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WHEN EVENING COMETH ON.

When evening cometh on, Slower and stateller in the mellowing sky The fane-like purple-shadowed clouds arise; Cooler and balmier doth the soft wind sigh; Loveller, loneller to our wondering eyes The softening landscape seems. The swallows fly Swift through the radiant vanit; the field-lark cries His thrilling, sweet farowed; and twilight bands Of misty silence cross the far-off lands.

When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on, Peeper and dreamier grows the slumbering dell, Darker and drearier spreads the bristling wold, Bluer and heavier roll the hills that swell In moveless waves against the shimmering gold. Out from their haunts the insect hordes, that

Unseen by day, come thronging forth to hold Their fleeting honr of revel, and by the pool Boft pipings rise up from the grasses cool, When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on, Along their well-known paths with heavier tread The sad-eyed, loitering kine unurged return; The peaceful sheep, by unseen shepherds led, Wend bleating to the hills, so well they learn Where Nature's hand their wholese hath spread.

And through the purpling mist the moon doth "yearn; Pale, gentle radiance, dear recurring dream,

Soft with the failing dew falls thy faint beam, When evening cometh

When evening cometh on, Loosed from the day's long toil, the clanking

With halling steps pass on their jostling ways, Their guarings glinted by the waning beams; Close by their heels the he dful coille strays; All slowly fading in a land of dreams, Transfigured specters of the shrouding home. Thus from life's field the heart's fond hope doth

Thus doth the weary spirit seek the shade, When evening cometa on.

Across the dotted fields of gathered grain The soul of summer breathes a deep repose, Mysterious murmurings mingle on the plain, And from the blurred and blended brake there HOWA

The audulating echoes of some strain Once heard in paradise, perchasco—who knows? But now the whispering memory sadi; strays Along the dim rows of the rustling maize When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on, Anon there spreads upon the lingering air The musk of weedy slopes and grasses dank, And odors from far fields, unseen but fair. With scent of flowers from many a shadowy bank. Oh,lost Eigelum, art thou hiding there? Flows yet that crystal stream whereof I drank, Ah, wild-eyed Memory, fly from night's despairt Thy strong wings droop with heavier weight of

When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on No sounding phrase can set the heart at rest. The settling gloom that creeps by wood and stream.

The bars that lie along the smouldering west, The tall and lonely slient trees that seem To mock the groaning earth, and turn to jest This wavering flame, this agonizing dream, All, all bring sorrow as the clouds bring rain, And evermore life's struggle seemeth vain When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on Anear doth Life stand by the great unl dn darkness reaching out her sentient hands; Philosophies and creeds allke are thrown Beneath her feet, and questioning she s, ands Close on the brink, unfearing and alone, And lists the dail wave breaking on the sands, Albeit her thoughtful eyes are filled with tears, So lonely and so sad the sound she hears When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on, Vain seems the world, and vainer wise man's

thought. All colors vanish when the sun goeth down, Fame's purple mantle some proud soul hath

No better seems than doth the earth-stained gown Worn by Content. All names shall be forgot, Death plucks the stars to deck his sable crown. The fair enchantment of the golden day Far through the vale of shadows melt away When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on, Love, only love, can stay the sinking soul, And smooth thought's racking fever from the brow:

The wounded heart Love only can console. Whatever brings a balm for sorrow now, So must it be while this vexed earth shall roll. Take then the portion which the gods allow Dear heart, may I at last on thy warm breast Sluk to forgetfulness and slient rest.

When evening cometh on ? -Robert Burns Wilson, in Harper's.

# IN A BOTTLE.

It was a beautiful day in midsummer, and the half-a-hundred-odd cabin passengers on the good steamship Nantic were listlessly lounging about the deck.

They were already nine days out from Liverpool, and owing to an unfortunate accident, which had occurred early on the voyage, only haf the distance to their port of destination had been accomplished.

The accident had been attended with no danger to the precious human freight, but the monotony of the voyage was becoming unbearable, and the passengers were beginning to grumble.

Every artifice had been resorted to to relieve the tedium of the slowly moving days, and now they were literally at their wits' end.

Characes, mock trials, skettles, and amsteur theatricals, had in turn been resorted to, but now, with their faces turned longingly toward home, they lounged about the deck, and bemoaned their sad fate.

