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ILLUSIONS.

SUMMER CHANGES.

Sang the lily, and sang the rose, Out of the heart of my garden close, "Oh, joy! Ob, joy of the summer tide!" Sang the wind, as it moved above them, Roses were sent for the sun to love them,

Dear little buds in the leaves that hide!" Sang the trees, as they rustled together, "Oh, the joy of the summer weather!

Roses and lilies, how do you fare!" Sang the red rose, and sang the white: "Glad we are of the sun's large light, And the songs of birds that dart through the air."

Lily and rose, and tall green trees, Swaying boughs where the bright birds nestle-Thrilled by music and thrilled by wings. How glad they were on that summer day! Little they thought of cold skies and gray, And the dreary dirge that a storm-wind

Golden butterflies gleam in the sun, Laugh at the flowers, and kiss each one, And great bees come with their sleepy tune.

To sip the honey and circle round. And the flowers are lulled by that drowsy

And fall asleep in the heart of the noon. A small white cloud in a sky of blue, Rosss and lilies, what will they do?

For a wind springs up and sings in th trocal Down comes the rain-the garden's awake, Roses and lilies begin to quake,

That were rocked to sleep by the gentle Ah, roses and lilies! each delicate petal The wind and the rain with fear unsettle;

This way and that way the tall trees But the wind goes by, and the rain stops soon,

And smiles again the face of the noon, And the flowers are glad in the sun's warm ray. Sing, my lilies, and sing, my roses,

With never a dream that the summer closes; But the trees are old, and I fancy they

Each unto each, how the summer flies; They remember the last year's wintry skies, But that summer returns the trees

THE STOLEN RING.

"I've brought home the young lady's bonnet, miss, please," said little Rachel. "Oh, it's the milliner's apprentice, is It I" said Green, the parlor-girl. "Just step into the hall, and wait a minute. Miss Madison's own maid will be down directly. We're having quite a state of things up stairs," Green added, bustling around to fasten up a wooily white poodle which had contrived to snap the links of his golden chain. "Miss Madison has had a diamond ring stole. And they've sent for a detective gentleman, and Miss Madison's uncle from Wall street. And missus has had hysterics, and the doctor is there giving her drops; and the cook says, up and down, she won't stay in no family where the help is suspected!"

Dear, dear!" said little Rachel, opening her blue eyes as round as two mar-

And as Green hurried away, in answer to a shrill summons from above, she looked timidly around her.

She was always pleased to be sent to the Madison house. It was her ideal of Aladdin's palace—of the beautiful manions wherein dwelt the heroines of song

When she described it to the little ones at home, after her day's work was over, they could scarcely credit its splendors. There was a circular hall, with a railed allery, extending around the second ory, and a dome of white and amber lass overhead, and a great bronze statue of some fabled warrior kept guard on horseback in the middle of the marble

There was a deep fireplace, lined with thina tiles, where a fire of scented logs blazed on tall fire-dogs of polished brass; deep, plush easy-chairs were drawn up beside it, and a pair of monster Japan beside it, and a pair of monster Japan vases, which reached up to Rachel's shoulder, were always full, whether the February snows carpeted the outside world, or the March winds shook the easements, of delicious, half-blown roses, with long stems, and satiny, shiny leaves.

For the life of her she would not have dared to go up and smell of them, or to touch their perfumed petals; but she stood afar off and breathed in their sweetness, and looked at their tints of pearl and pink like a humble worshiper of the

"Miss Madison has a new paroquet," she thought. "I never saw that little beauty in the gold cage before."

Adrienne, the French maid, came hurrying down directly-a tall, bold-looking young woman, with a jaunty cap perched in the midst of her black braids, and loops of cherry ribbon on her white muslin apron. She had an absent expression on er face, and looked at little Rachel as if her mind was preoccupied with some-thing else, and she did not see her.

