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.

A correspondent proposes the question ! to a Southern paper: "Whom shall girls I turned as I saw them passing. marry?" The editor has been wrestling with it for some months, but has never thought of a nice young man with a fat bank account and no evil habits as being competent to fill the bill.

Ida Lewis, famous for her efforts in rescuing the drowning at Newport, is the only woman in the world who holds the position of government lighthouse keeper. Although past middle age she is always on the lookout for any unfortunates needing her help, and would go to their relief as promptly as when a lithe and active girl.

There are various methods of amusement in different parts of the world among different people. For instance, one of the pastimes among the convicts in the Georgia prison camps that affords amusement to the "trustys" is for one of them to take a three or four mile run early in the morning to keep the bloodhounds in training. The trusty is always perfectly willing to make the race if paid for his trouble by the bosses. The only danger connected with it, says the Georgia paper from which the item is taken, is that some thoughtless person might take a shot at the running negro, thinking that he was making his escape from the camp.

Some one with a turn for statistics has discovered that in France one half the population live upon agriculture, onequarter live by various manufacturing industries, one-tenth by commerce, fourhundredths by the liberal professions, and six-hundredths are rentiers of various kinds. There are 9,176,000 agriculturists who are proprietors of the land they work. In the mines, quarries and they work. In the mines, quarries and with the patriot's zeal which his own more important manufactories there are enthusiasm has enkindled. Then on the employed 1,130,000 persons, while the lesser industries employ 6,093,000. There are 789,000 bankers, brokers and wholesale merchants, 1,895,000 retail dealers and 1,164,000 hotel-keepers. The government and commercial employees num ber 806,000 persons.

Friedrich Siemens, of Dresden, has succeeded in casting glass in the same ways as metal is east and obtaining an article corresponding to cast metal. This cast glass is hard, not dearer in production than cast iron, and has the advantage of transparency, so that all flaws can be detected before it is applied to these two cities. But the bright sunny practical use. It will be much less exhibited by the posed to injury from atmospheric influ-cold and austere looks of the matrons of pale hand interposed, and a voice li-her husband's house; and after bearing echo from his youth, spoke calmly duction is not difficult, the chief feature being rapid cooling. The hardness and maiden and died-and in that dying resisting power of this cast glass are so look the mother saw again the longgreat that experiments are now in progress at the Siemens glass foundry at Dresden with the purpose of ascertaining whether the material could be employed for rails on railways.

A New York correspondent details interestingly an operation performed upon one Jerry Larkin who had been the victim of a gas explosion. His body was so badly burned that his life was despaired of, but with infinite care every burn was their midst and follow her young kinshealed and a thin film of skin was induced to coat it, except the upper part of the right arm, which was ulcerated, All other treatment failing, the physicians reserted to the experiment of supplying the flesh which had sloughed off with flesh from a Newfoundland dog. The experiment has proved successful, and the arm is gradually regaining the strength which it seemed at one time had forever left it with the sloughing away of the biceps muscles. Before the operation was performed Jerry could only raise his hand to his face with the greatest difficulty, but can now raise weights and continues to improve.

Somebody has been carefully figuring on Grant's memoirs, and arrives at the con lusion that, while the lowest subscription price is \$7.50, the manufacturing cost is seventy-five cents a volume, and the distributing cost just double \$1.50. The figures make the voice from young Eumeus's apartment entire cost \$4.50, or \$2.25 per volume. Of the profit, \$3, Mrs. Grant receives seventy per cent, and Edward L. Webster & Co. thirty per cent. The a count at present stands: \$2,250,000 received for 600,000 volumes, from which \$1,350,000 must be deducted for manufacturing, distribution and sale, leaving \$900,009, of which Mrs. Grant gets her sons to honor her more when her hands a captain. Murmur not, but yield; and \$830,000, and Webster & Co. \$280,000. The foreign and future sales are estimated at 100,000 more, from which Mrs. Grant will receive \$210,000, and the publisher \$90,000. It is altogether probable that the total sale will be fully 700,000, and the widow's share about \$840,000. It is doubtful if anybody has ever began to realize such profits from the sale of a work. They are stupen and his heart heavy with a generous an-

The Forest Republican.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13 1886.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

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A WISH.

VOL. XIX. NO. 25.

The child and the bent old man, The grandsire tottered and trembled, But the grandson sported and ran.