A particularly discontented group leaned against the port-rail, amidship, composed of two young ladies, showily dressed, two young men who looked rather jaunty in their semi-sailor dress, a stout, red-faced, coarse-looking man, and an equally stout, red-faced, and

coarse-looking woman. The two latter were called "papa" and "mamma" by the simpering young ladies, and deferentially addressed as Mr. and Stevens, Bade the Misses Gale farewell, and little.

Mrs. Gale by the young men in semi- and secretly promised to correspond with | SAVAGE SEA ELEPHANTS.

They were venting their indignation against the steamship, and the combination of untoward circumstances that had delayed their voyage.

Standing a little apart from the group was a slim, pale faced girl, in a dress of quiet-gray, unrelieved save at the throat, where a bit of cherry-colored ribbon was gathered into a prim bow.

This was Elsie Annabel, and she was who were named respectively Agnes and parlor.

She took no part in the conversation, but there was a sad and wistful look in the gray eyes, as she turned her face

toward the western horizon.
"It's outrageous!" cried Papa Gale.
"Shameful!" echoed his wife.
"It's killing me!" sighed Miss Eunice.

"I am really faint with ennui!" chirruped Miss Agnes. "It's deucedly unfortunate!" chorused

the young men. "If something would only happen!"

continued Agnes. "I tell' you what?" cried the elder of the young men, addressing Miss Eunice, in particular.

"Well?" interrogated that young lady, with a listless attempt at interest.

"Let's write letters to our friends, enclose them in bottles, and throw them overboard. They're no doubt considerably worried over our long absence, and as it's impossible to tap the cable and telegraph them a message, we'll make old ocean's waves our letter carrier,"

"Pshaw, Rob!" retorted Miss Eunice, shrugging her shoulders. "How sentimental you are! As though a letter put into a bottle and thrown into the sea would ever reach anywhere!"

"I've read somewhere," said Rob Carrington, "that ship-wrecked sailors often send messages to their friends that a run along the coast in my

was moodily pacing up and down the

the experiment." There was something novel in the idea, and every empty bottle on shipboard was soon brought on deck.

write letters-everybody except Elsie

Two years before she had engaged

herself to the young artist, but they had quarreled, and separated in anger, as lovers will.

She was too proud to ask his forgive- maids, and Bob Carrington and his ness, and he was too stubborn to ask cousin were the groom's best men. Gradually they had drifted apart, and

lost all sight of each other. Elsie sighed as these thoughts of the past surged through her mind, and she

sighed—a bitter, quivering sigh. Papa Gale was a rich pork merchant, and, in his rough way, was kind to her. He paid her liberally for the service

daughters, but they were selfish and capricious, and her lot was not, by any means, a happy one. The steamship's deck now rang with joyous laughter and merry jest, as the

passengers prepared the messages that they confidently hoped would be wafted shoreward. All sorts of letters were written, read

over laughingly, placed in their frail re-ceptacles, and cast into the sea. Even the sailors became interested in

the experiment, and sent out messages to the rounds of the numerous pawn-shops waiting friends, or anxious sweethearts, in dear America.

"Have you written your message yet, ing for a moment beside her maid, as she leaned over the rail and watched the tightly-corked bottles, as they bobbed

up and down. "My message?" cried Elsie, with a

"No one?" persisted Agnes. "No!" was the low answer, and El-

sie's eyes dropped. "That's too bad " said Agnes, com-

write something and send it off at random. address, and perhaps someone would find it who'd be anxious to know who has heard so much about the wickedness you are and would write. That would be remantie!"

Elsic, but she nevertheless procured a self-really a manualess he has a revolver. bottle, and after a moment's thought, wrote on a piece of paper,

"IN Min-Ocean, on Steamer Nantic, Aug. 12.—An accident which happened to our propeller has delayed our voyage, and we are nine days out from Liverpool. The Captain says we are just half way between that port and New York. Everybody is well.

"ELSTE ANNABEL. "Care of John Gale, Eaq., "Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio," She placed this simple message in a

bottle, corked and sealed it, and tossed The bottle was particularly longnecked, bright green in color, and her inexperienced hand had smeared the

whole top with red wax. She stood watching it a long time, but finally it disappeared, and with a weary sigh she turned and went below. The Nantic ultimately reached New York, and Mr. John Gale hurried back

to Cincinnati, to attend to his pork,

The Gales had been home nearly month, when one morning a hired hack came slowly up the long carriage road which wound through the rich porkpacker's extensive grounds, and, when it finally reached the house, the door opened, and a young man leaped lightly to the ground.