"It's the reception-bonnet, miss, please," explained Rachel, with a cour-

"Oh, the bonnet!" said Adriennethe wrong time. Oh, yes, I dare say it is all right! But," with a sudden, smiling assumption of interest, "you are wet. It rains and you will take cold. Take off your shawl, and come to the fire and dry yourself.'

Rachel, reaching out for the shawl which Adriance had officiously removed, and for her dinner. resisting her efforts to lead her to the And the mother and stepdaughter to-fire. "It don't rain; it only mists a gether nursest Adrienne back to some-

"But it does rain," sharply spoke Adrienne, giving the girl's faded skirt a Adrienne, harshly. shake as she spoke. "Don't you see the you."

drops? Well," with a shrill laugh, "if you don't choose to dry yourself, the fault is your own."

"I was to return as soon as possible, ma'am," said little Rachel, rather embarrassed by all this extra attention. "If Miss Madison was suited-"

Adrienne caught up the bandbox, which Rachel had held all the time, and whirling around on her heel, ran up stairs into the reception-apartment, where Miss Madison herself stood, surrounded by a group of people.

Miss Madison was a tall, blonde-com-

plexioned young lady, with clear, hazel eyes, a well-rounded chin, and the air of one who definitely comprehended her rights and meant to assert them. mother, an irresolute, elderly lady, looked feebly from her daughter to the police-man in plain clothes, who stood deferentially before them, and then back again. Well, if the house is to be searched,

it had best be done promptly, I suppose," said Miss Madison. Tell your man to proceed at once, Mr. Jones. "But, my dear Corisande, do consider!"

twittered Mrs. Madison. "Some of our maids are so very superior! The idea of ransacking their trunks, as if they were common burglars!"

"If they are innocent of stealing my diamond ring they won't care," said Corisande, indifferently, "If they are guilty, they deserve all the obloquy which can descend upon them."

"Just here the French maid glided up close to her mistress.

"Pardon, mademoiselle!" she whis-pered, her half-closed gray eyes furtively observing the detective as she spoke— "but it occurs to me that I have a new clue to this mystery. The little milliner girl is below stairs; she has just brought ome this bonnet. Perhaps mademoiselle has forgotten that she waited in mademoiselle's dressing-room half an hour last Wednesday. Mademoiselle has not

seen her ring since."
Corisande knitted her brows.
"To be sure!" said she, "But you don't suppose that she has taken it!" Adrienne drooped her eyelashes.

"I would venture to make no accusation, mademoiselle," said she, "but perhaps, in a moment of temptation—"
"The matter is easily settled," said
the detective. "We can have the sung

person up here at once and search ler."

Little Rachel came up, much won ering. She was startled when Adrienne volubly explained to her the business upon which she was summoned, but consented at once to the search.

"Why shouldn't I?" said she, simply. I have nothing to be afraid of." She turned her dress-pocket inside out. A little, much-worn leather purse appeared-an elevated railway ticket-a scrap of poetry, cut from some news-paper, fell out—and then a diamond ring, with one glittering fascet of fire, set in its plain circlet of gold, flashed

suddenly upon their eyes! "Ha!" said Adrienne, pouncing upon it, as some raven might pounce on its "Mademoiselle can see for her Ah, wretch! perfidous thief!"

And she shook Rachel by the shoulder with one hand, as she held up the ring with the other.

Rachel had turned as pale as ashes. "I think I must be dreaming!" said "I never saw the ring before in all

come," said the detective, "Come, "that sort on thing won't go down. I'm afraid you're a old hand at the business, for all you look so young and innocent." cent.13

Of course Rachel was arraigned before the court, but Corisande Madison refused to appear for the prosecution.

"The matter has gone far enough," she said. "The girl is not a hardened thief. She stole the ring in a moment of temptation. She has suffered sufficiently. I don't believe she will ever offend in this way again."

