THE FOREST REPUBLICAN

Is published every Wednesday, by

J. E. WENK.

Office in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building

ELM STREET, TIONESTA, Pa.

Terms, - - - $1.50 per Year.

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XIX. NO. 4. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 19. 1886. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion	$ 1 00
One Square, one inch, one month	3 00
One Square, one inch, three months	6 00
One Square, one inch, one year	10 00
Two Squares, one year	15 00
Quarter Column, one year	20 00
Half Column, one year	30 00
One Column, one year	100 00

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Marriage and death notices gratis.

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

Job work—cash on delivery.

Nearly $2,000,000,000 would be due were all insured Americans to die at once. Nearly $1,000,000,000 have already been paid on death losses in America.

Edward Atkinson, the statistician, presents figures showing that the railroads of the United States give employment to 650,000 people and transport 400,000,000 tons of freight annually, one half of which is food and fuel.

The use of the steam-plow is said to be diminishing in Great Britain, not because it does not give good satisfaction, but because the large farms are being divided, and the steam-plow can not be employed advantageously in small fields.

An episode of Swiss heroism is to be solemnly commemorated near Lucerne this July—the sacrifice of Arnold, of Winkelried, who at the battle of Sempach threw himself upon the Austrian spears to encourage his flagging companions, and whose bravery secured the victory. The quincentenary of the battle will be kept by erecting a commemorative monument on the field, and the neighboring cantons will furnish a grand historical procession in the costume of Winkelried's times.

Judge Dyer, of the United States district court, at New York, in a suit to recover $10,000 insurance on the life of a man who commited suicide while insane, insured in the Accident Insurance Company of North America against injuries effected by "external, accidental, or violent means," suicide being especially excepted, decides against the company, holding that in this case the act of suicide was no more the man's act in the sense of the law than if he had been impelled by an irresistible physical power.

Ex-Governor Dingley, of Maine, is responsible for the assertion that on an average each inhabitant of the United States, outside of Maine, drinks $15 worth of alcoholic stimulants every year. In fourteen States of the Union there are laws which demand that the effects for alcohol upon the system shall be taught to children. A graded system of text books is now ready representing five years of experimental study of the subject. Between thirty and forty different works on physiology, with special reference to alcohol and other stimulants, for school use, has been issued.

Of United States Senators in the present chamber, New York State has furnished eight; Ohio, Virginia and Kentucky, six each; Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, five each; Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina South Carolina and Vermont, three each; Delaware, Indiana, Illinois, Maine, Maryland and New Hampshire, two each; and Mississippi, Alabama, Iowa, Connecticut, Louisiana, Michigan, Missouri and Rhode Island, one each. North Carolina, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Delaware, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Virginia, West Virginia, Vermont and Tennessee furnish their own Senators. There are three of foreign birth—one each from England, Scotland and Ireland. There are none of pure German descent.

A Washington letter to the Louisville *Courier Journal* says that "since Mr. Cleveland entered the White House he has gained forty-two pounds in weight. His rapid increase in weight, considering his already great physical proportions when he became President, and considering also the great mental strain that his official duties necessarily keep him under, has led to the remark frequently of late that he was peculiarly a subject of apoplectic attack. He greatly resembles Mr. Manning in physical proportions, barring the dissimilarity in their size. His neck is very short and thick, and his breathing is at times labored. Local physicians have been saying since Mr. Manning's prostration that the President is almost an ideal subject of apoplexy and the opinion is common that unless he shall relax the tension of his executive duties he will within another year become the victim of apoplexy. This view had been represented to Mr. Cleveland before Mr. Manning's prostration, but was treated rather lightly by him. Now, however, he is reported to be in a more serious frame of mind about it. It is not considered likely, though, that these admonishers will have great weight. Work is second nature to the President, and as long as there is anything undone which ought to be done, a gentleman who knows a great deal about his private life says he would suffer more mental tension than would be caused by the performance of the work. The President takes no exercise whatever, except such as naturally falls in his way in his daily routine."

THE STORM-KING.

Stand back! Stand back
From my giant track!
Sweep the gray dust from the way!
See the pale grass bend!
See the great trees rend!
Hurrah! I am Lord of the day!
I am Master and King
Over everything!
I am monarch, and earth must obey!

Weave me a gown
Of that cloud's black frown,
Which shall keep me warm as I go.
Pluck me a whip
From the spars of your ship,
And a staff from that forest below.
And this tall church spire
Is the tip I desire
For the arrow I set in my bow.