And I thought how the man was just leaving The life so new to the boy; Of the old man's burden of sorrow-Of the grandson's visions of joy.

And I raised my arm toward heaven, And cried in accents wild; Give rest to the old man, oh, Father, And keep the dear child a child!" -John H. Greusel.

A STORY OF GREECE.

BY S. C. MCCAY.

Far away in the old Attic country, when Athens—the light of the nations first stepped with majestic tread on the highway of thought that led her at last to a world wide dominion, dwelt Tyrtwus the poet, leading a life of case, undisturbed by the light jests of the warlike Athenians, and remote from the tumult of war.

They dreamed not, these heedless disciples of wit and war, that the thin, shadowy hand, impotent to lift against the foe the sword of the Commonwealth, was writing on the age a story the future would read with applause.

Through the long days this pale, pa-tient schoolmaster toiled among the sunny-haired children of Athons. loved them and in them the future of Greece; and when to their stately homes he had sent them, to dream of the bat-tle fields won from the East by their patriot fathers,-then, alone beneath the stars, with pale forehead uplifted and arms folded in majestic repose, the feeble body forgotten, the poet stood revealed His thoughts, in the might of his soul. now unfettered, soar on to the future, and he sees his city-his idol-by the light of her intellect crowned queen of the nations, when his fragile form is Athenian dust, and the children who now crowd around his knee shall fill all his country's high places with honor and scene where the rapt thoughts sare dwelling glides another vision -- a slight, slender form draped in the straight classic folds of a Greek maiden's white garment, a garment too pure to trail in the dust of men's wars and ambitions. a form that he knows, but it inspires his soul and fills all the space in the universe. Then farewell for this night to the dreams of the seer, for the magical glass of the prophet grows dim when over it passes the breath of a human affection.

In the house of the Senator Merion dwelt the maiden of Sparta whose face in its ineffable beauty was filling the soul of the poet. Her mother, a woman of Athens, had wed in her youth Leontus the Spartan, ere jealous dissensions had weakened the brotherly bond between to their sire many strong, noble sons, looked once on the face of a small, lily vanished days of her youth, for the child bore the face of her kindred. With thoughts full of home, she laid on its head a christening hand and murmured "Athene." Thus it chanced that, in fulfillment of a sacred promise, Leontus sent his daughter to the house of her kindred in Athens. Here she blossomed and reigned like a queen over the hearts of all who knew her; but deep and unnoticed beneath her sunny exterior dwelt the soul of her Spartan father; and while the maidens of Athens spent the hours in dancing and singing she would steal from man to the house of his tutor-Tyrteus,

No tale of the past, of high deeds or

noble thoughts fell from the teacher's lips that did not reflect from Athene's eyes or thrill to her soul like the tones of some well-attuned lute. But a cloud was traveling fast to overshadow the sunshine of her life. The intercourse once so constant between her sire and her kindred of Athens grew cold, as some vexed question in matters of state made each nation suspicious of the other, and the name of Leontus was never breathed in the ears of his daughter. All questions were useless, and her pride compelled her to cease the inquiries for father and brother, which brought no answer save a frown, the first that had darkened for her the face of her kindred. Thus pondering, the maiden grew thoughtful and her tasks were neglect d, as she thought of the mystery hanging over her life; but she suffered in silence, the Spartan within her forbidding complaint even to him who was her preceptor and friend. After many days of self-isolation she walked from her chamber one evening, seeking vainly to shake off the weight of oppressive thoughts, when a caused her to pause and look up. tones of a well-remembered voice thrilled through her being like magic. With an unconscious movement she drew nearer and nearer until she could hear the words. They fell like flaming swordstrokes as the poet spoke, more to him-self than his pupil: "Is it thus, then, that Athens exults over the perils of her old and tried comrades? Will she teach are foul with the ruin of her sister city and the blood of her mother Greece Blush, boy, for the rulers of Athens, who tell thee that laurels can grow for her youth on the graves of dishonored Sparta!" And, wounded in soul. Tyr teus turns to depart. He had heard this day how the vampires of war had fastened again on the weak limbs of Lacedemon, and Messenia had returned to the fight. With gaze bent on the ground guish, he walks, and sees not the form

esque grace, like the inspired genius of the memory of public slights and private Greece, till, passing the portal, she kneels wrongs darken his brow. "A Captain? at his feet and kisses the hem of his robe. "I see thee now as thou art," she cried, 'hoblest of all the Athenians and great-est of teachers' To-day thou hast taught a poor maiden her duty. Fate

calls and I go." "Ah, where wilt thou go, poor child?"

he asked. "I know not," she answered. "But tell me, is not a Greek maiden's place by her father's hearthstone, when the ashes of past joys are painting it white with their snows? They tell me the young lions-my brothers-were long ago borne on their bucklers to the sleep of the brave; shall his daughter not stand in their place?"

