Terms, . . . \$1.50 per Year.

No subscriptions received for a shorter period au these months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the sountry. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

LUCKY DAYS.

When May with apple blossoms

Her loving cup is brewing,

For woolng, and for suing,

When August calls the locust

In drapery of cloth of gold,

For wooing, and for suing.

When brown October pauses,

Ob, then's the time for wooing,

Dear lad, the time for wooing!

On each sweet day of each sweet year,

-Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Bazar.

AUNT MITTABLE'S THINGS.

light threw the leafless copses into strong relief; the little brook had burst its thick

crust of ice, and sang merrily under the velvet fringes of the pussy-willows, and

up from the woods there came an inde-

scribable odor of sping. A red flag

rolled up and tied around its stick by a

hemp string, lay just inside the door-yard, when Mrs. Grigson came in with

the last pail of water that she should

ever draw from the old well. She

sighed as she filled the squat copper

said she, "and I never was so glad of

time as I've had cleanin' up and scrub-bin' down and scourin' and polishin'!

There ain't a bone in my body but

Ketchum, who had dropped in on her way from the store; "the old traps

won't sell for sixpence apiece-you see

"But the things ain't no use to me,"

luck I've had, right straight through, there sin't no calculatin' it. Ef I was to

tell you, Martha Ketchum, you wouldn't

believe it. Even down to my last gold

thies were enlisted on the Widow Grig-

overnight. He was a-calculatin' to sell it

to Mrs. Gartney's little boy, John Henry.

And ef you'll believe me, the mis'able

with, and dropped my silver spees down

"I seen him champin' it between his

jaws," said Mrs. Grigson, "and shake

and squeeze him as I would, I couldn't

he was dreadful consarned about it, but

he couldn't do nothin' for me. He of-fered to kill the monkey, but I knowed

how disappointed John Henry Gartney

would be, and, arter all, the critter had

only acted accordin' to its natur', and

they was to pay brother Lyman a dollar and a half for him. As for the

specs, brother Lyman fished 'em up with

a long pole with a crooked pin hitched

broke, but the frames is good yet. I'm

'll go for!" said Misa Ketchum, break-

else could I do with all the old duds?

"Brother Lyman thought they might

fetch a few cents, said Mrs. Grigson.

"And the stand ought to be worth a quarter of a dollar. It had a new coat

of paint a year ago. I give one J'rusa-lem cherry-tree to Abigail Barton for

helpin' me to clean out the old cup-

boards. She's been dreadful neighborly,

and she wouldn't take a peeny for what

Ketchum. "I'd like that thar monthly

"It is pretty," said Mrs. Grigson, ig-

noring the broad hint. "And I guess

Tose with the striped blooms on it."

"Wonder how much the feather-bed

'There ain't no tellin'." said Mrs

"They're dreadful old. Aunt

calkilatin' to get 'em mended when-"

ing in on the monotonous refrain.

Grigson.

corner.

place at once, and-

we were married."

the end on't. The glasses was

"La!" said Miss Ketchum.

get it out of him!"

"Why, it was last week," said Mrs.

"Eh?" said Miss Ketchum. Being of

"It's all time and trouble thrown

"The auction sale is to be to-morrow,"

Sech a

kettle and hung it over the fire.

anything in all my born days.

aches.

son's side.

The orange glow of the March twi-

Oh, then's the time for wooing,

Dear lad, the time for wooing!

For wooing, and for suing,

For wooing, and for suing,

Your happy fate pursuing:

Oh, listen, happy lover,

To sound the year's undoing,

The honey from the violet,

Che Forest Republican.

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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1885.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

Down goes the dog as though shot

dead, and this time he does not dare to

look back, the tremor of his body giving

out walking into the covey. The men take one, two steps-whiz, whirr-three

birds rise, two to the left, one to the right! Bang! bang! bang!

The man on the right kills his bird, the

man on the left kills with the first

barrel and misses with his second barrel,

Neither hunters nor dog stir a step. The

left-hand man breaks his gun, draws out

the discharged shells and slips fresh ones

in their places. While he is loading, up

rises a fourth chicken, this time to the

left. The right-hand man knocks it over,

and at the discharge of his gun the

man gets in both barrels and knocks

down two birds. They reload, and the dog is told to "hunt 'em up." If the birds are plenty and the stubbles in good

condition, the chances are that a covey

will be found in each stubble-field.