He inquired of the servant who answered his ring for Miss Elsie Annabel, maid and companion to the Misses Gale, and the man showed him into the back

Elsie was considerably surprised when told that a gentleman wished to see her below, but she went down, and timidly approached the back parlor.

She halted for a moment on the threshold, and the gentleman, who had been idly drumming on the window, At the sight of his face she reeled,

and would have fallen had he not sprang forward and caught her in his arms. "Elsie, my darling!" he said, holding her very tightly. "liave you no word

"Oh, Guy!" she murmured, as her eyes met his: "Have you really come back to me? I have been so lonely without you! Forgive me for my cruelty!"

of welcome for me?"

"It is I who have come to ask forgiveness!" said Guy, leading her to a seat. "After we parted, two years ago, and I got over my stubbornness, I tried to find you, but you had disappeared, leaving no trace behind you. I was inconsolable, and reproached myself for my harshness, because it was all my fault. Finally, however, I grew moody and cynical, but I could never bring myself to think of you with aught but love and tenderness, Six months after you disappeared my old uncle died, and left me his heir. Since that time I have hunted for you, far and wide. Last summer I took way. "We're about as bad as ship-wrecked, why can't we?" port. Two weeks ago we were lying Let's ask the captain!" said Eunice; off Cape Breton, in a dead calm. One and she walked toward that officer, who bottle that was drifting by us. I fished it up with a scoop net. It was scaled, and all gathered around to see what it

The others followed.

"Yes, Miss," answered the captain, when Eunice had asked him about the this little note;" and he produced from an inner packet the identical message an inner pocket the identical message ashore. I've no doubt they'll each land she had written on board the Nantic, in somewhere. The steward will furnish mid-ocean. "You can imagine my joy you with bottles if you desire to make at the strange discovery of your hidingplace, and, a breeze springing up, I ordered the yacht put about, and we ran into Halifax. I have come to you as fast oard was soon brought on deck.

Everybody, young and old, began to forgiveness, and assure you that I have never ceased to love you.'

pected her return, and the only real friend she had ever had, handsome Guy Chalmers, was lost to her way that he'd give away the bride,

Accordingly, as soon as a suitable trousscau could be prepared, the two, so strangely reunited, were made one. The Misses Gale officiated as brides-

Papa Gale, true to his word, gave the bride away, and the great pyramid of flowers which occupied the centre of the banquet table was crowned by the identical bottle that was responsible for the happy event.

### Revolvers Going the Rounds.

A country merchant stopping at one she rendered in polishing up the some-what neglected educations of his two asked the clerk to direct him to the of the Chicago hotels the other day pawn-shop region of the city. The diamond wearer and bell jabber looked up in astonishment, and was about to send a porter up stairs to look after the guest's baggage, when the latter re-

"Oh, you needn't look so scared. I don't want to pawn anything, and will pay my hotel bill. I am a hardware dealer and want buy some revolvers."

The country merchant went down to South State and Clark streets and made to be found there. He bought several dozen revolvers of all sizes and values and piled them in a carpet bag, which Miss Annabel?" asked Agnes Gale, halt- he had brought along for the pur-

"Yes," he said, in response to the inquiry of the Chicago Herald reporter, who had followed him. "I buy all my revolvers in this way. I have been on ing of Guy Chalmers. "Ah—ch—really come to Chicago but what I save enough on the revolves. I have been on the revolves." to pay my hotel bill, and sometimes my incidental expenses. I can buy these goods a great deal cheaper than I could new about this revolver trade. A country You could sign your name and boy never thinks of coming to Chicago without a revolver in his pocket. of Chicago, you know, that he really thinks it wouldn't be safe. And, beside, "I've no taste for romance!" answered no young man in the country thinks him-When they come here to Chicago on business or a visit, or looking for a job, and they run short of money, the first thing goes to the pawn shop is the revolver; and they go for a song, too. One day I was in the pawn shop at No. - State, when a fellow came in and pawned a re-volver for \$1.50 that he had bought of me a month before for \$9. On my next trip I bought that gun for \$3.50, and sold it within a week for \$8. Shouldn't wonder if I could make two or three more turns on it before it wears out, and if I don't somebody else will. There's a continual drift of revolvers in that way. We sell 'em in the country, in the city the pawnbrokers get them, and then we buy them back again. Four-fifths of the revolvers sold are in the country towns, and the smaller the town the better the trade in proportion, The trade in the cheap revolvers has about played out.

The Caroline islands number 500, big

MARINE MONSTERS THAT BITE OFF AND THROW ROCKS.

