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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Job work-cash on delivery.

A FANTASY.

lle in a dreamless sleep alle shadows over me creep; am thrilled with a rapture deep As the drifting clouds pass by, hear the rustle of leaves, The birds in the garnered sheaves, And the wind that wearily grieves Through the stubble, brown and dry.

I have never a thought of care; Forgotten the old despair. Too blest for even a prayer, With clasped lands I lie. There is peace in the darkened room, There are lilies in perfect bloom, And the haunting, rare perfume Of jessamine floating by.

No glance I backward cast; A seal is on the past, And the future, vague and vast, Beckons with bated breath. at the wind goes shuddering by: ear a strong man's sigh a heart sick child's low cry; of it life, or is it death? Sarah D. Hobart, in Lippincott.

BUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

He came—the day was dull and dead, The skies were cold and gray; The slanting rain beat on the pane And blurred the tossing bay, But oh, so dear his tender tone, His smile so sweet to see, That in my heart the sunlight shone, And all was fair to me.

o's gone—the day is fresh and fair, he skies are warm and bright, robin sings; the blithe bee wings Per fragrant fields his flight, at dim and blurred through tearful ev The sunlit bay I see; or on my heart a shadow lies And all is dark to me.

-Walter Learned, in Monhattan.

THE DOCTOR'S WARD.

"Marry Kitsie!" Dr. Grealy cried, hing back his chair and staring at his d should any one want to marry Kit-

For a multitude of reasons," Miss a replied, with a pleasant little laugh. You seem to forget, Jack, that she's not child any longer, and that half the ligible young men in Ballycoyle are in ove with her already."

"That's not saying much," the doctor uplied, grimly. "There are only three an in the place that can afford to keep wife; but what you say about Captain halloner fairly amazes me. Why-why, be's very near as old as I am!"

"Even so, Jack; you're not quite a you know. Just think for -what brings the captain here day after day and evening after

Well, then, to tell you the truth, came to see me and play cribbage with me," the doctor replied, looking gravely at his sister. "I did, upon my con-

"Then you're a conceited old goose, that's all I can say," Miss Dora replied, laughing heartily at her brother's evident amazement. "Frank Challoner comes to see Kitsie."

"Then he sha'n't see her any more," the doctor cried, ringing the bell vio-

"Here, Bridget, where's Miss Kitsie?" roared, as an elderly woman put her id in the door, holding the handle in

"Where would she be, sur, but upirs-fixin' herself for tay?" Bridget reed, in an aggrieved tone. She did like being summoned from the chen for such a trifle.

Then go upstairs this moment, and her she's not to come down to ght. No, wait a second—Pil go myself, you go, Dora,"

"Bless an' save us, miss, the masther is taking lave of his sinses!" Bridget exclaimed, still clinging to the door-handle; and at that moment Kitsie came tripping down stairs singing gayly:

" Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life As Love's young dream!

"What do you know about love's young dream, miss?" the doctor said, as

she entered the room. "Nothing at all, Uncle Jack, but what the song says," Kitsie replied, looking at him curiously with a pair of the bluest eyes, shaded by the longest and most defi-ant black, curly lashes. 'Nothing in the world yet; but, sure, I may be wiser some

day,"
"Hum!" the doctor growled, throwing a triumphant glance at his sister. "Til take care you learn none of that nonsense yet a while."

"Miss Kitsie, jewel, will ye come here one minute?" Bridget called from the kitchen; and when they were alone Miss Dora stood by her brother's chair and looked at him sadly.

"I am sorry, Jack, that I said anything about Captain Challoner; but now that we've broached the subject, we may as well look it fairly in the face. There is no doubt, whatever, but he admires Kitsie-who could help that !- no doubt, either, it would be a fine thing for the child if he married her. He is rich, and a thorough gentleman—though not so young as I could wish, perhaps. If anything happened to you to-morrow, what would become of Kitste? While I had a crust she would share it, of course, and Bridget would work her fingers to the bones for her; but it would be a poor prospect for a bright, merry, lovely young thing to be shot up in solitude and poverty with two heart-broken old women. Life at best is uncertain, Jack, and a doctor's more so than many people's, going,

know that Kitale was well provided for see what the very urgent business was MONACO'S GAMBLING DEN.

The doctor sat for fully five minutes, gnawing his mustathe somewhat savagely; then he took two or three turns up and down the dining-room, and stood looking out of the window for a minute.