I am King! I am King!
The whole world shall ring
My mad coronation bell!
Cities are shaking;
Men's hearts are quaking;
I will govern, oh! strong and well!
I am coming, I come!
Beat, beat the drum!
Let the trumpet my advent tell!

Hurrah! Near and far,
Beneath moon and star
How will I revel at night!
I will build me a fire
Where hills stand higher,
And scream and exult in its light,
And write out my name
In red letters of flame,
In cowering mortals' sight!

I hiss and I mutter;
And none knows if I utter
Or blessing, or curse, or prayer.
None knows what I speak,
Though I storm and I shriek,
None interprets the message I bear.
I rave and I rage,
And earth's wisest sage,
Hears no more than the brute in his lair!

I am King! I am King!
And to me one thing
Is beggar or courtier or pope.
I thread into rags
The proudest of flags,
Or the end of the hangman's rope,
I scoff in lords' faces;
I jeer in high places;
I shout on the graveyard's slope.

Oh, delight! Oh, joy!
The world is my toy!
Hurrah! I am Lord of the Day!
I rule all alone
On my self-raised throne,
And none may dispute my sway!
Then stand back! Stand back!
Sweep the dust from my track!
I am Monarch, and Earth must obey!

—*Grace D. Litchfield, in Independant.*

A HUMAN WRECK.

"Do you see that beggar over there?" asked Operator Charles Smith, of the Battery Ship News office, of a New York *Mail and Express* reporter, as he pointed to an old, long-haired tramp, who was standing under the elevated railroad station. "I'll tell you his romantic life as I heard it from an officer of the police boat Patrol. In 1869, a man named George F. Duncan was the proprietor of four hat manufacturing establishments in Philadelphia. He was about twenty-seven years old, married to a well-known lady of Baltimore, whose maiden name was Estelle Griffiths, and had two children—the brightest, prettiest and happiest boy and girl in the City of Brotherly Love. He owned his own home, a beautiful structure, on Spruce between Eighth and Ninth streets, and his business paid $15,000 a year.

"It was in May of 1869 that an end came to the happiness of that household. On the 12th of that month pretty little Amy Duncan died. Both children had been loved dearly by their parents but the little five-year-old girl was the idol of the father. While she lived he was the gayest domestic man in the world. When she died, the ambition, love and goodness of George Duncan also expired. Prior to his young daughter's demise he had denounced drunkenness. He was a regular crank on the subject. Imagine the surprise of his friends when one evening toward the latter part of May he was drunk. Then the whole story came out. The death of his daughter was too much to bear and to bury his sorrow and forget his trouble he resorted to drink. A fortnight passed, he was still drunk and had not seen his wife, son or home during that time. Friends innumerable sought and interrupted him in his wild travels about the city, but though they begged him to abandon his lately acquired vice and prayed him to return home to his loving mate, who was fast breaking her heart, he paid no heed to them. One Monday morning he learned his wife was scouring the city to find him. He went to his principal manufactory, which was on Chestnut street, I think, and in a drunken voice commanded the head book-keeper to draw and have cashed a check for $4,000. This was done, and shoving the money in an inside pocket, Duncan walked out. That afternoon he staggered aboard a Pennsylvania train and came here to New York. What he did or how he spent his hours the following ten days is unknown, but at the end of that time he was arrested by an officer of the Eighth precinct and locked up for disorderly conduct. He gave a fictitious name, and said he was stopping at the Stevens house. The sum of $2,150 was found in the lining of his hat, and when the police asked him what he was doing with such a large amount about his person, he promptly told them it was none of their business. He never divulged his real name to the judge, and upon being fined $20, or thirty days, he paid it and left.

"What transpired subsequently is only known from what he himself related a year ago to the officers of the patrol. It was a few weeks after he was discharged that the American ship Merchant passed out of the narrows bound to San Francisco. She was in tow, and her commander, Capt. Donaldson, when he saw Sandy Hook's white sands drawing near, ordered the mate, a man named Cody, to get on deck several sailors who had been brought on board in a beastly state of drunkenness. In those days, as is now generally known, a system of brutality was in vogue; thus it was that when the chief officer ran forward to the forecastle where the several tardy men were asleep, he determined to awaken them in an old-fashioned manner. Grasping a capstan bar, he entered the sailors' headquarters and dealt two of these men—a German and a Scandinavian—a cruel blow on the limbs. Both awoke in an instant.

