The largest pension ever paid out to a single person in Philadelphia has recently been handed to Josiah Brineard. The sum reaches over \$10,000. The pension has been under way for over pineteen years, and the beneficiary is both blind and a cripple.

Colonel Ward Lamon, the law partner of President Lincoln, who took the claim of the Choctaw Nation on speculation and got a judgment in their favor of \$2,500,000, received a fee of \$250,900. This shows that the law is sometimes a paying profession.

The applications of electricity become more varied every day. Air-pressure, heat, steam pressure and water stages at distant points are now recorded by its use, and now a California electrician has invented a process whereby gold, silver and copper can be instantly smelted by a lightning stroke.

The heavy feeding and deep drinking characteristics of the English dinner of years ago is said to be rapidly disappearing and with them much of the gout and indigestion that have been regarded as national complaints. The change is ascribed to the impression made on the public of late years by hygienists, schools of cooking and education generally.

Pastoral pursuits have been the largest factor of Australia's commercial prosperity. The stock landed by the first fleet, in 1788, consisted only of a bull, four cows and a calf, one stallion, three mares and three colts, with a few coarse wooled sheep, pigs and goats; in 1885, ninety-seven years later, there were reckmed to be as many as 0,000,000 horned attle, 1, 300, 000 horses, 80, 000, 000 sheep, and 1,000,000 swine.

The Dry-Goods Chronicie reports that noble-minded merchant of world-wide intance, long years of experience, vast wealth honorably accumulated, asked how many dishonest men in cantile life be had met with during ong and varied career. Said he: "I former days.
"And how do you do, Sol? Come in of the earth, and in all my long and d commercial experience, in which e often than otherwise the honor of man was my only protection, I found two or three men whom I considered nately dishonest. These men would have remained the same in principle had they been engaged in any other vocation af life."

Of Oscar Wilde it is related that at the christening of his infant son, he was called on to furnish the baby's name, but for some reason or other he felt such a responsibility to be greater than he chose to assume, and declined responding to the parson's appeal. The latter, in no wise disconcerted, promptly took the matter in his own hands, and declared "John" to be the boy's name. Roused from his indifference by his offspring's deadly peril, Mr. Wilde found strength to rush forward and murmur softly: "Cyril," and then fall back exhausted from the intensity of his emotions. The baby is saved, however, and John is not his name.

In some reminiscences of Henry Ward Beecher a writer for the New York Times says: "It is Mr. Beecher's boast that he never wore a dress coat. He wears his every day suit of black broadcloth wherever he goes, and though he may be-as he often is-the only man among two hundred or three hundred banqueters not attired in the regulation evening dress, nobody would notice any incongruity, Beecher's strong personality completely overshadows such petty details as dress. About three years ago a big dinner was given at Delmonico's by the Chamber of Commerce, at which there were present President Arthur, General Grant, Governor Cleveland, and the Governors of ten other States. The affair was intended to be very "swell," and so it was. Mr. Beecher arrived late, and a few of his friends could not help noticing that he had paid less attention to his toilet than usual. But the sturdy expounder had no apologies to offer. In the course of his speech, which was one of the most eloquent he was ever heard to utter, he explained that he had just come from his farm at Peekskill and had hurried to catch the train. The charm of his oratory set the company wild with enthusiasm, and at the finish, after the cheering and waving of hankerchiefs and napkins had ceased, General Grant clasped the speaker's had and in tones of genuine admiration said : "Mr. Beecher, I don't know what kind of a farmer you are, but as a talker you are 'some pumpkins.' "

Che Forest Republican.

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IN EXILE

I see a fireside far away; I count each dear, accustomed chair, The gentle glance, the faces gay-I see it all, and would be there,

The children climb their father's knees; The mother strokes her baby's hair; In happly groups of twos and threes They laugh and chat-would I were there

The lamp its mellow radiance sheds; The firelight flickers softly where Two little brown and golden heads Are lowly bent at evening prayer.

What of the lonely lengues between! I see it plain-I see it fair! I see, who am myself unseen-For oh! my homewick heart is there! -Anna F. Burnham, in Good Housekeep-

A CALICO FROCK.