The prospect was a pleasant one-a strip of smooth emerald lawn, the white road leading to the village, and beyond miles off, and her aunt on a shopping the beautiful blue sea and the white cliffs expedition to Miltown. The captain of Ballycoyle.

For seventeen years he had associated Kitsie with the rea, the cliffs, the lawn, the pretty cottage,

How would it all look when she was gone? What a change would take place in their happy home. How would Dora get on without her loving, constant com-

panion? How would he, Jack Grealy, bear the loss? It was so sudden and unex-pected that he had scarcely time to realize what losing Kitsie meant to him-

He would not think of it, If this grave, handsome, wealthy suitor could win her, let him; he would not stand in her light. He had been everything to Kitsie for seventeen years-since he rescued her, a tiny baby, from the sea at the risk of his own life, and placed her in his sister's arms.

There had been a wreck off " Old Man's Nose," and the only two persons saved were a tiny, golden-haired baby a Hindoo woman-evidently her nursewho died a day or two after.

For seventeen years the child had made the sunshine of the doctor's home, the music of his life.

She knew no other friends, was not even aware that she was their niece in love only, and had no claim on either Uncle Jack or Aunt Dora; and now the first stranger that came by would take her away. He or some other-it was all the same, Jack muttered. He would have to lose her, and he might as well make the best of it.

"I suppose you're right, Dolly," he s id, at length, turning to his sister; "Challoner would be an excellent match for Kitsie. But I never even thought of such a thing, and for the moment I was surprised. Of course, I must tell him her history, the little there is of it," And then he left the room with the

slow, unsteady step of a man but half Miss Dora looked after him for a moment in pained surprise. It slowly dawned upon her that there was some thing wrong with Jack-something strange in his face and voice and manner, and that somehow Kitsie was the cause of it. But she was a wise woman and knew when to be silent as well as when to speak, only she thought deeply and sadly of the trouble in Jack's honest gray eyes. After tea, Kitsic sat down to the piano, and played over her uncle's favorite airs, "The Meeting of the Waters," "The Young Hay Moon,"

"The Coulin," and other plaintive, old Irish melodies.

"Then I'll play you something from 'Pinafore.' I know you like that." Kitsie cried, merrily, and the doctor smoth ered an exclamation. He hated "Pinafore"-hated it doubly at that moment for he remembered that Captain Challoner had given her the music.

At that moment the captain himself was announced, and after a pleasant evening he rose to go at 10 o'clock, his usual time for saving good-night. when the doctor accompanied him to the door he lingered for a moment, and then said he should like to have half an hour's conversation. "The fact is, doctor, I have something serious to say to you, and as I am summoned to England on urgent business, I should to say it before I go."

"Come into the den," the doctor said, leading the way. He knew quite well what the captain was going to say and neved himself to bear it.

"You must have seen, doctor," he began, "that I admire your niece, Miss Kitsie, very much. She is very beautiful, artless, and unaffected, and if I can succeed in winning your consent and hers, I should like to make her my wife. I am a rich man, and I do not think you will have any reason to fear for her future if you intrust her to me."

"I believe that, captain, but I can't answer for Kitsie." the doctor said a little huskily; "in fact, I have no legal right either to give or withhold my consent, as the child is no relative either by blood or marriage, nor is she my ward in reality. I picked her up seventeen years ago, when a ship was wrecked off 'Old Man's Nose.' She has lived with my sister and myself ever since, and is very dear to us both, but we have no right to influence her."

"Still, I am sure she will be guided by your wishes to a great extent; at least, she ought to be, seeing how good you have been to her. At least, give me your consent to try and win her!"

"You have it," the doctor replied; "and if you do win her you will be for-She has a beautiful nature, a sweet temper, a loving heart. Kitsie is largely endowed with good qualities, and

she is very lovely!" Captain Challoner fully indorsed the list of perfections, though he could not our ordinary open summer cars, though help asking himself what some of his aristocratic relatives and friends would say to his marrying a nameless sea waif. brought up by a poor dispensary doctor in a remote little Irish village. He thought it best not to inquire too minutely into the circumstance of her rescue, better take her just as she was, Dr. Grealy's niece, than discover that she belonged to some one more objectionable. He resolved to discover the state of Kitsie's feelings the very next day-though he had not very many doubts or fears on the subject, she was slways so glad to see s you do, in the way of illness every him, and enjoyed his society so much-

About 2 o'clock he called at the

cottage with the intention of asking Kitsie to accompany him for a walk on the beach. He found her alone, curled up in an easy-chair, having what she called a good read.