A Pauther Story—Tale of a Rattler—
—A Cute Collie—Mice Swallowed by an Oyster,

"Did you ever meet with a sea elephant, captain?" "Oh, yes. Up 'round Behring's straits

I've often seen them, and they are tough fellows, too," replied Captain Gilderdale to the reporter of the New Haven News. "Are they hard to kill?"

"No; it's easy enough killing 'em, but when they are dying they kick up a great fuss. With their little short teeth 've seen 'em bite off a piece of rock as big as a spittoon and throw it at a man with fearful force. I found one on a reef one day, and as we needed some more oil I ordered the boat steerer to make for the gully way in the rocks where he was. We came right up to him, put an iron into him and hauled him after us into clear water.

"Then I got into the bow right under his nose, when he grabbed the bow of the boat in his teeth and tore away a streak fore and aft. He bit off the ends of three lances, and another he snapped out of my hands and tried to throw it at us. Once he made a snap at me with his head. throwing me right into the boat on my back. I picked up a hatchet, and with my two hands buried it in his head up

to the handle. It killed him outright. "He was twenty-five feet long, and gave two dozen barrels of oil. We made blanket sheets of his blubber, cutting it into pieces three feet square. Then piercing a hole in the centre of each block and running through a spun-rope we made a raft of them and towed it to the ship, The usual way to kill a sea-elephant used to be to run right up to him, hit him under the jaw with an oar, which would make him raise up his head, when we would fire right up through his mouth into the brain.

A San Francisco Chronicle correspondent from Upper Soda Springs, at the headwaters of the Sacramento river, tells of an adventure of a gentleman who went out to camp at the Lick. As he was upon his hands and knees peering through a low breastwork of brush and rails, to his surprise and horror he saw within three feet of him a large panther which was creeping stealthily toward an opening in the small triangular-shaped inclosure which partly concealed his body. The hunter's first impulse was to draw himself up on his hands and knees and grasp his rifle. He thought that though probably having scented him the panther had not seen him until this movement attracted the beast's attention for she sprang back a few yards and began grinning and snarling in a most familiar though exceedingly diagreeable

To draw his rifle to his shoulder, take aim and fire was but a moment's work, and the deed was done. One shot, thanks to steady nerves and a sure aim, was all that was required. The creature measured seven feet, and the vicious-looking claws and head, with its glazing eyes and carniverous teeth, were not

at all pleesant to contemplate. "I was riding along the road when my horse stopped and showed signs of fright," said a Chambers county (Ga.) man. "I looked and saw what I supposed was a log between twenty-five and thirty feet in length. Knowing my horse was very much afraid of snakes, I examined to see if there could be one of these reptiles near the supposed log, when the fact dawned upon me that the object was a huge snake. I alighted and threw a stone at what I then knew to be a snake. striking it near the head, when it jumped his full length, twenty-five or thirty feet. As soon as he got still I counted eightynine rattles and several buttons on his tail. I met a gentleman afterward who told me his snakeship had been seen near the same place for fifteen or twenty years, and he had counted as many as 132 rattles on his tail, and that when he opened his mouth he exhibited his fangs, about

six inches long." A friend of mine owns a beautiful Scotch collie that looks after a herd of fifty Jersey and Holstein cattle daily, says a writer in a Western paper. The cattle are on a large farm near Elgin, and every morning after milking hour the cows are turned loose on the public road. As they wander along towards the river, stragglers are kept in line "That's too bad!" said Agnes, commiseratingly. "Everybody is sending I live I can sell them for almost watches their movements so closely
out a message If I were you I'd just as much. There's a queer thing that a cow cannot get away from the by the collie, and during the day he that a cow cannot get away from the herd. If they wade out into the stream he makes no attempt to follow unless one should show a desire to cross to the opposite side. Then the collie swims out and convinces the erring bovine that she'd better return where she belongs. On sunny or cloudy days that herd is seen returning homeward by five o'clock with no other guardian than the collie.

> Two little mice have achieved immortality, so to speak, at Whitestaple, England. One evening since two or three ovsters were put away in an earthen pen. During the night a couple of young todents found out the dainty dish and inserted their hungry mouths within the open shells of one of the bivalves. the morning they were found fast, held by the closed shells of the oysters and of course quite dead. The oyster continued its firm hold on the intruders, and the trio were at once immersed in in the local museum.

A citizen of Rochester, Minn., has com ates. It is about six feet high and four feet in diameter at the base. in the Rocky mountains.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The flowering plants and ferns of Ceylon, according to Dr. Trimen, embrace 1,072 genera, or 3,249 species. There are also 408 varieties, of which some may prove to be distinct species.