"'I called to you fellows to get on deck before we left the wharf,' the mate ejaculated, 'but you need a little coaxing, I reckon, and I thought I'd give it to you on the end of a capstan bar. Now, if you don't get out to work like a streak of lightning I'll knock the foreign eyes out of your dumb heads. Git! Hey! listen to that fellow over there, will you,' he continued, turning his attention to the third and last individual, who was snoring in a lower bunk about ten feet away. 'Oh, I'll make you sober in short order, me hearty. Bar medicine is always good after a drunk,' and, as he spoke, he struck his slumbering victim a blow in the pit of the stomach. With a cry the latter sat boldly upright; so rapid did he move in fact that his head encountered with dreadful force the bottom planking of the upper berth. There was a vacant stare in his swollen eyes and they seemed to mock his pale hectic like face and bloodless lips. So weak did the man look that for a moment the mate was less brutal, and in a tone which was indeed compassionate for one of his calibre, he said:

"'Git out, me hearty. We'll soon be setting sail and will want your hand. Don't look at me like that, but git out and come to work.'

"The man slowly moved from his bunk, and half walked, and half staggered toward the centre of the forecastle. He looked about him for a few minutes, and then, as if to fathom some deep mystery, he inquired in a voice so hoarse as to again make the mate pity him.

"Where am I? Tell me quickly, where am I?

"'Where are you?" said the mate with astonishment. 'Why, you're on the ship Merchant, bound to Frisco. Hold on! If you continue working your hands like that I swear I'll have to put you in irons. Be smart now and git——'

"He hadn't time to complete his command, for the wan-faced stranger had glanced down at his own person and the sight was so startling as to compel him to scream. He had not noticed before that he was attired in the rough costume of a sailor, and when he did the horrible truth nearly paralyzed him. In a moment he took in his position, though the mate for the life of him could not understand his strange actions. With one bound he sprang for the door on the port side to make certain whether or not his fearful imagination was real. He saw through his blood-stained eyes a dozen men aloft setting a number of the square sails, saw that already the fore and aft canvas had been hoisted, saw that a man stood at the wheel aft taking orders from another on the poop deck, and worst of all saw the white steam as it escaped from the little pipe of the tug which was fast taking the craft and himself away to sea. Altogether he saw too much and swooned to the deck. That man was George Duncan, and he had been robbed in this great city. To hide the crime and obtain a premium which was offered by sea captains for seamen the plunderers had decked him in sailor garments, carried him on board the Merchant, which was ready to sail and shipped him as common Jack Tar. In other words, he had been shanghaied. When he regained consciousness the sun was going down and he was in a bunk in the forecastle. He got up and with a little difficulty, for the ship was doing some grand sailing and rolling, walked on deck. He saw the man to whom he had spoken that morning standing near the mizzen mast. He reeled toward him. He was perfectly sober now, and the tears insisted on coming to his eyes, but, notwithstanding their presence, he dramatically said:

"You are a man, and I know will listen to what I have to say. You told me this morning I shipped as a sailor on board this vessel I did not. I am not a sailor. I have never been to sea before. I have been duped by some unknown persons. Now I am only an impediment to you, and will be obliged to remain such for several months unless you choose to put me ashore. I ask you for God's sake, to make some near-by harbor, so that I may effect reparation to my poor wife and baby boy before it is too late."

"There was a little noble feeling mixed up with the brutal character of the mate Cody, and he really sympathized with the unfortunate man.

"'Git up,' he said in a remarkably low voice, 'the men forward are looking this way. Poor chap, I feel sorry for you. You are not a sailor, you say, and I know you're not. I guess the whole story now. You were shanghaied while drunk. But, messmate, I cannot help you. I would like to, 'pon honor, I would; but you see the sails are crowded with a favorable breeze and the old man wouldn't change the course now for kingdom come.'

"'But I have plenty of money at home,' pleaded Duncan, 'and I will give the captain any sum he demands if he will but put me on land.'

"'You are a wealthy man, then?' incredulously inquired the mate, staring at his rough dress.

"'Yes,' responded Duncan, his eyes assuming a surprising brightness.

"'And will pay the captain for his trouble if he goes in shore?'

"'Yes.'

"'I'll speak to him,' and he went below to return in five minutes' time with the captain, a small, wicked-looking personage. The skipper was the first to speak.