Her uncle had gone to see a patient ten thought he might as well speak then and there as anywhere else. For a long time Kitsle did not under-

stand him, and when she did she glanced around with frightened eyes, seeking some means of escape.

"Oh, no, no, please, Captain Challoner! I never thought of such a thing!"

she cried, entreatingly.
"But you can try and think of it now, dearest," he said, holding her hands gently.

"I can't-I won't! Pleme let me go!" she sobbed. But he detained her, pleaded his

cause with gentle insistence-told her that he knew her history, and pointed out that it was her duty to relieve Doctor Grealy of his trouble and expense as soon as she could; then he told her of his wealth, his home, his friends-of the new and delightful world open to

But Kitsie listened in a dull, dazed way; only a few of his words rung in her ears—"You are no relation to Doctor Grealy: you are a little sea waif." At last she pushed him from her with

both her trembling hands. "Go away, or I shall hate you!" she cried, passionately. "You have robbed me of all I care about on earth; I will

never see you, never speak to you again, Captain Challoner—never, never, never be your wife!"

And she rushed past him and into her Uncle Jack's study, leaving him to find his way out of the house as best he

An hour later the doctor returned. Was that white-faced, trembling little form looking up at him with such mute, appealing misery his blithe, bonnie

"My pet, what is it?" he cried, stroking her hair tenderly. 'Come, tell me all about it." With many sobs and tears, Kitsie told

her story; how Captain Challoner wanted to marry her and take her away, and, worst of all, said that she did not belong to Uncle Jack and Aunt Dora. "As if I could ever leave you!" she

cried, piteously. "Oh, tell me it was a cruel, wieked story, and that I am your very own Kitsie-tell me, Uncle Jack!" "My pet, it's true we saved you, but you belong to us all the more on that ac-

count, and you shall never leave us, dear -never, till you wish to go. Come now, dry your eyes before your aunt comes home, and forget all about Captain Chal-

But Kitsle, once set thinking, could "Play something else, Kitsie," the doctor cried at last, "something new—something English. I'm tired of the old Irish airs, they're so melancholy."

But Kitsie, once set thinking, could not forget so easily. She fretted and worried herself into a serious illness, and then Miss Dora had to take her away for a change, she grew so thin and pale. But not forget so easily. She fretted and after deducting the very heavy expenses her, feeling interest enough in the worried herself into a serious illness, and incurred by the establishment, as I beafter the first few weeks Kitsie seemed no better, and one day, when the doctor came to see her, he resolved to find out what was the matter.

"Kitsie, what is it?" he whispered, taking both her hands, and kneeling beside ker. " My darling, can't you trust me? Can't you tell me what troubles you?"

"I don't know," she replied, hiding

her face on his shoulder. "But I must know, or I shall go mad. Kitsie, you are not fretting for Frank Challoner, are you? Tell me the truth,

"Jack!" Only one little word, but it was enough. In another moment the doctor had taken her into his arms, and into his heart forever, and little Kitsie's vorst troubles were ended.

When they returned to Ballycoyle a wonderful surprise awaited them. Kitsie was no longer a sea-waif, but a wealthy heiress. Her friends at last had discovered her. She had sailed with her father, mother and nurse from Calcutta, and their vessel had been wrecked. were rescued by the brig that went to pieces on "Old Man's Nose," and only Kitsie and her nurse and two sailors picked up at sea escaped. They, however proved that a gentleman and lady and little girl had been on board their brig; and several other circumstances proved that Kitsie was indeed the long-lost daughter of a wealthy gentleman, whose fortune on his death went to his brother, and from him to his nephew, Captain Challoner, his sister's son. When Kitsie was discovered, the captain honorably gave up the fortune, but neither she nor the doctor would consent to taking all; half was more than sufficient for their wants, for they declare they shall continue to live all their lives in Ballycoyle, only paying an occasional visit to Kitsie's

Street Cars Without Rails.

An Alexandria (Egypt) letter to the San Francisco Examiner says: Here in Alexandria, for the first time in my life. I have seen street cars running without the aid of rails of any kind. The cars are like a little shorter and are drawn by two horses. The wheels are about twice the usual diameter, projecting up through the floor quite conspicuously. of wood, with iron tires. As the streets of Alexandria are paved with smooth blocks of stone, about two feet long and one foot wide, in such a way that the lines of contiguity cross the street half way diagonally and then reverse, they are specially adapted to the locomotion of these cars. The cars must be light built, and I judge that there are regularly appointed routes for them. They move along at a decent speed, and are not al-Wouldn't it be a comfort to you to and that he would return to London and together uncomfortable.

