# The Forest Republican.

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Job work-cash on delivery.

A Pittsburg builder of cheap houses uses matched flooring instead of lath and plaster. On this cotton cloth is glued, and on the cloth wall paper is pasted. This he claims is better and cheaper than plaster, and thus houses can be built in cold weather.

Here is another argument for oatmeal and milk. There are living in West | But deep in a walled-up woman's heart-River Settlement, Nova Scotia, four brothers-McLeod-whose united ages foot up 324 years. They are as follows: Hugh, eighty-four years; William, eighty-two years; Daniel, eighty years, and Anthony, seventy-eight years. They are all hale and hearty and able for their porridge and milk every morning.

The meanest teacher on record-and that means a great deal to the children -is the one at Liegnitz, in Germany, who gave her class the following problem for a holiday task: From 880,788,-899 deduct 629 until nothing remains, The poor girls figured and figured for hours without making much headway; finally their tears attracted the attention of their parents. A simple division will show that the figure 629 is contained in friends? Why don't youthe larger one no less than 1,400,300 times. Allowing three deductions a minute and twelve hours' work a day, it looked remorsely into mine, as I said, would take over 600 days to do what had | sadly: been given the girls as a holiday amuse-

The Powderly of Belgium is named Pahaut. He is the leader of the Belgian quarrymen, and during the recent labor riots in that country he exercised his influence on the side of order. He enjoys fluence on the side of order. He enjoys a time, and strolled down-no, let me the unbounded respect and confidence of write only plain truth here-limped the laboring population. He is often called King Pahaut, and on his way to his recent conference with the Governor had stung me, and every pulse was quivof Liege was followed by an almost royal escort. He road at the head of 500 quarrymen, a heavy hammer in his gloved hand, and bowed graciously in response to the enthusiastic shouts of the populace. Pahaut, who is fifty-two years of age, is said to be very intelligent and a giant in strength.

There is trouble over the famous Navarro flats in New York, the model and imize the inconveniences and annoyances and afford the maxima of comfort, luxury and convenience for housekeepers. The plan doesn't appear to have proved company which holds a mortgage of \$1,-040,000 on the buildings is to foreclose its claim, while sums aggregating \$10,other incidentals. The condition of affairs seems to indicate that there is a line in apartment-house building which it isn't safe to pass. Persons who can afford to pay for such accommodations as child, fair as a flower, gentle, loving, the Navarro plan promised not uppart, and yet full of youth's happiness. We, the Navarro plan promised not unnaturally prefer in most cases to own their own houses.

Statistics in regard to newspapers seem easy to obtain, yet it is asserted that for the first time an accurate counting appears in a report read before the Imperial German Diet. According to this there are 34,000 journals in circulation in the world. Half are printed in English, one quarter in German and the rest in other languages. America has 12,000 and Europe 19,000. These figures are much larger than those given in "Hubbard's Directory for 1883." Less than 25,000 are estimated there as ministering to the world's daily information. The "Encyclopadia Brittanica" assigns no newspapers to Japan. The Japanese, however, are not so badly off and have journals devoted to various subjects. Seven are medical in character, nine relate to sanitary interests and twenty-nine endeavor to popularize science. A very creditable showing to their taste.

Texas has been popularly supposed to bear the palm for sententiousness since the episode of the householder who, upon observing a burglar climbing into his window at night, drew a revolver and simply remarked: "Git!" Whereupon the other replied: "You bet," and dropped to the ground. Now, however, Minnesota may make pretensions. During a thunder storm at Lake Minnetonka a few days ago, the lightning struck a tree near the Lake Park Hotel, shivering it to splinters. One of the guests of the house, who was standing near by, was thrown on his back. A hotel clerk rushed to his assistance and dragged him, apparently more dead than alive, into the hotel office. When the crowd that gathered around was momentarily expecting to are the lightning stricken guest yield up the ghost he opened his eyes, raised himself on his ethow, and remarked: "Gentlemen, a little of that fills me up."

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought! Shall I tell you where and when! On the maps of the world you will find it not;

'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon, or battle shot, With sword, or nobler pen; Nay, not with eloquent word, or thought, From mouths of wonderful men.

Of woman that would not yield, But bravely, silently, bore her part-Lo! there is that battle-field!

No marshaling troop, no bivouse song; No banner to gleam and wave? But, oh! these battles, they last so long-From babyhood to the grave!

-Joaquin Miller.