So little Rachel was discharged with a reprimand from the magistrate. But it was like clipping the wings of a wild-bird and then bidding it fly away

into freedom once more. The fashionable milliner who had employed the girl would have nothing more to say to her. No one wanted her services. And on the few occasions when there seemed a prospect of getting remunerative work, the horizon was overclouded at once when the question of

references came up. No one wanted a thief about their premises !

One person, however, believed in little Rachel still-her stepmother, a hard-working woman, who let lodgings and did up tine laces and old ladies' caps for a livelihood.

'There is some jugglery about this daughter never was a thief!"

It was in the black the state of the sta

Adrienne Moncontour engaged the one attic bedroom that Mrs. Holley still had

Adrienne had left Miss Madison's seragree with the new housekeeper, who loudly declared that the French maid had once been employed as a waitress in a gambling saloon in Paris.

Perhaps there was some truth in this, for certain it was that Adrienne had an "You work-people are always coming at haggish old women and sage young ones, she lost all her little savings, and crept into Mrs. Holley's back attic bed-room,

as she supposed, to die. "I'm afraid she's a bad lot," said Mrs. "Oh, no, ma'em—thanka!" said little Rachael, you may make her a little beef chel, reaching out for the shawl which tea, and I'll spare her a wing off the fowl And the mother and stepdaughter to-

thing like strength. "I don't see why you've done it," said "I'm nothing to

"I can't pay you even the rent of this wretched hole!" groaned Adrienne. "We didn't suppose, me and mother, that you could," said Rachel, simply. "But that don't signify."
"See!" cried Adrienne, with feverish

eagerness, "I heard you down stairs yesterday. Since you cut the stove-pipe hole to let the heat come up to warm my poor bones, the sound comes up also. The ship-carpenter on the second floor asked you to marry him. You confessed that you loved him, but you said no!"

Rachel crimsoned. "Because I did not wish to link his fortunes with those of one who has been called a thief," said she, in a low voice.
"You have saved my life!" said the
Frenchwoman, excitedly. "Do you Frenchwoman, excitedly. "Do you think I will let you break your heart? No! I will set all that right. It was I that stole Miss Madison's diamond ring. I knew that a search was impending. I had the ring in my possession, and when I saw you standing there so innocent, the Evil One entered into me. I slipped the ring into your pocket; I allowed you to be arrested as a thief. I have never had a lucky moment since. She went to Miss Madison as soon as

she was able to walk, and made a formal statement to this effect. "Arrest me, if you please," said she. But Miss Madison could only pity her

ghastly pallor and skeleton frame.
"No!" she said. "You have already suffered more than I can inflict upon you

by any legal justice."

And little Rachel married the shipcarpenter, and was happy. And among her wedding gifts was a pretty set of parlor furniture from Miss Madison.

"As a token of respect and esteem," said the heiress.—Helen Forrest Graves.

An Early Lynching Party.

Previous to his departure for his present home in Kentucky, Captain Nicholas Frech favored the *Post-Journal* office with a friendly visit. He was a citizen of Memphis before, probably, any other German now living here, set foot on these bluffs, and he entertains some very interesting reminiscences of those days when the southern boundaries of the city were at Poplar street and the county site at Raleigh. One incident especially deserves to be recalled on account of its inherent humor-a lynching-in which some of our most respected Germans, now gray-headed men, took a prominent part. At that time-about forty years ago-Memphis did not enjoy a great reputa-tion for peace and quietness. Murders were frequent; punishments few and far between; in one word, the situation was such as to hold out every inducement to