Hunters often "draw a blank," as they

term it, and sometimes two coveys are

found in one field. The coveys vary

widely in size; sometimes as many as

thirty or forty birds are found together

and sometimes an old cock is found

alone with a field all to himself. The

chickens in different coveys also behave

differently. At times they will get up

singly, and in such a case two shooters

other times the whole covey will rise to-

gether, and it needs quick and skillful

shooting to make each of the four barrels

count. If the country and flight of the

birds allow, it is sometimes possible to

get nearly the whole covey. At

warning that he can go no further

All bills for yearly advertisements cellented quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be putt in

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion...... 1 00 One Square, one Inch, one month..... \$ 60

One Square, one inch, three months 6 50 One Square, one luch, one year ie eo

Two Squares, one year...... 15 00

Quarter Column, one year...... 28 00

Marriage and death notices gratis.

Job work-cash on delivery.

PLL KNOW THEE THERE. [G. D. Prentice said: "No living poem can surpass in beauty the following lines from the muse of Amelia."]

Pale star that, with thy soft, and light, Comes out upon my bridal eve, I have a song to sing to-night, Before thou takest thy mournful leave, Since then so softly time hath stirr'd

That months have almost seemed like And I am like a little bird That slept too long among the flowers,] And, waking, sits with waveless wing, Soft singing 'mid the shades of even; But, oh! with sadder heart I sing-

I sing of one who dwells in heaven. The winds are soft, the clouds are few, And tenderest thought my heart beguiles, As, floating up through mist and dew, The pale young moon comes out in stniles;

And to the green, resounding shore In silvery troops the ripples crowd, Till all the ocean, dimpled o'er, Lifts up its voice and laughs aloud; And star on star, all soft and calm, Floats up you arch, serenely blue; And, lost to earth, and steeped in balm, My spirit floated in ether, too.

Loved one! though lost to human sight, I feel thy spirit lingering near; And softly-as I feel the light That trembles through the atmosphere, As in some temple's holy stades, Though mute the hymn and hushed the

prayer. A solemn awe the soul pervades. Which tells that worship has been there; A breath of incense, left alone, Where many a censer swung around;

Which thrills the wanderer like to one Who treads on consecrated ground. I know thy soul, from worlds of bliss, Yet stops a while to dwell with me

Hath caught the prayer I branthed in this, That I at last might dwell with thee; I hear a murmur from the seas That thrills me like thy spirit's sighs; I hear a voice on every breeze That makes to mine its low replies-A voice all low and sweet like thine; It gives an answer to my prayer, And brings my soul from heaven a sign

I'll know thee there by that sweet face Round which a tender halo plays, Still touched with that expressive grace That made thee lovely all thy days, By that sweet smile that o'er it shed A beauty like the light of even, Whose soft expression never fird, Even when its soul had fied to heaven:

That I will know and meet thee the

I'll know thee by the starry crown That glitters in thy raven hair; Oh! by these blessed sights alone I'll know thee there, I'll know thee there. For ah! thine eye, within whose sphere

The sweetest youth and beauty met, That swam in love and softness here. Must swim in love and softness yet. For ah! its dark and liquid beams, Though saddened by a thousand sighs, Were holier than the light that streams Down from the gates of Paradise-Were bright and radiant like the mora,

Yet soft and dowy as the eve, Too sad for eyes where smiles are born, Too young for eyes to learn to grieve.

I wonder if this cold, sweet breeze Hath touched thy lips and fanned thy brow, For all thy spirit hears and sees

Recalls thee to my memory now; For every hour we breathed apart Will but increase, if that can be, The love that fills this lonely heart. Already filled so full of thee. Yet many a tear these eyes must weep, And many a sin must be forgiven, Ere these pale lips shall sink to sleep, And you and I shall meet in heaven!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The golden mean-The miser. A dead beat .- The muffled drum. Inquirer asks: What must I do to make my hands soft? Do nothing .- Boxton Courier.

An exchange says that there is a mission in this life for dudes. We hope it is a foreign mission.—Burlington Free Press.