"'What's all this nonsense Mr. Cody's been telling me?' he asked, looking hard at Duncan. 'How do I know you're telling me the truth? Any one of those snoozers forward there might come aft and tell me a like yarn. You say you have money and will pay me if I land you. Perhaps you have and maybe you will; but when I go duck shooting I want to see some ducks about. We are now too far at sea to warrant my running back. Beside, I never trust or believe anybody, and while you may be all right I'll stick to the opinion that you're all wrong.' And he went below.

"It is no use relating how Duncan swallowed this pill or how he passed the following four months of his life. It was approaching November when the merchant reached the Golden Gate, and he was nearly dead from worriment and overwork. He deserted the ship shortly after his arrival, and telegraphed to an acquaintance in Philadelphia for advices as to his wife and child. A fortnight passed before he received a reply, and this came by mail. It nearly killed him when he read it. His child was dead, it said; his business was a thing of the past and his wife was striving to become a free woman, having instituted divorce proceedings. He was too angered at what he considered and styled her perfidy to humble himself by sending an explanatory letter; so with curses on her and Captain Donaldson, who, he said, was the cause of the whole affair, he resumed his drinking habits, spending in a few days all the money he had received for his many tedious hours of labor on shipboard. When his funds were exhausted he secured a berth on a bark trading between San Francisco and Honolulu, and for two years he retained the same. After that he shipped on a big new clipper ship bound here and arrived without accident. Since that time he has done little or nothing, except to drop down lower and lower, until to-day he is a mendicant. Yes, that man over there is George Duncan." I never heard what became of his wife or friends, but I guess even now, if they heard all his sufferings, they would hesitate at reclaiming him."

A Dinner in the Harem.

Let me describe a dinner in the harem when a guest is present, writes a correspondent from Constantinople. Their tables are always circular, and about a foot and a half in height. They sit like dolls around them on cushions. The old, inactive and fat, once down, have to be pulled up. They serve but one dish at a time, and that in a large circular salver, brass, or sometimes gold. They have no forks, knives or spoons, but each dips two fingers of the right hand into the dish and takes out a bit, the meat having previously been cut into small pieces in the kitchen. If they wish to particularly distinguish a visitor, they select a dainty piece and place it in her mouth. It would be an insult to betray any feeling but delight at such a mark of favor. A great dish for a feast, and one which few Christian women have ever tasted, is that of lamb roasted whole. After the manner of a nest of Chinese boxes, each smaller than the other, the lamb is stuffed with a whole turkey, the turkey with a chicken, the chicken with a pigeon, the pigeon with a quail, the quail with a becafica, the smallest bird known except the humming bird. It resembles our reed bird in taste, and makes only just one mouthful. The lamb is roasted over a slow fire, until it is cooked into shreds and melts into one, as it were.

The Egyptians have no systematized way of eating, no set time for meals, but keep up a continual munching of sweets, of which they have a great variety unknown to us, and all sickeningly sweet to a European palate. They use honey for sugar. In an Egyptian kitchen there is a total absence of what a civilized cook would consider indispensable in the way of cooking utensils and appliances. There is no dresser upon which to arrange the dishes; there is no sink, no running water, nor anything like our cooking stove or range, but upon one side of the kitchen there is erected a structure of masonry which represents a great square shelf with deep drawers, the openings of which are on top. This queer object is the Egyptian range. The openings are charcoal furnaces, and, as they are disconnected, a cook can have a dozen fires or only one, as he desires. I have often been astonished at the excellence and delicacy of a dinner cooked upon one of these rude ranges.

Tools and Civilization.

"In tracing the course of invention and discovery," says Charles H. Ham in his new work on "Manual training," "I found that I was moving in the line of the progress of civilization. I found that the great gulf between the savage and the civilized man is spanned by the seven hand tools—the axe, the saw, the plane, the hammer, the square, the chisel, and the file—and that the modern machine-shop is an aggregation of these tools driven by steam. I hence came to regard tools as the great civilizing agency of the world."

Orthographical.

If an S and i and an o and a u, with an x at the end, spell "Su,"
And an e and a y and e spell "i," pray what is a speller to do?
Then if also an s and an i and a g and an h-e-d spell "cide,"
There's nothing under the sun left for a speller to do but to go and commit Siouxeyesshed.

—*Chicago News.*

HIS "SCALE OF PRICES."

WHAT A DAKOTA EDITOR CHARGES FOR PUFFS.

A Graduated Scale, Beginning at Watermelons and Leading Up to Turkeys—Other Notices.