Judge Lynch. One day another most brutal murder occured. A Main street merchant was shot and killed in front of his own door, where he was quietly sitting beside his wife. The murderer had been caught and lodged in the county jail at Raleigh. The bloody deed caused universal indignation, especially among the Germans of that day, who soon reached the conclusion to take the law in their own hands. Accordingly they met, procured a rope, and boldly marched to Raleigh, where nobody had an inkling of their coming. They completely sur-prised the failer and could have forced him to surrender the keys, but—peaceful Germans as they were—they first tried persuasion, following the line of argument that resistance would be useless. This argument seemed to have the desired effect, for though reluctantly, the

jailer threw open the doors, saying: "Well, boys, if you must have 'im, go in and get 'im." They poured in; but no sooner had the last one crossed the threshold than the heavy iron door swung back, and displaying a sarcastic smile, the jailor turned and drew the key. At the same time the court-house bell sounded the alarm. The brave avengers were trapped, and immediately had more important business on hand than lynching their fellow prisoner, namely, to beg off. In this emergency they sent for Captain Frech, who hastened to the relief of his countrymen. He did not think it prudent to give bonds for all of them, but he succeeded in having them tried on the They were convicted and fined one cent each and cost, which the captain paid for all of them. This was the first and last German lynching in Memphis.-

Bismarck's Children.

Memphia Post-Journal.

The prince has three children-a daughter, the Countess Mary, who was born in 1848, and married about four years ago to Count Rantzau, and two ns, Counts Herbert and William, both of whom are younger than their sister, and unmarried. The former is in the diplomatic service, and has in his official capacity been attached to several embassies, and recently to that in London. The vice some weeks before. She could not latter, who bears a strong personal reagree with the new housekeeper, who semblance to his father, has devoted himself to the legal profession, and has been a member of the German parliament. Both served at first as privates in the Dragoon Guards, in the last war, during which the Prince evinced much anxiety unconquerable mania for cards, and at a on their behalf, riding out after them as genteel gambling place, frequented by often as circumstances permitted. Both of them work from time to time in the immediate neighborhood of the prince, in whose bureau his son-in-law has also found employment. I may mention, too, that the prince is the happy possesso Holley; "but I wouldn't let even a cat of grandchildren, fine, sturdy little fel-die in my house, without a little care. lows, the eldest of whom occasionally pays a visit at his grandfather's palace with the cap of the Yellow Cuirassiers on his fair young head .- Moritz Busch, in Harper's,

"Trust men and they will trust you," said Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Trust men and they will burst you," says an ordinary every-jay business man.

"We try to be kind to every one who WIT FOR WARM WEATHER, sors believe that each other was deaf and needs kindness," said Rachel, gently.

A BATCH OF PUNKY STORIES FROM EXCHANGES.

Why He Rebelled-Patience-Some

thing Wrong Somewhere-Curing It of Smoking-The Bad Boy. Some years ago a detachment of United States artillery was stationed at Hot Springs, Ark., to protect the public property, the supreme court having decided that the springs belonged to the United States. One day one of the detachment fell ill and was ordered by the surgeon to "take a hot bath and drink the water," meaning the sulphur spring water. He went to one of the bath houses, where a bath was prepared for him, and he was left to enjoy the luxury. After the usual time had elapsed the attendant went in to see how he was getting along. He found the soldier sitting on the edge of the tub much swollen about the waist and the water reduced about one-half. The attendant asked him how he was getting along. The soldier replied: "Pretty nation settled upon his countenance, 'Tll be dogged if I drink all that water, not even if they put me in the guard-house

Patience.

"Don't scold, my dear," said a young doctor to his wife, who was making home happy at the rate of forty miles an hour.

"Why shouldn't I scold, I'd like to know? You don't give me anything I want, and I have to skimp along like a

"I know, my dear, that we are not rich; but after awhile our luck will want. You must learn to have pachange and we will have everything we

"Don't preach what you don't practice. If you'd learn to have patients, we would soon be out of our trouble," and she whisked out of the room, so full of feeling that she slopped over at the eyes .- Merchant-Traveler

Something Wrong Somewhere. "Do your women customers bother you much?" asked a citizen who was talking with a Woodward avenue grocer the

other morning. "Well, they seldom want to pay the prices. It seems natural for them to want to beat down the figures, There comes one now who probably wants huckleberries. Here are some fresh ones at fifteen cents per quart, and yet if I should ask her only eleven she'd

want 'em for ten." "Say, try it on, just for a joke. If she asks the price put it at eleven." The grocer agreed, and presently the woman - came up, counted the sixteen

boxes of berries under her nose, and of course inquired: "Have you any huckleberries this

morning?" Yes'm. "Fresh ones ?" "Yes'm.

