THE FOREST REPUBLICAN

Office in Smearbaugh & Co. s Building ELM STREET, TIONESTA, Pa.

subscriptions received for a shorter period three months.

orrespondence solicited from all parts of the Carl Schurz says of newspaper men

The Boston Globe has discovered that in aix Eastern States there are now living 8,500 people more than eighty years of age. In the aggregate these long-lived "down-easters" have lived more than 250,000 years.

Even the nationality of Shakespeare es not appear to be safe in these days of fantastic speculation. A Frenchman is said to be writing a book which will show that the bard of Avon was of French descent, and his name was originally aques Pierre, or, in plain English, John

A correspondent of the Philedelphia North American calls attention to the fact that Franklin's grave, at Fifth and Arch streets, is m a neglected condition. He suggests the propriety of putting it in proper shape, the more particularly as Dr. Franklin was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention in 1787.

Canada is asked to grant an annual subsidy of \$200,000 for fifty years in aid of the proposed subway connecting Prince Edward Island with the mainland, the first cost being estimated at \$5,000,000. The tunnel is to be seven or eight miles long, and, doubtless, will cost more than the original figure,

Thomas A. Edison, the famous inventor, may spend the winter in California. It is reported that he will build a winter homeat Thermalito, Butta County, Cal., and erect a fine laboratory. For several years he has been experimenting with specimens of the black sand deposit found in that country, endeavoring to extract gold therefrom.

Professor F. E. Boynton says in the Popular Science Monthly that a region of country twenty miles in diameter, where North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia come together, "contains more interesting and rare plants than can be found in any spot in the United States occupying the same area." He calls the district "a botanical bonanza,"

A Birmingham (Conn.) electrician has a new rat-trap, which, it is said, works admirably. He attaches a piece of meat to one pole of a dynamo machine, which can only be reached by the rat by standing on a plate which serves as the other pole. Report says that no rat has yet got the meat, but many have reached for it, and the inventor is rewarded for his ingenuity by a large collection of dead

At a recent meeting held in Alexandria, Virginia, A further the project to build r grand avenue from Washington to Mount Vernon, it was explained that the proposed avenue would run for two niles through the Arlington property, and that it was expected that the Government would construct at least that portion. The various states would be asked to send trees to be planted in the parking along the borders of Mount Vernon avenue, and it is hoped that the thirteen original States would be sufficiently interested to place in life form, in bronze or marble, the signers of the Declaration or Independence. *

A newspaper in Illinois recently brought suit against forty-three men who would not pay their subscription, and obtained judgment in each for full amount of the claim. Of these, twentyeight men made affidavits that they owned no more praperty than the law allowed them, thus preventing attachment. Then ing unconsciously in very gladness have known. But he is only a boy; he they, under the decision of the Supreme of heart, because the world was will soon forget." Court, were arrested for petty largeny, and bound over in the sum of \$300 cach, All but six gave bonds, while six went Wo juil. It makes no difference to what part of the continent the paper goes, a bill sent to the Postmaster, Justice of the Peace or any United States officer can be collected.

"The United States not only continue their work of feeding the rest of the world-they steachly increase the amount of that work," says the Philadelphia Telegraph. For the ten months ending August 31 the exports of beef and pork exceeded by \$2,000,000 the excepts of the same kind in the same period in 1886. The total was \$85,500,000 or a ratio of over \$76,000,000 a year. The wonder of this thing is beyond parallel, and it may well claim a passeg thought in these day of reduction upon the greatness, the growth and the illimitable future of the republic. Here is the contribution of the Universe States to be dinner table of the world conly two rticles of food conworks only two rticles of food congo to see the mormous total, as do breadstuffs, ruits and vegetables, canned goods, end We not only feed We not only feed y and ampty than any other people are fed, but we ourselves more m send these hundreds of millions worth of food yearly to the arkets of other na. tions. No somer country does such a work, nor in all history has it con done. Who could possibly have told such a ta'r, surpassing any Arabian Night

marvel, 100 years ago?"