The editor of the Estelline (Dakota) *Bell* humorously observes:

As some little misunderstanding seems to exist concerning the size of puff this paper will give in return for favors real or supposed we take this opportunity to publish the following rates which take effect from this date:

For one watermelon handed in at the office we will say: "Mr. Gardentruck, our esteemed fellow townsman, presented us last Wednesday afternoon with a large luscious watermelon of the Plymouth Rock variety, on which the printers feasted. May he live long and prosper." In case the melon proves to be green this will be the form: "Farmer Gardentruck laid a good sized melon on our table one day this week. Thanks."

A small lot of new potatoes will call out the following: "Uncle Abner Stubbleplow remembers ye editor just as we go to press with a most luscious looking mess of new potatoes. We and our family expect to revel in the fruit during the coming week. He informs us that the vines are doing great damage to the vines of many of his neighbors. Uncle, you struck the printers in the right spot; may your shadow never grow less!"

When a box of cigars is left this is the formula: "The sanctum of the *Bell* was invaded last Tuesday by the genial presence of Tom Liverpills, the handsome young proprietor of the Red Front Pioneer Drug Store, who placed on tap a full box of choice Habanas. Here's to you, Tom! Our many readers will remember that he has just got in a full new line of Paints, Oils, Axle Grease, Condition Powders, Perfumery, Putty, and other Drugs and Toilet Articles."

Green corn will produce the following editorial effect: "Ye scribe's family has been enjoying another luxury for the last four days, Mrs. Deacon Churchdebt having presented our wife with a good dozen of roasting ears. Such favors as this are fully appreciated by yours truly as well as by his wife and family. May Mrs. C. meet her reward is our earnest wish."

This for the big egg: "Squire Applejack laid the largest sample of hen fruit on our desk one day this week that we have ever seen. He assures us that it measures eighteen by ten feet in circumference. Next!"

A bouquet will be acknowledged like this: "Yesterday afternoon as ye pencil pusher was busy with an unexpected rush of job-work who should come in but Miss Birdie Pistolpractice, the charming daughter of our worthy fellow citizen, Colonel Pistolpractice. She presented us with a beautiful bouquet of wild flowers which she had plucked with her own fair hands. Among the varities we noticed fire-weed, dandelion, wild buckwheat, red-top, tansy and sunflowers. It shall remain many days to beautify our sanctum. Our wife is also pleased with it."

The giver of a spare rib may expect this: "Our genial and justly popular neighbor, Major Porcine, having frequently noticed the hungry look on the printer's face took occasion early Monday morning to leave a mammoth spare rib at our humble abode, taken from one of his famous drove of Southdown porkers. We and our family have accordingly been feasting on fresh meat. By the way, we undestand that the major will accept the nomination for the legislature if it is tendered him. He is the man for the place."

A turkey will inspire this: "While sitting in our sanctum sanctorum about 11 o'clock Thursday morning reclining our head in our hands we were greatly surprised as well as pleased by having Colonel McTough walk in with a mysterious air and a bundle under his arm. We had just finished writing our leader found on the first page entitled 'True Tariff Reform as Compared with Tariff Jugglery' and felt considerable fatigue, but it was immediately dispelled when the handsome colonel disclosed a large, fat turkey in the bundle which he assured us was for our Thanksgiving dinner. To say that we were pleased but faintly expresses the emotions which surged through our breast. We immediately called our wife, who was even more pleased than we. It is such things as this that make life amid the exacting cares of the newspaper office endurable and causes us to keep on the editorial harness without repining. Colonel, may Heaven reward you! It may not be out of place to inform our many readers that the colonel's friends expect the coming legislature to elect him to the United States Senate. He seems to be the unanimous choice of our people. We predict that he will get it on the first ballot."

Satisfactory Money.

The following story, says the London *St. James Gazette*, has not, we believe, before appeared in print. A traveler just at the close of the revolutionary war was crossing the Fishkill mountains at the time when it took about a hatful of Continental money to buy a breakfast. He had no money, but he had a copy of a famous little book—one of the earliest printed books in America—called "The New England Primer," which contained the shorter catechism of the Scotch church. It was a little book, but it had pictures with rhymes, such as "In Adam's fall we sinned all." He can possibly out a number of these pa[illegible]udance to honor his breakfast, and hand[illegible] old lady who had served [illegible]nander, know much about readi[illegible] them, looked at them c[illegible]. W. MORROW. a few pious words and [illegible]IRWIN, Adj't. right: I am so glad that last got some money in it."