An Iowa veteran draws a pension be cause ten years ago his wife struck him

with a broomstick .- Burlington Free "Atlend your church," the parson cries;

To church each fair one goes; The old go there to close their eyes, The young to eye their clothes. -Goodall's Sun.

"You are bound to read, I see," said Mrs. S. to her husband, who, with novel in hand, was busy among its pages. "So is this book," he replied, without looking up, and his talkative wife collapsed. -Merchant-Traveler,

SHE COMPLIED WITH HIS REQUEST. "Pray call me a pretty name," said he One night to his darling Carrie, The girl he had courted so long that she Thought he never meant to marry. Up from his bosom she raised her head, And her cheeks grow red as roses, "I think I will call you 'man," the said, "For they say that 'man proposes."

-Boston Courier. "If you should allow me fourteen dollars per week on which to run the house, she said, as they sat together in the twilight, "and I saved three dollars per week out of that, what would you say?" "Say? Why, I'd say you ought to run it on 'leven," he growled, as he lighted the gas. - Detroit Gree Press.

Oh! for a girl with bright blue eyes,
A girl that knows how to love.
A girl that carrinake good squash plea
And is sweet as the angels above.

Oh for a girl that will not flirt,

A woman kind and true:

A wife to sew buttons on your shirt,

When she's nothing else to do.

—Lyna Union.

With beams and dews and winds that get With hopes on which the heart is set, the mother she had known and it seemed Oh, then's the time for wooing, lonesome enough to be sitting there in the empty house with Aunt Mittable Dear lad, the time for wooing! tucked away in a corner of the frozen church yard. Her husband was dead, and her three little children were strug-And, like some altar dressed of old gling up in the world as best they could. She had had a position as janitress in a public school, but she had lost it when High pastures thick with broom unfold, she came to Mullein Farm to nurse Aunt Oh, then's the time for wooing, Mittable in her last illness; and now she scarcely knew which way to turn. Dear lad, the time for wooing! Brother Lyman, her only living relative, was poorer than herself-a good-hearted, The ripened woodland viewing, empty-pocketed man, who occupied some position on a sailing vessel which which plied between Boston and the And all the sunny forests spread Their fallen leaves, as heart's blood red, Azores islands. There was a mortgage A carpet fit for brides to tread,

> all aspirations in the direction of selling it, and Mrs. Grigson faintly hoped that the auction sale might help to pay the expenses of her old aunt's burial. Otherwise she did not, to use her own expression, "see her way clear," Mrs. Grigson was not a sentimentalist. A janitress in a public school building, with forefinger roughened by the coars

groveling cares, has not much time for that sort of indulgence; but as she sat there, drinking an infusion of the weakest tea, and watching the yellow March moonlight lay the perfect pattern of the uncurtained window on the carpetless floor, while the barrel staves smouldered

remember the days when she had hoped

'pose most folks are disapp'inted jest as bad as I be, et they live long enough." And then the poor widow went to bed

yellow moonlight flooded the solitary room where Aunt Mittable had died, stone where the red ashes had long since

faded into white dust. away," sepulchrally observed Miss bors assembled from all points of the compass. For in Feltville Four Corners said Mrs. Grigson, "and I need a little money so awful bad! As for the poor with the six Misses Daggett. The para melancholy turn, she liked to hear sad son and the parson's wife were there, recitals, although personally her sympa-Grigson, in the level," complaining tone that always reminded you of the little brook down in the hollow, "brother Lyman left his little Brazil monkey here critter swallered the gold dollar I'd left on my bureau to pay the meat peddlar with much excited gesticulation, and close by the high wooden mantel sat poor

> "Aunt Mittable was always partial to auction vendoos," said she to herself. "It does seem as ef she'd ought to be

"Well, I never did!" remarked the And she thought of the lonely grave under last year's weedy mullein stalks in "It did seem as of that was the last the neglected corner of the church-yard, straw that broke the camel's back," sighed Mrs, Grigson. "Brother Lyman

"Illi set a rose o' Sharon there as soon as the spring fairly opens," mused she. "Aunt Mittable always liked flowers,"

current. "Is anything wrong?" Mrs. Grigson asked, nervously, "Hev they heard any

"I seen it myself," she could hear Abigail saving: "I've got it to hum in my pocketbook. I've always heard that she