### HIS REWARD.

"The dearest little woman in the orld!" I answered enthusiastically, when Robert Payton asked me for a description of Mable-"accomplished, and yet as modest as a violet; pretty, without coquetry; a dainty house-keeper, and yet an ardent reader.

Then Robert interrupted me with a light laugh: 'If you admire her so much, old fel-

low why do you recommend her to your And then he caught his own headlong speech, while his face flushed. He did not mean to be unkind, and his eyes

'Why don't I strive to win her love? Ah, Robert, I shall go to my grave un-blessed by a wife's love!

Here, meeting the conscience-stricken es. I plunged into a discussion of some public topic, and we spoke no more of Mabel until she came herself to the porch where we were seated, to be introduced to my friend. I left them together after painfully down the garden path to the summer arbor, where I had carried many a heart-wound before. Robert's words ering yet with keenest pain.

He was my friend in college, and had accepted an invitation given y ars before, and come to spend a few weeks in Somerville with me. Our little family consisted only of three, with the servants, my Aunt Clara, Mabel and myself. called Mabel cousin, and we had been brought up like brother and sister, but

in reality she was only step-daughter to Aunt Clara. Ours was a pleasant home. My own income was an ample one, and Aunt

Clara's husband had left a competency mammoth apartment buildings that were to his wife and child. We were fondly to revolutionize methods of living, min- attached to each other, and we had around us every comfort of refined life. But I-ah, how my pen halts and lingers!-I was a blot upon the fair beauty of our home and surroundings.

I was not born a cripple; perhaps if I wholly successful, and the insurance had been resignation might have been part of my nature. At nineteen I was a tall strippling, as straight and active as a young Indian, with a comely face, as faces go, and the full, healthy possession COO are due for taxes, water-rent and of every sense; and already, with my boy heart, I loved Mabel, and looked forward to a life beside her as the happiest which fate could have in store for

> She was but fifteen then, an innocent Aunt Clara, Mabel and I, took a journey during that winter, and in one of the great cities, where we remained for three days only, the ho'el where we stayed caught fire. I was still reading when the alarm was given, but Aunt Clara and Mabel, tired with our sight-seeing, had retired early. I hastened to their room, and had some difficulty in rousing them. I heard their rapid preparations to escape through the closed door, and saw the fire gaining upon me. Just as they threw their door open the staircase became a sheet of flame.

"You cannot escape this way," shouted, pushing them back into the

room: "we must try the window." They closed the door after me, and helped me to knot the bed-clothes together. Amid the horrible din around us the stillness in that room was awful to bear. No word was spoken till I lifted the end of a sheet to tie round Mabel's waist. Then, with white lips, but steady

eyes, she whispered: 'Mamma first, Quick! the fire is under

the door." I threw open the window, and the door flashed into flame. A crowd beneath gave a shout as I lifted Aunt Clara to the sash, and hundreds of arms were raised to receive her as I lowered her to them, while a stream of water was thrown upon the flames beneath us, Safely I accomplished this first peril. and Mabel was next tied to the rope of bed-clothes. By this time the room was all in flames, but my darling reached the ground uninjured. I saw her safe, and the smoke and flame suffocated me. Leaning far out to steady the descent of Mabel, I lost my ba'ance, and fell crash-

ing to the ground beneath. It was many long days before I knew anything more I was taken to another hotel, and here my aunt and Mabel nursed me back to life again. But, oh, the miserable mockery that life seemed to me! Misshapen, lame and feeble, I returned to Somerville a shadow of the boy who had left it. Fire and fall alike had spared my face. The brown curls, the large, blue eyes, the straight features. were left untouched, although the pallor

of death replaced the glow of health, Tenderest love spared me all possible pain, but I murmured sorely. All my dreams of ambition were put aside with spoken of a day still a week distant for much repining, for the deformity and departure, when one morning, while it lameness were not so insurmountable a bar as a severe internal injury, that will house, where I was reading, and sltting make me an invalid till God takes me beside me, said:

In the darkest hours of my despair Mabel was the angel who brought the light of patient submission to comfort me. Mabel's voice spoke the words of resignation that I took into my soul, knowing her sorrow was almost as great as my own. Mabel taught me to think of the two lives gained at the price of my infirmities. And the love that had been my hope and pride became an added

torture to my heart.
How could I fail to love her more and more every day-my comforter, my dar-Was she not ever beside me, to wait upon me, to play for me, sing to me, read with me, wear away the long hours in games, and when my suffering was shown in my face, to bend over me, and, with her tears falling, thank me for

Three years had passed since the fire, when Robert came to visit me. He had left me in the full flush of youthful strength; he found me a crippled invalid; but by God's mercy no longer a despairing, murmuring one. Before me ever was the perfect, sweet life I had saved; the motherly love my own hands had rescued from death, and with these two to comfort me, I had learned to say, sincerely and fervently: "God's will be done.'

