

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notices will be taken of anonymous communications.

The recent earthquakes have benefited the petroleum business in Ohio and Indiana, as a number of wells bored for oil and gas, which yielded nothing but that, are now giving them out in large quantities.

The United States spent more money during the last year for salaries of post-office employees than any other country. A careful estimate of the mail matter of all kinds exchanged throughout the world in one day places the total at 11,640,000,000, or about five picadors every human being.

The Worcester (Mass.) Spy pleads for a change of Thanksgiving Day from the cold and discomfort of the last Thursday in November to an earlier date. "It ought to be," says the Spy, "the splendid days of October, when the wild is brilliant, when out-door games are a luxury, and there is a moon to make the night almost as light as day."

A strange variety of taste, says a London magazine, has prevailed in various countries in regard to mushroom. In Russia the peasants are never without them. They are hung up to dry in Lancashire, and form a greatly esteemed relish to all sorts of dishes. In some parts of Germany, also, they are largely preserved in brine for cooking purposes, but in England it is only lately that they have come at all into general use.

There is one point in regard to which marriages in Germany are not as easy a matter as in other countries. Ladies may marry any one they like if they are of age. Not so men. They require their parents' permission until they are twenty-five. However, in case of refusal on their part, the sons may demand their reason, and place this before the authorities, who, if they do not see sufficient cause for the refusal, will declare it invalid, and the marriage will proceed.

It has been said that rabies is most unknown in Constantinople, notwithstanding the great number of dog which infest that city. This is on account of their curious and well-known customs. The dogs seem to be divided into troops, each group occupying a certain quarter of the city. If any strange dog appears, or if any dog strays into the wrong section of the city, he is immediately set upon and devoured by the inhabitants of that section. So that, as dogs being strangers have to be jealously guarded, there is not much danger of introduction of rabies.

The number of newspapers published in the world at any one time is more or less a matter of estimate, as official or reliable statistics of every country cannot be obtained. According to the authority of the German Secretary of State and Postmaster-General, V. Stephan, there existed, in March 1886, throughout the world, "about 6,000 newspapers with an aggregate circulation of 592,000,000 copies within a year, of which papers 19,000 were published in Europe, 12,000 in North America, 600 in South America, 775 in Asia, and the rest in Australia and Africa.

Near Tahlequah, Indian Territory, is an immense wild pigeon roost, there are millions of birds, and at night they come in to roost they make noise like mighty thunder. Birdmen there are only two droves of wild pigeons in North America. This is the larger one. A great many people are camped around the roost engaged in firing, netting and killing them for sport, which they are doing by the thousands. New York, Philadelphia, Chief St. Louis and other places in the States of less note, are represented at this. For dead ones the slayers get an average of \$2 per 100; for live ones the birds get \$4 to \$6 per 100, as a great number of these are used in the East and sold for shooting matches by sporting birds.

It is next to impossible to see a good second growth of pine trees in the Sierra Nevada as long as sheep are permitted to range unrestricted over the mountains. They trample the sprouts of two or three years' growth to the ground and kill them. These on the tiny shoots the first year they appear. Even if they survive the first year the sheep men frequently silt to the underbrush in order to clear ground for food. Fires are also used carelessly from the camp fires of the herd. All in all, the trees have a long time to attain maturity. Those who are interested in the subject of forestry would find it to their advantage to study this means of destruction of trees, which we firmly believe to be greater than others, and see a remedy by which destruction can be prevented.

The Forest Republican.

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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1886.

\$1 50 PER ANNUM

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion.....	\$ 1 00
One Square, one inch, one month.....	3 00
One Square, one inch, three months.....	7 00
One Square, one inch, one year.....	24 00
Two Squares, one year.....	48 00
Half Column, one year.....	36 00
One Column, one year.....	72 00
Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.	
Marriage and death notices gratis.	
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.	
Job work—cash on delivery.	

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

Hills are bleak and bare
Jordan's stream runs low,
And all mankind may share
Their endless flow,
That shone in lonely ray
For remotest ages, when
The light of heaven's
Dew on earth, good will to men,
Its glories still abide
In each Christmas-tide.

Hills are bleak and bare
Jordan's stream runs low,
And all mankind may share
Their endless flow,
That shone in lonely ray
For remotest ages, when
The light of heaven's
Dew on earth, good will to men,
Its glories still abide
In each Christmas-tide.

