sighed heavily and looking up sadly and reproachfully at the young man, said:
"I hope so, Billy."—Bill Nye, in Free

She Laughed Too Soon. A woman stood at the front gate watching her neighbor's dog coming down the street with a kettle tied to his tail. It amused her vastly.

Presently the owner of the dog scurried by in hot pursuit, whereupon the woman at the gate laughed a gleeful, unneighborly laugh. Then a little boy rounded the corner

with a bright, innocent look upon his face, as who should say: "I-am-onan-errand-for-my-dear-ma-solon't-detain-He stopped and said to the woman at

"What are you laughin' at?" She replied with hilarity: "I'm laughin" at old Bullrag's dog with a kettle tied to

"It's awful funny, ain't it?" the little boy said, as he hurried on. "The kettle is yourn." Then the woman at the gate suddenly stopped laughing.—Philadelphia Call.

There was a Granger convention somewhere near the line between Indiana and Ohio, and, as a matter of course, a little bragging was done by various farmers as to what each State produced. Among those who bragged was Farmer Johnson, from Miami Reserve, in Ohio, and who, by the way, is somewhat notorious for telling large and wonderful stories. Dur-

ing the course of his remarks, he said : There is a farmer living on the Miami Reserve who annually manufactures one million pounds of butter, and over two million pounds of cheese.

This caused great sensation and some laughter by way of derision, as much as to say the crowd did not swallow all of Farmer Johnson's story. He took fire at once, and appealed to Farmer Jones, of Ohio, to verify his assertion by giving the name of that great butter and cheese

maker as Deacon Brown. Farmer Jones slowly arose, and, in a drawling, farmer-like twang, said: "I know Deacon Brown makes a good deal of butter and cheese-I do not know

the exact number of pounds-but this I

Supposing He Had. On a Bay City train coming into Detroit the other day was a great big hulk of a fellow with a voice deep enough to shake the foundations of a house, and a disposition to eat somebody up. He got into trouble with three or four different men in the smoking car, all of whom left is to avoid trouble. This encouraged the man in the belief that he could run the whole train, and he was observing that he had come down from the lumber camps to sniff the fresh air and start a graveyard or two, when a brakeman who had caught on quietly took a seat beside him.

"Stranger," said the overgrown chap as he limbered up his arms, "are you prepared to die?"

The brakeman acknowledged that he "Say! how would you like to step out on the platform at the next station and stand before me fur two minits?"

The brakeman rather liked the idea.

"You will, eh? Say! Jist feel o' that! Then smell of it!" Don't rub my nose like that again, air!" warned the railroader, Why not!

fist rubbed itself against his nasal organ, but something more than words followed. In about a New Jersey second he had the big man by the throat and jammed into a corner, and there he held him until the man who wanted to go into the grave-yard business turned the color of a horseplum, exhibited all the tongue he had and made signals that he would even sell his shirt to bring about an amicable settlement of affairs.

"Got enough?" asked the brakeman. "Y-vou bet!"

"Will you keep quiet?" "Y-yes!" With that he was released, and for a

long ten minutes he had nothing to say. Then a sickly smile crossed his face and he leaned over to the man in the seat ahead and whispered: "He was the man I wanted to step out

before me at the next station."

"Say, stranger," continued the big passenger as he felt of his neck, and sort o' licked his chops -- "supposing he had!"

## How Oysters Are Caught,

Only two ways of catching oysters are practiced in Maryland, namely, "dredging " and " tonging." Dredges are bags made of iron rings linked together, forming meshes similar to those of an ordnary seine, the mouth being held open by an iron frame, from the four corners of which project four iron bars converging to a point at a distance of a few feet from the mouth; to this point a small chain is attached, and joined to the chain is a long rope, which winds around a windlass on board of the oyster vessel. Projecting downward from the bar attached to the lower edge of the mouth are iron teeth, which, as the dredge is drawn over the bottom, scrape up the oysters and guide them into the bag. Every vessel is supplied with two dredges and two windlasses, the latter so arranged that each is worked by four men at the same time. When the boat reaches dredging ground the dregdes are thrown overboard and the vessel continues on her course until it is supposed that the dredge, which usually holds two or three bushels, in full, and then it is hauled up, and its contents, consisting of oysters, stones, shells, crabs, fish, etc., are emptied on the deck. If the vessel has passed across the bar, she tacks and recrosses the ground, and continues

sailing over the same bar for hours. If dredging is done in the daytime the oysters are at once "culled," but when working at night it is deferred until morning. "Culling" consists in separ-ating the oysters from the other things brought up by the dredge and throwing the latter overboard, while the former are placed in the hold of the vessel. In this manner the work continues until the vessel is loaded, when she at once proceeds to market. A trip will generally

take about twelve or thirteen days. "Tonging" is a method of taking oysters extensively practiced. In Maryland men and than dredging, but it is probably of greater value to the State, as the men employed in it are of a better class. The tonging interests of Virginia are far more extensive than the same interests in

Something of an idea of the "tongs" may be got by supposing two garden rakes, with very long handles, with the tooth sides of the rakes facing each other; let the handles be secured by a loose rivit two or three feet from the teeth, so that by operating the extreme ends of the handles the whole contrivance shall act as a pair of tongs. The instrument is so constructed that when the tonghandles or "stales" are held perpendicu lar to the bottom the teeth are at an angle of forty-five degrees, and by working the upper end of the stoles to gether above the water, at the same time pressing the teeth against the bottom, the oysters are raked together and may be hoisted to the surface and emptied into the boat. Wooden-headed are better than iron-headed tongs, because they dig into the sand less, and are easier to work. Tongs are used of from seven to twenty-four feet in length, and the latter, worked in twenty-one to twenty-two feet of water, require not only considerable skill but a good allowance of strength to handle with success. These tongs are a very ancient contrivance in America, for Charlevoix, in the middle of the seventeenth century, found

them on the coast of Acadia. Tonging necessitates a very great exposure to the cold, but, however, no more severe than dredging. The injury to health is so great that few oyster-men do know—he runs seventeen saw-mills to health is so great that few oyster-men with the butter-milk."—Carl Pretzel's ever reach old age. Nor does oystertonging give returns in proportion to the labor expended. The element of chance is a large one. A clear, smooth water permits the gathering in one day of what may not be realized by a week's exertion in tempestuous weather. On some of the shoals in the James river it would be impossible to find a space as large as a pair of tongs will cover without oysters on it, -St. Louis Globs-Democrat.

