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The Government revenues continue to exceed the estimates nearly \$1,000,000 per day on an average. This certainly shows a substantial business recovery.

A Philadelphia newspaper desires its readers to believe that a large terrapin was nailed in a box and given neither food nor drink for three months, and that when it was taken out it was found to weigh an ounce more than it did when it was put in.

A new industry has been started in Vermont for collecting the cones of the white or spruce pines and extracting the seed from them. which are then sent to France, Germany, and other parts of Europe, to renew the forests there that have been cut down.

Mr. Robert Capper proposed, in the British Association, a railway to connect the heart of Africa with London in ten days, as "a feat worthy of the age we live in." He would advocate the building of a railway from the two rivers, Niger and Congo, toward each other, and north and south, at the rate of a mile a day, to form a spine through the continent.

A tunnel is projected, to be bored under Gray's Peak in the Rocky Mountains. It will be placed 4,441 feet below the summit of the mountain, will be 25,000 feet (nearly five miles) long, and will give direct communication between the valleys in the Atlantic slope and those of the Pacific side, with a shortening of some three hundred miles in the transmontane distances.

Professor Baldwin of Dublin places the average yield of milk per cow in England, Ireland and Scotland at 400 gallons a year, and the gross product at 1,600,000,000 gallons a year. Different experts have estimated the average capacity of the cows in the United States at about the same figure, between 3,000 and 3,500 pounds a year. It is only by bearing these figures in mind that one can appreciate the room there is for improvement by introducing improved stock, and considering that the number of cows devoted to butter-making far exceeds that of those devoted to other purposes, the field is practically unlimited.

The Boston Post has been making calculations as to what a man "takes out of himself" when he chases after a moving train. The following conclusions are reached: "The mental disturbance in such cases must add, I should judge, about twenty beats a minute to the action of the heart, so that he who runs for a train at the speed of ten miles an hour is really taking it out of himself at the rate of twenty miles an hour; and if, as must frequently happen, the runner is conscious of this fact, why, then, at least five heart beats more a minute must be added as the effect of such mental distraction, and thus the margin of safety becomes exceedingly small."

About 20,000 people are annually destroyed in India by animals, and of these nineteen are said to be bitten by snakes. The number of human victims tends to increase, in spite of the fact that the number of wild beasts and snakes destroyed has doubled in the last ten years, and that the Government reward paid for their extermination has risen proportionately. Nearly 1-2 lakhs of rupees (about \$125,000) were thus paid in 1884. Next to venomous reptiles, tigers claim most victims. Ten years ago wolves, mostly in the Northwest provinces and Oudh, killed five times as many people as of late years; but the extermination of wolves seems to be going on rapidly. Leopards are the alleged cause of death to about 200 human beings annually. Apart from the loss of human life, the returns show an annual destruction of 30,000 head of cattle.

The fact that during the recent cold weather there was much loss of cattle in transportation from Texas to Chicago, leads the New York Tribune to say editorially: "Cattle kept in closely packed cars two or three days without fodder or water necessarily become diseased and consequently unfit for food. Reduced in flesh by starvation, their blood fevered by thirst, their nervous systems disordered by the crowding and jolting on the railroad, these poor creatures are hurried to the stockyards, and often before they have had a chance to repair the fatigue of the journey they are converted into beef. Such meat is not wholesome and should not be marketable. The men who care nothing for the sufferings of dumb beasts, and are reckless as to the effect of putting unwholesome meat on the market, would undoubtedly see the wisdom of treating their cattle with decent humanity if they found that their brutal methods cut down their profits."

UNITY.

One law there is for every grain of sand And every star. How'er the sand be blown By shifting winds about, or shorward thrown. By surge of wave restless, yet the Hand That on the farthest star lays strict command, To hold it fast in orbit all its own, Not for one breath-space leaves the speck alone. But brings it still at last, as first was planned. So is't with spirits, too: one law there is, Here where we toss and turn so aimlessly, The sport of whim and chance, and yonder, where They move in rest, their souls encircling His. The wave will pass, the wind lie down, and we With them shall rest, their full obedience share. —Bradford Torrey.

GRIM WALKER'S REVENGE.

