THE FOREST REPUBLICAN

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FROM AFAR.

High on a bough a mocking-hird outpours Ecstatic melodies in liquid trills, Now soft and low, now with a note that

Rising and falling as a lark that soars,

Yet sad as surges beating on far shores, Right sadden'd by his music, I send forth,

Between us distance lies; but faith assures

yours, Rich with your love for him who press'd

Since this remains, and mem'ry still adores

Now is not the forever, and the future waits!

MEAN HET.

of that peculiar paleness which no exercise tends to redden. Her eyes were as

threw it on the table, pointed to it and

"Worked all day for that little perch. Lost all my bait, and had to catcu this young sinner with a cricket."

"I am. Anybody that couldn't do

down the dishes containing the dinner prayer had aroused them and they which had been kept for the girl, " I talked until a late hour. In the meandon't know what is to become of you. | time the girl slipped away and went to

"This curly mustard makes splendid

as old as you are." "Hettie, don't be so foolish."

"Hush, child. Here comes your father. He is mad." The old man entered the room.

"Het, where have you been?" "Fishing."

let him. I know I'm mean, but it hurts so when I'm whipped. Please don't let |

from an apple tree sprout, walked in with a deliberation which showed his strength "Well, I have another reason."

"Pre fooled with you as long as I am goin' to, you good-for-nothin' thing, I'll-"

appointed circuit rider. The young man, during a course of theological study, had grown pale, but his face col-

"I am under many obligations to you, said Hettie, still holding the hand of the

old lady violently cleared her throat. lingsly, I do not understand you."

Yes, I am. Father was just about to larrup me with an apple tree sprout when

"Leave this room," demanded the old man. "Go on, I tell you. That switch is still handy, and you shall feel it yet." The girl left the room. The aston-

ished Mr. Wilkins sat down, and recovering somewhat from his embarrassment,

Brother Billingsly, how is the condition of the church in this neighbor-

"Pretty fair." "At the last meetin," remarked the old lady, "we had three of as bright conversions as I ever saw. There has been a little backslidin' lately, caused by heathen. Are not your parents good as a good looking Arab woman does not brandances an' the like, but with the Christians?"

Forest Republican.

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in first rate condition. This is your first

"Yes, I have just come from college.

Although I have never been actively en-

gaged in the vineyard, yet I belive that I can do good work. I have—"

and ran out into the yard. His horse

"How is this, Brother Billingsly?"

in the perplexing exercise.

the young man.

this way before."

lingsly?"

"What, Brother Wilkins?"

"Oh, no, I am used to walking. "Well, I will ride."

He mounted the horse. The animal

Mr. Billingsly caught the horse. Mr.

Wilkins said that there was surely some

mistake. "Why, sir, he never acted

fragment of flint rock fell on the ground-

The old man shook his head and sighed

deeply. "What is the matter, Brother Bil-

"I was thinking of the sinfulness there is in this world."

"Father, please don't whip me.

"Do anything. I'll be good, I de-

clare I will. I won't go fishing any

the saddle and turn the horse loose,

"I heard you talk that way before.

"Well, let us go to the house."

is our duty to radicate it."

won't do it any more."

more unless you tell me to go."

me, I will never do it any more."

"Oh, Brother Billingsly!"

"Step here a minute, please."

"No; we might pray a little."

The next day was Sunday, Mr. Wil-

"When the time arrived, Wilkins

You are the first person that ever

"It does not, however, give you cause

"I hope that this alone does not in-

"It is a better reason than the other

"Miss Billingsly, you are provo-

So are you. They are ready. Come

Mr. Billingsly and his wife were sur-

prised to see the preacher walking with

their daughter, for, having listened to

neighbors who are never complimentary,

they thought that Hattie was the worst

fluence you to accompany me."

"I am glad to hear it."

"You have a nobler motive."

"You ought not talk that way,"

wanted to go with me anywhere," she

kins had an appointment to preach in a little church situated a short distance

from Billingsly farm.

said.

preacher."

"No.

truth?

one.

make father look."

"What is it?"

child in the world.

mother look.

The

"Do what?"

Come here to me!"

stairs, said:

"Yes."

"Yes, the world is full of sin; but it

The old man adjusted the saddle.

lunged forward, kicked up and threw

The minister uttered an exclamation

charge, ain't it?"