## A Great Deal in Her.

"I don't see how you can endure that Pliffy girl, Jack?" said his sister. "I'm sure there's nothing in her.'

"Nothing in her, indeed! I just wish you'd been with us to supper after the theatre to night," and he dropped a tear over his buried salary .- San Francisco

Upon the river in front of the city of Portland, Oregon, recently, a flock of ducks were seen catching fish. A crowd of hungry gulls, who could not dive, were on the watch, and the moment a duck came to the surface the gulls strove to steal its fish. In most cases the duck managed to flip the fish down his throat. When a gull did get a fish from a duck all the other gulls chased him and tried to share in the spoil.

"Because you might get hurt!" Georgia farmers suffered a loss by dogs.

He had scarcely spoken when the big last year of 50,000 sheep.

## A SPRING POEM

The vine on the cot is blowing, The nest is built in the tree, And the apple limbs are snewing Their blooms in the fragrant les. The bird to his mate is singing, The lambkin skips on the hill, And the rosy clover's springing Beside the gurgling rill. Sir Strephon his love is sighing, The cricket begins to chirp, And the boy in the back yard'stying The can to the brindled purp.

Above the lake in the hollow That mirrors a cloudless sky Is darting the airy swallow. And the purple dragon-fly. The bumble-bee in the garden Runs riot the livelong day, And Mand in her Dolly Varden Plucks flowers along the way. Sir Strephon his love is sighing, The cricket begins to chirp, And the boy in the back yard's tying The can to the brindled purp.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

-R. K. Munkittrick, in Puch

Organizers-Italians. Many 'heavy swells' float on the billowes of credit.

Beware of dried apples. They love not wisely but to swell.—Chicago Sun. A prairie farmer reports that a late

wind-storm lifted about everything from his lands except the mortgage, - Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette. "I aim to tell the truth." "Yes," interrupted an acquaintance, "and you are probably the worst shot in America."-

"Father-"I never imagined that your studies would cost me so much money." Student-"Yes, and I don't study much, either."-Fliegende Blatter. "Laugh, and the world laughs with

Cincinnati Saturday Night.

you," Miss Wheeler says, Yes, and slip, and the world laughs at you. At least that has been our experience. - Buf-"Will you have a small piece of the light meat or a small piece of the dark?" asked Bob's uncle, as he carved the tur-key at dinner. "Fil have a large piece of both," said Bob.

There is a postmaster in Texas who has been in three wars and has lived under five governments, says a news item. If he has been married five times we can't imagine why he has been in only three wars .- Hoosier . It may be a little late in the season,

but we want to give our gardening

friends a brand-new and strictly reliable

method of making a hot bed in a short

space of time. This is the way: Apply lighted match to the straw ticking. It's a fortunate thing for the male sex that malarin is preva that spring house-cleaning arrives. enables a man to pretend that he is very sick, to escape the torture of putting

down the carpets .- Philadelphia Chron Mrs. Mary L. Booth, editor of Harper's Bazar, deplores the deficiency woman suffer in being deprived of pockets. She does not consider that they have the plethoric pockets of their fathers, husbands, brothers and cousins to draw

from .- New York World. "Why do they call it leap-year, pa? Is it because it comes along just about the time when hops are most prolifie?" "Guess not, child. Most likely it is because it keeps men on the jump to keep out of the way of embarrassing situations."- Yonkers Gazette. A New York car-driver when he wants

to clear the truck shouts:"Hi, there, hi." A Chicago driver strikes his bell and shouts: "Shake 'em up there, will you?" A Boston driver says: "Deviate from the direct line those equine appendages, accelerate, accelerate, exhilaration, lively now."-Chicago Inter Ocean. A Marathon amateur who wrote to the manager of the Madison Square theatre to know if there was an opening on the

stage there for a young actor, received a

reply that there were several openings in

the stage there, and if he would come on

he would drop him through one of them with pleasure. - Marathan Independent. SO IT IS. In the spring a young man's fancy turns to yachts and kindred things, Base ball games his soul entranceth, what cares he for angels' wings ! And the maiden, fair and lovely as an angel,

scarcely less, Turus her wits to work, to enjois her pa, of

## -New York Sun.

Arctic Artillery. Miss H. Maria George, in the St. Nicholas, relates the following original method employed by the Empress Anna of Russia to guard her great plaything, the first ice-palace ever erected :

"The empress ordered six cannon and two mortars to be set up on each side of the front gateway. It makes us shake our heads when we read that these cannon and mortars were likewise of ice. And even her councillors and wise men said one to another: 'What will our eyes be asked to see next?" But the empress laughed, for she knew that so long as the sun kept to his old path in the heavens, her palace would be secure. But to prove to her friends that the work was good, she bade them place a quarter of a pound of powder and an iron cannon ball weighing five pounds in one of the ice Every one tremblingly waited for a terrible explosion, but none came. The cannon remained intact, and the ball ens thrown to some distance, passing through a board two inches thick, placed about sixty paces off."

The average daily consumption of gunpowder in the United States is 100 tous.