THE CHAPEL IN THE HEART.

Thrice blessed is the man who keeps,
From other things apart,
A secret room, a holy place,
A chapel in the heart.

For there, when all the world without
Grows dark upon his sight,
He may retire and find within
His chapel full of light.

And there, when jangling sounds of earth
Fall, discords, on his ear,
He can repair, and undisturbed,
The eternal music hear.

And there he hastens when the world
Loud praises, to confess,
With sad and true humility,
His own unworthiness.

Thither, when with a golden snare
Temptation hems his way,
He quickly turns, with trembling lips
And bated breath, to pray.

Thrice blessed is the man who keeps,
From other things apart,
This sacred room, this holy place,
This chapel in his heart.

—*New York Graphic.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"You break me all up," said the potatoes to the masher.

The nick of time—The piece broken out of the ancient crockery.—*Rambler.*

"Did you hear the lecture last night?" asked Williams of his neighbor Beasley. "No," relied Beasley, "my wife wasn't at home."—*Tid-Bits.*

Many a man doesn't realize that he has had a swell time at an evening party until he tries to put his hat on the next morning.—*New York Graphic.*

"One of George Washington's body-servants" can now take a rest. He is succeeded by the "last passenger to leave the Oregon."—*Statesman.*

A man named Knapp was arrested in church in Baltimore the other day. There is something familiar about this taking a Knapp in church.—*Binghamton Republic.*

The Maternal Instinct.—"Look 'ere now, Sal!" yelled a Travis county, Texas, woman to the oldest girl, "don't bend over that well so fur. You'll fall in there some of these days and then we'll have to get our drinkin' water from the creek."—*Texas Siftings.*

Bob slipped in to see Miss Mary,
Just back from the seminary,
Just missed her pa, old and contrary,
As the clock struck 8 p. m.
Her pa missed Bob and loudly swore
As he barked his leg on the big front door
That was banged in his face, with an au revoir
As the clock struck 4 a. m.

—*Germantown Independent.*

Coming into the station: Brakeman—"Paw-tucket! Paw-tucket!!" Train boy (at other end of car)—"Car-amels! Car-amels!!" Troublous old gentleman (unfamiliar with route)—"Dear me, dear me, did you understand what station they alled!"—*Providence Journal.*

A woman cannot get up in public and say ten words before a dozen people, but she can get up before one man—if he happens to be her husband—and she can say more in ten minutes than a bookworm could find in a college library in two years of constant search.—*Chicago Ledger.*

A lawyer's brief is very long,
And Mr. White is black,
A man is dry when he is green,
And when he's tight he's slack.
A fire is hot when it is coaled.
A lamp is heavy though it's light.
A shoe is bought when it is soled.
A man can see when out of sight.

—*Merchant-Traveler.*

The National Capitol.

The southern corner-stone of the capitol of the United States of America was laid September 18, 1793, and the north wing finished in 1800. Congress immediately occupied it. By 1814 the capitol had expanded into an imposing edifice. Then the British troops fired both the north and south wings of the structure, but the walls were saved, thanks to a heavy rain. For years after, Congress met elsewhere than in the capitol, which meanwhile was being prepared for renewed occupancy. By 1867 the capitol had been enlarged externally, and made to appear precisely as it does to-day. Thirteen million dollars had been expended on it. Its magnificence places it among the greatest structures of either ancient or modern times. It covers more than three and a half acres, and is surrounded by grounds having an area of forty-six acres. Standing on the brow of a hill, it can be seen for many miles, and the view from its dome is ineffably grand.

The main building is 352 feet and five inches long, and 126 feet and six inches deep. A portico on the eastern facade measures 160 feet wide, and the projection on the western side measures eighty-three feet, forming a portico of ten columns.

Congress sits in the wings, the Senate in the north wing, and the House of Representatives in the south wing. Each of these wings has a portico of twenty-two columns on its eastern facade, and one of ten columns at its end and western facade.—*Philadelphia Call.*

The Truth About It.

"Spring," sang the poet, "budding Spring."
Alas! the boughs were bare;
He was himself the one green thing,
For ice lay everywhere.

"Hail, Spring, with breezes soft and sweet."
The Spring returned his hail;
There came a shower of snow and sleet
[illegible] wintry gale.

[illegible] Headache, which [illegible]ush and tree."
cause convulsions.
since he commenced [illegible]
MRS. R. C. BO[illegible]
Orange, Lu[illegible]d to sing.

[illegible]

Century.