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 15. 1885.

forgotten in the lapse of time. In 1850-

agara river, just above Lewiston, where

the river issues from the deep gorge ex-

tending to this point from Niagara falls,

a suspension bridge for vehicles and pe-

destrians. The roadway was destroyed

by the force of the blast sweeping down

this gorge in February, 1864, and nothing remains of it but shattered frag-

ments hanging to the wire cables. This

bridge was 849 feet long, with a floor

twenty feet wide, and sixty feet above the water. In the summer of 1851, soon after the

completion of the bridge, a poor Swede

with an unpronounceable name, who an-

swered to the name "Dave," was loafing

about the viliage doing odd jobs. He

stated one day in the presence of several

persons that in Sweden he had several

times made greater jumps than the dis-tance from this bridge to the water, and

that he would not be afraid to try it.

Upon being offered \$10 to make the at-

tempt, he immediately accepted the offer.

The following Sunday at 2 P. M., was ap-

pointed for the trial. The distance to

be jumped was the least factor of danger

in the proposed attempt. Not only did

the wind from the gorge make it proba-

ble that the jumper could not maintain a

perpendicular position, but the river be-

neath the bridge was a furious, swirling

flood, in which few swimmers would care

to venture. These obstacles were pointed

out to the Swede, and efforts were made

to dissuade him from the foolhardy at-

tempt. But as many persons had ex-pressed doubts as to his courage he de-

clared that he would jump, regardless of

the consequences. News of the proposed

undertaking had circulated about town,

and at the appointed time -a fine July

afternoon-a large crowd was assembled

on the bridge and upon both banks, and

many carriages from Niagara Falls were

The Swede was promptly on hand. He

went to the middle of the bridge, clam-

bered over the railing to one of the

stringers, and after waving his arm up

and down, and shouting in broken Eng-

lish to the crowd to look at him, he

sprang off. For about twenty-five feet

his body kept a vertical position, then the wind struck him, and whirled him

about so that he struck the water on his

back and shoulders, with a splash that

was plainly heard on the banks. He dis-

appeared beneath the surface, coming up

again far below, and feebly paddled

with one hand as he was whirled and

tossed about by the impetuous current.

A boat had put out from the shore, and

to everybody's surprise he succeeded in

keeping afloat until it reached him many

rods below the bridge. The most re-markable part of the whole affair was that the fellow entirely recovered from

the effects of his crazy leap. Although he was bruised from head to heels by

the concussion and confined to his bed

for some days no internal forgans were

injured, and he was soon about again

bragging of the feats he would under-

take in jumping. But he was wise

enough never to repeat this one. "Dave"

was a familiar figure in that vicinity

many years ago, but as telegraphs and daily papers were in their leading strings

in those days it is likely that his renown

is now first published, thirty-four years

after the fact, when Odlum's fatal leap

The World Without Sugar.

alarming condition of cookery in the

benighted generations before the inven-

tion of sugare? It is really almost too ap-

palling to think about. So many things

we now look upon as all but necessaries

cakes, puddings, made dishes, confec-

tionery, preserves, sweet biscuits, jellies,

cooked fruits, tarts, etc-were then practically impossible. Fancy attempting

nowadays to live a single day without

sugar; no tea, no coffee, no jam, no

cake, no sweets, no hot toddy before

one goes to bed; the bare idea of it is

too terrible. And yet that was really the abject condition of all the civilized

world up to the middle of the Middle

Ages. Horacc's punch was sugarless;

the gentle Virgil never tasted the con-

genial cup of afternoon tea; and

his grave without ever knowing the flavor of peppermint bull's eyes.

How the children spent their Saturday

as, or their weekly osolus, is a profound

mystery. To be sure, people made honey; but honey is rare, dear and scanty; it

place that sugar fills in our modern affec-

drinking honey with one's whisky and

water, or doing the year's preserving

once a common measure of the difference

between the two as practical sweeteners.

Nowadays we get sugar from cane and

beet root in abundance, while sugar, maple and palm trees of various sorts

afford a considerable supply to remoter countries. But the childhood of the

little Greeks and Romans must have

been absolutely unlighted by a single

ray of joy from chocolate creams or Ev-

erton taffy. The consequence of this excessive production of sweets in mod-

ern times is, of course, that we have

begun to distrust the judications afforded

us by the sense of taste in this particular

and to the wholesomeness of various ob-

jects.-London Cornhill,

Socrates went from his cradle

Has any housewife ever realized the

naturally recalls it.

there.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

AN INCIDENT RECALLED BY ODand swear. LUM'S FATAL EXPLOIT.