But when the letter reached me announcing Robert's intention of visiting me, a strange vision rose before me, uniting the lives of the two who were my dearest friends on earth. Dearly as I loved Mabel, I could wish for her no happier fate than to be Robert's wife. I knew him to be a man, honorable to his heart's core, noble in every impulse, talented and gifted with a marvelous power to win affection. He was rich, too, though he pursued his profession, and was already winning a good position as a rising lawyer. Sitting in the summerhouse, I could see Robert and Mabel as they stood conversing on the porch where I had left them. His tall, erect figure, his handsome face, his perfect, manly beauty contrasted well with her small, dainty figure, her sweet, earnest face and the gentle womanliness of every expression. She wore white on that day, with soft blue here and there in her hair and on her bosom

My darling! my darling! My heart hungered to catch her away from all the world, and fold her close, close in its embrace, and I sat looking upon the praying sincerely that Robert might love dow. "Why, John,old fellow," Robert said, "Why, John,old fellow," Robert said, "that claddened my heart,

There were many walks and drives in Somerville well worth a visit, and, with Aunt Clara for chaperone, these two spent hours in the soft summer air, driving or walking. I had overcome Mabel's reluctance to leave me alone, by representing to her the impossibility of my performing the duties of host excepting in-doors, and begging of her to take my place in the exercise of hospitality to our guest. And in the hours, now very few and far between, that we were together. I talked to her of Robert, of the many noble traits I had seen in his character,

men, of his gentleness and bravery. She would listen to me silently, bending over her sewing, and keeping her face hidden from me. I thought she was shy of showing the pleasure she felt in hearing her lover's praise. For, before the first week had passed, I knew that Robert was her lover. However he might prosper in his wooing, it was certain he was loving more and more the gentle girl whose sisterly care and affection had made the very sunshine of my

Shyly at first, but in a little time, with all the frank confidence of the years we had spent together in college, Robert made me the confidant of his love, meeting my warmest sympathy, sure of my listening patiently to all his enthusiasm, his hopes and fears. The fears predominated! He found his advances met by a gentle friendliness whose very frankness discouraged him.
"If she would blush and look shy as

other girls do," he would say to me, "I would have some hope, but I might be her grandmother for any such emotion I might awaken in her. My very prettiest compliments fall flat when she raises her large soft eyes and smiles half merrily and with a spice of mischief, but never coyly, as if the words touched her heart.' Later he would be provoked, and once he hinted at a rival. Earnestly and truly I assured him that in the whole range of her maiden friends, Mabel had never

hown favor to one above another. Gentlemen visitors were not numerous at our house, Somerville being a quiet, sleepy place, apt to be deserted by its children when they arrived at "man's estate." Our minister was sixty, with a staid wife and half a dozen grown-up leoys and girls. Our doctor was an eccentric old bachelor past fifty, who looked upon women as very trouble ome bundles of aches and pains, whose requirements interfered sorely with his study of sundry pet theories in his profession. Lawyer we had none; and, anxiously summing up our entire masculine population, I was quite certain there was not one who could ever hope to win Mabel's affections.

Cheered by my assurances, encouraged by the affection of Aunt Clara, Robert became more hopeful as the summer days wore by, and my first attempt at match making seemed in a fair way to prosper. If I grew paler and paler, if my physical suffering was increased by the mental torture of my daily life, I made no mean, and thought only of Mabel, her future, her happiness.

September was with us, and Robert was talking of returning to the city. Already, under the induence of his love for Mabel, he had prolonged his stay far beyond his original intention, and we had gladiy urged him to do so. He had spoken of a day still a week distant for

"I am going to leave you to day!"

"To-day!" I cried, and looking full in

his face. I knew why he was going.
"I did not mean to speak so soon," he said, in a low voice, that he made even by a strong effort, "but I met her on the porch, and she was so kind knowing my stay was nearly over, that I was hopeful for the first time. I told her my love, and before she spoke I read my answer in her sad, wistful eyes. She does not love me. Very gently she told me this. I cannot accuse her of any coquetry, for she has given me no more encouragement than the frank friendliness of hoseitality. It was all my own folly. But, John," and Rebert placed his hands upon mine, looking earnestly into my face. "she told me in her pure, womanly sympathy for my pain, her maiden secret. When I pleaded for time, hoping still to win her, she told me all her love, all her heart, was already given to another. Death might come before her love was answered, but it was no longer hers to bestow.