"Yes, go," he answered, in words that were shaken from his soul by the storm of emotion that swept over him. 'Go! though with thee will go the heart of thy lover and the light of his soul. Would they could shield thee from harm. O, child, thou hast dreamed not, I know, how thy face has been to one poor dreamer the star of his life, though far above him thou should st ever remain as yon bright spark that shines in the red track of the sunset. But go-the clouds of my fate have eclipsed thee, Go stand where the women of thy race have ever stood—by the deathbed of heroes—for once more shall thy people arouse to the conflict;" and sorrowfully he turns from her and the falling shadows shut him out from her sight.

Day dawns on the battle field red with the blood of languishing Sparta and lights the pale-fronted temple where Leontus, the Captain of spiritless hosts, bends low before Apollo's shrine. Will the gods at last interpose some shield between the breasts of his fainting warriors and the arrows of fate which fall in a resistless shower? The last notes of a weird, sacred hymn float out through the dim arches of the temple and silence reigns unbroken over the solemn place. The laurel's green boughs tremble not with the thrill of the

god's mighty footsteps.

But now the deep tones of the Oracle break the silence:

"Soldier, the gods have vouchsafed thee no answer. Though the sons of Sparta have been valiant through every ordeal, her daughters have never been tried. Let some noble virgin of Sparta bring her young life, all spotless and pure, to the altar of her country. Thou hast given thy sons, O Leontus; give also thy daughter."

'But," he moaned in pain," no daughter has Leontus, whose lifeblood may flow for Sparta. That daughter, an alien in the house of her mother, yearns not over the woes of her birthplace. O my child! My Athense! I cherished thy brothers, but knew not thy childhood; and, lo, 'tis not their blood, but thine, that could rescue my country. Thou hast marked me, dark fate, but I brave

The falchion whose gleams on Messenia's dark fields had marshaled his sol- him, they clamor for him, who could the air with a joyous cry, and darkness diers to glory was lifted in air, but a shake from their hearts the weight of glancing from her sight like a cloud, she

"The gods have averted the blow, O Leontus! Thy daughter is here. Return to thy camp-fires, retrieve thy lost fortunes, and if victory comes, be sure that Athense will rejoice to yield her poor life for a ransom.

Stricken speechle-s, he turned and beheld her, as a gleam from the sunlight crowned her head like the smile of the approving god. He fell at her feet in a transport of mingled emotion, but he hand of the Priestess interven dand her voice said: "Tis well. From this time the maiden is loved of the gods, and is sacred: touch her not." "But her fate?" cried Leontus.

"Shall be told thee hereafter," replied the Priestess. "A Spartan remembers not that he is a father when his country bids him forget it. Go! Take this spark of hope to enkindle the zeal of the warrior; and should the gods send thee victory, then know that this offering is

With a serene look in her face like that of one already immortal, Leontus cities, fraternal as of yore, hold interbeheld for the last time his child, and the long line of veiled figures bears her

away down the aisles of the temple. Leontus returned full of hope; but not yet was Lacedamon's cup of bitterness drained; not yet had the red tide of battle turned, when night hushed the war cry of one more disastrous day. Leontus has made his life his last offering. That mighty heast feels no more the patriot's anguish or the soldier's hope. Forever will he sleep now, undisturbed though the footsteps of the foe sound on to his city's gates, where, despairing, the people lie prostrate before smoking al-Again the throngs go with prayer to the Delphian Apollo. Will nothing appease his implacable wrath? Yes. At last the pale lips of the Pythoness move, and through them the god speaks, to Greeks more than Spartans

"Remember, () heroes, the past days when victory gilded your ensigns un-ceasingly; when the armies of kings shrank overawed by the majesty of patriots. Seest thou not the ghostly hands unlifted to withhold from thee now the victory which can only make wider the breach between brothers?