Swede's Wonderful Jump from a us, or we find it not. High Suspension Bridge into the Furious Flood—His Lucky Escape.

The fatal recent leap of Robert E. Odm from the East River bridge, recalls A wise and good man does nothing similar foolhardy exhibition, which, however, did not terminate fatally. It

occurred, says a Lewiston (N. Y.) corresake of having acted well. condent of the New York Times, about The human mind is alwaysi nexorable thirty-five years ago, but had been nearly | in demanding a motive for all human actions. It is only himself that each man 51 there was constructed across the Ni-

himself of the privilege with astonishing frequency. It is the temper of a blade that must be the proof of a good sword, and not the gilding of the hilt or the richness of

Ay, that's the word-punctuality! Did you ever see a man who was punctual who did not prosper in the long run? We don't care who, or what he washigh or low, ignorant or learned, savage or civilized-we know that if he did as he agreed, and was punctual in all his

There is no moment like the present; not only so, but, moreover, there is no moment at all, that is, no instant force and energy, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope for them afterward, they will be dissipated, lost and perish in the hurry skurry of the world, or sink in the slough of indolence.

"Be sure you are right, than ahead!" To act from impulse or to decide instantly may at times be necessary or even imperative in an emergency; but it is to be remembered that emergencies do not oftenest come to those whose motto is to "make haste slowly." Man's outward circumstances, which are familiarly said to be beyond his control, are many times beyond his management because he did not exercise control at the time when his work was in his own

The Richest Street in the World.

Closing London Tower.

The Tower of London is locked up stands at the front of the main guardhouse and calls out, "Escort keys."

General John A. Dix once made a profollowing impromptu address:

"Sir, you are pretty far gone, and the

WISE WORDS.

I dare no more fret than I dare curse

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with

We ought not to judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but by the use they make of them.

for appearance, but everything for the

permits to act without one, and avails

the scabbard; so it is not his grandeur and possessions that make a man considerable, but his intrinsic merit.

engagements, he prospered.

No street in the world possesses more value than Fifth avenue. Yet the city derives but one million dollars a year in taxes upon the property, which shows conclusively that this city suffers from the epidemic of undervaluation. The total assessment upon the property along the avenue is but \$49,449,000, although it must be worth six or seven times that amount. As an instance of undervalua-tion, Mr. Vanderbilt's property may be taken. His house cost \$3,000,000, exclusive of the land upon which it stands, which is said to be worth half a million more. Yet the whole establishment is assessed at \$1,000,000. The house of his son, William K., which is said to have cost \$2,000,000, exclusive of the land, is assessed at \$500,000, while that of Mr. Webb, his son-in-law, quite as expensive in value, is rated at \$400,000. Mr. Vanderbilt's former residence which cannot be worth less than \$750,000, is rated at \$140,000. The Stuart marble palace is assessed at \$500,000. James Gordon Bennett's residence, for which \$350,000 was refused, is rated at \$150,000, while Robert Bonner, whose place is not much more valuable, pays taxes on a valuation of \$575,000, which indicates that the owner of Dexter and other equally as famous horses, is an honest man. - New York Dispatch.

every night at eleven o'clock. As the clock strikes that hour the yeoman porter, clothed in a long red cloak, bearing a huge bunch of keys and accompanied by a warder carrying a lantern, The sergeant of the guard and five or six men then turn out and follow him to the outer gate, each sentry challenging as they pass with, "Who goes there?" the answer being "Keys." The gates being carefully locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation and receiving the same answer as before. Arriving once more at the front of the main guard house, the sentry gives a loud stamp with his foot and asks, "Who goes there?" "Keys." "Whose keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." "Advance, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well." The yeoman The yeoman porter then calls out, "God bless Queen Victoria!" to which the guard responds, "Amen." The officer orders "Present arms," and kisses the hilt of his sword, and the yeoman porter then marches alone across the parade and deposits the keys in the lieutenant's lodging.