BY GEORGE MARTIAL,

It wasn't a hot day, nor a cold day, nor a damp day, but it was an atrocious day, a clammy day, an unbearable day, a day that made your clothes stick to you like poor relations, that brought out cold sweats on pitchers and goblets, that made your back a race-course for contemptible little chilis and the rest of your body a target for a thousands invisible pins and needles, that made the grasshopper a burden and the dusty, begrimed city a pandemonium, that made Solomon Griggs, bachelor, of the firm of Griggs, Maken & Co., the great clothing merchants, shut up his ledger with a bang and start for the country by the next train, remarking to old Grimesby, the head clerk, "that the city was stifling." To which that worthy replied: "So it is, but how about the feller that can't get out of it and must stay to be choked?"-a problem which I suspect our friend of the firm of Griggs, Makem & Co. troubled his head very little about, being just then busy in looking into the dusty recesses of that picture gallery which memory furnishes and arranges for us all, as a single landscape hanging there. A low house with mossy, overhanging caves, standing on the slope of a green hill, shaded by branching elms, with level fields stretching off in the foreground toward the sparkling water on one side and dusky woods on the other, and there, dusty, sweating and tired, Solomon found himself just about sunset. Out came a ruddy-checked, smiling old lady in a cap and apron, that had attained a state of snowy perfection unknown to city laundresses

"Why, bless me if it isn't little Sol Why, who'd a thought of seeing you?" and she folded the stalwart bearded man in as warm an embrace as though he were in reality still the little Sol of

come in : don't stand out there. You know the little path and the way to the pantry yet, I dare say. Come in; you needn't start back-its only I achel. But I didn't know you had any young

ladies with you, Aunt Hester.' "It's only Rachel, I tell you-Rachel Hart, the seamstress. Are there no women in your city, that you are afraid

to face a little country girl?"
"Little indeed," thought Solomon, as he acknowledged his aunt's somewhat peculiar introduction-and not pretty, either-with large eyes of that uncertain gray that sometimes beams darkly blue and then deepens into brown; with a smooth, low forehead and light brown hair drawn tightly across each ear, just revealing its crimson tips; a face irregularly featured, and rendered still more striking by the singular contrast between its extreme pallor and the intensescarlet lips-the personitication of neatness, the embodiment of reserve.

"An odd little person," thought Solomon, "but it's none of my business!" and dismissing her from his mind, he proceeded to the much more important business of making himself perceptible at Aunt Hester's ten table.

Solomon did amp e justice to the snowy bread, golden butter and luscious strawberries, and later, as that worthy was indulging in a stroll across the fields, he bitted up his eyes, and beheld the little scamstress, whose existence he had quite forgotten, under a venerable cherry tree, making desperate efforts to seize a tempting branch on its lowest boughs-looking almost pretty with her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

Now Sol was a gallant man-decidedly the preux chevalier of the firm of Griggs, Makem & Co.; so that whenever, as had once or twice happened, a petticoat ventured into the mouldy shades of that establishment Sol was the man whom destiny and the other partners se-

lected to parley with the enemy.

Advancing, therefore, with a happy mixture of confidence and condescension, Sol plucked the cherries and was about to present them when independence in a calico frock stepped back with a cool: "Keep them yourself, sir; I don't care

for them. "I thought you wanted them!" stam-

mered Sol. 'So I did, because they were difficult to obtain. Had they been on your aunt's table, I would not have touched them. It is the glow of triumph that gives a pleasure to its zest, at the cherries yourself, and good evening, sir."

"Stop a moment!" said Sol, not a little astonished; "that is-I mean-permit me to accompany you!"

"No, you would expect me to entertain you, and that would be too much "But if, instead, I should entertain

"You cannot."

"Why?" "You could tell me nothing new. You are only a crucible for converting bales of cloth into the precious ore that all the world goes mad after. No doubt you are all very well in your way, but there to me?" are alchemists who could transmute our

heavenly thought. To such a one I found you; second, I should not have might listen; but you and I have nothing in common. "Not even our humanity?" asked Sol-

The stern face of the young girl soft-

ened a little, but only for a moment. "No!" she answered, angrily, "not even that. I, you know, am made of the inferior clay—you of the pure porce-lain. Do you not remember how even good, kind Aunt Hester told you there were no young ladies with her, only the seamstress. You are slightly bored already, and think me odd enough to amuse you for a while; but if some of these gay adies - among whom I hear you are such a favorite - were to come here, you would not even know me. Good evening, sir,' "What a furious little radical," thought Sol, with an uneasy laugh, as he watched her retreating figure. After all, he was not quite sure that she had not spoken the truth.