Before I could speak Robert left me again. Did he guess, by the pain of his own heart, the secret of mine? Was this unknown rival as startling, as unexpected to him as to me! Mabel, this child I had known from babyhood—Mabel, nursing a secret love! I could not believe it Reject Robert for some st anger, whose name I could not guess! It must have been while I was in college that the love grew in her heart, while she was yet but

I rose up bewildered and went slowly to the house. Aunt Clara was in her little sewing-room, and I entered my own snuggery beside it. The doors were not closed, and Mabel was on her knees, her face hidden in the bosom of the only mother she had ever known. I could hear her voice as she sobbed:

"It was cruel, mamma, to' bring him

here—cruel to him and me."
"But, Mabel," my aunt said, gently, caressing the bowed head, "I cannot understand. You say you cannot love him because you love another. Tell me, darling, where have you given your love?" Then Mabel raised her head

"Whom could I love but John?" I heard no more. The sudden rush of happiness was too much for my feeble health, and I fell forward heavily, utterly unconscious. When my senses returned I had been lifted by Robert's strong arms to the sofn in my snuggery, and he was standing beside me. I could see my aunt

in a cheery tone that gladdened my heart, after the confidence of the morning, "do you often scare folks in this may? I could heard your aunt call in the garden, and your cousin is nearly frightened to death! John," he whispered, bending low, "did you find out the truth!"

I could only look wistfully into his

"I know! You meant it all for thebest," he said, still in the same low tone; "but, you see, love will not be driven. God grant you every happiness! I can say it from my heart. Mrs. Meredith," he said, aloud, "can I speak to you a moment in the garden?'

Aunt Clara gently released herself from Mabel, and we were alone. "Mabel!" I cried, sitting up in spite of

the agony it caused me. And she came at my call. At last, she read the love in my face, and she nestled in my arms, sobbing quietly.

"I can scarcely believe it yet," I said. "You love me. lame, deformed, sick!"
"What made you so!" she answered. "Was it not to save my life you risked your own? You could have easily escaped, but you waited for me. John," she said, earnestly. "I loved you always. I cannot remember when my love was not given to you, but never has it been so strong, so true, so life-long as since you were crippled, deformed and sickly for my sake,"

So she is mine now, my darling, my Mabel. I am stronger as the years go by, but I shall never be quite well, never anything but a deformed cripple; yet Mabel loves me, and in my wife's affection I find happiness.

# Swedish Manners.

One great peculiarity of traveling in Sweden is the extreme quiet and lack of flurry. The Swedish are a taciturn and noiseless people. They do much by signs and never shout; a Swedish crowd makes singularly little sound. Swedes even of the lowest class never push or jostle. It is the custom to do so much bowing and hat-lifting that one is obliged to move more slowly than in England to give time for all this courtesy. When a train leaves a platform or a steamboat pier all the lookers-on lift their hats to the departing passengers and bow to them, a compliment returned by the traveler. If you address the poorest person in the street you must lift your hat. A gentleman passing a lady on the stairs of a hotel must do the same. To enter a shop or a bank with one's hat on is a terrible breach of good manners. If you enter or leave a coffee-room you must bow to all occupants. Passengers on board the little steamers which ply between Stockholm invariably raise their hats to occupants of any other boat which passes near thom. The very men in charge of the locks on the canal bow politely to the sailors as the boats go through. Imagine English bargers indulging in such amenities. - London Society.

Try It!

The jelly jar is on the shelf.
And Johnny stands and helps himself.
There is no time to take a spoon,
For some one may be coming soon.
So, in his busy fingers go—
"How jolly good if is—ho, ho!"

But soon he starts in quick surprise— Mamma looks in with soher eyes. "Why, Johany! How can you do so! That is not nice at all, you know?"
"Not nice, mamma?" he laughs in glee.
"Just take a faste and then you'd see?" Sydney Dayre, in Youth's Companion.

# RUNNING A TENT SHOW.

WHAT IT COSTS TO KEEP UP A CIRCUS IN THE SEASON.

Heavy Expenditure Before a Cent Comes in-What the Money is Paid Out For.

Few have any idea of the executive ability required to run even a moderately large railroad show. All reputable cir-cuses now travel by rail, and many proprietors own their own rolling-stock. They not only give transportation to an army of men and horses, but bed and shelter them also. The first thing is to lay out a route into "stands" of from one day to a week according as the town to be visited is a "\$2,000 town," a "\$12,-000 or a \$15,000 town." Then the first advertising car goes out. With it or just shead goes the advance agent and the press agent, who makes contracts with newspapers and prepares the way for the advertising car to follow. Some night the bill boards blossom out with fresh wall paper, and at the same time lithographic hangers adorn numerous store windows. Barnum has six cars with thirty men to a car, following one

in a manner which exacts vigilant work. When a circus train rolls into a town the cars containing the performers are side-tracked, but the flats carrying the property wagons and cages are into position for immediate removal. A long pair of skids are placed at each end of the line of flats and the spaces between the cars are bridged by smaller pairs. In loading, the material is so arranged that the first thing needed will be the first to come off. The wagons being towed along the top of the cars, are taken down the incline with the brakes down, where one or two teams, the animals having their tails done up in burlaps to avoid having them worn off or eaten, are in readiness to be hitched to the wagon, when it is whisked off to the grounds. During this part of the programme the "razor-backs," as the trainmen are called, are obliged to hustle, but they have an easy

time when the others are at work. The spectacle of the great fabric of spars and canvas going up in the course of an hour or two is something worth witnessing. After the preliminary measuring a man steps around and indicates where stakes are to be driven by planting little wires tufted with red. Immediately in his wake comes a man with a stake, and with him a group of drivers, who range themselves about it each com-mencing a regular swing with a big iron maul. They follow each other with blows so closely that it almost looks as though a continuous stream of iron were striking a continuous stream of iron were striking the stake, which is sent into the ground the stake, which is sent into the ground thinges and other parts repaired that summer."—Philadelphia Call pressure, and not a succession of blows. It takes forty-five seconds to drive a stake and to accomplish what would wind you know that a chemist has discovered an ordinary man. While one is puzzling tyrotoxicon in ice cream?" "Has he up, the great expanse of canvas which has been unrolled on the ground commences to rise in the center, and flattens out as the guy ropes are made fast to the outside stakes. The roof is further braced by wall poles, which have previously been laid under the canvas. Then the walls go up, and the tent assumes recognizable shape. Expert canvasmen receive \$30 to \$60 per month and board, and bosses (one for each tent) \$100 to \$200 per month.

Meanwhile the ordinary actors, sideshow freaks, fakirs, candy butchers, and others have crawled out from their quarters in some old worn-out coach to suit their purposes. It has rows of bunks on either side, four deep instead of two as usual in sleepers. Calico curtains adorn the front of the bunks, which are rarely drawn, as seclusion goes at a heavy dis-The higher-priced performers count. travel in somewhat better style.

The common herd always eat at the mess tent, and frequently the better class of actors in places where hotel accomdations are not the best.

All contracts call for board and transportation. Trainmen get \$25 per month; teamsters \$40; animal attendants, \$15 per week or less; "lion tamers," \$50 per week; ring performers, \$25 to \$500 per week; female trapeze performers, \$150 to \$250 per week, according to reputation; riders, male and female, \$45 to \$70 per week, unless they have National reputation or own their own stock, which is frequently the case, when these prices are increased according to the value and number of horses. These figures were given by a showman, who may have stretched them somewhat for the glory of the profession, and they are for the common run of performers, having no reference to stars, whose salaries are regulated by competition among man-

It is to be remembered that these salaries do not last the year round, though the people usually make dates with variety theatres or dime museums, or go South during the winters. Performers are required to furnish their own costumes and properties, though the super has his supplied by the manager. Circus men, like actors, have a cold-blooded way of lying about their salaries. It is believed to be to the interest of performer and manager to do this, and the habit has much to do with the misleading glamor thrown around show life, This professional fiction is frequently backed up by dummy contracts, which are ornamented with generous figures, and are fished upor the innocent upon the slightest provocation, -Inter-Ocean,

"Can you tell me the difference between a hen with three legs and a very young baby!" asked Hieronymus Tuck of Nebuchadnezzar Snippit, "I don't think I can," replied Snippit: "what is it?" "One is a little strange and the other is a little stranger."-Pictory Telegraph. Figuro.

#### A COMMONPLACE LIFE,

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion ..... 1 0

One Square, one inch, one mouth......

One Square, one inch, three months ..... s co 

One Column, one year ......100 60 Legal advertisements ten cents per line eachs

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

Marriage and death notices gratia,

A commonplace life, we say, and we sigh; But why should we sigh as we say? The commonplace sun in the commonplace

Makes up the commonplace day. The moon and the stars are commonplace

The flower that blooms, and the bird that

But sad were the world, and dark out lot, If flowers failed and the sun shone not, And God, who sees each separate soul, Out of commonplace lives makes his been tiful whole.

-Susan Coolidge.

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Talk is cheap—unless you employ a stenographer.—Somerville Journal.

An hour-glass is made smallest in the middle. It shows the waist of time. -Chicago Ledger.

A pretty girl won a musket in the French lottery. When they gave it to her she asked: "Don't they give a soldier

another at intervals to renew the bills and keep things warm, for rival circuses have a way of tearing down and covering up each other's paper in samall towns possible ten.—Troy Times.

When Fortune hides her smiling face, And many troubles disconcert you; Though friends may leave their 'customed

place,

your creditors will ne'er desert you.

-Merchant-Traveler. "What do you grow on this land ?" he inquired of the farmer who was leaning over a fence inspecting a particularly barren piece of ground. "Grow lazy," was the satisfactory reply.—New Haven

A young man advertised for a wife, his sister answered the advertisement, and now the young man thinks there is no balm in advertisements, while the old folks think it is hard to have two fools in

the family .- Buffalo Commercial. HOPELESS. They have made the piano of paper,
What wonders art is achieving!
If they'd make a paper performer
Life yet might be worth someone's living.
—Tid-Bits.

"Are you a philanthopist, sir?" asked in old gentleman of a young man who was distributing a quantity of butter-Scotch to some little children in Washington Square, "Am I a what?" said the young man. "A philanthropist?" "No, sir: I'm a dentist."—Puck,

"I remember well," said Bagley, in a reminiscent way, "the old gate where we did most of our courting. The dear, we did most of our courting. The dear, dear gate." "So it was," said Mrs. Bagley, musingly. "I know dear papa said it cost him thirty dollars to have the

"Mamie," said a young man in an ice cream saloon, toying with his cheek, "do himself how the tent is going to be put though:" answered Mamie, manifesting pleasurable surprise. "I wondered what made it taste so good. I could eat another plate of it. And the young man mentally cursed the lamentable failure of his scheme .-- Norristown Herald.

# The Heligoland Woodcock Harvest.

Heligoland is the favorite (proposed) resting place for those vast flights of woodcock which, in the month of October, leave the fast-fading forests and bare rye fields of Norway and Sweden, where they have hatched out their young and fatten the young birds upon the resinous shoots of larch and succulent bilberries of the far north. At the first ice-blast they prepare to fly south, and about the middle of October every eye in Heligoland is on the alert watching for their arrival. Right across the narrowest end of the island high poles are fixed in the ground; from pole to pole strong fishing nets are stretched, resembling gigantic tennis nets. All is now prepared for the "hospitable" receptions of the poor, time birds tired birds, and at last the happy day arrives. Sometimes during church time the cry is heard: 'The woodcock are coming!" when every soul, including the clergyman, rushes out, and, seizing a long club-stick provided for the purpose, watch the long, black, wavy streak in the ky till it comes nearer and nearer; the poor birds fly very low in their fatigue after so long a flight and hitting against the nets fall down and are killed in enormous numbers. This is the rich hayest of the year for the Heligolanders, and boats are immediately got ready to convey the dead birds to Harburg. Woodcock pate is also made for the next week without ceasing, and fetches large rices in Cermany, being very like Strasburg pate. So few escape to continue the'r flight that this massacre of the innocents may account for the comparatively rare appearance of these excellent birds in our English woods, -All the Year

# A Collection of Boot-Heels.

Here is the latest new thing in collections. An old gentleman in Paris, fred, suppose, by the example of the conectors of celebrities' hats and fans, and stocking and sauff-boxes, has been for ome time engaged in collecting the boo : heels of fam are people of both sexes. He has already more than 1,000 specimens, and declares that the character of heir former owners can be read in the state of the bootheels they have left behind them. But, after all, the old man. is not to be laughed at. Boot heels are quite as interesting as the old corsets which another collector is accumulating. The nucleon of this last collection weformed by one that was formerly the property of the authoress of "Jane Eyre," which was sold at a recent sale of Bronte relies for half a guinea, - London