Go and Cure Yourself.

fessional call upon Dr. Abernethy, and of course got good advice, and being wise enough to accept it, he lived to see can never have filled one-quarter the four-score years, a result of which his dyspeptic youth scarcely gave promise. tions. Try for a moment to realize After hearing a few words of the chronic invalid's lament, the eminent but eccenwith a pot of Narborine, and you get at tric physician cut him short with the

wonder is you are not gone entirely. If you had consulted common sense instead ably have been well years ago. I can apes, and venerated the princes of their say nothing to you except this: You country as the direct offspring of the must take regular exercise, as much as you can bear without fatigue, and a modest quantity of plain food, of the quality you find by experience best to agree with you. There are a few general rules which any man of common sense may learn in a week, such as this: That rich food, high seasoning, etc., are injurious. I can say no more to you, sir; man combin't on their ill-shapen bod-you must go and cure yourself." — Papular Science Monthly.

THREE LESSONS.

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There are three lessons I would write, Three words as with a golden pen, In tracings of eternal light Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope! Though clouds environ round, And gladness hides her face in scorn, Put thou the shadow from thy brow, Nonight but hath its morn.

Have faith! Where'er thy bark is driven, The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth, Know this, God rules the hosts of heaven, The inhabitants of earth!

Have love! Not love alone for one, But man as man thy brother's call; And scatter, like the circling sun, Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these words upon my soul, Hope, faith and love, and thou shalt find strength when life's surges maddest roll, Light, when thou else wert blind.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An eye-deal person-The oculist, A matter of taste-Strong butter. The best posted traveler is a letter. A dentist is no chicken. He is always pull-it.

A wooden wedding - Marrying a blockhead.

Why is a horse like an onion? Because it does not know its own strength. Making crazy quilts is the proper work for bedlamites .- Chicago Sun

The many beauteous lays called forth By sunset's golden charms Remind us that, in turn, the lays Cause hen-sets on the farms.

—Merchant-Traveler.

Energy and a boy digging fish-bait both mean about the same thing.—Chicago Ledger .. THE BOARDER'S MORNING SOLILOQUY.

How swift the hours of sleep glide by!
I hear the sparrow chinning.
The mackerel peddler's screeching cry
Froclaims that day's beginning.
Once more to dress I must begin,
The sun shines out in splendor,
And I hear the thud of the relling pin
That makes the beefsteak tender.

-Boston Courier Who wonders at the number of funny writers on this continent? Wasn't it named after a merry cuss?-St. Paul

The earth would be a comparatively pleasant dwelling place if it were not for the man who is always talking about "the good old times."-Hatchet.

"Belmont, N. H., boasts of a woman who goes out and chops wood with her husband." It is quite a common thing for women to mop the floor with their husbands, but we never heard of chopping wood with them. -Ingleside.

A WRECKED WRETCH, Gaze on my bruised and battered face, Mark well this sightless eye; Catch on to both my broken limbs, Then heave for me a sigh.

Perhaps you think from buildings "skin" I've had a fearful fall; Oh. no; kind friends, please understand, I simply played baseball. -New York Journal.

Serious Results of Sunday-Fishing. Sheik Kemal Edin Demeri, who died

about A. D. 1405, and was the author of a voluminous treatise on the life of animals, relates the following story as a fact: "The inhabitants of a town called Olila, on the shore of the Red Sea, were in olden times metamorphosed into monkeys, in punishment for their wickedness. They had broken the Sabbath by fishing. Some of their pious fellow-citizens endeavored in vain to convey them back into the path of virtue; and, finally, when all admonitions proved useless, left the town. Returning to their homes three days later, they found, instead of their neighbors, baboons, which met them looking socrowfully, and expressing by signs and attitude that they recognized the friends whose advice they had scorned with so dreadful a result. In his anger, Allah had inflicted a terrible sentence on The prophet and his followers admit

this metamorphosis by God's special intervention as a fact, and this fully explains the prominent part assigned to apes in all Arabic fables and tales. The early Egyptians believed religiously that some groups of monkeys were experts in writing, and, by that fact alone, equal if not superior to mankind in general. number of apes were consequently sheltered and fed in the temples, worshiped during life, and embalmed after death. Those privileged specimens of the fourhanded tribe, when first introduced into the rempte, were handed a slate and pencil by the chief priest, and humbly requested to show their right to admission into the sacred asylum by writing. The gamboling and grinning candidates wrote, and nobody ever doubted that the figures traced by their agile hands fully deserved to be classed in the category of hieroglyphs. So highly were they held in respect and veneration, that the holy Sphinx was represented with their hair-dress, and, till to-day, men and women in the couptry of the Madhi give their hair the same shape. But the Egyptians never admitted that the priests or Pharaohs were the desceneants of monkeys, while, on the contrary, the Hindoos built houses of the medical faculty, you would prob- and temples to shelter and worship holy animals. The Arabs regard the latter as "the descendants of the wicked, to whom nothing is sacred, nothing respectable, nothing too good or too bad; who never feel friendly dispositions for other creatures of Lord, and are condemned by Allah, and carry the likeness of the evil one and of ps."-Popular Science Monthly.

right sort of work the church can be put

Oh, friend, my heart's love for you to the

Each thought I give you is return'd by

your brow To ease its throbbing. Oh, what matter

Our old life in the past-the close-barr'd gates?