Between the years 1833 and 1865 a full thousand people heard the story of Grim Walker. That was during the fiercest part of our civil war, and minor incidents were speedily absorbed and forgotten. I doubt if there are a score of people living to-day who can recall the details of this singular man's adventures, and I do not remember that anything save a brief outline of the massacre of his family has ever appeared in print. I was a pony express rider on the Overland route. That meant helping to guard stages, carrying a light mail on my saddle, forwarding dispatches, taking my turn to act as agent of some stable, and various other things which need not be explained. There were then several great trails leading west from the borders of civilization, and all were more or less traveled, but the favorite routes were from St. Joseph and Council Bluffs, the one being known as the northern and other as the southern route. I was on a route along the Platte River west of Fort Kearney, which was sometimes fifty miles long, and sometimes 125, according to the way the Indians were behaving, and the number of men we had for service. Grim Walker was a pioneer named Charles O. Walker, from near Iowa City. He was a giant in size, naturally sour and taciturn of disposition, and his family consisted of a wife and three children. While the country was excited over the civil war, and travel by the Overland had almost come to a stop, except in cases of necessity, Walker and others formed an immigrant party to make a push for the golden land. When I first heard of them they numbered twenty wagons and sixty or seventy people, and were on the Platte, east of Kearney, which was then dangerous ground. When the outfit reached Kearney, some were for turning back, others for electing a new Captain, others for settling down near by and establishing ranches. It seemed that there were three or four different factions in the party, and several bitter quarrels had resulted. In the then state of affairs 100 brave and united men could have scarcely hoped to reach the Colorado or Wyoming line, for the Indians were up in arms on every trail, and thirsting for blood and scalps. When it was known, therefore, that Grim Walker, as he had come to be known, had been elected Captain of a faction and intended to push on at the head of only seven families, which could muster but nine fighting men, soldiers, hunters, Indian fighters, and overland men argued and scolded and predicted. Not an argument could move Grim Walker. Not a prediction could frighten one of his adherents. It appeared to them to be a case where manhood and pride were at stake, and when it was hinted that the military would restrain them they made secret preparations and departed at night. It was an awful thing for those bigoted and determined men to drive their wives and children, consisting of twenty-two people, to a horrible death, but nothing short of a battle with the military would have stopped them. They left Kearney one night about 10 o'clock, drawing away quietly and traveling at their best speed. They could not have gone ten miles before being discovered by the Indians. A party of twenty of us left over the same trail at noon next day, and we had gone only fifteen miles when we found evidences that the little party, which was keeping along the Platte, had been attacked. This must have been about daylight. Soon after sunrise they had been driven to shelter in a grove of cottonwoods, but before reaching it one of the men had been killed and scalped, a wagon had been broken down and been abandoned, and stray bullets had killed a woman and a child as they cowered down behind the cargo of the wagons. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we came to the grove, driving away the last of the savages, but we were too late. Such a spectacle as we there beheld was enough to sicken the heart of the bravest Indian fighter. The little party had been attacked by about 300 redskins, and the fight had lasted for half a day. As near as we could figure from blood spots on the earth fourteen Indians had been killed, and there were bloody trails to show that as many more had been wounded. The foolhardy men had died game as an offset. We made out that their camp had been carried by a charge, and that the last of the fighting was hand to hand. Five of the women had been carried off into horrible captivity, while all others had been butchered—all save Grim Walker. The bodies had been cut and hacked and mutilated in a terrible manner, but we could have identified Walker by his size, even had he been decapitated. The immigrants' horses had all been killed, the wagons plundered and burned, and the savages were bundling up some of the plunder when we came in sight and drove them away. All that was left us was the sad work of burying the corpses. A month later we heard that Grim