A VIVIDLY DRAWN PICTURE OF A

GREAT EVIL. Enormous Profits of the Concern-Immense Sums at Stake-Hun-

dreds Lured to Ruin and Death, Dr. J. H. Bennett says in a letter to the London Pall Mall Gazette: Public attention has been forcibly directed for the last few years to the Monte Carlo gambling establishment at Monaco, and to the growing evils which its existence entails. Of late the feeling of aversion, not to say horror, which it occasions has become so general in every country throughout Europe, both with the gov erned and the governing bodies, that I cannot but think that its days are numbered. Both Europe and America have become fully awakened to the fact that the gambling house is a blot on modern society, and that its great and yearly increasing prosperity scatters ruin and desólation over the earth. The acknowledged profits of the concern are 17,000,-000 francs, or nearly £700,000. No person living has probably seen more than I have of the Monte Carlo gambling establishment, for I have resided in its immediate vicinity (Mentone) for twentyfive winters, and consequently no one is better qualified to speak of its moral and social influence on the surrounding populations. I took refuge on the Genoese Riviera in 1859, ill unto death, thereby saved life, and have returned to it in the winter ever since. On my first arrival the gambling house was in its infancy, established at Monaco itself, under the patronage of the prince, and attracted but little notice. It was a very small and insignificant concern. When the gaming establishment at Homburg was closed, M. Blanc, its head, bought up the Monaco business, obtaining from the prince a long lease with all kinds of privileges, which were, of course, largely paid for. Bringing to the matter great to acknowledge or receive as friends, and experience and a masterly mind, M. to whom society only owes punishment Blanc's success has been stupendous, as inciters to vice, What much aided him was the fact that the closure of Homburg was followed by that of all the gambling houses in Europe, so that gamblers of all nationalities, men and women, have been thrown | deed there are many gasping slaves tointo his clutches. Year by year the area into his clutches. Year by year the area day who claim the same thing. Statis-of the pernicious influence of Monte Carlo ties are abundant by means of which has increased, in ever widening circles, this claim can be, in a part substantiauntil it is now felt all over the world, in ted, but a very few people seem desirous Europe, Asia, Africa and America.

Its enormous influence for evil is best understood by a simple calculation which | condescend to fight such a vulgar thing I owe to a professional gambler. As the chances of the table are one in thirty-six not just as people care to think. in favor of the bank, to gain annually don't believe he is, but we do believe nearly £700,000, which it professes to that the good old cow is queen, and that do, (17,000,000f.) £24,500,000 must with a gentle and royal purpose she is have been staked on its tables, must seeking to build up the lands that the have been won and lost. The bank's old monarch has wasted. There is very £700,000 profit is its royalty-at the little style about the old cow. She steps rate of one in thirty-six-on this enor- slowly and clumsily about her busimous amount of money, which must, ness, but she makes the business pay therefore, have been played, lost and well. She plods along in heat or won. If the 17,000,000f, are the profits cold, wet or dry, eating what is given lieve is the case, the amount actually under circumstances that would dis-played must be much greater. It is courage any other living creature; and large masses of money that partly ac- be, she responds like a queen. She counts for the strange fascination exercised by gambling. A careful player, pail and an extra feed of meal. The who begins with, say, £1,000 capital, may have fingered, according to the doctrine of chances, £30,000 before he loses other known production. She is mother his capital. If he play long enough, the of all our beef. In many a household bank royalty of one in thirty-six is sure she catches the wolf on her horns and to swallow up his capital, and then he tosses it far from the door. She has has had all the emotion of having been | turned the tide of agricultural prosperity alternately successful or the reverse, rich in many parts of the country from a last lost his initial capital that he did cotton to an upper and prosperous one not stop when successful, which he never does, vows that he will be more prudent and grass spring from beneath her feet next time, and in order to have the chance on the most barren soil. The old cow sells, borrows, raises money anyhow. | don't stop to enthuse over them, but con-Often he loses all feeling of honor and probity, and, after risking his last shilling, King Cotton may well tremble when he plays his wife's dowry, his daughter's fortune, his employer's money, to end, his direction. She comes marching along may be, by suicide,

At Monte Carlo often every fourth player is a woman; and such women! Truly they represent the sirens of old. and are infinitely more dangerous, often ruining entirely those whom they circum-The women are not all, however, of this class. Husbands often thoughtlessly encourage their wives or daughters to risk a few five-franc pieces, or napolcons, on the table, and thus inoculate them with the gambling frenzy. It is table people, to lend them by slow degrees to the gaming tables, that every magnificent band of seventy-five musicians discourses sweet music every afternoon and evening. Theatrical and oper-They do walk in by the hundreds, by the thousand, and are constantly

sucked dry, destroyed morally and phywhich excited but little notice. Now it fact. Half the people one meets are go-