-Chas. W. Coleman, Jr., in Harper.

Away up among the Boston mountains, in Arkansaw-near a stream so rapid that it seemed a torrent of hurry and worry -there stands an old stone house. Here and there, high up among sudden coves and down below in little valleys, luxuriaut crops of grain and grasses grow. The place is owned by old Nathau Billingsly, a man whose reputation for piety spreads far beyond the boundary lines of the county. Mrs. Billingsly was pale and pious. She worked so hard in summer, cooking for the hired men, that she barely had the strength in winter to enter the revival work of the circuit and do herself justice. To this devoted old couple only one child had been born, a herself justice. To this devoted old couple only one child had been born, a girl who had grown up to be anything tree sprout, called his daughter. but a joy to her parents. They had been married many years when the child was born, and the old man, in an ecstasy of delight, declared that the little thing was a sunbeam that had fallen on to the shady s'de of his life. Years failed to verify this hopeful assertion. The girl, known all over the neighborhood as Ican Het, was, to her parents, a constant cause of yexa- hah?" tion, and sometimes she was the cause of hamiliation. She was small and of exceeding fleetness of foot. Her face was

dark as the interior of a cave. "Hettie," said Mrs. Billingsly one evening, "where have you been all day?" She took a small fish from her pocket,

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

better than this," again pointing at the fish, "ought to feel ashamed. Got anydown stars and summoned the family. thing to eat, handy? I am hungry as a Mean Hettie joined the circle of devotion. When the services were over, the 'Ah, child," sighed Mrs. Billingsly, as preacher, the old man and the old lady she turned to the "cubbard" to take engaged in a long conversation.

Hettie, do you know that you are sixteen | bed. years old to-day?"

greens, don't it?" "Did you hear what I said to you?" Yessum. I never would know how old I am unless you were to tell me. sked the girl if he might accompany Sixteen years old—sixteen. Why, I don't her. She laughed uproariously. You are the first person that ever

"Why, mother, is it foolish to tell the truth? If I were to say that I am as old to refuse." as you are it would be foolish, and at the same time it would be untrue."

"I'll fish you." He walked out toward an apple tree. The girl dropped her knife and fork. "Mother, he's going to whip me. Don't

him whip me."

The old man, stripping the leaves

"Hello!" some one called at the gate. The old man dropped the switch and went out. Mrs. Billingsly and the girl, seeing that the old man was conducting someone toward the house, went into the sitting room, where they were pre-sented to young Mr. Wilkins, the newly

when Hettie, with mischievous frankness, extended her hand.

The young preacher was a success. At first he was embarrassed, but receiving, blushing preacher. from the kindly faces around him, an in The old man glared at the girl. spiration of confidence, he threw off all restraint and thrilled the congregation. "Obligations to me? Why, Miss Bil-"How did you like my sermon!" he

asked of Hettie as they were walking along the road. "It did first rate for a beginner." The preacher was disappointed. Of all the people in the house, he desired most to impress the girl. Perceiving his disappointment, and suffering a slight sting of remorse, she added:

"It was the best sermon I ever heard, The heathen was touched." He looked carnestly at her. laughed so loud that Billingsly and his wife, who were walking some distance

in advance, looked back at her.

do you? ' "You have no cause to call yourself a

"You do not call yourself a heathen,

"Yes, but I am a heathen. Wonder LEAPING INTO THENIAGARA what would become of me if I were to die. Oh, I know. I would be buried. "Miss Billingsly, you should not talk

"Do you know why I am so bad?" "I do not know that you are so bad." "I am though." "Then, why are you?" "Because, ever since I can remember, everybody has told me how bad I am. I

was galloping away. A giggling girl drew back behind a corner of the house. She had unhitched the horse. The must have been a repulsive child, for I preacher by climbing fences and crossing cannot remember that a visitor to our rugged places, succeeded in catching the horse, but at least two hours were spent house ever took me up and carressed me. Nothing could make me bitter, so I just became bad. I have made many attempts to behave myself, but the first thing I knew, something would come up to turn me back. I knew that I am "Why I tied my horse securely, but you see he has the bridle over his head. almost a woman-but we have talked This is certainly strange. Won't you ride to the house, Brother Billingsly?" enough about it. I have already talked more freely to you than I have ever talked to anyone else."