At once, their joy, their pride,
This bliss each Christmas-tide.

Judas are bleak and bare
Jordan's stream runs low,
And all mankind may share
Their endless flow,
That shone in lonely ray
For remotest ages, when
The light of heaven's
Dew on earth, good will to men,
Its glories still abide
In each Christmas-tide.

Life's state to override
In love each Christmas-tide.

—Henry Armstrong.

CHRISTMAS.

It was on Eve, and despite a bitter wind, the Bowers was one mass of humanity, laden with boxes, packages containing all sorts of things, or bent upon purchasing, for one of the many entertained on this thoroughfare of all nations, which has no counterpart in any found in the Whitechapel of London, England. Mingling this crowd of buyers and sellers, were many who could but long. Children whose only Christmas was the gay decorations, or a whiff of the goodies, or the frosty night air from some. Many a dirty, little, eager pressed tight against a window pane, with evident satisfaction, gazed at the scraps of Christmas. Outside of one of the cook shops, where cakes, pies were being rapidly passed over to their respective purchasers, a boy of probably twelve or thereabouts, whose dark eyes appeared to glaze by reason of his thin cheeks, and unkempt locks, how he was held together was only to himself, for the wind as if determined to rend them every time it took it into its head to blow in their direction. Hungry they had the toothsome dainties, as he eagerly of the kitchen's odor from below, starving and. The throngs jostled each other passed to and fro, but the boy's stand, as if fascinated by so much brightness, stood close beside him shivered, and bones of a cur, who was of the scraggiest of coats, while his ears were entirely gone, and ever possessed a waggable appendage, the smallest apology of a stub that remained to tell the tale. His eyes could have expressed that those of this dumb bearded wretch, with his young master to heat with his warm hands, he chilled hands. And he was not misplaced, for with a catch the dog's homely coat, the boy's.

"It's Christmas, Sandy, and there'll be plenty of bones for ye in the fields. Do you remember the bones we had last week?" The sturdy responsive yes and the boy's half to himself and half to food friend.

"'Tis often been why there's so many folks with a heap of things, and others with you, Sandy, as has none, can't come at the bottom of the world's Nat. he's a prig and a snob to have a regular blow over his head from old Mother Mowbray. Was a prig, but ye see, I know how it is, but I can't do good at stealing. They're scared of the cops. It ain't no secret to me, I know why I can't do it."

"Here, sonny, take ten cents." The boy of fortune was cut short by a question. As he turned, a comely looking woman confronted him. Her arm was a big basket, and she had a goodly store of things that he had procured in his long life, and refused to allow to be sold. A little boy and a girl, seven and five, were sitting on the thick, warm wool of this pleasant voiced woman's lap, and she was talking to them as if they were her own.

"If you'd like to see me, by helping me carried, seventeen street and I'll be right glad to see you. It's more than I can afford to find, since I had the rheumism."

A look of gentleness in the woman's eyes as she pinched cheeks and patted. Then as she glared him her own warmly clad, her cap and gown grew space, she eagerly held out the basket, saying, "I'll give you, ma'am." A look of disappointment crossed the woman's face, she turned to go, but she changed to one of joy, she turned into shop, and "I guess we'll all get a bite, and sup of this and that night. Come, sonny, in all

of strength so you'll be better able to bear a hand with the basket. "Me, ma'am" ejaculated the boy, at this unexpected kindness.

"Why, of course, come right along. Lor', child, it's Christmas Eve, and it comes but once a year."

Into the warmth and brightness and good cheer the lad stepped, closely followed by Sandy, whose bright eyes and stubby nose wore an air of puzzled inquiry. Feeling as if it were all a dream, and that he would awake in a moment to find himself outside in the cold again, this poor wretch sipped his hot coffee and ate of the bread and butter and meat that was plentifully supplied him, slyly now and again chucking bits to his dumb friend, who kept close beneath his master's chair, until his kind benefactress, catching him in the act, ejaculated:

"For mercy sake, child! what are you doing?"

It flashed across her that perhaps the boy was an impostor, and not being hungry, was disposing of the meat in that way in order to deceive her. But in his pale cheeks there crept the quick color as he answered:

"If you please, ma'am, it's Sandy. I couldn't eat and he go without."