People who ought to know better play away the money they brought to live with throughout the winter, and are impovershed throughout their stay, living on strict necessaries. This I hear from the Mentone tradespeople, who bewail the daily loss they experience from this cause. Many of their most respectable clients lose so heavily at Monte Carlo in the early part of their stay that they have to live from hand to mouth during the remainder. Many who come to the Riviera from the North to save life, lose all their funds early in the winter and have to return home to face disease or perhaps death. Other invalids, better off send again and again for money, sell, mortgage, borrow, entirely neglect their health, spend the days and evenings in the close, badly ventilated rooms, and die before the end of the season. It is very hard that people going to the south for health should be exposed to such temptation. In every hotel there is a band of gamblers who talk of nothing but rouge and noir, of numbers, of systems of play. These votaries of gambling are not necessarily the young and the inexperienced. They are often middleaged or aged men and women, and noblemen, gentry, generals, colonels, barris-ters, physicians. The demon of gambling has got hold of them. They come from the four corners of the earth; and the ruin that follows-bankruptcy, poverty, dishonor, suicide-mostly upon them at home at New York, Rio Janeiro, Batavia, Calcutta, anywhere. It is said that during the winter about a suicide a week occurs in and near Monaco, If so, it is only a tithe of what occurs elsewhere through Monte Carlo. For whom is this royalty of £700,000 yearly, this enormous income, raised? Merely to subsidize a degraded prince, and to give colossal incomes and fortunes to half a dozen persons, who are ashamed of the source from whence their money comes, whom no respectable person would like

Queen Cow. A few years ago many people stood ready to claim that cotton was king, inof claiming that king cotton ever did much to improve society, education, or as a mortgage. Cotton may be king or this fact of the gambler dealing with when she is fed and cared for as she should should be crowned with a new milking good old cow has paid off more mortgages, and paid for more farms than any He regrets when he has at downward course in raising grain or verts them into good, solid, hard cash. sees good old Queen Cow marching in in advance of better schools, better morals, better farms, better men and The dead old cotton fields will burst forth into grass at her touch, and contentment and happiness will leap out of her milking pail. We take off our hats to Queen Cow. May her shadows never grow less,-Southern Live Stock Journal.

How to Sleep.

In a recent paper read before the Bosprincipally to attract these really respect ton Society for Medical Improvement, Dr. R. M. Hodges said: "It is a common impression that to take food immediately possible allurement and inducement is before going to bed and to sleep is unoffered to all, to travelers and to residents, wise. Such a suggestion is answered by with the most unbounded liberality. A a reminder that the instinct of animals prompts them to sleep as soon as they have eaten; and in summer an after-dinner nap, especially when that meal is taken atic performances are offered weekly at at midday, is a luxury indulged in by nominal prices at which the leading many. Neither darkness nor season of celebrities of the day take part. The the year alters the conditions. If the gardens are, perhaps, the finest in South- ordinary hour of the evening meal is six ern Europe; the reading room is one of or seven o'clock, and the first morning the best supplied, with periodical liter- meal seven or eight o'clock, an interval ature; and all are opened from morn to of twelve hours or more elapses without night, without restriction, to any well- food, and for the persons whose nutrition dressed person. Says the spider to the is at fault this is altogether too long a "Walk into my parlor, my pretty period for fasting. That such an inter val without food is permitted explains many a restless night, and much of the head and backache, and the languid, half-rested condition on rising, which is When I first inhabited the Riviera the accompanied by no appetite for breakfast, Monaco gambling house, as already stated. This meal itself often dissipates these sensations. It is, therefore desirable, if not essential, when nutriment is to be has become the great attraction, the great erowded, that the last thing before going to bed should be the taking of food. ing or have been to Monte Carlo. If Sleeplessness is often caused by starvation, friends are invited the probable answer and a tumbler of milk, if drank in the is: I am going to Monaco, to the classi- middle of the night, will often put people cal concert, to the hand, or to an operatic to sleep when hypnotics would fail of performance, but few dare confess they their purpose. Food before rising is an are going to play, and yet very many do. equally important expedient. It sup-Hundreds go from Mentone every day, plies strength for bathing and dressing, thousands from Nice, Cannes, and even laborious and wearisome tasks for the San Ramo and Genoa. It is a growing underfed, and is a better morning post-pestilence, a real moral plague spot, me-up than any nackneyed tonic.