"Shake off the weak pride that degrades you and go in the name of old friendship to Athens. Say the gods have commanded you to seek from her people swift must be the feet that bringeth the message, or the sun will soon set for the

last time on free Sparta." Racked with the thorns of suspense and her mortified pride, the city sits trembling, while, faint and defiled with the dust of the highway, her messengers enter the gates of her rival. 'Tis a feast day in Athens-no time for lengthy re-

"What wills our warlike sister, Sparta, with Athens whom her stern dignity long hath derided?' said the haughty ler face with a parting caress each of which old Marion, his lip curling in shorn as "O gentle winds," she marmared, I families reside. which stands with rapt face and statu- old Merion, his lip curling in scorn as

wrongs darken his brow. "A Captain? A chief for her armies? Ye gody! List to this, O Athenians! Which of you will lead Lacedemon to victory? Ha! ha! tis a glad day when the gods give a jest such as this as the crown of our festival! Tell her our soldiers are turned into poets. But when age has matured them and given them wisdom we will joyfully lend her aid, unless, indeed, some poet will now reverse the miracle and turn warrior. What sayest thou, Tyrtneus? Wilt thou earn this glory?"

throng, his stern gaze bent on the scene. But the laughter is hushed and a feeling of awe thrills the multitude when, suddenly turning upon them a look of command, he parts the throng with a wave of his hand and confronts the sneering mands. Slowly the old courage swells magistrate with a screne gaze. Then he back in her heart, and she feels without

"Be it so. By the memory of old battle fields, I accept the honor of forming the link which will unite the old chain of friendship between Athens and Sparta.

And leaving behind him the multitude, dumb with the silence of wonder, he swept from their midst.

Of all the gay jests that the wit of Athens ever uttered none brought such name: an echo as this one when the story was told in the city.

Into the camp fire's dying embers a group of warriors gaze with a look of settled despair. No faint ray of hope shows an outlet from the chasm where fate had entombed them; when on the silence breaks the fall of a footstep and a voice in the distance cries: "Lo! tidings from Athens!

Unhelmeted heads are raised quickly and an eager look lightens the faces for a moment, but they darken with anger when the slight form of Tyrtaus con-fronts them. Many hands from the sting of insult convulsively close on the dagger, but some magical power in the face of the man arrests them, while one speaks:

"The gods have sent us to Athens for a warrior. What fresh insult is this she With folded arms, quiet and calm,

Tyrtæus made answer: You have asked of Athens a leader. She sends you -a voice from the past; from that past where the ghosts of dead heroes look down in amaze that Spartans should live where glory and death are

Then, gathering strength as it rolled, the storm of impassioned words swept on till it stirred to their depths the emotions of men unused to their charm. With the poet's power he unrolled to their view the scenes of the past, where Spartaus, enamored of glory, won their laurels from the hand of death. He speaks on till the red blush of shame flushes the brow of the soldiers, and thronging around pale hand interposed, and a voice like an despair, to lead them to battle once more. Sees, not the minister of death, but each from his youth, spoke calmly:

And he led them, speaking words more around her a host of weeping warriors, potent than clarion call-for he told them that their valor shone as bright amidst death and defeat as when victory crowned them. An army thus seeking for death what host can withstand?

It came like the lightning when skies are all blue, and withered before it the ranks of the foe. With Messenia the dread day of reckoning had come, and her name on that day was stricken from its place among the nations, which knew her no more.

Many thought that some god, pity of their woes, had shrouded his majesty in the form of the poor halting ductor could not change it and so he got scholar. But no, there he stands in his wonted attitude wrapt in thought. What the conductor got tired of it, and after a throng of emotions stir the heart of the as he stands on this of victory? Does he dream of kingship and empire? Of fame when the future shall couple his name with this field of renown? Nay, none of these mingle with the pure thoughts that picture a future when the two course high. He dreams of an old classic haunt in his stately Athens, beloved and dear, where his days shall pass enward in peace, and his people will know by this deed that he loves them and seeks but their honor. And over it all; shines the light of deep eyes that mirror in brightness the dreams of a poet's soul. But the mirage of peace is dispelled by the shouts of the victors. In frenzy of joy they crowd round their deliverer. They who, seek-ing death, found victory, bear him in triumph to the glad city's With a beating heart he beholds the women who come to welcome them, and his eager eye scans their faces in search of one who should surely be there. Strange that she should be wanting in such a scene. But no time now for selfish pursuits; a grateful people must hasten to render thanks for their deliverance-then, throughout the city he will seek for Athenie, and hear from her lips the approval that should

Once more to the temple they come but now with glad sounds to herald their coming, and the martial strains pierce through the sacred shades.