At the mention of his name Sandy crawled with a half apologetic air from beneath the chair.

"Is that how it is? Here, waiter, bring a plate full of meat and bones for this dog," and this whole-souled woman gazed compassionately upon the half-starved beast.

Such a thumping as Sandy thereupon set up with his stub of a tail, any one to have seen it would have doubted its ability to create such a commotion.

"Lor' bless me! the critter acts as if he understood," and kindly Mrs. Christian patted Sandy's rough coat, whereupon he, being a very intelligent dog who knew as well as his betters how to appreciate a kindness, immediately offered his paw, causing the two children—Eddie and Rosie—to laugh merrily, in which their mother good-naturedly joined, and even Jim—that was the poor boy's name—washed by the good fare, found himself actually laughing heartily too.

Before Avenue B was reached that night kind Mrs. Christian had learned the little there was to tell of Jim's history. A New York waif, homeless and friendless, living as he would. As far as he remembered, he had never given him a kind word until he was found in a tenement-house.

Up two flights of one of the better class of tenement-houses Jim helped with the basket, and was rewarded with the nicest smile he thought he had ever seen, followed by the words:

"There, sonny, there's your ten cents and a bit over, seeing it's Christmas eve," and while Jim stood gazing at the silver quarter placed in his hand, too much surprised to speak his thanks, she added:

"Come round to-morrow about one o'clock, and I guess there'll be a bit of the turkey left, and Sandy, poor doggie, he shall have his Christmas, too."

"Please, ma'am, Jim managed at last to blurt out, "perhaps if I come round a bit early I might be able to give you a hand at summat. I can do lots of things, and—ah! I'd like to try 'em."

Something in the boy's wistful face went straight to Mrs. Christian's warm heart, and smiling through the tears that clouded her eyes, she answered:

"That's right; always try to work your way and be independent. So come early, and I'll warrant you'll earn your dinner."

Then with a nod and a smile she bade him good-night.

It was late that Christmas eve before Mrs. Christian's numerous duties were accomplished. So many little things there were to do that only a mother's loving hands could rightly fashion. Then there was Tom, her husband, who had been working late at an extra job, he had to have his bit of supper and smoke, and of course hear all his wife had to tell of poor Jim and how her heart had gone out to him in his poverty and loneliness.

"Weel, Mary," said her "godman," his genial face expanding in a smile, "you're always right, and I guess you're so now. Howsoever, we'll give him one good feed, and as ye say, it looks weel for the lad a offering to earn his dinner."

Only to God alone was ever known of how that Christmas eve a sorrowing mother lovingly pressed a little worn frock to her quivering lips as she murmured:

"My baby Jim! and he would have been just about his age, if he had 've lived." Then, as she tenderly returned her treasure to its hiding place, she continued: "I'll do it, if Tom will let me. No home, no mother, no one to care for him. It might have been my Jim, or Eddie or Rose. Perhaps it's the name that draws me so toward him. Anyway, I can't help it—and we'll never miss the bit and sup."

Such warmth and kindness and savory odors as Jim found himself amid that Christmas day! He did his best, poor lad, in honor of the occasion by presenting himself with face and hands as clean as soap and water could make them, and hair in such a state of slickness that poor Sandy was forced to indulge in an extra sniff of his young master to convince himself that he had not made a mistake. How Mrs. Christian contrived on such short notice to procure a suit of clothes that, if they were a trifle large and somewhat worn, transformed Jim into quite a handsome little fellow, was known only to her kindly heart. And the warm flannels—there was no one to tell of the pitying fingers that had fashioned them so early that bright Christmas morn.

And Jim—did he ever forget that Christmas day, the first real one he had ever known! And when he was told that he need never go back to the cold

and the hunger again; that if he wished he could become one of the happy household, he was speechless from sheer bewilderment at the dazzling prospect, until Sandy, perhaps, fearing it all boded no good to him, gave vent to a prolonged howl; whereupon, with a big gulp, as if to choke back the tears that filled his eyes, Jim answered:

"Please, ma'am, don't think hard of me, but I couldn't do it. Yer see, he was sick a little 'un, when I saved him from being throttled by Mike Flint, and his leg was broke; but he was that smart, he's stuck to me ever since. Such friends as we've been, ma'am, I couldn't go back on him now. He's all the friend I ever knew till I see you, ma'am. I hope yer won't think me ungrateful, and if ye'll give me a job now and agin I'll only be too thankful, and fur all ye've done, I cannot say it rightly, but I feel it, ma'am, I do."