"In quart boxes ?" "Yea'm." "How much ?" "I'll take the whole lot," she quietly observed, as she handed out a \$5 bill,

and take 'em she did. The citizen disappeared at that moment and the grocer believes that it was a putup job between the two.

Curing it of Smoking.

Jones P. Wiloughrib is a wag, who has incurred the enmity of a great many Bloomington people by the perpetration of his heartless jokes. The other day he rushed into Doctor Coffin P. Graves' office, flushed and excited, and asked

"Doc, does smoking ever kill any-"Often, sir, quite often." Wilough rib turned white and bit his lips, and hastily said:

"Is it possible to cure one, who is very bad with smoking? Can you save it?" "Why, yes."

"Well, come down to my house just as quick as you can get there. There is a chronic smoker down there, which has turned black in the face and looks as if there was not a bit of life in it. Make all haste, Doc, for heaven's sake. It is lying on our kitchen floor with its pipe, and smoking, as dumb as a log. It is impossible to rouse it, and the fumes are almost killing the family. It don't know a cussed thing. Rush up, Doctor. Lose no time." The doctor Doctor. Lose no time." and Wiloughrib got into the doctor's buggy and were driven rapidly to the scene of the disaster. When they arrived, Wiloughrib pointed the doctor to the kitchen stove, which lay overturned upon the floor, but the joke was turned, when the doctor pulled off his coat and put up the stove, and then presented a bill for twenty-five dollars for profes-

The Bad Boy.

sional services .- Through Mail,

"Say, what is this I hear about your pa and the new minister quarreling?" said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he showed up at his usual hour,

"Well, it was partly true, but it was all a joke," said the bad boy, as he looked out the door to see if his parent was in the vicinity. "You see, it was a new minister that came here to exchange works with our preacher. You know when they exchange works it is as good as a vacation, 'cause both ministers can preach an old sermon that has been laying around and got moth-esten. The next day after the visiting preacher preached he came to our house to stay a day or two, at ma's invita-tion. Pa hasn't been feeling very well lately, and ma said he wanted some excitement, and I thought of an old sto theological seminary making two profe | but this is for evening only, of cour-

I thought if such a joke was all right in a college where they turned out young preachers, it would do at our house, so told ma she better tell pa to talk loud enough, or the preacher couldn't hear him. You see I didn't lie, but ma went and told pa the minister was deaf as a post and he would have to yell bloody murder to make him hear. I don't think it was right for ma to say that, 'cause l didn't tell her the minister was deaf, but pa said he hadn't spoken at ward caucuses for nothing, and he would make the preacher hear or talk the top of his head off. I brought the minister's satchel over from the house where he had been stopping, and he came along with me, and I asked him how his voice was, and he said it was all right, and I told him he would have use for it if he talked with pa much. He asked me if pa was deaf, but I wouldn't lie, and all I said was if the minister would yell as loud as he did when he got excited in preaching, pa would hear the most of what he said. Oh, he said along. The soldier replied: "Pretty well. I enjoyed the bath. But," he added, and a look of despondent determitions and a look of despondent determitions will be soldier replied: "Pretty most of what he said. On, he said the wouldn't have any trouble making pa hear. Well, I ushered him in the parlor, and they shook hands and I skipped up stairs, just as pa swelled out his chest and took a long breath and shouted 'Glad to see you!' Well, you'd a dide. It seemed as though his voice would knock the new minister's ear off, but the minister braced himself, inflated his lungs, and shouted, 'The happiness is mutual, I assure you,' and then they both coughed, 'cause I guess it strained their lungs some. Ma was leaning over the banisters, and when pa would roar at the minister, ma would laugh, and when the minister would roar back at pa, I would laugh. Pa seemed to think the minister talked loud, and the minister thought the same, and they was a having it pretty loud, you bet. They talked about relidgin, and politics, and everything, and pa mopped his bald head with his handkerchief, and the minister got red in the face; and finally pa told the minister he need not yell loud enough to loosen the shingles, as he wasn't deaf, and the minister said he wasn't deaf, and the minister said he wasn't deaf, and pa needn't yell like a maniac, and then pa, said he was another, and the minis-ter said pa was a worldly minded son of Belial, and then ma she see it was time to stop it, and she went down stairs as a hop, skip and jump, and told them both that there was a mistake, and that nobody was deaf, and then the minister said he understood from pa's little boy that his pa was hard of hearing, and pa sent for me, but I was scarce. Don't you think a boy shows good sense, sometimes, in not being very plenty around when they yearn for him? Sometimes I am numerous, and then again I am about as few as any of the boys. Well, there was no harm done, but pa and the minister have their opinion of each other."—Peck's