Mrs. Grigson rose to join the group; but just then the auctioneer's voice drowned all else in its high, sing song drone: "Now, then, ladies and gentle-men, if you please," and the sale began

Mittable she'd kep' house for forty year, and never had nothin' new. I don't in good earnest. s'pose an auction sale will pay, but what 'Squire Daggett wants possession of the "Ain't gwine to sell these 'ere house plants, be ye?" said Miss Ketcuum, nodding toward a green-painted stand in the

> "He can't know that the machinery's clear worn out, and it hain't struck in

six months," said Mrs, Grigson. don't know but it's my duty to tell him." hands in his pockets, was flattened up against the wall. "I guess all the neighreabouts know as much about "More fool she," curtly observed Miss

"Eight dollars for the old featherbed! Folks must be crazy!" said Mrs. Grigson. "And a dollar apiece for them luck." A belief in the existence of di worn-out bed-quilts! Is the world a-

it 'ill sell cheap. I'd like some friend to comin' to an end?" her it, for the slip it growed from was But when they came to the stand of give me by Grigson the very first year house plants, Mrs. Grigson's amazement in one of Aristophanes' plays Plutus ree were married." reached its culminating point. The covers his sight in the Temple of EscalaAnd as she was not invited to stay to striped monthly rose brought a dollar; plus after being licked by two terpents tes, Miss Ketchum at last went away, a stumpy old lemon bush in a green tub.

before the fire of discarded barrel staves, faintest inclination to bloom, ran up to ruinous packing boxes, ancient chair legs five; a myrtle-tree ascended the scale and wooden stools which had absolutely and was finally knocked down at ten and refused to be made capable of further a half; an oleander was bid up to three, service, "Aunt Mittable"—which name half a dozen spindling fish-geraniums va-was a pervision of the good old New Eng-ried from fifty cents to a dollar each, land prenomen Mehitable-had been all and ten callas and a sickly carnation were bought by Miss Dora Daggett at seventy-five cents each; and the surplusage of pallid primroses and cactus monstrosities was lumped at a dollar to Mr. Tows, whose door-yard was laid out in carrots and parsnips, and who did not know a pokeberry bush from a holly bush.

> "Be folks mad?" said breathless Mrs. Grigson. The proceeds of the flower stand amounted to eighteen dollars, and the purchasers eagerly seized their property and carried it off, as if unwilling to let

> briskly on. "Well, Naomi," said brother Lyman, chuckling, when the "vendoo" was over, "how much did ye expeck to git for Aunt Mittable's things?"

it out of their sight, and the sale went

"I did hope for fifty dollars, all told," said Mrs. Grigson. "But Miss Ketchum said I was a fool for calkitatin' on any sech amount." "What d'ye say to two hundred?"

said brother Lyman, gleefully.
"What!" shricked Mrs. Grigson. "Lyman, you're a-pokin' fun at me.

"No, I ain't," cheerfully spoke up brother Lyman. "It's two hundred and fifteen doliars and eighty-eight cents. that's what it is! Oh, of ye'd only seen the women-folks a-carryin' out Aunt Mittable's house plants nugged up close to 'em, like they was little babies!"

Brother Lyman stopped to shake all over with a species of inaudible laughter which convulsed him as if he were a mold of jelly. "Two hundred and fifteen dollars!"

gasped Mrs. Grigson, 'It's like a The auctioneer counted out the bills into the good woman's toil-hardened

hands "I congratulate you, ma'am," said he. "Are you sure there ain't no mistake?" said Mrs. Grigson.

' Quite sure, ma'am." "Well, I don't nohow understand it." said the widow, slowly shaking her head. "P'r'aps, Mr. Pulfield, you can explain it to me?"

The auctioneer looked around, winked one eye solemnly, and twirled his quill pen backward and forward.

"No one here?" said he. "Not a soul," declared brother Ly-

"Everybody gone?"

"Yes, everybody." "Then look here," said the auction-eer. "I couldn't help catchin' a word here and there; and it wan't no business of mine to interfere."