Here, with a slight catching of his breath, Jim paused, and hugging Sandy, who had crept into his arms, close to his breast, he awaited his dismissal.

Two motherly hands were laid lovingly upon the boy's shoulders, as in tones that slightly trembled Mrs. Christian said:

"Did you think, sonny, we would begrudge the bit and sup to the poor beast? Of course he's to stay, too, and it will be his own fault if he goes without, when there's plenty for him. Isn't it so, Tom?" And Mrs. Christian turned smilingly to her husband, who, holding out an encouraging hand to Jim, answered:

"You do as the wife says, lad, and ye can't go far wrong." And thus it was Jim and Sandy became members of the family.

Ten years had come and gone since the Christmas day that Mrs. Christian took Jim to her heart and home. Up in Harlem there was a cosy little house. This night the snow decks like a bridal veil each tree and shrub of the pretty garden attached, which, were it summer, would be gay with many a delicate blossom. Shall we peep in? The blind at the little window is drawn up. Such a pretty, home-like picture does it reveal this New Year's Eve. A sweet, kindly, home-like woman, whose silvery hair is partially hidden by a soft mill cap, sits in a low rocker, busily knitting a zephyr-like article with bright colored yarns.

The soft light of the student lamp falls upon the bright, expressive face of a youth of about seventeen years, who is playing checkers with a very pretty girl, two years his junior. A cottage stands invitingly open, while he glances at the dog, where glows a glorious fire, and a cat is stretched on a rug. Surely we have seen it before, although his reddish brown coat was not then thickly streaked with gray. Suddenly the dog's one ear is cocked, and he rises and hobbles as fast as his stiff joints will allow to the door, uttering a feeble bark. A ringing step sounds outside, then a latch key turns in the lock, and a second afterward a young man enters the room with: "Well, Sandy, old fellow," and as he stoops to pat the dog, the young girl, with an impulsive cry, springs up, exclaiming:

"Oh, Jim, tell us all about it! I'm dying to know." Smiling, he gives her delicate little ear a pinch, as he answers:

"The mother first, Rosie;" then, kneeling beside the elderly lady, whose eyes are bent fondly upon him, he continues, with:

"Mother, congratulate your son; he is now junior member of the firm, and on the high road to fortune."

"Rosie, do you think we'll be allowed to call him Jim any longer? I'm sadly afraid we shall have to take a back seat," and with a lugubrious sigh, the boy sank as if overcome into his chair.

"How ridiculous you are, Eddie, just as if Jim, dear old Jim, would be any different if he were the firm itself," replied the young girl, half laughing.

The mother's trembling hands are laid caressingly upon the broad shoulders of the young man, as in a voice full of emotion she murmurs:

"God bless and prosper and reward you, my son, for all the loving care you have given the children and me the years since their father died, for I never can."

"Mother! look back and think of the little wail you took to your heart and home. Can he ever repay all the motherly love you lavished upon him. Do you think it is nothing to him to have a home, brother, sister and you, my mother?"

A peal of bells is borne lightly toward them on the night air, and as they die softly away, Jim cries cheerily:

"A Happy New Year to our home."

After the Honey-moon had Waned.

Mrs. Winkle—"Oh, my dear, that lovely play you and I saw together before we were married is to be produced again. Let's go."

Mr. Winkle—"The one with the lovers in it who die for each other?"

"Yes."

What's the use? It did us no good. We went on living.—Quasha World.

Accounted For.

Before Willie K's cousin Bertha arrived at her home with her parents on a summer visit his mother had told him to observe how graceful and polite her manners were, especially at table. When she came Willie observed her, therefore, with admiring interest. One day his mother said:

"Do you see how nicely Bertha conducts herself, Willie?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Don't you think her manners are rather better than yours?"

"Yes, mamma; and I guess I know why."

"Why is it, my dear?"

"Probably Bertha has been better brought up than I have!"—Youth's Companion.

CONFLICTS ON THE CONGO.

THE DANGERS OF EXPLORATION IN AFRICAN WILDS.

One Traveler Has Fifteen Battles With Native Tribes—Scared By Steam Whistles—Ports in Trees.

Not a few conflicts with the natives have occurred during recent explorations in Africa. In the Congo valley especially, among tribes that have never seen white men until within the last year and a half, the intruding Europeans have been greeted with showers of arrows. Many of the hostilities when they have come to know something about their unwelcome visitors have been their friends, and many a skirmish with the blacks might have been avoided altogether had the explorers the tact and patience of Livingstone.

The deck of the little missionary steamer Peace, which has made its way up more of the large tributaries of the great river than all the rest of the Congo fleet, is protected by an arrow-proof wire netting, within which Mr. Grenfell has on more than one occasion sat serenely, scarcely noticing the poisoned arrows that natives, hidden in the grass on shore have harmlessly launched against the netting. When one tribe far up the Mobangi river saw the little craft puffing her way up stream all the men, women, and children deserted their huts and took refuge in fortlets which they had built in the branches of tall, straight trees. There were no branches within about thirty feet of the ground, and the natives reached their fortlets by means of rope ladders, securing their retreat by pulling the ladders up after them. From these perches in the air they sent their showers of arrows against the sides of the steamer, which went on its way after Mr. Grenfell had vainly tried to enter into a parley with the excited aborigines.

Mr. Grenfell has generally made friends of the new tribes he has met, and he is one of the few Congo travelers who have not been tempted by any provocation to resort to firearms. Several tribes that attacked him on his way up rivers, hearing of his friendliness from other natives, have heartily welcomed him when he came back.

Lieutenant Kund, of the last German expedition, had fifteen fights last year with the natives in the vicinity of the Sankuru River, south of the Congo. His work in an entirely new region added a good deal to geographical knowledge, but the fact that he fought his way through the country detracts from the lustre of his achievements. He asserts, however, that he did all he could to conciliate his enemies, and that he never resorted to firearms except in self-defense. The weapons of the natives were flint guns, bows and arrows, and a number of his followers were killed. Some days, Lieutenant Kund says, he rarely saw a native, but he could hear incessantly the beating of their drums and the war rattles of their priests. In one fight Kund was struck by three arrows, which were cut out with a razor by his white companion. He reached Stanley Pool suffering from wounds.

Some lucky incident has now and then saved recent explorers from serious trouble. When Dr. Buchner reached the Kuango River early last year, a large force of natives advanced to attack his little party. Just as they were poisoning their spears Buchner shouted that he was a friend of Bula Matari. Instantly every arm dropped, and the party was allowed to go on its way unmolested. Bula Matari is the name by which Stanley is known in the Congo Valley. Though he had never been within a hundred miles of these natives, they feared his vengeance if they injured any of his friends. The fame of a few white men has spread from tribe to tribe throughout the greater part of savage Africa. Dr. Holub says, for instance, that in a part of the Zambesi Valley never before visited by a white man he was asked if he knew Dr. Livingstone.

Sir Francis de Winton says the natives stand in great awe of steamboats when they first see them, and that to whistle or blow off steam stamps an entire village. Sometimes Mr. Grenfell has been mistaken for a ghost, and nearly all the natives have taken to the woods until he has convinced the few who dared to face him that he ate and slept as they did and was a man like themselves. For several days on the Mobangi he and his party nearly starved, the natives refusing to sell him food, as they thought him a supernatural being, and were afraid to communicate with him.

The Congo State Government decided last year to punish all natives who attacked its agents. Early this year accordingly half a dozen large villages on the upper Congo were burned, and their inhabitants driven into the woods in retaliation for injuries inflicted upon the whites.—New York Sun.

A House of Straw.

A house of straw is being constructed in this city to be erected in the grounds of the American exhibition in London, where a favorable site has been secured for it. It is an American suburban villa of the most approved architectural design, two and a half stories high and covering a space of forty-two by fifty feet. It is built entirely of material manufactured from straw, the inside finish being a handsome imitation of rosewood and other hardwoods. The building will be devoted to the illustration of Philadelphia's commercial, financial and industrial interests by means of photographic views reproduced by the photo-print process. The views will include the leading banks, newspaper offices, exchanges, schools, hotels, etc.

The second floor of the building will be divided into offices, a general exchange for the transaction of business connected with the exhibits, and a reading room.—Philadelphia Times.

BENEATH THE LINDEN-TREE.