Rhymes in the Mails.

Some very curious and funny letters are received at the dead letter office. The outside of some is more unique than the inside. The following are the addresses on the envelopes of several which "Only eleven cents per box, madam." have found their way to the dead-letter office. They show the poetical bent of the writers:

"Fly little messenger, quick and straight, To Humboldt county of Iowa State! Fly, little messenger, and seek with care For Miss Annie Fahey, you'll find her there."

Unfortunately there was no stamp on it, and the matter-of-fact P. M. hustled it off to the dead-letter office. A trusting parent writes on the envel-

ope of his letter: Please send this letter to my son who drives a team of red oxen, and the railroad runs through his place." Another envelope has:

"Bummer's letter, send it ahead, Dead broke and nary a red: Postmaster, put this letter through, And when I get paid I'll pay you." Another envelope has this address: "James Irwin. Try all over the State."

Still another address is: "B. A. Kenyon, P. M., Ill." A would-be housekeeper puts on the envelope:

"P. M .- Please forward to the physician who was looking for a housekeeper in St. Louis last week; is a widower with two children; don't know his name. This is no doubt an answer to an ad-

did not get it. Another envelope has: To General W. Knowles this letter is sent,

To the town of Brighton where the other or went.
No matter who wrote it—a friend or a foe—
To the State of New York I hope it will go." But it went to the dead letter office

instead. Another envelope has:

"Hello! Uncle Sam; let me go in your mail, As I've taken a notion to ride on a rail To Illinois State, and there let me stop, And in McLean county just please let me drop; In LeRoy P. O. there let me lay, Until Reason K. Gay takes me away."

But the P. M.'s reply just below says: "Played out, my dear boy, There is no use in talking. If you can't pay your way You'll have to try walking."

One who was careful to pay postage Now haste with this letter as fast as you I've just paid your fare to good Uncle Sam ;

The case is quite urgent, so don't stop to think. Lyman street you will very soon find.

Where the people are honest, good-natured and kind;

Frank Taylor, the man to whom you must go, Is at 46 Lyman street, Cleveland, Ohio."

— Washington Capital.

The beautiful fashion of wearing flowers in the hair is revived in Papi

When youth's illusions vanish with the past, We miss our infant measure of the vest A single footstep fords the shallow tide Of you small brook we thought so does and The endless meadow endless rolls no more, Its sheeted daisies have their bound and shore

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one month 8 80 One Square, one inch, three months 6 88

Marriage and death notices gratis.

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

Legal notices at established rates.

Job work-cash on delivery.

We seek the hilltop once our highest goal, And sigh to find it but a common knoll, How large the berries when ourselves were

How tall the clover when we were not tall.

The very shadows by the roadside flung, Were broader, cooler than-for we were

"Tis thus illusions narrow to the gaze, Diminishing with man's increase of days.