If the calico frock had been a flounced silk, for instance, how many degrees more deferential would have been his manner in presenting the cherries?

Query the second : If the calico frock had been walking down Broadway about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, would be, Solomon Griggs, of Griggs, Makem & Co., as willingly escort it as across those green fields where, if the robins and bluebirds did make remarks, it was in their own language? Sol couldn't answer the questions sat

isfactorily, but he went to bed and dreamed all night of the little Diogenes in her calico frock. That week and the next week he waited patiently for the first glimpse of that remarkable garment coming around the corner, but in vain. And when, in such a very careless manner that it was quite remarkable, he wondered audibly "where that odd little girl lived whom he saw on the eve of his arrival," Aunt Hester answered, dryly; "Away up— thereabouts," pointing with her hand. She boarded, she believed, with some queer sort of folks there; though, for

self. And this was absolutely all she would say on the subject. The next day Sol took it upon himself to wander up that way, "thereabouts," and was rewarded with a glimpse of the calico frock going through a broken gate; and, following it closely, came up with the wearer as she was about to enter the dilapidated front door, at which piece of impertinence she was so much incensed as to turn very red, while

tears actually started to her eyes.
"What do you want!" she asked, sharply enough. "To see you!" replied Sol, who, taken up the pistols and took the "cal by surprise, could think of nothing but frock" instead.—New York Mercury.

the truth. "Well, you have seen me-now go?" "But it's a warm day, and I am very "I can't help that. It's not my fault

"You might ask me to walk in and sit down, if you were not as hard-hearied as a liuron!

"This is not my house." "You would then, if it were?" "I don't say that," "Well, then, I am thirsty-give me a

glass of water." "There is the well, and an iron cup fastened to it by a chain, help your-

'You inhospitable little misanthrope!-"But she was gone; and the next time he inquired for her, Aunt Hester told him, with a malicious twinkle of the eve.

that she was gone to the city. Perhaps the good soul had troubled with visions of a future Mrs. Griggs, and was not altogether displeased an insurmountable barrier placed between "that odd Rachel Hart and her nephew Sol, who was a good boy, but didn't know the ways of

women,"

Be that as it may, her joy was shortly turned into mourning, for Solomon received dispatches requiring his immediate presence in the city. At least so he said, for Aunt Hester was immovable in her conviction that "that Rachel was urn, around which is carved a wreath of somehow at the bottom of it." She even hinted as much to Solomon when he bade her good-bye; but he only laughed, and told her to take care of herself.

After all, business could not have been o very pressing, as he spent the greater portion of his time wandering through anes and back streets, not unfrequently dashing down alleys with the inexplica-ble exclamation of "That's her?" from whence he always returned very red in slabs. Upon the first is written: the face and sheepish in expression.

Three months had passed away, when he nearly ran against a little woman, who looked up in his face with a sardonic smile.

"Your eyesight is not so good in the

"Rachel!-Miss Hart, I have been looking for you everywhere. I-I-where do you live?"

She hesitated a moment, then said shortly: "Come and see." And turning, led the way through narrow streets, recking with filth and teeming with a wretched p pulation, up a flight of broken stairs, into a dingy little room, whose only redeeming feature was its perfect

cleanliness. "Will you be seated, Mr. Griggs?" she asked with a scornful smile. "Now that to the highest degree. In fact, he was you know my residence, I trust that I so benevelent that in November, 1824, he

"And you live in this den." asked heedlessly of her sarcasm. Solomon, "How do you support yourself?"
"By my needle." "And how much does it take to keep

up this magnificent style of living?"

'By unremitting exertion I can earn two dollars a week. "Great heavens! why didn't you come

"Of course not. Your pride is to you meat and drink. Still you might have come. We are in want of hands."

"I do not believe it. You wish to chest me into accepting alms." "There is our advertisement, read it for yourself!" pulling a paper from his

pocket. The sunken eyes gleamed eagerly-she was human after all, and was even then suffering the pangs of hunger.

"Mr. Griggs, I believe you are a good man," she said, bursting into tears. will work for you gladly. I am starv-

And she did work, early and late, spite of Solomon's entreaties, refusing to accept anything but her wages, declining to receive his visits, sending back his gifts, steadily refusing above all to become his wife, though she softened wonderfully toward him.
"You are rich-I am poor!" she said,

in reply to his passionate arguments, "You are handsome—I am ugly; the world would laugh and your family be justly offended "

"I have no family, and as for the world, let it laugh; I dare be happy in spite of it." "I will not have you."