> Wilkins boarded with Billingsly. The preacher tried in vain to engage the girl in another serious conversation. She did not avoid him, but when he attempted to draw from her a serious expression, she would make perplexing replies.

> A great revival was organized at the little church. Hettic would not walk with the preacher, and, in fact, she would not have attended the meeting had not ker father compelled her to do so. One evening, just before church time, the old gentleman called Hettie. He received no answer. The old fellow raved. He searched the premises, but could not find her. The preacher was grieved and Mrs. Billingsly was humiliated. Thay went to church without the girl. When they had gone, Hettie came out from her hiding place. Her eyes were red, and her cheeks were tearstained. She attempted to read, but threw down the book. She tried to laugh but burst into tears. The clock struck nine. Brushing back her hair, she stood for a moment as though she were deeply thinking, then, throwing a light shawl around her shoulders, she rushed from

"What made you put that rock under The preacher had begun to call for mourners; the brothers and sisters had "I don't know, but if you won't whip begun to sing an old hymn, when Hettie entered the church. Without looking up she walked quickly to the mourners' bench and knelt down. The people were Just as he raised the switch, the astonished. When the services were preacher calling from the head of the closed, the preacher looked for Hettie, but she had disappeared. He did not see her at the breakfast table the next morning. In apology, Mrs. Billingsly The old man went up. The preacher said: "You must really excuse me for said that her daughter was not well. She did not come down to dinner, neither did she make her appearance at the supgoing to bed without having held prayper table. The old man was much softened toward the girl, and before ers. I am very young in the cause, you know, and really forgot it. Is it too late?" going to church he went up and kissed her. It was such a surprise, it moved her so deeply that she sobbed aloud. The preacher put on his clothes, came

. That night when the preacher called for mourners, Hettie suddenly appeared She looked at no one but with a low cry, she sank upon the bench. People who had never had a kind word to say of the girl, gathered around her and consoling words in her ears. Everyone seemed to be glad that Mean Het was unable to longer fight against the spirit. The girl was so earnest that the meeting was prolonged. Just as an old exhorter arose to say that the services would be brought to a close, Hettie sprang to her feet, uttered a cry of joy and seized her mother. It was now useless to attempt a dismissal of the meeting. The little church had never known a season of such shouting. Old man Billingsly lifted his lusty voice and his wife in a transport of happiness, singing in a voice of tremuleus joy, time and again declared that the Lord had is-

"Oh, I'm not going to refuse. The sued a special decree in her favor. girls-and I hate nearly all of them-The preacher was happy. He had been the means of accomplishing a work think it is awful smart to catch a new which every one had thought to be impossible. He was ardently sincere; he

believed that a soul had been saved. Hettie no longer avoided him. Her face had undergone an entire change. "Yes, I want to see how foolish it will Her smile was radiant. One evening, shortly after her conversion, she and the preacher sat on a large rock. "Why, don't you like to hear the

"Hettie, you do not know how bright your face has grown." "Oh, yes, but no one should entertain "And you, Mr. Wilkins, do not know such truths. They are pernicious. A how light my heart has grown. I look with pity upon my former self. I can now realize the truth of what you have

told me. "Hettie, you have been more to me than I have to you, yes, much more. taught you duty; you taught me love. "I want to see how curious it will make Oh, girl, I love you, I love you.

She did not reply, but she put her arms around his neck. This occurred several years ago. Mrs. Hettie Welkins, wife of the presiding elder, is one of the most modest and pious women in Arkansaw. She often tells her husband that he more than once saved her-that his "hello" was almost as saving as his earnest voice of admoni-

Mortality in War Times.

tion .- Arkansaw Traveler.

From official records of the war department based on the losses given and the total number of men furnished by the States and Territories during the wat it appears that : Out of every mxty-five men one man

was killed in action. Out of every fifty-six men one man died of wounds received in action. Out of every thirteen men one man died of disease.

while in service. Out of every tifteen men one man was captured or reported missing. Out of every ten men one man was wounded in action. Out of every seven men captured one

Out of every nine men one man died

A British officer says that such a thing

died while in captivity.