NATURA NATURANS.

Where'er my eyes may turn or senses range, Inspiring nature points to life beyond; And when the soul, with rays of light that dim The stars, dispels the haze that floats and falls Athwart the rising dream of future life, As tranquil seas endow the tranquil air, Lo, from the depths of premonitions wise, Peace her glory sheds upon the heart that

If life were not good for man, man would not

If death were not good for man, man would not die:

Tis life's fulfillment that all things should fade.

Again to live. Nature can ne'er destroy. Naught perisheth, and all that's dust is life. Still with care shall we await the certain

Like Fear mantled by her good behavior. -Hugh Farrar McDermott.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Hanlon seems to have discovered the rowed to wealth .- Whitehall Times.

Talk about babies: but then, never indulge in small talk .- Chicago "Out on the fly !" is now the cry of the

infuriated bald-headed citizen .- Lowell A man will put his best foot forward

if he has a sore toe on the other foot .-Picayune.

The rising of the tied-Turning out to build the fire and cook the breakfast .-Waterloo Observer. Stooping over to pick up a fair lady's

handkerchief loses its joy when it sacrifices a suspender button. Since pantaloons have been selling for ten cents a pair Detroiters have begun to

look quite dressy .- Courier-Journal. "Ah, how do you vote this year, Smith?" "Same as I did last-at the polls." And they passed on .- Boston

Post. "That was a clothes shave," said the burglar as he tumbled over the fence. leaving a part of his pantaloons with the

bulldog.—Life. In Cincinnati there is a soda fountain called "Blizzard." It is probably so called because so many men have been ruined by it. -Boston Post.

"No," said Amy, "Pil have the whole hog or none." "Please don't say 'whole hog'," remonstrated the high school girl, "say 'undivided porcine." - Derrick. Young physician-No, it is not in

good taste for a young physician when writing to a patient to sign himself, Yours till death."-Somerville Jour-A bit of poetry floating around in the papers is headed: "Thee, Thee, Only Thee," It is probably Jay Gould's ode to the mighty dollar.—Philadelphia

Chronicle. "There! that's the summer hotel for me," said Bigsby, pointing at an advertisement in his paper. "None of your temperance houses. They advertise, 'Hops every night."—Burlington Free

If there is anything that will make a man cordially hate himself it is when he takes a walk about a mile to the postoffice to find that he has left his keys at home, and then on going back after them to find on opening the box that the only thing in it is a card notifying him that his box rent is due .- Boston

At a fashionable ball, Miss Gattlefry, who was rather careless in expressing herself, approaches Mr. McPeal, and says: "Supper is ready. Why don't you take a lady to eat?" "Be-be-because," replies the stuttering Mr. McPeal, "I ner-ner-ner-never c-e-eat la-la-ladies." Smart man, but he ought to be killed, -Arkansaw Traveler,

THE BITTEREST BITE. The bite of a "skeeter" is painful,
The bite of a bug will haunt;
The bite of a sandwich is baneful,
At a railroad restaurant;
The bite of a serpent is said ning, And nothing is worse than this; The bite of a bull-dog is madd'ning, While the bite of a girl is bliss;
But a bite more painful than kerosens
Is the bitter bite of an apple green.

New 1 ork Journal.

A cookery book says, "always smell o sait codfish before buying it." ways do, and after buying it, too-for three or four days after. The fact is, you can smell a salted codfish without buying it at all if you get within ten rod; of where it is. The odor of a salter codfish is like the darkness that once settled on Egypt; it is something tha can be felt .- Somerville Journal.

Oh, frolicsome insect, though far you may Bee it ever so humble, there's no place like Where honey lies sparkling in beautiful wells, Not even the tombs has more comfortable

Comb. Comb! Sweet Comb! There's no place like Count!
Oh, he stung me! The brute! My processes Go back to your ugly-thatched beehive once The wasps wax impatient, the hornets are

They want you; I don't! When you go, 141 be gind! Comb, Comb! Sweet Comb! There's no place like Comb!

A Story of London Life.

The circumstances were very pathetic. The rained gentleman continued to maintain the wife of his affections in a life of ease by presenting himself as a one-legge 1 beggar on a crowded city crossing, not withstanding the conviction that it would one day bring him to grief. He was finally run over by his own wife's brougham. She had never suspected what his business was till she saw the victim of the accident, Notes and