"Do you not love me?" "I will not have you," and with that answer Solomon was obliged to rest con-

Time passed on-a financial crisis came, and with hundreds of others down went the house of Griggs, Makem & Co. Solomon sat in his office gloomily brooding over his ruin, gloomily thinking of the woman whose love he had so ong and fruitlessly striven to win, darky wondering if it were not better to cut short an aimless, hopeless, blighted life. In the little drawer on the right lay a brace of pistols, a present from young Makem when he went to California. Solomon took them out-they were loaded-it was but to raise them so, adjust that matter, she was queer enough her- the trigger so, and-

"Lady wants to see you, sir."
"Can't see her, sir. What can a woman want here? Shut the door; if any one calls, say I'm out."

Once more he took up the pistol, but this time it dropped from his nerveless hand, for a pair of arms were round his neck and two clear gray eyes looked lovingly in his, while the voice that was sweetest to him whispered to him softly: "When you were rich, I rejected you. Now that you are poor I came to ask if you will take me?"

And Solomon, like a sensible man, put up the pistols and took the "calico

Andrew Johnson's Grave.

On a large, round hill beyond the town of Greenville, Tenn., stands his monument-an octagonal monolith of white marble, mounted on a pedestal of solid stone which rests upon a substructure of gray granite, comprising a double arch, with an opening beneath. Upon the top an eagle, with outspread wings, is hovering, and catching in his great claws the exquisite carvings of the marble flag which is folded about the top of the shaft with its stars and stripes. Just below a half-unrolled scroll, beautifully defined, with the words "Constitution of the United States" standing forth in bold letters, while just under it is an open volume, upon which rests a right On each side of this is a stand of pyramidal marble supporting large carved vases of the same material, filled with flowers, the chiselings of which cannot be surpassed in any land. Between, a little below, is the inscription:

ANDREW JOHNSON. Seventeenth President of the United States, Born Dec. 29, 1898, Died July 31, 1875. His faith in the peo-

ELIZA JOHNSON. Born Oct. 4, 1811, Died Jan. 15, 1576. In memory of our MOTHER.

In front of this is a mausoleum of white marble, mounted by a handsome carved ivy leaves. On the arched side is the inscription: "Andrew Johnson, Jr., died March 12, 1879, aged 26 years." At the foot is written: "To the memory of my husband," On each side marble pedes tals resting on the ground support handsome vases, which display the master workmanship of the sculptor. To the left are two graves, marked by a united stone curbing, with twin head and foot

Robert Johnson, Colonel of the First Tenn. Cavalry. Died April 22, 1863, aged 33

Upon the other: Charles Johnson, Surgeon of United States Volunteers. Died April 4, 1863, aged 33

A circle of a radius of about twenty city, Mr. Griggs. You don't know me feet incloses the whole with a simple iron railing. There are no flowers except a single fish geranium in a little stand at the grave of Andrew Johnson Jr., and a wild sweet briar rose, which has entangled itself in the railing, near which stands a bunch of mountain heather with its delicate white blooms. -

A Merchant's Covenant,

Nathaniel Ripley Cobb, of Boston, one of those noble merchants of earlier days, was generous-hearted and conscientious may have the pleasure of seeing you drew up the following remarkable doc-

By the grace of God I will never be more than \$50,000. By the grace of God I will give one-fourth of the net profits of my ousiness to charitable and religious uses. If I am ever worth \$30,000 i will give one-half my net profits, and if I am ever worth \$30,000 I will give three fourths, and the whole after my fiftieth thousand. So hely me God, or give to a more faithful steward and set we assist

He adhered to this covenent with the "For two excellent reasons: First. I strictest fidelity .- Dry Goods Chronicie. Chicago Perald.

humdrum daily life into golden verse or should not have known where to have A WONDERFUL LIFEBOAT

LIFE SAVING CREWS.

It Rights Itself When Capsized and Bails Itself out in Heavy Weather -Its Adjuncts.