In Southern Russia vineyards are freed from phylloxera by planting hemp near the infected vines. The parasites are attracted to the hemp by its strong odor, and the roots prove to be poisonous to

A peculiar black paper of Siam and Burmah, made from the bark of certain trees, is used very much as are slates in in Europe and America. The writing upon it may be rubbed out by the application of betel leaves, just as slate writing is erased by means of a sponge.

The Scientific American states that plush goods and articles doed with aniline colors, faded from exposure to light, will look bright as ever after being sponged with chloroform. The commercial chloroform will answer the purpose very well, and is less expensive than the purified.

A French surgeon has a method of dressing wounds by which their healing is hastened and the pain made to disappear immediately. It consists in the application of compresses wet with a decoction of thirty parts of valerian root in one hundred parts of water. The treatment is of no avail in deep wounds.

A "sound-deadener," consisting of elastic air-cushions to close the external orifices of the ears for the use of mechanics and artillerymen, has been invented by Dr. Ward Cousins, of Liver-peol, England. Boiler-makers and other workmen subject to hearing constantly loud and sharp noises are frequently made deaf thereby. This new invention may render city noises less troublesome to nervous people.

Messrs. McCook and Bell's observations of the action of corrosive sublimate on a species of ant in Nicaragua are exceedingly interesting. As soon as one of the ants touches the white powder, it commences to run about wildly and to attack any other ant it meets. In a couple of hours round balls of ants will be found all biting each other, and numerous individuals will be found bitten completely in two.

The utility of tears to animals in general, and particularly to those which are exposed much to the dust, such as birds which live amid the wind, is easy to understand. The eye would soon be dirtied and blocked up had not nature provided this friendly, ever-flowing stream to wash and refresh it. A very little fluid is necessary to keep the eye always clear and clean. But here, again, we must admire the wondrous mechanism which works the human body; for it is to be observed that, when through some accident or hurt the eyeball has need of more water than usual to cleanse it, nature at once turns on a more abundant supply of tears.

# Water-Grabbers.

Owing to the system of land piracy, Nevada has been regularly swindled in customers with dirty milk, do you?". every real estate transaction in which her Chicago News. interests were concerned. The man who bought forty acres of land contiguous to a spring, river or lake, had the actual possession and enjoyment of perhaps 10,000 or 20,000 acres adjacent thereto without the latter costing him a nickel. The reason is obvious. So long as the buyer holds a good title to the land bordering on a stream he is monarch of all he can see beyond and around that stream. The owner of forty acres upon which exists a spring thus has a free range, or pasturage, of several square miles, and the State is out of pocket by the operation. In illustration of this evil we can cite one case out of a thousand. In a certain township there are about twenty five thousand acres of land, but only two springs. At \$1.25 an acre this township ought to realize for the State the sum of \$31,250. But the land pirate knows that by buying up the land mmediately surrounding the spring he practically becomes the owner of twentyfive thousand. He therefore buys the smallest subdivision which the law permits, that is, forty acres around each spring. For these two small tracts he is allowed twenty years in which to pay the balance. That for which he ought to pay \$31,250 he gets for \$100. In other words, the State has been selling these water grabbers, mainly consisting of a rich and powerful syndicate of cattlemen, her selected lands at a rate less than half a cent an acre. - Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.

#### Corks, Straw and Wooden Ware, "We best the old world at cutting

orks, savs a Chicago dealer, but it is rather strange that America should import tons of straw. Yet we do every ear buy straw in Germany in the form of bettle-covers. These covers cost eight dollars per 1,000, and they are hand-They cannot be made for onefourth the sum in this country, until omebody gets up a machine to do it with. We import something like 100, 000 of these covers every month. All of these little tinfoil caps for wine and soda bottles come from Paris. A New York firm has tried to compete, but they can't do it. We have 280,000 at the depot, just arrived from Paris. They In are shipped in hermetically scaled cases. "But this country leads in wooden ware. Perhaps you don't know it, but the best wooden ware maker in the United States carried on business in Chicago for twenty-five years. He is spirits, and will in due course be placed now over in M.chigan, in the timber country, making faucets, bungs, bung starters, wooden shovels, cork drivers, and vinegar measures and funnels, each pleted a monument made from stores out of one piece of wood without joint or gathered from all parts of the United seam. As for bungs, Cincinnati might properly be called the bungtown of America, as there are made all contains stones from nearly every State the bungs used in this country. One in the Union and from the highest peak factory there ships 200 barrels of bungs | every day."- Chicago Herald.