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Grigson, more bewildered than ever. "Don't ye, now? Well, less see if I can't make it clear t' ye," said Mr. Pulfield, "Abigail Barton she was a-whisperin' to Deacon Plimpton's widow how't she found a little gold dollar buried in the earth of a flower-pot that held and counting cups and saucers. A man a J'rusalem cherry-tree you give her; who was vaguely reported to be an emis. and it went from one to another like wild-fire. Oh, yes, Mrs. Grigson, your aunt Mittable was a good woman, a very good woman, but awful queer. And now every man, woman and child will be rippin' open feather-beds, diggin' up house-plants, and pokin' into cheer seats and bureau drawers for hidden treasure.

"You don't s'pose-" cried Mrs. Grig-

"Yes, I do s'pose," said the auction-eer. "If folks will be fools, there ain't no way of preventin' 'em as ever I knowed of. And I wish 'em good luck findin' what you aunt Mittible has hid there.

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Grigson. "Your things hev sold very well, ma'am," said Mr. Pulfield, buttoning up his coat. "I don't know when we've had such a successful auction sale in the neighborhood."

Mrs. Grigson went back to the city feeling richer than any capitalist. And not until the train was running into the New Haven depot did she start wildly from her seat in the corner of the car. was the monkey," she said, speaking aloud in the sudden enlightment of her soul-"brother Lyman's monkey! And

there was me, poor, simple critter, a-repinin' again the mischief he had done!" The other passengers stared dubiously at her, wondering if they had come all the way from Feltville Four Corners with a crazy woman. An old man took up a basket and shawl-strap and went to

the other end of the car. But they need not have been alarmed. Mrs. Grigson was not crazy. - Harper's

Medical Virtues of Dogs' Tongues, M. Reimach having recently called attention to the mention, in the recently discovered inscriptions at the Temple of Esculapins, in Epidaurus, of children having been cured of blindness at that sanctuary by having their eyes licked by the sacred dogs, M. Henri Gaidoz states that he has discovered the faith and practices of the dog-cure among several peoples and in a number of religious. The Hindoos believe that the English kill dogs to obtain possession of a sovereign remedy which is found in their tongues. In a Venetian legend, St. Roch was cured by a balsam distilled from the tongue of his dog. Dogs' tongues are considered to have medical virtue by many people in Portugal, France and Scotland. In Bohemia they let dogs lick the faces of new-born children for "good vinities issuing from dogs, whose office it was to lick the bruises of the wounded, once prevailed in Armen's. In a scene which the god sent for that purpose in

AFTER PRAIRIE CHICKENS, follow carefully close benind, guns cocked and ready for use.

HOW THE WILD BIRDS ARE HUSTED IN ILLINOIS.

The Hunters' Keen-Scented Dogs-A Sportsman's Outfit - How the Birds are Found and Killed. the

A Chicago letter says that a glance, almost any day, into the baggage cars of the trains leaving the city for the West and South will reveal an unusual sight. In addition to the piles of trunks, empty milk cans, and the usual promis-cuous heaps of all kinds of luggage, anywhere from six to two dozen dogs of various sizes and colors may be seen securely chained in different parts of the car. They may be chained singly, in pairs, and sometimes in double pairs; chickens rise on all sides. The left-hand but the different groups are kept carefully apart and out of each other's reach. The reason is that they are apt to be belligerent and are extremely valuable, and "scrapping match" of even short duration might result in the destruction of serious damage of several hundred dollars' worth of property of a kind not easily replaced, and the delay of a hunting trip just begun. The secret is out. They are hunting dogs and their owners are starting out for the corn fields and grain stubbles in search of prairie chickens. Contrary to what one would naturally expect, the dogs are far from being plump and sleek after the manner of well fed and comfortably housed pets. In fact, they are quite the reverse, and, as a rule, are lean and gaunt, although clean and sound of limb. They are kept thin on purpose, that they may work easily and without fatigue, and are trained with all the care bestowed upon a champion in the ring. Few of them are valued at less than \$150, and a check for ten times that amount would not buy a number in the car. Born with the instincts of the hunting dog of pure pedigree, they have been as carefully trained as children, and at a large expense, by their owners or by professional trainers, who make a handsome living at the business. The ordinary pup is worth from \$50 to \$250, according to the size, color, disposition and pedigree, and his training costs from \$50 to \$100. If well treated and intelli-