Walker had escaped from the fight, breaking out of the grove and riding off on a horse just as the conflict closed in. Men belonging to the Overland had met and talked with him east of Kearney. He had three wounds, but seemed unconscious of them as he briefly related the story of the fight, and vowed that he would have the lives of five Indians for every white person who had perished. Nothing further was heard of him until June of the following year. I was then in Government employ as a scout and despatch rider, and was on the Smoky Hill Fork of the Kansas River, twenty miles west of Fort McPherson, riding with two other scouts, when we came upon Grim Walker. He had gone east after the massacre, and had built for himself a bullet-proof wagon. It was a great cage on wheels, and everything about it was made of iron. Wheels, box, bottom, top—every part of it was bullet proof. It was every piece or loop-holed in fifty places for musketry, ventilated at the top, and was drawn by four mules. The man must have had considerable means at his disposal to pay for a vehicle like that, and he had come all the way from Council Bluffs alone. The interior was fitted up with a sleeping berth, iron tanks for holding food and water, and he had come back to the plains to keep his vow. But for his grimness the idea would have raised a laugh. He must have been en route for many long days, and he certainly had passed through many perils. We heard afterward that as he reached the fort one afternoon, and it became known that he would push on, every effort was made to dissuade him. For a time he was silent—grim—dead. Then he pointed to the northeast and said: "There lie the bones of my children and friends, and I will not rest until I have avenged them twice over." They told him the country was alive with hostiles, and that every rod of the way was beset with perils; but as the sun went down he harnessed his mules to the iron tongue, climbed into the saddle, and without nod of farewell to any one he rode to the west in the gathering gloom—more grim, more determined, more of a devil than a human being. He had traveled a good share of the night over a country in which death lurked in every ravine, but the watchful savages had not caught him. He had traveled until mid-afternoon next day along a trail where savages outnumbered the snakes twenty to one, but somehow they had missed him. We were riding at full speed for the fort, keeping the shelter of the dry ravines and the valleys, and expecting at any moment to be pursued, when we ran upon Grim Walker. His wagon stood on the open prairie, at least half a mile from the river and the shelter of the cottonwoods. The four mules had been unharnessed and turned out to graze, and the man was cooking his supper at a campfire, the smoke of which would draw Indians for ten miles around. Our astonishment when we found him there alone kept us dumb for a few minutes. We sat on our horses and stared at him, and he greeted our presence by a mere nod. When I recognized him as Grim Walker I began to suspect the enterprise he had on foot, and after I had put a few questions he briefly explained: "I am here to kill Indians. You can look my wagon over if you want to." It was what I had described. He had a barrel or more of fresh water, a lot of flour and meat, a small stove to cook on, and a perfect arsenal of firearms. It was evident that the Indians could not get at him with bullets nor tomahawk, nor fire, and it would take weeks to starve him out. There was only one thing that troubled the man. His stock would be killed off at once when he was attacked, and he would then have no way of moving his wagon. We helped him out of his dilemma by agreeing to take the animals to the fort. The harnesses were piled into his house, and it was understood that he would come for the mules when he wanted them. He had a compass, and we gave him the exact bearings, and as we rode away he was preparing to toast another piece of meat, seeming utterly unconcerned over the dangers of his surroundings. As to what happened him during the next three weeks I had a few meagre details from his own lips, but plenty of information from warriors who afterward became "friendly." That is, when licked out of their boots half a dozen times, their villages destroyed, many of their ponies shot, and their squaws and children driven to temporary starvation, they cried for peace in order to recruit and make ready for another campaign. The campfire which Grim Walker built saved the three of us from being ambushed. A warrior told me that forty savages were between us and the fort when the smoke led them to believe that a large party of immigrants must be camped in the bottom. It could only be a large party which would dare build such a fire in a hostile country. The warriors were all drawn off by a signal to attack the larger game, and before sundown that evening two hundred murderous redskins were opening their eyes very wide at the site of the one lone wagon anchored on the prairie under their noses. How did it get there? Where were the horses or mules? Was it occupied? They must have asked themselves these questions over and over again, but there stood the wagon, grim, silent, mysterious. The whole band finally moved down for a closer inspection, believing the vehicle had been abandoned, and hopeful that something in the shape of plunder had been left behind. They had come close—they had entirely surrounded the vehicle—when a sheet of flame darted from one of the portholes, and Grim Walker had begun to tally his victims. Before the redskins could get out of range he had killed seven of them, using shotguns and buckshot. It was only when they came to return the fire that the savages discovered what sort of a vehicle had been hauled out there among them. They were told hundreds of bullets before they ceased

firing, and with a rifle Walker killed two more of them before night set in. The superstitious nature of the Indian would have driven him away had he not burned for revenge. And, too, it was argued that the wagon must contain something of great value to have been built that way, and greed was added to the thirst for vengeance. They believed that the bottom of the box, at least, was of wood, and about three hours after dark a number of warriors, each having a bunch of dry grass under his arm, crept forward to the vehicle to start a fire under it. They crept as noiselessly as serpents, but before a man of them had passed under a double-barreled shotgun belched forth its contents, and two more bucks set out for the happy hunting grounds. Next day, refusing to believe that a wagon could be bullet proof, the Indians opened a fusillade, which was maintained for two hours. They were behind trees and logs and other cover, and not a shot was provoked in response. Various schemes were concocted to get at the wagon, which was finally believed to contain a party of hunters, but none promised success. At noon, however, a number of young warriors volunteered to carry out a plan. There were twelve of them, and they were to approach the wagon in a wide circle. The idea was to seize and upset it, and thus render the occupants harmless. The circle was made, and it gradually narrowed until the signal for a rush was made. The man within—grim, silent, watchful—let the circle close, and the warriors seize the wheels before he opened fire. It would have taken a dozen stout men to have lifted two of the wheels off the ground. He shot down three of them and the others fled in terror, and half an hour later the siege was abandoned and the Indians were moving off. For two long weeks the wagon remained on the spot an object of curiosity to scouts and hunters—an object of awe and menace to the savages. Then, one morning, just at daylight, Grim Walker came into Fort McPherson for his mules. He was going to move his iron cage to new fields. He replenished his provisions, and inside of two hours was off again, having spoken less than fifty words during his stay. It seemed as if he had grown taller, fiercer, more grim and revengeful. There was something pitiful in knowing that he alone had survived the massacre; something appalling in the knowledge that he had become a Nemesis whom nothing but blood would satisfy. The wagon was moved north to the head-waters of the Saline Fork. One who has been over the route will wonder how it could have been done. It was attacked there one forenoon about 10 o'clock by a band of thirty warriors who had been raiding on the Solomon's River. The mules were staked out, and Grim Walker sat at his camp fire. The warriors charged up on horseback, believing they had a hunter's or surveyor's outfit, and while they stamped and secured the mules, four of them were killed from the loopholes of the cage. They came back again, and another was killed and two were wounded. Then they discovered what sort of an enemy they had to deal with and withdrew. Grim Walker and his wagon remained there for a month. When the Indians would no longer come to him he set out in search of them, and he became a veritable terror. Twenty different warriors whom I interviewed between 1864 and 1867 told me that Walker was more feared than a hundred Indian fighters. He killed everything he came to that was Indian, including squaws, ponies, children, and dogs. No camp felt safe from him. He had the ferocity of a hungry tiger and the cunning of a serpent. He used his iron wagon as headquarters and made raids for fifty miles around. During the summer our scouts saw Walker or his wagon once a fortnight. He was last seen alive on September 2, on the Republican River, when he had a fresh Indian scalp at his belt. He had then blown up his wagon with gunpowder and abandoned it, although he did not state the fact. His hair and beard had become long and unkempt, his clothing was in rags, and there could be no doubt that he had gone mad. On the 13th of the month, as I rode with an escort of soldiers south of where he was seen on the 2d, and fifty miles from the spot, we found him dead. He lay on a bare knoll, on the broad of his back, with his arms folded over his breast and his side by his side. His eyes were wide open, as if looking at the buzzards sailing above him, and we soon satisfied ourselves that he had died from natural causes. He had a dozen scars and wounds, but disease had overpowered him, or his work had been done. He had exacted a full measure of vengeance. Better for the Indians had they let his immigrant party pass on in peace, for he had brought mourning to a hundred lodges. —New York Sun.

The Brazilians.

They have no ambition, no "go" in them, no will or desire for anything but to sleep away their days and pass their nights in singing, dancing and revelry, says J. W. Wells, of the Brazilians. Inhabitants of any country like these of Boquerac are as useless as if they did not exist. They have nothing to sell and no means for purchase. Their little labor is expended in raising a few vegetables, fishing, and building a poor hut barely sufficient to accommodate them. It is never repaired; and when the rain comes in in one part of the roof the hammock is removed to another corner, until, finally, when the hut decays, and collapses in spite of props, another is built alongside it. The women make the few cotton garments of the men, that, like the huts, are never repaired, and are worn until the rags will no longer hold together. Yet, withal, they are the most independent of all peoples, proud of their right to do nothing, and they do it most effectually.

PRISON LIFE IN SIBERIA.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN PENAL SETTLEMENT.