A beautiful craft is the lifeboat. Not so graceful in its proportions as the sailboat, nor so suggestive of speed as the steam yacht, every timber in its body, every line in its model speaks of strength and ability to ride the waves on its errands of humanity. The lifeboat has character. It is a poem in itself. And

it costs \$1,500. What would you think if a man should say to you that ke knew where there was a boat which, if capsized, will right her-self, and which, if filled with water will bail herself out? You might not believe him, but such a craft is the liteboat which Captain St. Peter and his crew so lovingly keep in their bright, clean boat-The lifeboat-what a world of adventure, danger, struggles, rescues, heroism, tragedies, does the very word bring to the mind-is twenty-seven feet long, seven feet broad, nearly four deep, carries eight oars, and weighs, when empty,

4,000 pounds.

The lifeboat rarely goes over, but when this accident does occur she rights herself, because in her keel there is a slug of iron weighing 1,400 pounds, this weight giving to her keel a constant de-termination toward the water, and because in either end there is an enormous air-tight bulkhead of cork, and ranged along her sides are fourteen other airtight compartments, scientifically proportioned, giving the upper portion of the boat a constant determination or tendency to rise from the water. This is easily understood. Heavy below and buoyant on top, of course she is like a cat, always sure to alight on her feet. The self-bailing is not so easy to understand. You would not think that a boat with seven or eight big hotes in her bottom would float at all, would you? But that is just the kind of a craft the lifeboat is. Tubes reach right down through her bottom to the water. In these wells the water rises from below to the level of the lake. But it does not rise to the deck, because the deck is always above the level of the lake. With the boat plunging into the waves water would, of ourse, spout up through the wells and flood the deck were there not a checkvalve in each tube, which closes by the pressure of the water from below. when in the surf and waves sweep over the craft and fill her shallow deck with water, what then? Why the water rushes down through the wells. It does this because the check-valves open to the water from above, and because the deck is higher than the level of the lake. Water will always seek its level-that is, it will run off if there is any place it can run to-and this is the principle utilized

in making the lifeboat bail herself out, The liteboat is fitted with every conceivable device to secure safety and for service in asse of disaster. Particular attention is paid to the stowage of its ropes, lines and anchors, extra oars, hawsers, life-preservers, axes, boat hooks, these being arranged by a strict method with reference to e onomy of space and facility of use, and always kept on board lest some of them should be forgotten in the excitement of a sudden summons for wreck duty. The life-preservers used by Captain St, Peter and his men are the best known. They are securely tied round the body and over the shoulders, leaving the arms free for work. Every man puts on a life-preserver before taking his place in the boat, and the Captain, who must stand erect in his position as helmsman, is often compelled to lash himself to the boat.

"And sometimes," the grim Captain adds, "I have to have a man hold me to keep me on my feet.'

With one of these big life-preservers round his body (aptain St. Peter could almost walk the water, like St. Peter of old, so great is their buoyancy. The life-preservers in common use on steamships are flimsy affairs, made of granu lated cork sewed up in canvas. If the canvas rips or tears the cork runs out and the usefulness of the preserver is destroyed.

An invaluable accessory of the lifeboat is a drag-bag. A drag-bag looks a good deal like a fisherman's net. Even a lifeboat would be rather roughly used in the breakers if it were not for the skill of its crew and the services of this little bag. Its office is almost like that of an anchor. When the boat is approaching shore, and the big breakers are rolling high and mighty, there is danger that a great sea will lift the boat high in the air or throw her upon the beach, or twist her broadside to and land her a wreck upon the shore. Under such eircumstances the Captain watches the seas with an eager eye. Just before one breaks over the boat he gives orders to the man sitting next him in the stern to heave the Trailing after the boat the bag instantly fills with water, and pulls back almost with the power of an anchor well grounded. The sea rushes by, and then the Captain orders the trip-line pulled. The trip-line is attached to the closed or rear end of the bag, and when it is pulled and the bag reversed, of course it offers no further resistance to the water. When another heavy sea approaches the trip-line is played out again, and again the bag fills with water and "holds back" with tremendoug power, while the breaker rushes harmlessly past the boat. The drag-bag is one of the latest devices adopted by the service, and its utility has been proved on a hundred occasions The anchor of the lifeboat weighs 135 pounds, and its cable is sixty fathoms or 360 feet long. The heaving line, in whose use every life-saver is as great an expert as the lassoist of the Southwestern cow country, is 120 feet long, and flies from the Captain's hand to a wreck almost with the precision of an arrow. "He closed the door when he went

THE RIGHT ROAD, 'I have lost the road to happiness-

THE CRAFT USED BY AMERICAN

'I saw rare treasures in scenes of pleasures, And ran to pursue them, when lo! I had lost the path to happiness And I knew not whither to go.