gently handled the trained dog is a miracle of docility and intelligence, and the hunter's bag would be woefully small without his aid. In the smoking-car will be found the hunters themselves. While their cos. of the ditch suggests the earthworks or tumes are much alike, the similarity ends a fort, the ground being ridged up from interests are represented by the group. The chicken shooting in Iowa, Minnesota and the West generally is poor this year. and the hunters as a rule have obtained most of their sport in Illinois and Indiana. These men are bound for the central and southern parts of Illinois, similar, varying only in quality and comtridges, rubber or leather hip-boots, a pair of lighter shoes or boots, stout miles are now completed, breeches, hunting-coat and cap, rubber coat and game-bag. The coat is the most remarkable part of the costume. It resombles the Irishman's cannon, which was built around a big hole, in that it appears to be constructed around innumerable pockets. It is made of stout canvas, the color of dried reeds or an oat stubble. The hipboots are for use in the morning when the dew lies heavy on the fields and for wading in the marshy bits. In the afternoon in dry weather the lighter shoes or boots may be used. In the pockets of the coat are a short rawhide whip and a silver whistle, articles of whose use the dog is well aware. The prairie chicken is an accommodating bird, and may be hunted in pleasant weather; and this fact may partially account for the ardor with which it is pursued. Chickenshooting, however, is a fascinating sport in itself, the game being wary, strong of wing, and exceedingly palatable. Daylight finds the hunters-for they generally, like their dogs, hunt in pairsleaving the farm-house where they have passed the night. At the word of command the dogs leap into the wagon, and a few moments' drive brings the hunters to a "likely field." The hunters alight, slip a cartritdge into each barrel of their guns, and turn into the field. The dogs are eager for the sport to begin, and at the words "Hunt 'em up," and a wave of the hand, spring out into the stubble at full speed, one bunter and one dog to each side of the field. The dogs work from the edge of the field to the centre, cross, keep on to the outer edge, return, and cross again, covering the field in ever-varying and irregular circles. Now and then one pauses and snuffs the wind blowing down the field, or turns quickly aside from his course and follows up for a few yards an old scent in the hope of finding it grow stronger. Suddenly one of them running at full speed in long, elastic bounds, with ear and tail waving as he leaps, falls, flat as if paralyzed and remains motionless as a stone. Quick as is the movement, the other dog has also crouched and is pointing at the first dog, "backing him up with implicit confidence, though the scent may not have reached his keen nostrils. the sagacious animals turn their heads and look back at their masters with intelligent eyes, as if he says, "Hurry up; here they are!" The men move rapidly

and noiselessly up to the first dog. The

intelligent animal, who has not moved a

"mark a covey" and follow them from field to field, unless they fly into the corn, when pursuit is hopeless.

A Great Irrigating Canal. There is now in progress in Merced county, California, a great irrigating canal. Merced, the capital of the county, lies in the heart of the San Joaquin valley, which has been for some years the chief wheat-producing section of the State. The valley extends from the Sierra Nevadas on the east to the skirt of the coast range on the west, its greatest width being ninety miles, and its length from north to south about forty miles. The town of Merced is expected to make enormous strides when the canal is completed. The first sight of the ditch suggests the earthworks or with their clothes and outfits. A dozen six to eight feet. There are 300 men at or more conditions of life and business work on the canal. The undertaking was begun on March 14, 1883, and has been carried on continuously ever since. The canal will run across the country from the Merced river just above Snel ling to Plainsburgh, ten miles below the city of Merced, on the Southern Pacific railroad. The slope during this whole and the rich corn and grain fields of the Prairie State. The outfit of each is quite canal is carried well up on a slight elevation, so that without artificial means pleteness. It may be briefly enumerated the water will flow over the wide extent as follows: A dog or two, a gun, a of level valley land which is to be irri-"shell-box" filled with loaded car-tridges, rubber or leather hip-boots, a will be thirty-five miles, of which sixteen portion which has been built there is one tunnel a trifle over a mile long, and another of sixteen hundred feet is now being excavated. The general grade of the canal is one foot to the mile. Among the hands employed are 150 Chinesa. They receive \$1 a day and board themselves, while the white men receive \$20 a month and their board. The Chinese live in a camp by themselves, and run their commissariat. The company which has charge of the enterprise has expended already nearly \$700,000, and it is roughly estimated that the entire cost of the work will be double that sum. Land on the banks of the canal, which was previously valued at \$2.50 per acre, has now advanced to \$8 per acre, and the owners claim that it is worth \$35 per acre. Close to the town of Merced, however, land can not be bought for less than \$150 per acre. - Chicago Times.