Beneath the tree,
The yellowing tree, the leafy linden-tree,
I lie alone in idlest reverie,
The branches tremble in the passing gust,
The brittle turf sends up its fragrant dust,
And through the drowsy meadow drones the bee.

Molder of life in high or low degree,
Exhaustless Nature breeds on every hand;
Before me lies the land, the pregnant land,
The swarming air, the big, prolific sea;
The cricket chirping singly in the sand
Is vocal with the unfathomed mystery.
Among this myriad brood,
A motley train, pursuer and pursued,
I also move to some divinest good
That here, embracing all, embraces me.

Beneath the tree,
The yellowing tree, the ancient linden-tree,
They lie and dream together, he and she,
For these alone the heart was born of clay,
The ages blossom in a perfect day,
And countless life obeys the great decree;
The moon reflects her spangles on the sea,
The planet kindles in the northern sky,
And all the mighty pageant passes by
To bear them on to happy destiny.
For them the darkness veils the curious eye,
And God looks down, that every grace may be,
In youth's enchanted prime,
Enriched by a shining pantomime,
They deeply drain the golden cup of time,
And love creates a new eternity.

—Dora Read Goodale.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The wind is always blowing about something; but there is nothing in it.—Picaresque

"Some men are born great." Yes, but gracious! how some of them do shrink.—New Haven News.

They are going down to dinner. He—"May I sit on your right hand?" She—"Getter take a chair." He took one.—Tit-Bits.

"There is something I have just dashed off," said the poet as he knocked his would-be son-in-law out of the door-step.—Boston Courier.

Earthquakes will be reached and mastered in time. The future American mother will utilize them in rocking her babies.—Courier Journal.

Whenever you hear a fellow begin a conversation by saying: "There's no use talking," prepare yourself for a flood.—Philadelphia Call.

A teacher in a high school asked a little wad of an Irish boy to describe a lake. "Sure and it is a hole in the kettle."—Providence Telegram.

The fact that a man has not cut his hair for ten or twelve years need not necessarily imply that he is eccentric. He may be bald.—Poria Call.

Misery loves company and company causes the good housekeeper a good deal of misery too, when she hasn't anything cooked in the house.—Somerville Journal.

Robinson is sometimes absent-minded. The other day he had his hair cut, and when the operation was completed he regarded himself in the mirror. "You have got it too short," he said to the barber, and seated himself again in the chair.

"Violet," said the young man with hair evenly balanced and craved breeches. "I have come to-night to ask you a question that has been on my mind for weeks." "Well, Victor," said the shy goddess. "I am anxious to know if you would take me, for better or for worse?" "Well, Victor, to look at you, I should say worse!" Victor is single yet.—Stetman.

"I don't see," observed Boggs as he leaned back in his chair, "how any man of sense can be led to embezzle \$50,000 or \$100,000 and skip the country! He is disgraced, his future ruined, and what good can the money do him?" "You don't take the right view of it," replied Stebbins. "Why?" "The idea, my dear sir, is to settle for half the sum stolen and return home to be looked upon as a smart man and re-elected President of a rival institution."—Wall Street News.

Was Willing to Quit.

A good story is told of an interview of the Hon. W. H. H. Bingham with one of the State boarders at Windsor. Some of the prisoners were at work lathing the guard room during a recent official visit of the "Governor," and the latter was inspecting the progress of the work. After contemplating the process for a few minutes, Gov. Bingham remarked: "See here, my man, you are laying those laths too near together; that sort of thing will never do." The prisoner calmly laid down his implements and said: "Governor, I am willing to be turned off and discharged if my work don't suit; I never applied for this job or the situation, and if my work isn't satisfactory I am willing to quit." The offer was not accepted.—Montpelier (Vt.) Journal.

"A Nine Days' Wonder."

The origin of the phrase, "a nine days wonder," is not clearly traceable, but it is supposed by some to refer to the nine days during which Lady Jane Grey was styled Queen of England. Other authorities attribute it to the nine days after birth during which a puppy remains blind. There is an old proverb: "A wonder lasts but nine days, and then the puppy's eyes are open."

The Cost of Pleasure.

Upon the valley's lap,
The dewy morning throws
A thousand pearly drops,
To wake a single rose!

Thus, often in the course
Of life's few fleeting years,
A single pleasure costs
The soul a thousand tears.

—From the Spanish.