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

VOL. XX. NO. 27. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1887.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

One Column, one year. Legal advertisements ten cents per line each in Marriage and death notices gratis.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion...... \$ 1 80 One Square, one inch, one month..... 8 60

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Job work-eash on delivery.

that they "are the guardians of truth and Go not, O perfect Day! personal liberty," This, the New York O Day so beautiful, so golden-bright. World remarks, is the best thing Mr. A little longer stay! Soon comes the Night!

Delay! Go not, O perfect Day! Go not, dear Life, away! Dear Life, one's cheerful friend and guest

A little longer stay! Soon wilt thou steal from us, and shut the And come no more! Delay!

Go not, dear Life, away! -Robert Trawbridge, in Lippincott's

BOTH MISTAKEN.

"Coming out to Rosedene this after-noon, Jack?" Mr. Dalton said, as he passed throught the office where several think Agnes said something about ex-

"Thack you, sir," Jack Hardy said, throwing down his pen with alacrity. "I promised to bring Agnes some books. I'll be ready in a moment."

"Very Good," And Mr Dalton took upa handful of letters, glauced at them carelessly, threw some to Michael Ainger, opened, into his pockets, while Jack ran his fingers through his crisp curls, and turned down his cuffs, as the only pos-sible improvement to his toilet.

Mr. Dalton was a tall, portly, genial gentleman, with a rosy face, cheery voice and kindly smile. He was the principal lawyer in Westwood, a flour-ishing country town; he was an estate agent, too, and was altogether a highly prosperous and respected gentleman. There was a traditional Mr. Driver, the head of the firm, but as no one ever saw him no one thought much about him, except, perhaps, Michael Ainger, who knew that he was a very unpleasant

Mr. Dalton was a widower, with one daughter, Agnes, who kept his house, and Jack Hardy was a distant cousin, whom the lawyer had brought up from childhood, and placed in his office, with every prospect of succeeding to the old-established and lucrative business. Jack was shy, and somewhat awkward. He was plain-looking, too, save for his frank, honest blue eyes, and crisp brown hair; but he was clever and ambitious, patient and pains taking in the office, and en-tirely devoted to his master. Everyone liked Jack Hardy; even dumb animals understood how good and gentle he was; and all the other clerks in the office imposed on him in a way that proved how much faith they had in his patience and generosity. No one envied him for being such a favorite with his master, for his interest was exerted on behalf of others rather than himself. Nor did the clerks resent his being so much at Roseene; in all probability he would be one day master there. Only Michael Ainger thought seriously about the matter; and

too good and wise to encou in folly, or allow him to delude himself : eyes, and see that they're not children have learned to forget," Agnes said, any longer." He had been cutting open gently. the letters before him, and glancing at their contents mechanically. Suddenly he started, and a look of trouble came into his eyes, which increased as he renad the letter, and then put it in his hand. He was very boyish, despite his manly heart. "But if ever I hear or "Worse than ill, worse th done to-day; and Mr. Dalton must see to very uttermost ends of the earth! the matter himself on Monday. It's gone

seyond my management." tier spots than Rosedene."

Jack thought there was no place to be compared to it, especially when Agnes watched him disappear with tear dimmed stood on the steps smiling a welcome. eyes. "Poor, faithful, kind hearted lawn with a light, firm step, smilso beautiful and every one so kind. "PH find her either in the summer house or the word, ' he said gloud? but the summer house was deserted, "All the bet er. we shall have the longer walk back," he mused, as he crossed a mendow, and entered a small, thickly planted copse, generally spoken of as "the Wood" It ever accompanied her there except Jo. her favorite dog, or followed her except where he liked, and do as he liked, at elter of the trees, absorbed in a book, her sunshade; the light fell on her soft, fair hair, turning it to gold, and irradiated her calm, sweet face; her white dress gleamed amid the cool, tall ferns, rest and stillness all round, with a subtle sect life. Jack gazed for a few minutes through an opening in the tall trees, and she had gained an influence over looked so calm, so beautiful, so like an power to keep him out of temptationangel, with the sunshine making a golden she consented. glory about her, that he was frightened at his own presumption in loving her; knew nothing. He had been away from so kind and gracious, as

enough to win anything in return. With a very unusual humifity, Jack house kept in good repair, but still the guilt and plunder. drew near. Jo blinked his great brown master did not return till he was a misery, disgrace itse eyes, and wagged his tail farther from him, more out of his reach, were freely circulated, but, though every all over. He says we were both mismore sacred than she had ever seemed gossip conjectured, no one knew either taken, before. At last he made a slight noise where or how he had spent twenty years

a smile. "I thought it was quit; early here and lover should be; grave, silent, with a more tenderly sweet expression

Jack's heart sank lower; she evidently did not miss him, nor even expect him, though he had promised to come, and that particular occasion; but now, though the place and time was most propitious, there was something in her face that dis-couraged him; she looked so calm and sweet and unconscious of her own beauty;

very particular to say to you-but I don't ow how to begin -

"Don't begin, then," she interrupted, with a swift divination of his meaning. "Don't, Jack," and she laid her hand caressingly on his arm. "We have been such friends always!"

"Can't we be anything more, Agnes?" he said, taking her hand. "You know that I love you have loved you and will love you always. Friends we must always be. But can't you say one word? I love you so!" 'It is impossible! Oh! dear Jack, I

am so sorry. I never thought of this."

"And I have never thought of anything else," Jack replied, with a little smile, "I know you are too good and kind to a superscript of the supers kind to send me away hopeless if there were any hope." "There is none, Jack."

"Then I can only pray for your happiness, Agnes, and say good-bye."
"Oh! that need not be, surely. You will soon forget this." Agnes replied. "And," she added, with a sudden blush, that gave the last charm to her sweet, thoughtful face—"and, Jack, I think I

shall be happy."
"Thank Heaven for that!" he said, carnestly. "It is the dearest, the only wish of my heart. Ah! I see—that is, I think I understand," and his lips trembled. "If I am right, there is indeed no hope; it only remains for me once more to pray more fervently than ever. 'Heaven bless and keep you always,' and say good bye in real carnest."

he often wondered how it would all end for poor Jack, who was quite capable of falling desperately in love with Agnes "Oh! not that, Jack! surely not that! You are my oldest friend—my cousin— Dalton, though in no way calculated to almost my brother."

win her love in return.

"Were I your very brother, Philip
"My hope is Miss Agnes," the old clerk
said, as he watched his master and Jack
drive away that sunny afternoon. "She's
large that the sunny afternoon of the said, with a strange hardness in his voice. "I must go, dear.

"Best for you, and best for me! But but I wish the master would open his you will come back some day when you is hurt? In pity, Michael, tell me!"

"If I never come back till then. I'll pocket. "Past post time," he said, think you want me I will come without glancing at the clock; "nothing to be a moment's delay, even if it be from the a moment's delay, even if it be from the wailed. "Everything is gone!"

And without another word Jack turned away; for in truth he could not be; but disgraced, never! It is only Meantime Mr. Dalton and Jack were trust his voice any further. He longed driving along the beautiful shady road to be alone; alone with his sorrow, his leading to Rosedene. "It's good to get awful sense of loneliness; alone to look me the very worst." the lawyer said, with a deep sigh at his trouble; try to realize the magniof satisfaction, as he drove up the well-rolled drive. "There are not many pret-could fight it out manfully, with any chance of getting the better of it.

She was not in sight that afternoon, but boy! I never dreamed of such an end to Jack knew where to look for her, our friendship. And yet, if I had not Taking the books, he crossed the been so selfishly wrapped up in my own happiness I might have seen, I might was will soon forget."

But even as she uttered the words, something told her that, boy though he

was, Jack Hardy would not forget. For a long time after he left Agnes sat on the mossy bank, thinking deeply. It had been a trying day for her, and the entered a small, thickly planted copse, generally spoken of as "the Wood". It was Agnes Dalton's favorite retreat when she wanted to read and thick.

Only a short hour before Jack found her she wanted to read and think; no one in the wood, Philip Vynne had asked her to be his wife, and after deep and painful consideration she consented; but it was a hard task to make up her mind. temptation was threefold. Rosedenc. After a few minutes he found | She loved him, she believed he loved her, her seated on a mossy bank under the and he had persuaded her, not alto gether against her will, that he needed She had thrown off her hat and laid aside her; that she had led him into better ways, and that, to help him and strengthen him in the right path, he must have her white her, If she failed him, he would become again the restless, aimless wanderer he had been, or perhaps drift into some So-reluctantly, because you. odor of flowers and a drowsy hum of in- the thought of leaving her father was terrible; yet gladly, because she thought fingers. It was very brief: his heart seemed to stand still. Agnes wild, unsettled life, that she had the

Of Philip Wynne's early life Agnes pan. could be help it? She was home ever since boyhood, and the old so kind and gracious, and tender and man picked pitiful. All a man's life higher the well spent in loving her, all his nature enabled, even if he was never fortunate consists to win anything in return the family had been shut up. In his father's it up. In his father's but it was said that during Philip's ing," he said. "He is the cause of all our minority matters got right. The trouble. He was the evil genius of minority matters got right. The property was carefully looked after, the lazily, but middle-aged man with a cold, dark face, Agnes never looked up; and in that one and a bitter, cynical manner. No one "He was to have been my husband," minute Jack somehow fe't that she was liked him; all sorts of tales and rumors Agnes said brokenly; "but now it seems

earnest; with a low, soft voice, and eloquent dark eyes; wise, in all mere worldly learning and culture, and with a chess on the other side. The room was apart from other men, from the first.

sweet and unconscious of her own beauty; she was so tender-hearted, that Jack—fearted-hearted, too, and supremely unself-fish—found himself wondering how he could dare to trouble her, or disturb the perfect, even calm of her life. If she accepted him it, would be a break, and something of a wrench, for Agnes was devotedly attached to her father. If she refused him, he could not help feeling, even in the midst of his own uncertainty, that it would give her pain, and upset all their pleasant intimacy, and yet Jack felt that he could not help feeling, even in the midst of his own uncertainty, that it would give her pain, and upset all their pleasant intimacy, and yet Jack felt that he must know his fate—"put it to the touch" without any further delay.

"You were expecting me, Agnes?" he "You were expecting me, Agnes?" he dislike and distrust of the man were dislike and distrust of the man were dislike and distrust of the man were would be; but let us forget the past and begin again." feet; and there was so much earnestness and entreaty in his voice that Agnes looked at him attentively. "You knew tanks of having won Agnes's love, and I would come to day?" I would come to-day?"

"I don't know that I thought much about it, Jack; you often do come on a Saturday!"

Mr. Dalton had received a telegram from this senior partner, Mr. Driver, that disquieted him very much. He could not understand it, but none the well with me during the last ten years; Saturday!"

"I promised to bring you some books—"

"And you generally keep your promises, like a good boy. What have you brought me to-day i"

"I don't know—never mind; I want to talk to you—Agnes—I have something to talk to you—Agnes—I have something to the first same that the same to same that the same that with tolerably good grace, and even con-sented to an early date being fixed for the wedding. An hour later, when he saw his daughter's radiant, blushing face, and the deep tender light in her eyes whenever they rested on her lover, all his scruples vanished, and he was even cordial to Philip Wynne; the child evidently loved him, so there was no more

That was Saturday and the Sunday following seemed to Agues Dalton the most perfectly beautiful day of her life. Philip came over to Posdene early, and they walked to church together through the shady lanes and shining fields. He did not utter one word of love—Agnes often remembered that—nor did he rail at the uselessness of things, and the helplessness of man; nor did he even smile when Agnes said that every day, if we liked, we could all do something to lessen the same of human sufficience. lessen the sense of human sufferings and

misery.

"We will try together, Agnes," he said, looking at her tenderly. "Hitherto I fear I have done more to increase rather than diminish the sum of human woe—but you will help me!"

"Heaven helping me," she said softly. That was Sunday. On Monday afternoon, while Agnes Dalton sat in her favorite, hady nook waiting for the coming.

vorite hady nook waiting for the coming of her lover, she was startled by an unfamiliar step on the mossy slope, and, looking up, saw Michael Ainger. "My father-what is it?" she cried,

divining something was wrong. "It's hard to tell, Miss Agnes; but you

are brave and strong, and know where to look for help in time of need."
"My father, Michael? My father?"
"He's broken, miss, but alive. Driver & Dalton has gone to smash, has escaped, and Dalton is left all the blame-Dalton and me!"

"What is it? what has happened? who master and me. Driver's gone, escaped -and taken everything with him. We're

ruined, bankrupt, disgraced!"
"Oh! is that all! I feared my father "Worse than ill, worse than dead-disgraced, Miss Agnes!" the old man

"Never mind, old friend; while there's life there's hope. Poor, ruined, we may matter of money, I know some one who

"There's no best or worst about it. Miss Agnes. Mr. Driver has realized every penny the firm could command; stolen all our securities; stained our

name, and absconded-that's all." "Father is not to blame! And what

does it matter being poor?" Agnes said, "God help you, Miss Agnes, and enable you to bear it!"

"He will, Michael. I am not afraid, Where is my father?" "In the house; he asked me to tell

you-he felt so broken." "I must go to him at once. I have stayed too long. Poor father! as thing mattered while I have him!"

Oh, my dear, my dear! the little childie I carried in my arms-the sweet, wise little lassic that used to try to com fort old Michael! It's a poor return for all my love and care, and for all your goodness, to make me tell you the sad-dest story every loving child heard. My dear, my honored master had a stroke says he is not in any immediate danger, but he will never be himself again, fear, with this trouble hanging over

"Oh, yes, he will, Michael! We have a friend who will help us out of the money difficulty.

"A letter for you, Miss Agnes, marked immejate," a servant said breathlessly and, please, the doctor wants to see

Agnes opened the letter with trembling "MY DEAR GIRL: We were both mista ken—you in thinking you could love a worth-less scoundrel like me—I in funcying I could ever deserve your love. I am going to Ju-pan. Farewell.

The letter dropped from the girl's nerveless fingers, and the old man picked

ing," he said. "He is the cause of all our trouble. He was the evil genius of Driver, Now he is the sharer of his misery, disgrace itself-so you are saved

suppressed force, or passion, or earnest-ness—she could hardly define the thing at least love and contentment. The old had been looking forward to the visit all the week. He had also been making up to herself—but a something that set him men were harmless, the girl was to herself—but a something that set him men were harmless, the girl was tall here. and patient, and she worked with all her It was an easy matter for him to win her heart, for all the possibilities she saw in him were for good, and he was an assiduous wooer; but she did not so ensily consent to show her love, much less confess it. But having once does

"But my father and Michael?"

One of the biggest surprises in nether garments the whole world round is worn by the Grecian dudes one sees on the streets of Constantinople. Imagine a sky-blue silken balloon, bottom side up and fastened round the wearer's waist, two reat-fitting leg-holes made in the bulge, and the whole bulb collapsed and swaddled about the legs when walking, and you can imagine the lower story of

His trunk is enveloped in a tight-fitting jacket of some other shade of blue, with loose flowing sleeves and white fur-belows showing underneath. His head is adorned with a greek fez, from which an enormous black or blue tassel hangs down his back. This ornamental appendage looks as if ever on the eve of pulling the fez off the wearer's head by is great weight. He wears the ordinary brogans and socks and sometimes leav es the calves of his legs bare.

Sometimes the Greek dude carries a cane, but he carries it for use quite as much as for ornament; or, at all events, walks with it in a bus ness-like manner. He walks with a gait awkward and ungraceful, but even were he a naturally graceful walker his ungainly nether garment imparts to him a decidedly gro-

tesque appearance.

The chief delight of the Greek dude is to sit in front of a kahvay shop, smoke nargilehs and watch the ladies pass by. Those of his own nationality are wearing garments but slightly different from his own, the footholes in the inverted balloon being nearer the bottom, but that is about all.—Pittsburg Commercial.

Cost of Raising a Boy.

"My father never did anything for san observation which is frequently heard from the lips of young men, but in most cases a little reflection would convince the speaker that he is making a serious error. A recent writer, hearing the remark uttered by a young fellow whose education, as the phrase goes, had just been completed, and who was looking around him to find an opening in business, took the trouble to estimate the cost of bringing up the said young fellow from his birth, which had been defrayed, of course, by the parent referred to in such a slighting way. These are his figures:

\$100 per year for the first five years... \$500 \$150 per year for the second five years... 750 \$250 per year for the third five years... 1,000 \$300 per year for the next three years... 1,000 \$500 per year for the next two years... 1,000

Total......84,150 With a few modifications, these figures may be taken to represent the average expense entailed in raising an ordinary boy. Many parents spend several times as much. It would certainly be well for young men who take all this as a matter of course, and think that their fathers have done nothing for them, to reflect that they owe a heavy debt of gratitude to those that have brought them up from helpless infancy and equipped them to fight for themselves the battle of life.—

A Matter of Taste.

Golden Argosy.

A scientific journal has an article headed: "How to Taste." We haven't had time to read it, but our own idea is that it depends a great deal on what you are going to taste. If it is quinine or easter oil or anything of that sort it won't require any previous training or a university education to enable you to aste all you want of it in one brief, hasty swallow. But if it is something real good; something that you like better and get less of than any other man in America, you want a neck a yard long, full of all sorts of back stops and dampers all the way down. That is the theory of an unlettered man who tastes by main Science thinks she has a better way we'd like to trot her one heat, anyhow, just for fun. -Burdette.

A 'Iusband's Mistake,

One of the most pathetic incidents of the Exeter Theatre fire (in England) was the rescue of a woman, who was carried out of the furnace of flame upon the back of a brave man. He was with his wife at the play when the fire broke out and succeeded in dragging her part way to the door, where she fell. There was an instant of despair and bewilderment; and then he snatched a cowering form from the floor in the dense crowd and struggled through the smoke and darkness to reach the street with a shricking woman on his back. At last he was on of danger and breathlessly lowered his burden. Alas! it was not his wife. by treading down a bramble, and Agnes Dalion never troubled booked up with a smile of warrone.

"Home so soon, Jack?" she said, with all her girlish fancy painted, all that a o' a February day, older grown, but the arrival of the dreamy twilight transpled to death in the lobbies of the theatre—New York Tribune.

QUEER OLD GRAVESTONES.

QUAINT EPITAPHS IN A CONNEC-TICUT CEMETERY.

The Burying Place of Some of New Haven's Early Governors Samples of Colonial Poetry.

Glancing to the right through the car window just before the local express rushes upon the little bridge over Mill Creek to the east, and dashes on into the village of New Milford, Conn., the New York bound passenger gets a glimpse of one of the quaintest old graveyards in New England. Its brown, bat's-cared gravestones are strewn so near the rail road track that the thundering express seems to grind them beneath its wheels.

Some of the gravestones have sunk almost out of sight. Others, with sides warped and crompled, push their weather stained noses up through the rank, tangled grasses in defiance of time's decay. A few lie prone in shamefaced overthrow. The stranger, particularly if he be an antiquarian, will find rare grubbing among these rusty old stones.

Some of the gravestones are nearly 250 years old. Milford was settled in 1639, and the settlers began to die apparently about as soon as they got here. A good many never received the Christian burial, the Indians attended to obsequies without inviting the relative or personal friends of the deceased One of the earliest inscriptions that is entirely preserved is on a slab above the Robert Treat. It reads:

Here Lyeth Interred the Body of Coll. Robert Treat, Esq., Who Faithfully Served This Colony in the Post of Governour and Deputy Governour Near Ye Space of Thirty Years, and at the Age of Four Score and Eight Years, Exchanged This Life for Better. July 13, Anno Dom. 1710.

Johnathan Law, another Governor of vard. He was born in Milford on August , 1672, and died there on November 6 1750. He was Governor from 1742 until 1750. His resting place, like Governor Treat's, is marked by one of the few flat tombstones above ground. Several other colonial dignitaries have simple headstones. On others the early obituary eulogist has left his copious trade marks. Here is a sample:

"The truly honorable and plous Roger "An officer of distinguished note in ye exvan officer of distinguished note in ye expedition 1709 and 1770, for many years one
of ye council and colone of the Second regiment of militia, judge of the court of common
pleas thirty-three years, until he departed
this life, January 15, 1771, in the 87th year of

"His mind returned to God, entombed here lies.
The part the hero left beneath the skies,
Newton as steel; inflexible from right,
In faith, in law, in equity, in fight."

Another panegyrist relates that Isaac "Distinguished by manly sense, Genuine intregrity and firmness, In patriotism and in virtue. After a life active in commerce And in public employments, A life very useful to his family And to the public.

And adds that at last this excellent gentleman-

Worn out by a long and distressing asthma, Borne with singular patience. He died on the 15th of November, 1780, In the 55th year of his age."

Mortuary poetry abounds. Some of it is about as orignal and as startling as the most versatile genius in this line pro-Neither caped it in the Milford graveyard. Elihu Fowler, son of Jonathan Fowler, died on October 9, 1789, three years and four months old, and his untimely fate is thus

graphically epitomized: "His life a span, the mournful tell Declares the exit of his soul! Grim Death is co.ne! His life is call'd To take its flight—the means a scal'd. Ye who are young come learn your end.

By deep repentance make Christ your friend. Over the grave "where lies the body of Mrs. Phebe Gillit, wife to Mr Will iam Gillit, Junr.," who died on February 10, 1756, twenty-nine years old, is one of the most remarkable tributes in the entire graveyard. Manifestly it was writ ten by her husband. Its orthography is unusually eccentric even for those day of arbitrary spelling. Here it is:

"Her Dying Words unto her husband are Refrain your passions! Why so much D paire.
It's the will of God! I hope it's for the Best For you! For me! And for my mothers—

less,
To whome adue! To God and you
I now Commend that care
—Pattorn of Patriols to the end of life. Now Ded, she speaks to every Living wife, Peti Such Juels Should be laid in Dust: Men are Unworthy and the Lord is just."

Drollest and decidedly most realistic of all the inscriptions are those on the gravestones of Miss Mary Fowler and Mrs. Sarah Bryan, consort of Captain Richard Bryan. Miss Fowler was in her 24th year when she died on Feb. 1. Miss Fowler was in 1792. This is the inscription that was omposed in her honor:

"Molly, though plensant in her day Was suddenly seized and sent away: How soon she's ripe, how soon she's rotten Sent to the grave and soon forgotten."

—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Photographs on Watch Cases

"What a charming face!" Yes. I rather flatter myself it is. It is a photograph of my wife. 'How did you ever manage to have it photographed on the inside of your

atch cover?" inquired the reporter. That is not very hard to do, if you only know how," replied the jeweler, A new process has been invented; ca-amel on which a photograph has been transfered is fitted perfectly on the surface of the case. It can be successfully done no other way, and is an immense improvement over the old way of put ting the paper negative of a photograph vice than to photograph in miniature the face directly on the metal, besides being much cheaper," - Mail and Espress,

"What does your father call that dog his?" asked a young traveling man of the young lady upon whom he was

"Towser," was the reply. "Towser, was the repty.
"I wonder why he didn't name him
Transer instead," was the rejoinder.
"He is certainly the most perfectly
developed specimen of trouser-dog it was ever my privilege to meet." Merchant-

A Jackson, Mich., ununfacturer is shipping wagons to Australia.

"WILL HE COME,"

The sun has lit the wood and set; With heavy dows the grass is wet? Sharp, tall and stilly;

Sometimes a rabbit flits in sight, A scampering whisk—a gleam of white; Naught else. Her scarf she gathers tight— The air is chilly.

The belfry-clock strikes slowly-eight. Ah, waning love makes trysters late; Sinck suitor he whose queen may wait? She stops and listens: A dead leaf rustled—that was allf

She will not let the teardrop fall-It stands and glistens. She turns-but back! the step she knows!

Well, maiden pride will come at call;

The branches part and, swinging, close; What penance now on him impose The tryst who misses! She can't be hard, though sore she tries,

For love will melt through loving eyes,

And all the chiding words that rise Are crushed with kisses, -Camell's Magazine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There may be nothing new in this world, but there's a heap that's fresh,-Tid-Bits.

Gamblers are said to frequent ocean steamers because gulls are very thick at

Talk is cheap. The man who talks too nuch gets so liberal that he gives himself away. - Baltimore America

There is about as much spring in the Waterbury watch as there is in two years in New England, -Somerville Journal. The girl who hooks a fish will shrick

To see its frantic wriggles; But when she hooks a man—queer freak. She simply grins and giggles. —Charlestown Enterprise.

The woman who marries an ill-empered husband is right in thinking hat she has struck a Lucifer match. Merchant Traveler. It is said that the Empress Josephine had thirty-eight bonnets in one month

No wonder the whole family failed in business.—Eurlington Free Pres Dr. Torsey, of Boston, marries a pair in eighty seconds. There are many young persons who would like to make

minute of this, - Caurier-Journal. THE NON-ADVERTISER, The man who does not advertise

Displays as much good sense As the man who dons his Sunday pants To climb a barbed wire fence. "Aim high," is the Savannah News's advice to young men. This is the same old chestnut the girl sprung on the fellow who kissed her on the chin .- Nash

ville American. A New England man has just had a patent granted to him for "an electric switch." It is expected that all the boys of the country will rise up in vehement protest.—Boston Post.

The minstrel show's on deck again
And the end men are chaffing.
And the jokes that tickled old Adam and Eve
Again set the audience a laughing.
—Boston Courier.

The latest and most wonderful cure flected by a patent medicine recorded is the following: "A boy had swallowed a silver dollar. An hour afterward the boy threw up the dollar, all in small change, principally dime picoes."—St.

A young lady-in Missouri has a colle-tion of 17,653 spicois. Tors money far ahead of the crazy quilt mania, and more useful than decorating china with flowers unknown to botanic science. young man who shall link his destiny with this girl will have a soft snap on

kindling wood, - Boston Globe The Gait of Criminals.

A curious study has been made by Dr. Peracehia of the difference between crimnals and law-abiding citizens, as exhibited by their walk. The author first nade a number of observations to determine the conditions of normal progres sion, and found that in good people the right pace is longer than the left, the lateral separation of the right foot from left, and the angle of deviation of the axis of the foot from a straight line is greater on the right side than on the

But this is not all. Dr. Peracchia has not only shown us how we may distin-guish criminals in general, but has laid the beginnings of the differential diagnosis between various sorts of evil-doers The following are the distinguishing characteristics which his observations have enabled him to formulate:

Thieves. - In those who are predisposed to appropriate the property of others there is a pronounced widening of the base of support together with a very

long step. 2. Assassins.—In those who have murder in their hearts the base of support is not as wide as it is in thieves, since the angle formed by the axis of the foot with the median line is less obtuse, but the sinistrality betrayed by their foot-prints is

very marked These discoveries are of a very interesting character, and if the criminal could be induced to walk before the honest ally does, they might also be put to practical use, for then good citizens could diagnose the rogue by his tracks, and might thus be enabled to escape robbery, or assassination, as the case might be,-

Occupation in Ceylon.

The wayside villages of the maritime districts of Ceylon are, as a rule, exceedlugly neatly kept, and the trade carried by their inhaltants is suffic ently profitable to enable them to lead lives of comparative comfort, as compared with many of the village cultivators of the interior, who frequently, during unfavorable seasons, find it extremely difficuit to support life. Along the line of the seacoast fishing provides for the daily wants of very many of the people, while the families of others among them find occupation in the preparation of the fibres of the outer husk of the co ounut, for making into coarse yarn and rope, a use to which they are very generally the juice of the palm tree also affords employment to thousands of villagers along the seaccast, where the tree flouishes with but little cultivation.