An Intoxicating Palm.

The Missionary Herald gives an account of an inland tour lately made by the Rev. Dr. Richards, a missionary of the American Board, stationed at Inhambane, on the east coast of Africa, from which the following in relation to the Amakwakwe tribe was taken:

"They have no gardens at all. They are so frequently robbed by Umzila's impis (soldiers) that they have become quite discouraged. Another reason is that the native fruit is capable of sustaining life, and is abundant; and, again the palm wine flows freely all over the country. This palm tree is four or five feet high, seldom ten feet. It manifests little life, save at the top, where a few leaves appear, looking like a flower-pot on a stump. These leaves are all cut off. and from the cut each tree yields daily about a pint of delicious juice, but highly intoxicating when allowed to stand for a few hours. There seems to be no limit to these trees, and we were sorrounded on every band by drunken men and women. Even little children were staggering about as ingloriously as their parents. It was difficult to avoid trouble with these people, yet our guns were respected, and a ball fired care lessly at a near tree would produce quiet for half an hour. They were coarse rough, drunken fellows, often plunder ing, often plundered, and accustomed to purrels and fights not altogether blood less. One could scarce expect to find pleasure in passing among them."

muscle, except to turn his head and look Little Johnny, on being asked by his back, rises slowly and crouchingly to school teacher if he knew what was meant his feet, and with nose extended steals by "at par," replied that "Ma was al slowly forward, intelligence and wary ways at Pa when he came home late." caution expressed in every movement of

his eloquent body. His feet are lifted and put down like naws of veivet, and And now Chicago claims that pork is his progress is noiseless and as true as a brain food, being a product of thous the needle to the pole. The hunters ands of pens. - Lorell Cities.

on the place which had swallowed up When fields are green, when woods are sere, When storms are white, when stars are clear,

est needle-work, and mind narrowed down by the daily tread-mill of the most into carmine-tinted ashes, she could but

for such a different life.

'I was a gal then," thought Mrs.
Grigson, "It didn't seem as if there
was anything impossible. Well, well, I

to keep warm; and all night long the and a solitary cricket sang on the hearth-

The morrow dawned wild, bright and windy, as March mornings often come rushing over the bleak Connecticut hill-The auctioneer arrived in a onehorse buggy from the village; the neighpeople entertained the same sentiment toward an auction sale as New Yorkers feel toward a private view of the Academy of Design, or a flower show at the Madison Square Garden. Miss Ketchum was there in her best dyed shawl, and the bonnet which the irreverent youth of the neighborhood had christened "Old Plymouth Rock," from the fossilized appearance of its feathers; Squire Daggett drove down in his family carry-all ching pillows and inspecting bolsters, sary from an old curiosity shop in the city was prowling about with a memorandum-book under his arm. Everybody was there, even down to the village fool, who had been allowed to come with his grandmother, under solemn promise of not speaking a word the whole time. In her special corner Abigail Barton was whispering to a knot of eager women

Mrs. Grigson in her best gown, trembling a little, she scarcely knew why.

here." and sighed.

And the crowd around Abigail Barton increased, and a sort of intangible thrill went through the rooms like an electric

was queer, and I shouldn't wonder if that was the way she'd hoarded up."

The breadths of well worn rag carpet brought a pitiful sum, but the four haircloth "cheers" in the best parlor, and a certain uncompromising sofa of the same slippery material, realized twenty dollars, and the wooden clock was bid up to six dollars and a half by Squire Daggett him-

"Hold your tongue, Naomi," whispered brother Lyman, who, with his

Aunt Mittable's clock as you do."

leaving Mrs. Grigson sitting sorrowfully which had never been suspected of the answer to his prayer.