Tis thus that from the daybreak of his youth Insensibly he finds the paths of truth. -G. H. Coomer, in Youth's Companion.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Kiss Me as I Fall Asleep" is the title of a new song. It might work all right with some men, but it would wake us right up. -Hawkeye.

"Mary, be careful, my child, when going out. Have a will of your own." "Oh, I've got a Will of my own, mother; but he can't be with me all the time."

"I wish," he said,
"I knew a maid,
Whose ma had really taught her
To hate ice-cream, and always deem
As poison, soda-water."
—Philadelphia Call.

According to a physician, suddes fright is a cure for sickness. The difficulty is to procure that medicine; for a person who is right down sessick doesn't care a continental whether the old ship sinks or not.

There is a new book, "Whirlwinds, Cyclones and Tornadoes," just issued, which we have not read, but judging from its title, it must be the reminiscence of a man who found his wife awake when he came home along in the afternoon of the night.—Merchant-Diphtheria is a terrible thing to have in

the family, but since it has been discovered that it is fatal to cats it is expected that there will be quite a demand for it. A chunk of diphtheria laid out in the back yard at night will kill off more cats and make less noise than forty bootjacks .- Peck's Sun. HER COOL REQUEST.

" My sweet," he murmured soft and low, As sank the sun in crimson glow;
"Come tell me now thy soul's desire."
Deep in her eye he saw the fire
That sealed his fate.

Close to his side she nestling pressed Close to his side she needing pressed;
He felt her heart-throbs 'gainst his breast
While trustful love shone in his face.
"I want," she said, with blushing grace,
"Another plate."

"Good morning, John," said a pastor to a young friend whom he met on a warm day. "How does your father stand warm day. "How does your father stand the heat?" The young man made no reply, but went away with a clouded brow, And when the good pastor learned that the young man's father had died only a week before, he understood why his cor-

dial greeting was met so coldly. INTERESTING FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY. When the overheated small boy takes a swim He won't go home until his hair has dried Lest his watchful mother should catch onte

And undertake to tan his youthful hide. When the small boy wants some fishing worms

He will spade an acre field and not feel Though for digging he is not at all inclined,
And to weed a garden never could be hired.

—Hatchet.

Treatment of Dog-Bites.

Mr. T. M. Dolan, the author of a standdatd work on hydrophobia, has drawn up the following simple remedies for the immediate treatment of dog-bites: bite of a healthy dog cannot cause hydro-This is a well-established fact. As it is difficult to determine the state of health of a dog at the time he bites, the wound should be treated as if the dog were rabid. Dog-bites should be treated at once by the person bitten or by a by-stander, by sucking the wound if possible; enlarging the wound with a penknife vertisement. It is a pity the widower to encourage bleeding; by hot water fomentation; by free washing with cold water; by ligature, a piece of string tied between wound and heart. After bleeding has been encouraged and the wound has been well washed apply hot iron-as a heated penknife, small key, etc. -caustics, pure nitric, sulphuric or hydrochloric acid, nitrate of silver, acetic acid, carbolic acid, ammonia, salt, or piece of hot ein-If near a chemist's the person bitten should run there, keeping his mouth applied to the wound, if possible, and spitting out the blood extracted. If near medical man's house, run there at once. If in a part where the person bitten cannot apply his mouth, some bystander should suck the wound—no harm can follow from thus lending assistance. The dog inflicting the bite should be kept un-der observation for at least fourteen days. It will soon be seen whether it is healthy or not. If healthy, there is no fear of future development of hydrophobia: If the person bitten experiences shooting pain up the arms or other parts of the body, three or four Turkish baths should be taken. If the person bitten is nervous, he should place himself under the care of his medical attendant. I have treated some hundreds of cases of dog bites from all parts of the country, and I am glad to say that those bitten have not experienced any after symptoms,"-- London Era.

It is not much of a compliment, after all, to say that a man is sound. Some men are nothing but sound.