More than 10,000 Criminals Exiled Yearly—Political Prisoners—The Life Led by Exiles. For nearly two centuries, writes Thomas W. Knox, in the New York Star, Siberia has been famous, or infamous, as a place of banishment for those who offend against the social or political laws of Russia. Peter the Great began the transportation of criminals to Siberia in 1710; previous to that date the country had been used as a land of banishment for officials whom the government wished to get out of the way without putting them to death, but the number of these deported individuals was not large. Ever since Peter's day the work of exiling criminals to Siberia has been kept up; the ordinary travel of this sort is about 10,000 annually, and sometimes it reaches as high as 12,000 or 13,000. Outside of this deportation is that of revolutionists, nihilists and others who offend politically rather than criminally, though any opposition to the autocratic power of the Czar is likely to be regarded as criminal in the eyes of the Russian government. Sometimes the political prisoners are mingled with the criminals, but ordinarily they are kept apart. In former times the prisoners were compelled to walk to their destinations, and the journey from St. Petersburg to the regions beyond Lake Baikal, a distance of nearly 4,000 miles, occupied two years, and sometimes more, and many of the exiles died on the road from fatigue and privations. It was found more economical to transport the offenders in wagons or sleighs, or by rail and steamboat when possible, than to require them to walk, and for the last twenty years or more five-sixths of the exiles have been carried in this way. At points varying from ten to twenty miles apart along the great road through Siberia there are houses for the lodgment of prisoners at night. They afford a shelter from the weather, but very little else, as they are almost always badly ventilated and very dirty, and occupants sleep on the bare floor or benches, without any other covering than the clothes they wear. Sometimes in summer the officer in charge of a convoy of prisoners will permit them to sleep out of doors at night, instead of entering the filthy stations, but in such a case he requires the personal promise of every exile in the convoy that he will make no attempt to escape, and he furthermore makes the whole party responsible for the individual conduct. Under such circumstances if one of the prisoners should violate his parole and run away, no further favors would be shown to the rest, and they would be put on low rations of food and otherwise punished. It is needless to say they take good care that the promise is kept. This privilege is accorded only to the convoys of political offenders. The criminal classes are not considered worthy of such confidence in their honor. Prison life in Siberia is of many varieties, according to the offenses of different individuals and the sentences which have been decreed in their cases. The lowest sentence is to simple banishment for three years, and the highest to hard labor for life. The simple exile without imprisonment is appointed to live in a certain town, district or province, and must report to the police at stated intervals. He may engage in certain specified occupations, or rather in any occupation which is not on a prohibited list; for example, he may teach music or painting, but he may not teach languages, as they afford the opportunity for propagating revolutionary ideas. He may become merchant, farmer, mechanic, contractor, or anything else of that sort, and it not infrequently happens that exiles enjoy a degree of prosperity in their new homes that they did not have in European Russia. Exiles and their sons have become millionaires in Siberia; a former Vanderbilt of Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, was the son of an exile serf, his enormous fortune having been gained in the overland tea trade. Many exiles become so attached to Siberia that they remain after their term of banishment is ended, but it should be understood that their cases are the exceptions rather than the rule. The wife and immature children of an exile may follow or accompany him at the expense of the Government, but they cannot return to Europe until his term of service has expired. The name of "prisoner" or "exile" is never applied to the banished individuals; in the language of the people they are called "unfortunates," and in official documents they are termed "involuntary emigrants." Of those sentenced to forced labor some are ordered to become colonists; they are furnished with the tools and materials for building a house on a plot of ground allotted to them, and for three years can receive rations from the nearest government station, but when the three years have expired they are expected to support themselves. If they were sent to the southern and therefore fertile parts of Siberia their lot would not be a severe one, but the most of these colonists are assigned to the northern regions, where the support of life from tilling the soil or from hunting and fishing is a matter of great difficulty. Those who are kept in prison and sentenced to hard labor are employed in mines, mills, foundries or on the public roads. Many of them wear chains, which extend from a girdle around the waist to each ankle, and effectually preclude the possibility of running away. Their life is a hard one, as their food is coarse and often limited in quantity. It is bad enough under kind-hearted overseers and strict attendants, and terrible where the masters are cruel, which happens altogether too often. The exports of frozen meats from New Zealand are reported to be about 700,000 carcasses of mutton annually.

MAMMA'S KISS

A kiss when I wake in the morning, A kiss when I go to bed, A kiss when I burn my fingers, A kiss when I bump my head. A kiss when my bath is over, A kiss when my bath begins, My mother's as full of kisses As nurse is full of pins. A kiss when I play with my rattle, A kiss when I pull her hair; She covered me over with kisses The day that I fell down stairs. A kiss when I give her trouble, A kiss when I give her joy; There's nothing like mother's kisses To her own little baby boy.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A man of deeds—The County Recorder Chicago Sun. There is no place like home, especially if it's the home of your best girl.—St. Paul Herald. There are three kinds of animals in the Wall street menagerie. They are bulls, bears and donkeys.—Pittsburg. A citizen of Deadwood, Dakota, reached home the other night somewhat earlier than usual. He had been chased home by a ghost.—Chicago News. A poet asks: "What is it makes the noonday air so strong?" Well, perhaps the wife has been boiling cabbage or something like that.—Yonkers Statesman. "Shall I light the gas?" asked the landlady at the supper table. "Oh, it isn't necessary," answered the new boarder, "the supper is light enough."—New York Sun. Said George: "On my mind there's a weight; It is really getting quite light, And I fear that your pa— He got only this far, For he landed outside of the weight."—Life. A man never more fully appreciates the touching significance of a "vacant chair" than when he goes in a hurry to the barber shop and finds one awaiting him there.—St. Albans Messenger. This is the season that inspires a red-nosed man with confidence. He can blame the warmth of color on the weather, and those who don't know his habits will sometimes believe him.—Philadelphia Herald. A Swiss law compels every newly-married couple to plant trees shortly after the ceremony of marriage. The pine and the weeping willow are prescribed, but the birch is allowed as being prospectively useful.—Providence Telegram. Full many a maid who faints at sight of blood, And dare not kill a mouse, nor face a toad; Wears on her hat—more eloquent than words, The mangled forms of half a dozen birds. —Danville Breeze. A Unique Bust. Everything that represents Mrs. Cleveland, the President's wife, seems to have interest to the millions of people in this country. Her photographs are sold everywhere, and the photographers tell me they all make money by them. An enterprising plaster-cast molder has made a small bust of the first lady in the land, and they are sold about the city of Washington for a good price, but now the Government has gone into making likenesses of the fair mistress of the White House. The old and mutilated bank notes, when they come back to the United States Treasury, are chopped up and made into a pulp, and this is molded into various shapes and forms. The latest design is a miniature bust of Mrs. Cleveland. It takes \$10,000 worth of bank notes to make one of the fair President's wife, and each figure is labeled: "Made from mutilated U. S. bank notes worth \$10,000." These are sold for a fair price, and are having a good sale.—Baltimore American. The Modern Cook-Book Dinner. The modern recipes for making cheap dishes are framed upon the supposition that you are to obtain the materials of manufacture for nothing. They should be written in this form: Go to the market and buy a beef-bone from the butcher; steal a couple of parsnips and half a dozen of potatoes out of the peddler's cart; get your grocer to trust you for half a pound of rice; borrow from your neighbor a cupful of flour; from another neighbor a hod of coal; put your bone into a quart of water and let it stew slowly; slice your potatoes and parsnips; get an onion somewhere and slice it also; put these in with the bone; stew two hours and add your flour; simmer twenty minutes and serve. This dinner will supply a father and mother and twelve children, and there will be enough left to feed four tramps. Cost, one-hundredth part of a cent for match to start fire. Who would be poor?—Boston Courier. A Great Mystery. If there is anything we know less about than we think we do it is the girl, and of this girl is glad, for there is nothing she hates to be known so bad as the truth. She will wear out two old dresses running around to find out how to make a new one in the latest style. She will get you with the most bewitching smile, and laugh at your stupidity when you are gone. She will walk three blocks out of the way to get a peep at her beau, and then pass by without looking at him. She will attend church, listen with absorbed interest to the eloquent and pathetic sermons, then return home and expatiate upon the horrible fit of Miss Brown's new blouse. From the time she is big enough to swing on the gate and tie a ribbon in a double bow-knot she begins to locate a sweetheart, and she keeps this up until he is located in the back yard exercising his talents dissecting stovewood.—Castroville (Pa.) Anvil.