THE FOREST REPUBLICAN

Is published every Wednesday, by J. Z. WENK.

Office in Emearbaugh & 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

These are the kind of stories the Illi-nois newspapers relate when they are hard up: What looked like a ball of fire fell in a street of Pana, Illinois, near a man in a carriage. He got out, found a hole in the ground, dug down about a foot and uncarthed a nice little acrolite about as large as a good-sized cocoanut.

A dairy school for girls of fourteen or under is to be established, by direction of the French Ministry of Agriculture at Coetlogon, in connection with the farm school at Trois-Croix. The fee for boarders will be only \$50 for six months' course of instruction. The teaching is to be practical as well as theoretical, and cetificates will be given by the minister of agriculture to students who pass the examinations. Eight scholarships have been offered by the State.

A Norwich (Conn.) letter to the New York Sun says that "No one recalls the time when wild bees were so numerous in the woods of eastern Connecticut and Rhode Island. There are not hollow trees enough for the swarms, which are driven to hunt up queer places about the villages to make honey in. Almost daily in the country districts young colonics, which have been ousted from home on account of lack of room, may be seen flying like a big spent cannon ball across the fields in search of lodgings. They are not at all particular this year whether their house has all the modern improvements; they take what they can get. Many swarms have hung themselves up in the peaks of barns, others in hencoops, and still others in empty barrels. Not a few swarms have penetrated into dwellings."

The French census recently taken is proving most unsatisfactory. In Paris, in particular, people strongly objected to filling up the papers, especially in the aristocratic quarters, while the poorer classes did not understand how to reply to the questions, and students and practical jokers returned most absurd answers, and utilized the census papers as a field for drawing caricatures. Scarcely any returns could be obtained from the hotels, and in some quarters from seventy-nine to eighty per cent. of the inhabitants gave no replies whatever. One father of a family answered the queries by the suggestion: "Ask my nother-in-law;" another wrote: "You old red gate of such persistent inhospi-tality that Barksdale himself could only are too curious," In stating the profes Fion or occupation, a facetious Republican | from the crumbling soil. declared himself "Expeller of Princes," and his neighbor stated that he was "watching Jules Ferry to admire his nose," while a third remarked that he had been looking for work for fifteen years.



VOL. XIX. NO. 20.

TILL SUNRISE. Sweeter than joy, tho' joy might abide,

Dearer than love, the' love might endure Is this thing: for a man to have died For the wronged and the poor!

Let none be glad until all are free, The song be still and the banner furled Till all have seen what the poets see,

And foretell to the world! -Pakenham Beatty, in the Speciator.

CHERRYCOTE.

"And you expect me to travel over nine miles of muddy roads behind that beast and in that rattle-trap?" a gentleman said, discontentedly surveying the conveyance provided for him by an obliging countryman residing near the station of the Virginia railway where a way-train had recently deposited the stranger.

"Well, 'tain' as of thar was much to choose from, mister," was the answer. "If you've a mind to wait till evenin', the stage mout happen along. But, bless yore soul, sah, ole Buck 'll carry you thar ef you only give him time enough. An' I reckon the buggy won't break down 'tween this and the blacksmith's at the cross-roads. Thar's string an' rope an' a lot o' nails under the buffer-robe, an' little Poss here'll manage to mend the damage of so it be that that's a rock to pick up 'long the roadside."

"May I drive, boss?" was the hesitat-ing prayer of little Poss (short for 'pos-sum), as the dilapidated vehicle, drawa by a spavined plow-horse, got finally under way. Looking down with amusement at his excited petitioner, Barksdale saw a droll little negro, costumed in meal bags, hat'ess, and with plaited twigs of wool, who, when the rope reins were re-linquished into his hands, assumed the post of charioteer with digaity ineffable.

Barksdale forget Poss and everything Barksdale forget Poss and everything still-" said the squire, getting down besides, as the overmastering power of in rather a breathless fashion, and early association took possession of him. Ten years before, he had left the neighborhood through which they were now passing, at the outset of the war between honeysuckles. the States, and during all that time the history of its places and its people had been almost a scaled book to the wan-derer in many lands. He had fancied himself weaned from his sentimental love for old Virg nia; but here he was craning his neck to look at the ancient landmarks, recalling rides ending at this point and picnics at another, his cheek dushing, and a lump coming into his throat, like the veriest school-boy home for the holidays. The country was beau-tifully greea, and as old Buck plodded along there was nothing to do but resign himself to memory and anticipation, while the spring wind, laden with fra-grance from the blossoming woods, blew

over him refreshingly. At last Cherrycote Farm was reached, but before they could enter it, little Poss jumped down to have a struggle with an force it open by half lifting the gate post "Barren acres," he said, with a sigh glancing over what were once prosperous fields of grain. Grass grew on the roadway, and a multitude of little blue star flowers were crushed beneath their wheels. Emerging from a bit of pine woods, he caught sight of the gables of the old house. They at least were un-changed, half veiled from sight by Virginia creeper and wisteria, jasmine and roses. His old room was that one with the window over which grew the branch of a mulberry-tree, its foliage so thick that neither blind nor curtain was required. As Barksdale gazed he saw, coming from the shrubbery around a turn in the road, a cavalier bestriding a mule. This was a man seemingly between thirty and forty years old, his once clear-cut features overgrown with flesh, and wearing a long brown beard of liberal proportions. His frame, a trifle unwieldy, was muscular, his eyes were of an honest blue; his seat in the saddle, even though the steed was of the present unenviable class, admirable. His clothing consisted of a pair of corduroy breeches tucked into spurred cavalry boots, and a nondescript shooting jacket (aded by sun and rain, with a broad-brimmed hat of straw showing marks of home manufacture. At the first sight of Barksdale his brows knit inquiringly; in a moment he charged down upon the antique buggy with military dash. "Lance, old fellow," he cried. "It isn't possible !" 'Hal!" exclaimed the other, simultaneously, in a tone that meant much. Immediately two hands met in fervent 'riendship. Since these hands had grasped each other last a river of blood had flowed between them. Bitter words had been spoken, hot discussions hid raced, party strife had swelled resent[s] hearts; but now, when the half-brothers Mrs. Barksdale, the elder, looking thin mot again, neither thought of anything and care-worn, engaged in conversation but the early ties of blood and affectionate companionship. Barksdale thin, active, and embalmed with an atmosphere of foreign travel, his clothes scruyounger than the bluff, sunburnt Vir- faded, but the abundant braids were perginia squire, who was, in reality, con-siderably his junior. They were the sons of a Virginia gentleman, who, left a widower with one (mall boy when he was hardly out of college, had consigned the little Lancelot to the care of his mother's relatives in the North. Marcy. ing a second time in Virginia, Mr. Barks dale had settled down to a peaceful agricultural existence on the estate belonging to his bride, "one of the Carters of Cherrycote Farm," as that lady was Hither Lancelor had come to spend many happy hours of irresponsible holiday in the free and easy life of old-time Virginia. Here he had learned to feel It was not until she had been his brother's sincere affection for his kind stepoutset of the war his Northern training extraordinarily incongruous and unsuitand sympathies in political faith set a able. He could not reconcile it with her

family family "pleasantness." Unwilling to contest the fervid torrent of secession talk, he at first kept silent. This led to suspicion, and finally to open warfare on the part of the generous people who had once extended their arms to him. His father had died, and the widow, an ardent Southerner, learned to look on him with constraint. Even Hal, merry, hand- kindled up within him. Kitty was no some Hal, who had adored the ground Lance trod upon, began to quarrel with him. There was nothing for it but re-treat. Lancelot returned to his Northern home, and soon heard the news that loyal and honorable gentleman as he was. Hal had become a volunteer at Manassas. After that there was a long and painful gap in their relations. It was while wandering aimlessly around Europe and, with the usual cordiality of her ten years later that Lancelot made kind, hastened in to do the honors. "My up his mind to return to America, and to visit the home of his fathers. Survey of extreme astonishment. "I am The resolution once taken was acted upon with almost feverish zeal. Now that he had again shaken Hal's hand, had satisfied himself that the slim lad of nineteen was still somewhere lurking behind the veil of adipose matter surrounding and kissing them. "I am alone in the the man of twenty-nine, Bark-dale world since my old aunt died, a year breathed a long sigh of relief. As for ago, and the ties of early association the squire, he was one of those guileless seem more potent as we get on in life, I natures content to take things as they think. find them. Barksdale's foreign airs excited in him wonder not unmixed with amusement. He fell to speculating over Hal have extended to me heals many a what the women would say to the coming of this importation of fastidious elegance

into their impoverished household. In old times Cherrycote had never specu-lated; secure in homely plenty, it had simply flung wide open its doors and bidden the stranger in.

"Suppose we walk the rest of the way, Barksdale said, springing with alacrity

"I don't walk much nowadays; but leading the mule, followed by Poss and his spavined steed, along a road carpeted with pine tags and bordered with wild

"I haven't asked you about your wife," Lancelot said, when it appeared that the question could no longer in com-

mon courtesy be deferred. "Kitty? Why, she's splendid," said the squire, heartily. "And if you'll be-lieve me, Lance, I've six young ones, all girls. The old house is as full as ever, but you'll find things down at the heel, 1 reckon. The same story everywhere hereabout: no money, poor labor, no repairs; the women struggling with inefficient servants, worn-out furniture, worn-out clothes. But Kitty's temper don't wear out, thank God! You've not forgotten what a splendid girl she was, Lance?"

"I have not forgotten her in the least," his brother answered, in a tone of slight constraint.

Launcelot thought of the time when he had last seen Kitty Morris, then a

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 8, 1886. WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

He felt as if he could not bear to see DESCRIPTION OF THE TYPICAL SOUTHERN HEALTH RESORT. husband and wife together, to hear Hal's and a strong will. Resolutely he trampled out the fire that had so suddenly been Its Characteristics in Former Times longer-it was long indeed since she had per's Magazine, the following entertain-ing description of the White Sulphur Springs, the well-known Virginia health At this moment in came Mrs. Barks-dale the elder. She had been told by resort better part of a century, as everybody knows, the typical Southern resort, the the housemaid of the arrival of a guest, rendezvous of all that was most characteristic in the society of the whole South, the meeting-place of its politisurvey of extreme astonishment, "I am glad to welcome you once more to of gayety, intrigue and fashion. If tradition is to be believed, here in years Cherrycote,"

"If you knew how much those words convey to me!" returned Barksdale, with real feeling, taking her thin old hands "I am alone in the seem more potent as we get on in life, I think. At any rate, I have fairly longed to make friends with you all again, and such a welcome as you and wound of time."

came to it in their carriages and unwieldy "And I am far too old to indulge in four-horse chariots, attended by troops rancor," said the old lady, tears coming into her eyes. "Now that our fearful war is over, I can regret the violence of feeling with which we went into it. Oh, Lance! I am glad your poor dear father was spared seeing his State conquered. I think it would have killed him. But of servants, making slow but most enfortnight, and were every day enlivened by jovial adventure. They came for the season. Thep were all of one social order, and needed no introduction; those from let by-gones be by-gones. We must agree not to talk about the war. It was and though life there was somewhat kind of you to come so far to see us once again, and we will make you comfort-able, though times are not as they were in the nature of a picnic, it had its at Cherrycote. I am sure you are glad to find Hal married and settled so hapof etiquette. In the memory of its old habitues it was at once the freest and the most aristocratic assembly in the Poor as we are, his little wife is pily. world. The hotel was small and its arsuch a manager I have given up the rangements primitive; a good many of housekeeping entirely into her hands. And those sweet children! Dear me! here I am forgetting that Kate wants you to come out to the garden, Hal. She wishes to consult you about her flower beds. Don't tell her the rows of those cheap structures took their names from their occupants. The statesmen, the rich planters, lived in cottages which still have a historic interest Lance is here for she has not the least in their memory. But cottage life was never the exclusive affair that it is elseidea who it is. The children said it was Mr. Lewis come to see their papa about the sheep. They have gone with their auntie to pick strawberries for tea, but you shall soon see them all. Lance, you must be taken to your room. But here comes Hal again with Kate. Dear boy! it never was so beautiful and attractive as it is to-day, but all the modern imhe is so attectionate, and though you never knew her intimately, I believe,

Kate knows you well by reputation." At this point, when good Mrs. Barks-dale paused for breath in her flow of cordial greeting, Lancelot felt his tem-ples throb, and a sort of mist pass before his eyes. Through the open door of the acter of the resort, which possesses a great many of its primitive and old-time fact, especially at night, that the "season" is practically limited to July and August, although I am not sure but veranda Hal hurried, followed by a lady, and in a single brief and blissful moment youthful cousin of Mrs. Barkdale's, on a Lancelot became aware of the fact that summer visit to Cherrycote. She was standing in the deep grass of the old orchard, under the cherry blossoms, in still." In plain words, Mrs. Barksdale the spring of '61. She was a mere slip the younger was the cousin with the of a girl then, with large dark eyes, and dimples-also a Kate Morris-whose given name had long ago departed from proud head. He remembered the gown handle collection of the lady, had she wore, a sort of full-bodied, thin he ever thought of it, indeed. In the white stuff, with a sash of crimson, and confusion of his ideas during the moments that followed this discovery he was absorbed with a longing to satisfy himself at once about Kitty. "The only himself at once about Kitty. one worthy of that sweet old-fashioned name," he said, in his joyous heart, for lovers, as we know, glorify everything. even the homely nomenclature of ancestral days. She came in soon to answer for herself, the little girls, as before twining around her waist and clinging to her skirts. "I wonder, Kitty dear, if you remember my oldest son, Lancelot," said good Mrs. Barksdale, with an accent of pride in her presentation of the stranger. The evening sunlight slanted through a western window of the old oak-panelled dining-room. Lancelot stood with his back to it, his face in shadow, but the searching radiance brought out every expression of her changed face more ovely than he remembered it. "You have not done me the honor to name the lady," he said, taking her hand in his.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion	1	00
One Square, one lach, one month		00
	6	09
One Square, one luch, one year	10	00
Two Squares, one year !	18	00
Quarter Column, one year	80	00
Haif Column, one year	50	00
One Column, one year	00	40
Legal advertisements ten cents per line en	¢ħ	8

Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collegied giar-toriy. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Job work-cash on delivery

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

-Situation of the Springs-The

Charles Dudley Warner gives in Har-

The White Sulphur has been for the

cians, the haunt of its belles, the arena

gone by were concocted the measures

that were subsequently deployed for the

Government of the country at Washing

ton, here historic matches were made

here beauty had triumphs that were the talk of a generation, here hearts were

broken at a ball and mended in Lover's

Walk, and here fortunes were nightly lost and won. It must have been in its material conditions a primitive place in the days of its greatest fame. Visitors

joyable pilgrimages over the mountain

roads, journeys that lasted a week or a

Virginia were all related to each other,

very well defined and ceremonious code

the visitors had their own cottages, and

Southern Presidents, the Senators and

where; the society was one body, and the

Time has greatly changed the White

Sulphur; doubtless in its physical aspect

provements have not destroyed the char-

Briefly, the White is in an elevated and

charming mountain region. so cool, in

hotel was the center.

peculiarities.

Hotel and Cottages.

REQUIESCAT.

All night the land in darkness slept, All night the sleepless sea

Along the beaches meaned and wep And called aloud on me. Now all about the wakening land

The white foam lies upon the sand,

I saw across the glimmering dark The white foam rise and fall; I saw a drifting phantom bark,

I heard the sailors call: Then sheer upon my straining sight

Fell down the curtain of the night.

What ship was on the midnight deop: What voices on the air? Did wandering spirits call and weep

In darkness and dispair! Did ever living seaman hall

The land with such a hopeless wall? The flush of dawn is in the sky,

The dawn-breeze on the sea, The lark is singing sweet and high A winged melody:

Here on the sand, among the foam, The tired sailors have come home.

Their eyes that stars, so wide, so wide. See not the blessed light;

For all the streams of death divide The morning from the night: Weary with tossing on her breast, The sea at last has given them rest.

-D. J. Robertson.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Why is a bald-headed man like a hound? Because he makes a little hare go a great WBVS.

When the summer resorts fill up it becomes more difficult for the boarders to do so. -- Statesman

Queen Elizabeth style is expected to come in again about 1888. This is, indeed, ruff.-Boston Transcript.

"I do my best to bring mankind higher," as the elevator boy said, "but some will keep going down."-National Weekly.

"Say, I've got the hiceoughs. Frighten me, won't you!" "Lend me a five?" "Thanks, it's all over now.—Burlington Free Press.

There are two things in this life that can be depended upon to stick. A porous plaster and a stylographic pen.-New Haven News.

"Where is the best place to get fat?" asked a thin housekeeper of a neighbor. "All over," was the unexpected reply .--Pittsburg Chroniele,

"Law Without Lawyers" is the title of a new book. That's nothing strange. Lemonade without lemons has been an old thing ever since picnics were in-vented.-Brooklyn Eagle.

Boy-"Father wants three pounds of steak, and I will bring the money around to-morrow." Butcher-"Wait until tomorrow comes, bub, and then you won't have to make two trips."-Judge,

Smith-"Have you forgotten that \$20

A permit was taken out in Washington recently to remodel and enlarge the house recently purchased by the President on the Woody Lane road. The plans as prepared by the architects provide for the addition to the present structure of a third story of a very ornamental and handsome design. The third story will be in the high pointed root pierced with dormer windows, the eaves extending over some fourteen feet, thus forming the roof of the porch in the second story. There will be double porches twelve feet wide extending on the south and west and part of the east sides of the house. Upon the stone walls forming the present two stories of the house will be built this high, overreaching roof, with the exterior covered with shingles painted red. There will be a two-story back building erected for a kitchen and servants' quarters, and the interior will be remodeled and fitted up in a style to correspond to the pretty modern design of a cottage, which the exterior will then assume.

A lady in New York city has spent twenty years in stringing together eight thousand beautiful buttons, and no two alike. Some of them have been brought half around the ca th to her by sea captains. Some have come from old wars and famous battle fields; some from the Orient and some from the Occident; some from gold mines and poorhouses, from snug country houses and from shipwrecks: some are just from the button counter, and some are dignified old buttons which have survived from a previous century, and now hold sinceure positions on Mrs. Hurris's button string. The buttons are almost infinite in kind. The lady who has collected the 8,000 says that she never goes out shopping without seeing buttons that she had never seen before. A new button stares styled at her from every shop window and meets her in every bazar. When she began to collect them there were people ; who thought that there were not more a than 909 different kinds of buttous in mother and her boy Hal. But at the all of this marriage, seeming to him so the world, and it was on a wager of this kand rafa she began her labors.

a weight of dusky hair upon her small, the trick she had of interlacing her small brown Southern fingers while she talked.

"Never! never!" she had cried out, in an impetuous treble, the sound of which still echoed in his cars. "What I promised was not to an enemy of my country. would rather die than marry you."

She had faced him bravely, defiantly, two red spots fliming in her ordinarily clear pale cheeks, but there was a tremble in her voice, as if she would have been glad to cry instead of speaking.

Thus they had parted, and now Lancelot was again to meet her as the wife of his half-brother, the mother of Hal's six girls. For a moment he felt like turning back upon the threshold of his visit. but after poor little vagabond Poss had been sent to the servants' quarters in quest of refreshment for man and beast, the two walkers struck into a well-remembered path across the orchard leading to the house. The berry blossoms were again in bloom, and there, under a green arcade of snow-laden boughs, was seen a merry group of ladies and children picking violets in the grass.

Lancelot caught one glimpse of Kitty, recognizing her instantly. From the girl of seventeen she had expanded into a splendid beauty of twenty-seven, lithe and brown as ever, with a rich color in her checks, not in the least suggesting a matron oppressed by many cares of maternity and house-keeping. Swarming over her were a number of affectionate small girls, and at a little distance sat with a lady whom he dim'y re-alled as another cousin of the by-gone days, then a coquetti-h personage with dimples, and wonderful plaits of hair worn in a crown ulously well cut, his speech refined to around her head. The dimples were nicety, appeared at least five years still evident, though the checks had ceptibiy thinner. Barksdale took in all these details, although he wondered at himself for observing them in face of the immediate powerful impression made on him by the first view of his sister-in-law. The color had receded from his face. leaving him deathly pale. The trial had been to the full as painful as he had expected. Often as it had presented itself to his imagination, the reality of suffering was not surpassed. Her face had shone upon him like a star from Alpine heights, across wintery sens, in desert reaches, at the opera, in his dreams, on the pages of his books, everywhere, anywhere, during ten long years of absolute non-intercourse. wife for several years that he heard at terrible slumbling-block in the path of appearance, her manner, her pretensions, then we saved it.

"Still Kitty Morris, though a greater belle than ever," cried hearty Hal. "It's just occurred to me, Lance, that you and Cousin Kitty used to be famous friends, till you quarreled about the war. What an idiot I was to forget it !"

"I have forgotten nothing," said Lancelot, for the second time that day, and Kitty understood him.-Harper's Bazar.

A Penny Saved.

Talking of saving reminds me of a penny I saved in Glasgow, says a cor respondent. I was on the top of a tram, as they persist in calling the street cars there, and I wanted to go somewhere, I don't just remember where at this mo-

"Does this car go to such a place?"

me

telling me when we come to it. I'm a stranger in the city, "Ah'll do that," said the man very

kindly, and so we jogged on. At last he touched me on the shoulder and we both got down.

"Is this the place," I asked.

"Well it's not just it." replied my new friend. It's but a step faurer on. It's a penny mair on the tram if ye pass this street

I was of course quite willing to save woman who takes them most often is dog the penny, and so tramped along with likely to most feel the heat, - Christian care. Unfortunately I had on a pair of at Work. him. new boots that day, and perphaps my idea of distance was contorted in conse quence, but it seemed to me we walked about three miles to save that penny. But 103,864, and Auckland, 60,000

a quiet person, who likes invigorating air, and has no daughters to marry off, would find it equally attractive in Sectember and October, when the autumn foliage is in its glory. In a green roll-ing interval, planted with noble trees and flanked by moderate hills, stands the vast white caravansary, having wide galleries and big pillars running round three sides. The front and two sides are elevated, the galleries being reached by flights of steps, and affording room undemeath for the large billiard and bar rooms. From the hotel the ground slopes down to t spring, which is surmounted by the round canopy on white columns, and below is an opening across the stream to the race-track, the servants' quarters, and a fine view of receding hills. Three sides of this charming park are enclosed by the cottages and cabins, which back against the hills, and are more or less embowered in trees. Most of these cottages are built in blocks and rows, some single rooms, others large enough to accommodate a family, but all reached by flights of steps, all with verandas, and most of them connected by galleries. Occasionally the forest trees have been left, and the leries built around them. Included in the premises are two churches, a gambling-house, a couple of country stores, and a postoffice. There are none of the shops common at watering-places for the sale of fancy articles, and, strange to say, flowers are not systemmatically cultivated, and very few are ever to be had. The hotel has a vast dining-room, besides the minor cating-rooms for children and

nurses, a large ball room, and a drawingroom of imposing dimensions. Hotel and cottages together, it is said, can lodge fifteen hundred guests. The natural beauty of the place is very great, and fortunately there is not much smart and fantastic architectu e to interfere with it.

Summer Drinks.

The ice-water we crave creates rather than satisfies thirst. The stomach is conservative, and will keep at its normal temperature no matter what amount of iciness may be poured in. There is posiment. I said to the man who sat next to | tive muscular effort to get rid of the unnatural intruder, which is absorbed as fast as the smaller vessels can work, and "Aye," he replied, "it goes by there," thus results fresh heat, and "I'm so dry!" "Then," I said, "Would you mind is very literally the fact. Drink very moderately, rinse your mouth often, and pour water on the wrists rather than down the throat. As to lager and the various "mixed drinks" dear to the American palate, they are simply, no matter how iced, liquid calorie. Alcohol under any and every condition is heating, and not mint, nor lemon, nor strawberry is potent enough to neutralize this power. Cold drinks, however grateful, are not cooling, and the man or

The four most important towns of

ou, brownr indeed. I've made a note of it." Smith -"Well, if you cannot give me the cash I'll take the note."-Lowell Citizen.

"Do you hire college dudes to wait on the table at this house?" asked an elderly gentleman as he stepped up to the desk of one of our summer hotels. "Well, yes, we do, but I'm afraid you're a little too aged to come under that head." The clerk saw that he had made a mistake when he glanced at the afternoon paper and saw that the Hon. Josiah Jumper and seven daughters were registered at the rival hotel. - Tid-Bits.

"Come live with me

Down by the sea Where the mermaids are combing their

tresses, Where the shining waves kiss The shore-ah! what bliss, And the sunlight the sea-beach caresses."

"I cannot, mon cher, Too strong is the air.

Too strong is the air. "Tis 'ard," once remarked Mr. Eccles. "Now, dearest, you know I gladly would go, But I'm terribly frightened for freekles." New York Journal.

Fancy Timber.

"A time will come when lumber will be scarce," said a large dealer the other day to a New York Mail and Express reporter. "This country is settling up so fas: that forests are destroyed to make way for the fields. The annual supplies from Maine, Minnesota, Georgia, Florida and other States will in a few years be exhausted. The fine woods, such as mahogany, ebony, walnut, cherry, ash and rosewood, are much in demand. Men who own lands that furnish any of this fine timber in abundance are wealthy. The lumber trade of this city alone is \$50,000,000 annually, and is considerably in excess of the cotton trad ... There is more money invested in the lumber trade in New York than is popularly supposed. Timber is high, especially the inest grades. Mahogany seems to have the call in demand at present, closely followed by cherry and ash. Spruce is picking up in price and can be purchased at \$17 and \$19 per cargo, wholesale rates. The yellow pine found largely in Florida and Georgia is fast becoming a great trade. Ebouy wood has been dis covered in large quantities in the Grand Chacon, a vast wilderness in the Argentine Republic. However, that is too far off to be of much service to our dealers. Fine timber is always salable and commands good, round prices."

Dog and Chicks.

Christian Tomling, of Louisville, owned a hen and a collie dog, which were great friends. The former recently hatched a fine brood of chickens, and the woman who takes them most often is dog watched over the family with great A few days ago the hen was killed accidently and Shep was much troubled. He at once assumed the charge of the motherless chicks, got them into his Australia are now: Melbourne, popula- kennel at night, where they nestled close tion 282,047; Sydney, 224,211; Adelaide, to his shaggy side, and has since cared for them faithfully.