## IF I WERE YOU.

Marriage and death notices gratis.

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Why did he look so grave! she asked, What might the trouble be? "My little maid," he sighing said, Suppose that you were me, And you a weighty secret owned, Pray tell me what you'd do?" "I think I'd tell it somebody," Said she, "if I were you!"

But still he sighed and looked askance, Despite her sympathy. "Oh, tell me little maid," he said Again, "if you were me, And if you loved a pretty lass, Oh, then, what would you dof' "I think I'd go and tell her so,"

Said she, "If I were you!" "My little maid, 'tis you," he said, "Alone are dear to me," Ab, then, she turned away her head, And ne'er a word said she, But what he whispered in her ear, And what he answered too-Oh, no, I cannot tell you this;

> I'd guess, if I were you! -Chamber's Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. An important period-The one between

the dollars and cents. Beats the world-The impecunious tramp. - Waterloo Observer.

A one-legged man will never be troubled with wet feet. - Brooklyn Times. What is the difference between a paper dollar and dollar of silver? Never

mined .- Boston Transcript. Of a man suddenly struck dumb it may be said that his melaucholy daze has come. - Washington Hatchet.

A "duck of a girl" must be very closely watched, or ten to one she'll go off and marry some quack .- Chicago Sun. Baseball is older than we thought, as a squint at history has made apparent.

The Emperor Dominitian occupied his leisure in catching flies .- Chicago Ledger. Girls in search of materials for crazy quilts are advised to apply to the rail-road companies, because they throw away thousands of old ties every year .- New York Journal.

Civilization is making gratifying progress in the Congo country. A few years ago the inhabitants ate white persons raw; now they roast them.— Washington Republican. The man who has to endure all the

agonies of solitary confinement is the clerk who works for a firm that does not advertise. It's the next thing to being buried alive. - Maple Leaf. Little cricket on the hearth, Little children full of mirth,

Little breezes blowing long,
Little onions smelling strong,
Little lovers in the dark,
Little kisses—hear them spark.
—Chicago Sun. Customer (entering unexpectedly)-"So, sir, I've caught you putting water in the milk." Milkman-"Yes-or-no -no, that is, sir, I'm only washing it. You don't s'pose I'm going to serve my

Chicago News. HOBSON'S CHOICE.

A thief on his trial refused to be sworn. "Of what use," queried be, "will my evidence If I tell the whole truth, I shall get the Old Nick; If I tell what's not true, the old Nick will

-Contury

Melancholy. There is a deal of "moping melancholy and moonstruck madness" in the world, about two-thirds of which I attribute to disordered liver. There is, of course, much melancholy which results from sufficient cause, but when one takes the majority of the cases and examines them, he will find that a little dieting, some lemon juice, and a pill or two will make the sunshine just as bright as it ever did to the patient, and he will wonder that his liver had such power over his intellect. Young people in love are given to fits of melancholy, but in these instances the cause of the trouble is a supersensitiveness of the pericardium resulting from excessive youth and redundant verdancy. little age and a little ripening always work a radical cure with these patients. I think it is extremely foolish for people to let themselves become melancholy, even though there be some cause for it. There is a blue sky above us all, and a bright sun; the fields grow golden harvests of fatness; the rivers run clear and sparkling; the flowers bud and blossom slong our paths, and the birds sing cheerily all the day. There is life everywhere, and joy and gladuess, if we will only look for them, and insist upon having our just dues, and if we neglect them, we are sinning against ourseives, our friends, and the good and wise Creator, who put us here to make the world better, and not fill it with sighs and tears, bad blood and bile. There, my dears, you want to brace up. - Mrs. Brown, in Merchant-Traveler.

Pruit All the Year Round.

Florida is the land of fruit as well as of flowers. A paper of that State says: Commencing with January, we have strawberries then until late in June. Japan plums from February. Mulberries are ripe in April and last until August. Pineapples ripen in June and last nearly all the year. We have guavas from July until late the next spring. Of the various berries-dewberries, black berries and buckle berries - almost any quantitity. Peaches from May 1 until July, from June until late in the fall. Oranges -the best of the kind-from October until the next June, with lemons and limes, persimmons, pomegranates, grape fruit and grapes.

The total number of flowering plants now known in British North America may be estimated at about 3,000 species against 10,000 in the United States.