With ears strained to catch the first notes of the battle ong that should be her death signal, Athense stands with clasped hands and breathless lips parted. Nearer and nearer they come. ter the quick ordeal that shall end her existence, than the long days of agony and suspense in the dim temple's recess, where a window open toward Athens lets in on her soul the endearing memories of youth, which beat like surges around her resolve, a saulting it with the sweet ness of life She turns for a lust look toward the city, where the sun is setting on the home of her past. She leans from

'bear on your wings a message to the lonely heart that will grieve for my going. Tell him Athena forgets not hi precepts; that she laments not the ento which they have brought her, and that she could go with joy, could she feel his dear hand on her head and heat his voice say as of old, when her school tasks were done: 'It is well!'

But the moments are short; already she hears the sound of voices in the tem ple courts below. She must silence the womanly heart that is striving for mas At this satire the market-place rings with the laughter of the populace, and all eyes are turned on the poet's pale face, as he stands apart from the gay throng, his stern gaze bent on the gay tery. She turns from the window, and presence is with her. She sees the old look of pride lightening up his sad face when he hears of her sacrifice, and she knows his great love would not intermands. Slowly the old courage swells a tremor a hand on her shoulder and knows fate's messenger has come.

The august head submits to the bandage that shuts from her sweet eyes the light of day, and she follows with unfaltering steps the hand that leads her down through the temple's corridors, the unconscious centre of myriad eyes To the portals they come, when the dread tones of the Pythoness pronounce her

"Lo, maiden, Apollo has given to Sparta a great victory. Art thou willing to yield him the promised sacrifice?" The clear voice replies: "I am will-

Then swear it, Kneel here on the threshold, with the sun god's eye shining on you, and swear that of your own free will you give your life for your country.' She kneels amid the hushed throng, and raising a steady right hand swears that in the name of Sparta she offers her

"Tis enough! Hear, Spartans, the will of Apollo. It was the poor human thought that suggested the life of an innocent maid for the sacrifice acceptable as the price of success. But behold how this is overruled by the wiscom of gods. By the death of that pride which was raising a barrier between Athense and Sparta and poisoning the memories of friendship you have won back their favor. Yet know that forever is this maiden loved of the gods. Her brave spirit already has passed through the blood of its self-immolation. Her fair form shall be spared many years to show forth by the side of this high-souled Athenian the twin virtues of cour-age and patriotism, which have made

Greece immortal. "Approach, thou of Athens, whose act has made Sparta victorious, and lead back to life the child who would have

died for her ransom." Bewildered by these words, Athenæ feels a hand gently raise her and draw the veil from her face. When he sees her the voice so familiar to her ear rends and at her feet the poet.

Then, pleased with the scene, Apollo kissed with his bright beams the lips of the lovers, and sank to his rest, leaving over them all a fair afterglow like the is good."-Boston Post. smile of approving love.

Why the Conductor's Jaw Fell.

One of those smart Alexanders who travel on his cheek and the inability of the public to change \$20 bills for a glass of soda, got on a Pennslyvania avenue car the other day and tendered the aforesaid \$20 for his fare. Of course the conhis ride free. This was repeated until the fourth or fifth time of its repetition he determined to get even with the fellow. By visiting the toll-house, and by other means unknown, the manipulator of the bell punch managed to scrape up

\$19.95 in pennies. Placing these in a little bucket he quietly awaited the appearance of his victim, having posted the driver and some other intimate friends who happened to be on board. When the unsuspecting man with the plethoric pocket book put in an appearance and promptly produced the "twenty," with many apol ogies, the conductor pocketed the bill and produced his little bucket, and amid the grins of the spectators presented it to his customer. The young man looked pretty cheap, and after feeling the heft of the bucket thoughtfully got off the car and disappeared around a corner. Then the conductor took the bill from his pocket and proceeded to fold it up nicely so that it would fit into a convenient corner of his pocketbook. Something in the appearance of the bill caught his eye, and, as he examined it a little his jaw dropped about a foot. The bill was a counterfeit. The young man had also been laying for the conductor. - Pittsburg Commercial

The European Honey Market.