But somehow I wandered away.

'I have lost the way to happiness-Oh, who will lead me back?" Turn off from the highway of selfishness

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one Inch, one insertion \$ 1 96

One Square, one inch, one month. 8 0

I'wo Squares, one year..... 18 00

One Column, one year.....100 00 Legal advertisements ten cents per line exem in

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-terly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

I was dwelling there when the morn was fair

Marriage and death notices gratia.

Does any one know it, pray?

Job work-cash on dalivery.

One Square, one Inch, three months..... One Square, one Inch, one year 10 00

To the right-up duty's track! Keep straight along and you can't go wrong, For as sure as you live, I say, The fair, lost fields of happiness

Can only be found that way. -Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the N.Y. World.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is no disputing the fact that the judge has his share of the trials of life. Merchant Traveler.

To stand well in the eyes of the ladies, it is only necessary to give them your seat in a street car. - Life.

A poem rerently printed is entitled: "Smile Whenever You Can." It was not written by a Prohibitionist, we believe. - New York Graphic. An exchange publishes a poem on

"The Western Lyre," It's probably about a man who had some mining share to sell .- Merchant Traveler.

More pointed than polite. Wife-"You haven't been inside a church since we were married—there!" Husband—"No; a burnt child dreads the fire,"-Judge.

The jackass goes by precedent, Or so his antics teach; That is to say—his argument Consists in backward reach.

-Siftings. In the country: "And the air is heal-thy in this village?" "Excellent, mon-sieur, excellent. One can become a centenarian here in a little while,"-French

Wild bachelor button is a fashionable flower for millinery purposes. We think there is something wrong about this, however. What makes the bachelor wild is that he has no button .- Tid-Dits.

A scientific writer tells how water can be boiled in a sheet of writing paper. We don't doubt it. We have known a man to write a few lines on a sheet of writing paper that kept him in hot water for three years .- Burdette.

"So you think Friday is an unlucky day, do you, Edith?" "Yes, indeed, I do, ma'am. "And why do you think it is unlucky?" "Well, you see, we always have fish on Friday, and I just abominate fish." - Yonkers Statesman.

Barber-"Sir, you're getting bald rapidly. I have a most excellent remedy. Old Genleman-"Never mind. I'm just yearning to be entirely bald." Why, that's a remarkable desire." "No, it isn't. I've got a terribly wicked son, and I'm determined that he shan't bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave-"-Philadelphia Call.

When "woman rules the roast," good sirs Does she rule it with a pen, A pencil, chalk or crayon, sirs; Come, tell us, married men!

That is a mooted question, sirs, But, midst the quarrel's din. Some rule with rods of iron, sirs, Some use the rolling pin.

—Goodall's Sun.

Their Poetry. Any one who has attempted to write poetry "on time" instead of inspiration will appreciate the difficulties of the member of a certain class in English composition. On Monday morning the writer's teacher announced that on the ensuing Friday each pupil would be expected to bring a verse of original

poetry. The result is appended: I once di I have a little boat, But ah, I haven't got it now! The thing it could not keep affoat, But kept my brothers in a *How*. The second was on a favorite topic

with poets: "Love," sings the jay-bird to his mate, "Is what all folks should cultivate!" After a long pause, evidently, there was added to this:

I'd druther be a cow or Hen. Than earn a livin' by my l'en The next was excellent, and to the

Some folks likes lots of poitree; A little is enuff for me The next is suggestive of experience:

School—school—school— I like, I like my school, But do not like—not like No rule but the golden rule. The grammar suffered in the next, but it was original:

They is some people in this world What is orful Ass; They'd hustle out the Sun an Mune, To light the sky with Gass!

Mexico's Silver Wealth

Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist. says that the interior of Mexico is the richest known argentiferous section in the whole world. The fact was long ago established that a metaliferous vein runs without interruption through the entire length of the cordillers of Anshuse, extending from the Sierra Madre in Sono ra, near the northern border, to the gold deposits of Oaxaca, in the extreme south Mexico. This exhaustless vein traverses no less than seventeen States, and since the day of its discovery its mineral yield has been more than \$4,000,000,000 worth. And yet these valuable sources of wealth are estimated to be more than per cent, of the undeveloped and undiscovered whole. - Mexico Two Repub

A Noble Epitaph.

There passed from earth on a bitter cold day, The man who oft in our office would stray, And his noblest epitaph's here, I say: