#### THE FOREST REPUBLICAN Is published every Wednesday, by J. E. WENK. los in Smearbaugh & Co,'s Building BLM STREET, TIONESTA, PA. Terms. . \$1.50 per Year. ..... No subscriptions received for a shorter period

Cottempondence solicited from all parts of the

Some French writers frankly admit that their race is losing vigor.

The subject of lengthening the Presidential term to six or eight years is again being agitated.

The Prohibitionists claim a gain of neventy-five per cent in 1888, as compared with 1881.

"In the soup" is a new phrase which is having a large run in the East. Everything which is unsuccessful is "in the soup.

The number of weddings in this country just at present shows that our young people are determined to find out whether marriage is a failure or not.

The New York World estimates that during the past six months 150 persons have been swallowed up in the great city, leaving not a trace behind them.

Wealth in the South is estimated "to have increased fully fifteen per cent. during the past eight years, and great industrial development is now in pro-

Some large orders for steel rails have lately been placed, and the Manufacturer's Record ventures the prediction that the demand for rails during 1880 will be active.

Australia is deliberately encouraging the introduction of baseball as a popular sport, "Perhaps," says the Chi ago Trilune, "it may assist her to forget her rabbits."

A Vermont legislator has introduced a bill providing for the furnishing at pub-He cost of suitable clothing for children who are unable to attend school for lack thereof. Why, he suggests, not clothing as well as books?

The recent storm destroyed many lives on the Northern Atlantic coast and eaved many lives in the South. It wrecked scores of good ships, but it routed the yellow fever. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

Cremation is all right in theory, dechares the L'etroit Free Preis, but the adneates go back on it in practice. There have been several cases lately whre offiers of societies have died and left instructions to be buried in the regular way.

Francis Murphy, who has been labor ing in the temperance field for twelve cars, estimates that 14,000,000 persons have signed the pledge under his crusade, and that of these eighty-five per cent, have remained faithful to their TOWS.

Cincinnati Engeiver assorts that

W THE RANSOM WAS PAID. On the helpless Flemish village Crusl Alva swooped and fell, And the peace of trade and tillage Turned to martial clank and yell. In the town-house, tall and handsome Slood the great duke, looking down On the burghers proffring ransom For the safety of the town.

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O'er his brow gray locks were twining-For his casque was laid aside, And his good sword carved and shining From his sword-bolt was untied. Prince he seemed of born commanders, Pride and power each gesture told. As he cried: "Ye men of Flanders, Bring me twenty casks of gold!' Then upon them fell a sadness,

And a shadow like a pall! While they marmured, "Tis rank madne Such a sum from us to call." And the spokennan of the village Murmured feebly: "Sure you jest." Answered Alva: "Gold or pillage-Choose whiche'er may suit you best."

Faint and stunned, they turned despairing. When arose a laugh of joy-

And before their startled staring In there pranced a little boy. On his curls the duke's helm rested, As his noisy glee he roared, And his good steed mailed and created Was great Alva's mighty sword!

Round about the room he gamboled Peeping through the helmet bars; Now he leaped and now he ambled-Like a Cupid mocking Mars. Then he stayed his merry prancing And of Alva's knees caught hold, Where a ray of sunlight glancing Turned his sunny curls to gold.

Swift the mother, sorely frightened. Strove to take the chernb wild, But the Duke's stern features lightened As he kept her from the child, And he drank the pretty prattle-

For the baby know no fear, Till his eye, so flerce in hattle, Softenel with a pearly tear.

For a baby rose before him In fa'r Spain, ere war's alarmshus his father's sword upbore him-Alva caught the boy in arms, And, the pretty forehead baring. Cried "A kiss!" the child obeyed.

Then unto those men despairing Alvasaid: "Your ransom's paid!"" -W. G. Rose.

#### THE OPAL RING. "If you please, sir, Mrs. Maginnis says

she can't come to wash windows to day, because she is sick, and wants to know would you be kind enough to come and. see her, and please keep the job till she gets well."

The little figure standing in the doorway of Dr. Howard's office, gazing wistfully into the doctor's face, was a study. She was clad in a somewhat uncouth

She was clad in a somewhat uncouth dress, originally of some grayish mate-rial, but pieced, darned and patched with various kinds of goods, until it resembled "Joseph's coat of many colors." A red handkerchief was pinned under her chin, which heightened the brilliancy of a pair of sparkling black eyes, and a mass of jet black, tangled

curls were pushed back from a pale face

### make his daily round of calls; but first of all he drove to the squalid abode of Mrs. Maginnis, for Dr. Howard was never known to neglect the humblest child of

earth, when such were sick and suffer-But all that day, and many subsequent parlor.

sum.

days the good doctor was haunted by the wistful eyes of the strange child whose way in life seemed to him so hard and unnatural. He inquired of Mrs. Radger many times to know if she had seen or learned any more of quaint little Odds-and-Ends; but Mrs. B. declared she had not seen hide nor hair of her si-ce the morning she brought the mes-sage from Mrs. Maginnis, and that bard workingwoman had lost the run of her entirely

It was a whole year from that time

Another instant and Dr. Howard and the child were both down in the mud of the street, and the dangerous creature The doctor had snatched was at ba ?. the child from beneath the very hoofs of the horse, and with the other hand seized the bridle of the foaming, wildcyed animal, and the next moment, as assistance came, fell with the rescued self in a second, he looked into the face of the burden that lay quite unconscious or his arm and beheld the countenance

A carriage bore him and the newwas restored to consciousness, and her delight knew no bounds when she recog-

"You need not tell me unless you

'I may as well tell you," she said, after a pause. "'I was going to a pawnhas kept it all this time because she liked the one who gave it to her very much, and she did not want to part with the

the last we had to part with, except mamma's weddiog ring." Saying which, Odds-and-Ends took the ring from its little casket and slipped it upon the doc-

caused the man's face to change to a paifid hue and his firm hands to tremble ike leaves in the winds of October? Did he attach any superstition to the brilliant and changeful colors of the opal, or was some old memory of the past, long latent, now asserting its ex-

"Margaret! Margaret!" he said in a tremulous voice, "take this bank note to your mother, and leave me the ting.

"No mistake, Margaret. The ring is World.

"So she is," quietly said her mother, and she kissed her fondly. The next morning, New Year's Day, VIVID ACCOUNT OF THE OUT DOOR SPORT OF THE RICH. Training a Pack of Hounds-The

#### Party at a "Meet"-A Headlong Chase-Reynard's Doom

At Eadminton, Gloucestershire, on the summit of the Costwold Hills, the Duke of Reaufort has a beautiful counpotassa.

three or four fine packs of hounds. The keeping of these packs entails the necesity of having a large stable of horses, approaching close to 100 for riding sione, as each rider employed as huntsman and whipper-in will use two during a run and no horse is used more than twice a week; the employment of a small army of hostlers, one man to two horses being considered about all he can attend to; a coach to take the hounds to the neet, which is often eight to ten miles distant; a tally-ho to ride there in so that the hunting horses can be sent ahead to insure their being fre-h, and a few

fourteen when ne got to Colorado, and he hadn't a penny. He's just thirty-three now, and he's got three millions of dolpedigree kept, in some cases running back a do en generations. When puppics, they are farmed out to farmers and others living within a six or seven mile lars, the constitution of an ox and the spirits of a schoolboy. His name is John D. Morrissey, and he lost \$600,000 on the American turf last year. But he radius, where they are kept till a year old. They are then returned to the ken-nels and are put through a severe course of training, principally by taking them in the early morning cub hunting, which is quite good sport. A copse or neck of has mines and real estate tha: he's made out West since he used to carry tools for the prospectors worth many times that woods is drawn, and usually it is an easy matter to make a finit. Under the guidance of a couple of old hounds, the young ones soon learn what is expected Out of the Crown Point mine in Colorado, Morrissey and "Diamond Joe" Reynolds took three millions three years ago and divided equally. Morrissey couldn't read and write then. Now he is of them and become profic ent, when all the head of many Colorado enterprises, has been educated, has found another that is necessary to finish their education is to develop their power of endurance, rich mine, the Silvernite, in Gungison County, and is developing it with the aid of Norvin Green, the President of the which is something wonderful. One thing that makes it comparatively easy to find a fox is that everyone who sends Silvernite Company. The story of the millionaire's education is a remance. in a bill to the master of hounds is paid for any depredations that may have When he and "Diamond Jo" made \$1,500,000 each out of the Crown Point,

when a postal from the kennels notifies all sub-cribers to the pack where the meets will occur for one week ahead.

he resolved that he would have to learn to sign checks, and that quickly, too. He got a pretty girl who'd come out from the East to be a "school marm" to teach It was a bright morning when the him, too. By the time he'd learned readwriter attended a meet at the Cross ing and writing his heart had learned loving, and he married his pretty school Hands, a large, rambling old hostelry that in the time of stage coaches was a teacher. Six weeks ago his first child was born, and to-day there isn't a hap-pier man in town than John D. Morrissey, bustling hotel, situated as it is at the intersection of four old Loman crossroad . the time the hounds arrived a if he did lose half a million and more on his racing stable. While he kept on get-ting richer and richer he thought he ought to have "a string of flyers." He brilliant party was in waiting. Ladies in their flowing habits (although under their outer garment they dress almost like the men, even to wearing top boots), gentlemen dressed in blue coats and ught them, brought them East, backed vellow-topped shoes, with here and there a bright red coat, a mark of disthem and lost a pot of money. Then he so'd them, and now he says he's done with the turf. He has a clear brogue that tinction only allowed to the regular trills like the song, of the Irish thrush and a home in Denver that many a poor patrons. Immediately on the arrival of the hounds the place was turned into a King might envy. Not far from the home in Denver, Mr. Morrissey has \$800,000 worth of real estate. But he isn't a bit proud. There hasn't been a more popuscene of bustling activity, as each rider personally inspected the girths of his saddle, tightening them up, lengthening or shortening the stirrup straps, etc. In ar man about the uptown cafes this fall. few minutes all were in motion, going in His manners are as suave, as hearty and the direction of some furze bushes, which as unaffected as if he'd had a bag of was unsuccessfully drawn. A copse was the next place visited, and almost in-stantly Master l'cynard broke cover in gold in his pocket all his life, and hadn't had to work fourteen years in the mines in big boots and a red shirt .- New York full view. Then the hounds set up a cry, and were with difficulty beaten give the Iox a fair start At last the horn blew, and away they went with a rush. The riders follow, and it doesn't take long to pick the amateur from the experienced rider. For the old hand, from the moment hounds are in full cry, he (and his horse) is full of life, every nerve in his body tingling with excitement. At the start he saves his mount all he possibly can, knowing that he will be fully repaid it proves a hard run. But note the exultation with which he or she cl ars a five-barred gate, turning in his saddle and looking with disdam at the poor amateur who has dismounted and is trying in vain to unlock it. As the run progresses, leading through heavy lands along turnpike roads, an occasional view is caught of the sly old fox, perhaps running along on top of a sto wall trying to ballie the hounds so they will se his scent. The deep baying of the pack is wafted back telling us that the scent is found again, and on we go through a most that surrounds an old Roman encampment up to the high ground, giving us a view of a beautiful landscape. Master Reynard is com-mencing to drag his brush now, and the end is not far off. Our horses are getting pretty nearly blown, but still full of life; but we are a little chary of tak ing a hard fence. The doctor of the -a thorougu hunter-puts his horse to a hard gallop, and then that seems to be the signal for the small number of riders remaining to follow suit. The ladies ride with their heads thrown forward, e es set on the hounds, which are in plain view-a living picture of life and animation. The fox runs on now, heedless of where he is going, in a vain effort to escape. But his fate is sealed, and right in shadow of an old farmhouse in Old Sodoury, where Tyndale worked on a translation of the Eible and suffered as a martyr four hundred years ago, he meets his death. No one thinks of old asso-ciations at his time, but all dismoust, trembling the an aspen leaf from expite-ment, and help keep the hounds at hay till the whipper-in cuts off poor Repnurd's brush and feet and divides the trophies up among the few in at the death. After the pack have ravenously devoured the remnants of the fox we emount and slowly joy on our way home, tired but happy, with appetite wetted to a razor-ed; ; and a topic for our conversation that will last till we have another hard run. It is an unwritten law, which is never violated, that if a fox gets away from its pursuers after any kind of a run, giving the hounds a chance to rest and beat an other cover, and they uncarth the same gain, the hounds are beaten off and the fox goes free, having earned his life by out-footing, or more likely out-witting, his pursuers - Detroit Free Press.

#### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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A SONG TO THE NAMELESS.

There are singers enough for the lofty. On Ambition's exclusive plain, My lay is for the lowly. For the heroes without a name, For they whose souls are smoldering In Disappointment's fire, Who never may know the sweet and the glow Of the stations to which they aspire. My song is framed for the mother

Who moves in a temple of tail, And for the gentle father Whose sinews live in the soil, In the history and love of a nation The deeds of the brilliant are wrought With flaming pon, the food for men wearing fur garments, some of our readers will doubtless be glad to hear Whose les ons are dearly bought,

I know in the windowless garrets And the sod-roofed pioneer "shacks," Are some whose tables are scanty, Threadbare the coats on their backs. With ever a feeling respectful, heat. The flour is then spread over the fur and rubbed into it. After this, the For the being who wins the prize, My harp is strong for the nameless Whose work obscurely dics.

The deeds that in life passed unnoticed. May flash when the day is done, We can never know whose victory Is most deservedly won-There are slaves enough to pamper The dwellers in lordly halls, In the path of the sail and ionely The flower of my sentiment falls. -W. P. Chambertain in Detroit Free Press.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Modern Grease-Lard. Usually dark as pitch- Tar. A play-thing-The piano. Human gimlets-Society bores. May Jority is a very popular girl. Stationary pressure-Paper weight. A gum drop-Decline of the rubber market

scored ; add water enough to cover the beans, in which half a small teacupful of Hump themselvs over the desertmolasses has been dissolved. They should amels be put in the oven at bed time, while

It is the planist who always plays at his wirk.

An icicle is the veriest cavesdropper you know.

What to do when you catch a cold-Let go of it. l'avements and carpets are things that

must be put down. One of the finest naturally causes many

citi ens to be fined. A woman's will is one that even the Roth the

lawyers can't break. It is noticeable that every time the coal dealers coalcice there is less coal on the market.

When the political caldron boils, the cum quite naturally rises to the top .--Boston Gazette.

Pulling carpet tacks is a lowly work," et it may be done with colat .- Eingmton Republican.

The sweetest of sweet girls who will wait for you is worth her wait in gold. -New Orleans Ficayans,

The decline of American humor is most forcibly illustrated by the editors' waste baskets. - Mercha d Traveler.

The girl who seeks to marry for the sake of a bank account is quite likely to be check mated .- Merch at Traceler. Never judge by appearances.

ounterfeit \$5 gold piece isn't wor 3.9

reply. Story of a Rough-Hewn Millionaire. A tall, ruddy faced Dutchess County

when one evening Dr. Howard was hur-rying along a crowded thoroughfare. He was startled by a sudden cry and a confusion of voices, as a runaway horse dragging the remnant of a carriage came leaping and plunging along the street. One glance showed the excessive danger of a child who was midway upon the crossing, and directly in the path of the

furious animal. one prone in the street. Recovering him-

of-Odds-and-Ends! found wanderer quickly to his office, where, in a short time, Odds-and-Ends

nized her preserver. "Where were you going when the accident happened " asked the doctor. Odds and Ends was silent.

wish," said the doctor.

shop-mamma sent me with this ring; it is an opal, and a dear friend gave it to her before ever she saw my father.

ring. But, you see, we got very poor, and mamma was sick, and this ring was

tor's smallest finger What was there about the act that

istence

"Haven't you made a mistake, sir? This bill has fifty on it."

worth much more: indeed it is price-

him and stepped into his carriage to said: "Well, I never! However, I wish A FOX HUNT IN ENGLAND you all a happy new year. Odds-and-Ends, you're a treasure !"

there was a wedding in the doctor's

"What a strange mystery life is," said the doctor's wife that evening. "It is made up of 'odds and ends,"

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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 23, 1889.

laughed the doctor, as he drew little Margaret to his side "How long will you love us?" she inquired, as she turned the opal ring

upon his finger. "While life shall last !" was the grave

# try seat with a park of 2000 acres filled with deer. The Duke's eldest son, the Marquis of Worcester, is the master of

boy, so shapely, so bright eyed and free of limb that he attracted many a passing glance, was seen walking down Broad way with Norvin Green, Fresident of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The Dutchess County boy had the bronze of the frontier in his face and the muscle of the miner in his back and legs. He came by them fairly, too. Nineteen years ago he left Amenia, a pretty little vil-lage up in Dutchess, and ran away to be a cowboy and fight Indians. He was just

extra horses for guests. Each hound is named and a correct been committed on their hen coops. The regular season opens in October,

They will be ready in the morning. If the pork is not very salty, add some to the water in which the beans are baked. -Farm and Fireside

the table is a good suggestion in the way of piecing out the four barrel, especially as many palatable and sustaining preparations can be made therefrom. Noth the South and New England have long utilized the value of Indian corn, and wonderful results have followed the industrious experiment of the kitchens of both parts of the country. Of course, considerable culinary skill is require | to make a really light batch of pure corn meal bread; but there are many simpler compounds of the material that can be cooked successfully after a few experi-ments, and the much sought corn multin of the restaurant or bakery can be turned out of home ovens while only one sixth of the wheat flour commonly apportioned for break fast or ordinary supper purpose-need be used. Hominy, samp, hulled corn and oatmeal already do great table service, but the baked forms of corn meal are hearther and not only, as Mr. Sam Weller remarks, "werry fillin' at the price," but also "sticks to the ribs, "

A recipe for making liquid shoe blacking is: Boras, four ounces; shellac, one and one-half ounces; extract of log-wood, six ounces; bichromate of potasia,

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS,

Recipe for Liquid Shoe Blacking.

three drachms; water, two gallons. Dissolve the extract in one gallon of warm water; boil the shellac and the borax in a gallon of water till they are dissolved; then mix the two solutions together, and add the bichromate of

Cleaning Furs. Now that the season has arrived for

how such garments are cleaned and renovated in itussia, the country of furs.

heated upon a store, with a constant

sturring as long as the hand can bear the

fur is brushed with a very clean brush,

or, better, is gently beaten until all the flour is removed. The fur thus resumes

its natural luster and appears absolute y as if new, -La S ience illustre,

Boston Baked Beans.

dish, if carefully prepared. Get a red

earthen jar, glazed on the inside. It should be fourteen to sixteen inches in

height, with a wide top. Get the beans

at a first class grocery, lest they should be old or poor of quality; pick, wash and soak them over night in plenty of cold water; scald them the next day with a

teaspoonful of soda; they should not boil

unless they have been long stored. Dra n oil the water, and to three pints of beans

(unsoaked) allow a pound and a half of

good, sweet salt pork, a rib piece, not

too fat is best. Let the beans cover all

but the top of the pork, which must be

there is still a moderate fire remaining.

How Flour Can Be Saved."

A more general use of corn meal for

This is a favorite and excellent family

Some rye flour is put into a pot and

Fresidents of the United States do not like extraordinary sessions of Congress at the opening of their Administrations. It forces the burden on them too quickly, before they are fairly seated in the saddle.

The Boston Traceller suggests, as a reason why an extra session should be called by the new Administration, prowided it has a margin in the House, that many of the Republican Depresentatives are very old and may die before December of 1889.

"He who wishes to keep abreast with the march of science to-day," recently observed Professor Eliaha Gray, "must leave the college and go to the workshop and into the dark corners of private laboratories, for investigators rarely have time to write, so that text books are years-buhind the science itself."

Chinamen usually die young, and when one reaches fifty-five or sixty he is conceded to have beached a great age. It Everybody thought I'd die, I was is rarely that they reach the age of one hundred; but there was a woman named Lung Sing Pau. in China who lived to one hundred and two years old, dying there were ever so many servants." To years ago. She was considered the oldest woman in China.

The new law relating to Presidential elections fixes the second Monday in January as the day on which the electors shall meet to cast their ballots for President. Another change requires the Governors of the States to forward to the Secretary of State at Washington the vote cast for each elector certified to by the State Board of Canvasaers.

Dumors of war are again cropping up in Europe. The five great powers have 12,000,000 of armed men ready at a moment's notice to fly at one another's throats. And there is absolutely nothing to fight for-there is no great principle involved. The whole thing would assume a ludicrous aspect, were it not so very sad and serious. And this, oxclaims the Epich, is ninetcenth century civilization !

There is much disappointment among Canadian contractors over the award by the Government of the Gallop Ropids contract, amounting to \$800,000, and the Faulto St. Murie Capal Contract, \$1,250,-1000, to a synd composed largely of the constant of the constant of the constant of the constitution of th sickly too, I believe." trad American copting government

inst, under any circumstances, would be pronounced one of rare beauty. Her the wondering eyes of the child might not witness his emotion. "Fifty dollars! Oh, what will .poor stockingless feet were encased in a pair of old rubbers which she confessed to having picked from a scavenger barrel. mamma say! Dr. Howard gazed at the wan little obshe will be anxious about me. Goodject, and wondered if life could be worth night.

you live."

tism.

in that fashion ?"

"What do you mean by we?"

we do not live at all, we only stay,

"How old are you."

"Ten, sir."

will be there directly ."

"Yes, sir."

"Why, papa, mamma and L

"Wait, Margaret, I am going with a great deal to such as she, "What might be your name?" he inyou. quired.

In a few minutes, little Margaret, or "Well, they call me "Odds-and-Ends" Odds-and-Ends, with her perserver, was being whirled rapidly in the Doctor's mostly, but my right name is Margaret. "Odds-and Ends! Well, I declare! carriage to the poor dwelling she called But upon my word, Odds-and-Ends, you are a queer looking genius. Where do Doctor Howard, on entering the abode.

was struck with amazement, for used as "Down there in Crazy alley, rear of No. he was to seeing poverty in all its forms, he had seldom witnessed so cheerless an P, second door, up four flights, through long entry, turn to the left"apartment in winter as this, where he

"There, there! That will do, Miss Odds and Ends! But now tell me, ow, by a train of unexpected circum-But now tell me, stances, found himself. "Oh, mamma, I have been almost little one," he asked kindly, "are you impervious to the cold, or do you prefer killed, I have; but this kind doctor, the go without stock ngs in December! same one you heard me tell about, you Do you know that you are inviting know, saved me, and he has brought me croup, diphtheria, pneumonia, rheuma home, mamma, and see-see-the bankcramps and what not, by dressing and -"Hush," said the doctor, imperatively.

"I don't know, sir; but this is all I Your mamma has tainted. Bring a have. I was no er sick in all my life, only once, when I had the mumps, and glass of water, quick !" The restoratives the doctor aiways

carried with him were applied, and lanonce again, when I had the measles, guidly the dark eyes opened, and the pale lips whispered a name. so very sick-but I didn't," she added, archly. "We did not live in Crazy alley then," she continued, "but "Roland ?

"Julia!" To end the story quickly and without circumlocution, I will say that fifteen years before these two were engaged we were boarding in a large hotel where overs, and the opal ring was the sign outward of their engagement. But

papa died, and mamma says since then A misunderstanding, a fit of jealous anger, recriminating words, a lover's quarrel and a parting from each other, left one to marry in haste her next suitor, inquired the

doctor, with a strange and sudden inwhile the other journeyed to a distant city to practice the profession of his By this time Odds-and-ends, or little choice

Margaret, was seated in the doctor's comfortable office and paying her rethese spects to a handsome apple that the R. H."

good man had put into her hands. At this juncture, Mrs. Badger, the doctor's housekeeper, came bustling in. "Well, if I shan't give it up! Here is that strange child, and sitting here as cozily as you please. Are you sick, you little rag tag and bob tail?"

"Now Mrs. Badger," interposed the wrong. doctor, "do not call too many names The little one has brought me a message from Mrs. Maginnis, who is not very we

may The once estranged lovers sat hand in

past.

not loss you again; you must go home with me, and now. Mrs. Badger will make you both comfortable. Come." Happy tears fell from eyes used to

many others in cities, and is now, I think, very poor indeed. The mother is enter it as a home.

It is my desire that you see she is prop-erly clothed. It is simply preposterous to send a child out so thinly clad on said Dr. Howard, softly. rang out the hours of twelve ting out the old, ring in the new,"

such a ruw, incliment day as this," and Mrs. Dadger was made acquainted up and down the dector buttoned his great coat about with the facts, and, lifting her hands, miles.-Current.

A Partridge's Language and Reasoning Power.

A Bangor (Me.) correspondent of the Lewiston Journal says: There is not a I must hurry now, for choolboy of tifteen years of age, who lives in a rural district, but knows that

hen partridge not only has a language, but has great reasoning power, too. In the first place she builds her nest, lays and hat hes her eggs upon the ground. Foxes, shunks, weasels, black cats and other four-footed animals, roam about her, seeking just such food as the old hen herself and hereggs, yet she so cun-ningly conceals her habitation as often to raise her entire brood. After a few days she takes the chicks for the first time into some traveled road, and while there along comes a human being. In the autumn this would send her whirring through the woods, but now she stands her ground, and in clear tones tells the chickens just what to do, and they do it. Every one of them, after listening to the mother, ducks its head and skurries away, dividing and hiding. Then the old hen flies off in an opposite direction, drawing, as best she can, all attention to herself. Why, I have seen a hen wait until a dog was within six feet of her, and then flutter just over his head, and all the time telling the chickens to "hurry along," and then she alighted upon a tree the dog could see her, thus drawwher ing him away from the young brood, which could not fly. Later on she gently called, and one by one they gathered again, and at this family reunion every ne of them talked at the same time, and have no doubt but what they were ach telling the other of their feather

breadth escape. By the way, Mr. Thilosophers, how is it, that when the hunting season comes on, these same chicks will fly directly up nto a tree when startjed by a dog, and here gaze down into his open and noisy ountenance, but when startled by a man will fly far into the woods, and if com-ing to the ground, will run and skulk along under the dead branches and leaves?

#### Deposits of Soda.

Along the Feruvian coast, stretching for hundreds of miles, are the famous beds of nitrate of soda, which purified is saltpetre. These deposits, more is saltpetre. These deposits, more profitable than silver or guano, were disovered accidentally by a vagrant named George Smith, but were not operated to any extent until recent years. Now, ends, rough how them as we nitrate, having been found a valuable component of a hundred chemical forms is in demand the world over, and millions' of dollars worth is shipped from the ports along the coast annually Before its value was fully known, a number of far-sighted men located 'claims" after the fashion in vogue in mining camps everywhere, and then the covernment stepped in and forbade any further preemption. But the original locations cover enough of the deposit to supply the market a century or two, and to keep up the prices they formed a pool, a monopoly combined, under which they charge from \$2 to \$3 per hundredweight for what costs them

The total number of European troop in English India in 1866 was 61,015, and the average death rate per 1000 was 15, 1-, In the province of Eengal there were 39,000 men, and the death rate was 15,5, In the province of Madras (1,000, and the death rate 10.2. Province of Bombar, 11,000; death rate 12.7. The num-ber of native troops was 100,000, and the death rate was 10.10 per 1000.

both worthy requisite considerations recipe for corn meal bread is as follows

Two cups of fine yellow meal, one cup of flour, two cups of water, two table spoons of sugar, half teaspoon of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, to be mixed thoroughly. Then melt tablespoonful of best lard; add it to the previously made batter and again beat into a thorough mixture; pour into shallow tin pans or what are known an gem moulds and bake twenty minutes in

a steadily hot oven. A variation to make a richer batter to use one beaten egg, and substitute similar quantities of milk and butter for

water and lard .- Nee York Tribune. Recipes.

CORNSTANCII CAKE .- One cup of ugar, one-fourth cup of butter, onehalf cup of milk, two thirds of a cup of cornstarch, one cup of flour, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder,

Chocolarr.-Scrape or grate an ounce of chocolate, add to it an equal weight of sugar, throw these into a pint of perfectly boiling water and milk, of each one-half, and immediately mix or stir them for two or three minutes, until the chocolate and sugar are dissolved; it is then ready for the table.

APPLE FRITTENS,-Make a batter of the yolks of three eggs well beaten, one of milk, four heaping teaspoonfu of flour and a teaspoonful of sait, well mixed. The apples, which have been peeled, cored and cut in round slices are dipped in this batter and fr.ed i delicate brown in boiling fat, Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve.

Example MUTTON BROTH,-Cut inth very small pieces one half a pound of cold mutton and an onion and put them in a saucepan, adding one-half an ounce When these ingredients be of butter. gin to slightly color put in three pints of stock and a carrot and a turnip, cut in small oven pieces. I at these all boil for an hoar and then skim off the grease.

Boil two ounces of barley and add to the broth, and it will be ready to be served.

Rossr Goose,-Obtain a young, lat goose, clean and prepare it for roasting putting on top a small portion of butter and and a ditle salt, pouring in the pan a claret glass of water, and place the goost in the oven and let it remain for an hour. Place a saucepan over the fire, oour in one-half a pint of Spanish sauce and mix with it a pinch of pepper and nutmeg and one tablespoonful each of mustard and vinegar, i et hol for a moment and then turn into a souceboat o be sent to the table with the goose. TEAST CARE, -Boll half a pound of hops in one gallon water until reduced to two quarts: strain it, mix in wheat

four enough to make achin hatter, and add halt a pist of from, strong yeast. When fermented, work with Indian meal to a still dough. Cover and set in a warm place to rise. When light, roll nto a sheet an inch thick, and cut into small cakes, three inches across, spread them on a platter, and dry in a cool shade Turn them several times a day, and when dry, put them in paper bags, and set in a closely covered and keep cool in a perfectly dry place. Use one cake for four quarts flour.

the working man. A good standard much as a punched nickel .- New York Sun.

" ack, please don't! You muss my haie!" But Jack kept right on, on the ground that if he massed he must. Mercury.

"Never allow yourself to get out of anything," says a writer in a household journal. How about debt -- Edd ington Fres I vens.

It is one of the peculiarities of things in general that the freshest men generally tell the stalest stories .- Banger Commercial.

Cole-"Hello, I'm in a hurry! I was just going to dinner." Mole-"I won't detain you, then, I will go with you." Detroit Free Pres.

Teacher-"Willie, what is the capital of Canada?" Willie-"The money taken there by United States financiers and bood ers."  $-L_{i}$ .

"Thirteen is a mighty unlucky number," the ght the prisoner, gazing at the Judge and jury as he heard the verdict-"...uilty."-Life.

His face was cleanly shaven That was patent at a glance. But the wind did gaily whistle Through the fringe upon his panta. —Dass-lite Breeze.

Rice is cheap in this country and in China, but in France we suppose it is expensive because the Litest notes from taris say that rice is riz,  $-N_{ij}$  Fork

she-"You are always 'in the soup, Henry. He-"No, I'm not, cither." "he-"Well, how can they spell soup, Henry, without u?"-Hurlington Free

When a young miss owns Daisy for a name she wishes at sixteen to be called Miss Smith. If she is unmarried at thirty she prefers to be called Daisy.

A man in Nebraska is in jail for stealing a quantity of sausages. The evi-dence against him is said to be conclusive. Not a link is wanting. - Chicago

The White Pasha comes smilingly forward again with a great battle and a good neary slaughtered dervishes, but he neglects as usual, to send in his name. -Pit abu y Chroniele.

"One of you boys has been stealing raising again. I have found the seeds on the floor. Which one of you was it?" Tommy-"It wasn't me. I swallowed the seeds in mine."-Springs.

"What was the matter with you at dinner, Brownie? You didn't say a tright thing from oysters to coffee, "No," rool of the humorist, sadly, never talk shop when I'm invited out." Harper's Room

Young Wife (at a party) -"You are improving wonderfully as a dancer. Don't you remember how you used to tear my dresses." Young Husband-"Yess, I waan't buying om then,"-12 Malled plant liceard.

P. S. Gilmore, the band-master, gives this tense autobiography: "I first saw the light in the bogs of Consemans, but I was born in Boston in the ninetcenth year of my age," which is a very good illustration of an Irish built  $-N \sim T \sim t$ Mesos. - N.

about fifteen cents. There is apparently no limit to the stuff, the bed stretching up and down the coast for 300 or 400

Upon the inner circle of the ring were words: "While life shall last. It was the recognition of the sentence nd the ring, as well as the great resemblamce of the child to her mother, that awakened the memory of other days and

and other scenes. When it had been too late, and Julia was married to an-other, he had seen that he was in the But after all these years how strangely were they brought together

Is there indeed "a divinity that shapes

hand and recounted the histories of the

"When she comes again, Mrs. Badger,

"Oh, for nearly a year, off and on. She has been in the habit of coming here for cold pieces every now and then

Her mother, I believe, has known better circumstances, but became reduced, like

to day and requires my services. Run on now, Odds-and-Ends, and say that I "A strange child like that, Mrs. Badger, truly. How long have you known

## "Julia, now I have found you, I can-

tor's beautiful house, the city hall clock

Just as they drew up before the doc-

things as the three crossed the threshold

of that miserable room, never again to

tears of sorrow. Sudden joy illumes all