Notwithstanding the enormous supply of beet sugar in Europe, which has suddealy brought down the prices of sweets, the demand for honey has increased of late years, and "honey fairs" throughout England are well patronized, while honey associations and companies have greatly improved the varieties offered for sale and their marketable condition. Comb honey is always in demand and the trade in strained has raised up in the bottlers' business something of the same agencies for disposing of honey that the creameries are everywhere for milk. There are seventeen or eighteen variet es of honey produced in Hertfordshire alone, and the business in hives and in tin boxes for transporting honey is quite extensive. -Philadelphia Leiger.

There are 20,000 houses in Berlin in each of which from twenty to thirty

VEGETABLE ROMANCE.

Marriage and death notices gratia.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

One Square, one Inch, three months 8 00

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A potato went out on a smash And sought an onion bed; "That's pie for me!" observed the squash, And all the beets turned red; "Go way!" the onion weeping cried,

"Your love I cannot be, The pumpkin be your lawful bride, You cantelope with me. But onward still the tuber came

And lay down at her feet; You cauliflower by any name And it will smell as wheat; And I, too, am an early rose, And you I've come to see, So don't turnip your lovely nose, But Spinach at with me. I do not care at all to wed,

So go, sir, if you please! The modest onion meekly said, And lettuce pray have peas; So think that you have never see Myself or smelled my sigh; Too long a maiden I have been For favors in your rye.

Ah! spare a cress, the tuber prayed; My cherry-shed bride you'll be, You are the only weeping maid That's current now with me! And as the wily tuber spoke, He caught her by surprise. And, giving her an artichoke, Devoured her with his eyes. -Nancy Nelson Pendleton

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A big trade-Swapping elephants .-Siftings.

Circus tumblers are afflicted with a vaulting ambition. - Lowell Citizen.

The man who minds his own business as he ought to is seldom idle. - Call. If a watch company should get into financial difficulties could it do business

A hen in the garden of a woman has a "shoo" her enough chance of being run out, -Picayune,

"Where are the British Isles located, John?" John-"The British aisles are located in the British churches, of course."-Siftings.

There are few more pleasant sounds than the ringing blows of a woodman's ax when some one else is wielding the -Somerville Journal.

Policemen are very impartial When arrests they are making,
They put men in jail for safe-keeping,
And some for safe-breaking.
—Tid-Bits.

"I'm looking for employment," said a young man entering a merchant's office. "You are, hey? Well, you'll find it in the dictionary over there-er-among the E's,"-Tid-Bits.

Her eyes were bright,
Her face was fair,
Her teeth gleamed out like pearls;
Her neck was white,
Her wavy hair
Hung down in sunny curls—
By why attempt to tell of all
The charms of baby's big wax doll?

Merchant Traceler.

A defaulting cashier endeavored to excuse his financial dereliction on the plea that he was only following out the scriptural injunction to "Hold fast that which

The Russians are taking the lead in fiction. It is no trouble for a Russian novelist to fill a book. When he writes the names of five or six of his characters one volume is completed. -Arkansan

Nine one-legged men played a game of baseball against nine one-armed men in Southern Illinois the other day. The one-armed men had the advantage of being able to kick against the umpire's decisions .- Chicago News.

She went adown the garden walk, His arm was 'round her waist; "Now don't do that," she bluntly said, "You know it's in bad taste."

"I'm sure I cannot see it so," He said with some granaces, "My hand I'm only trying now, At making glad waist places. -Boston Budget,

Swedish Manners. One great peculiarity of traveling in

Sweden is the extreme quiet and lack of flurry. The Swedish are a tacitura and noiseless sort of 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 josfle It is the custom to do so much bowing and hat-lifting that one is sbliged to move more slowly than in America to give time for all this cour-When a train leaves a platform or a steamboat pier all the lookers on l'ft their hats to the departing passengers and bow to them, a compliment returned by the travelers. If you address the poorest person in the street you must lift on is a terrible breach of good manners.

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 If you enter or leave a coffee-room you must bow to all the occupants. Passengers on board the little steamers which ply about Stockholm invariably raise their hats to the occupants of any other boat which passes near them. The very men in charge of the locks on the canal bow politely to the sailors as the boats go through. Imagine American bargees indulging in such amenities.

An Idyl of the Surf.

A maiden of Boston. One morning while tossed on The waves of the surf at Long Branch, Set up a wild squenling, With such piercing feeling. That every face near her did blanch!

She kicked and gyrated, In a way animated, While her face were expression of wee, Till when rescuest she stated.

a voice with fear freighted, That a lobster shook hands with her tox