# FOREST REPUBLICAN.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Job work-cash on delivery.

The Chicago Sun has noticed that "lity tle industries which heretofore have been confined to New England, are taking root in the Southern States."

The baptisms reported in the Baptist denomination the past ten years have averaged 344 for every day of the ten years, making in all 1,256,375.

Collis P. Huntington, the many times millionaire, lately said: "If I were a your man with \$10,000 or \$100,000, I'd go to Africa and make millions in the rubber trade."

There are 5000 insane people in the city of New York, the New Orleans Times-Democrat asserts, and experts on insanity say that the ratio of lunatics is increasing much faster than that of the population.

waste of bird-life that the fashion for birds as trimmings involves, remarks New York Chatter. Forty millions of humming-birds, sunbirds, orioles, gulls, seabirds, waxwings, birds of paradise and fly-catchers are annually immolated to

Canada, according to Dr.J.C. Bourinot, received the title of "dominion" instead of "kingdom," at the time of the Confederation of the provinces in 1867, because the Earl of Carnary, then British Secretary of State for the colonies, thought that the latter designation would be objectionable to the United States, which had just before so emphatically objected to the establishment of an Empire in Mexico.

The Chicago Post is firmly of the opinion that "there is a good deal of the natural savage still remaining in the civilized man because word comes from Laberia of a white missionary who concluded that he would rather imitate the savages he had been sent to convert than to Christianize them. He has accordingly abandoned the ways of civilized life, and is living with the natives in their wild state. His fellow missionaries are profoundly astonished, but civilization has many irksome restraints, and a savage life may have many substantial advantages."

The reports of the crops in England indicate that that country will require all American Cultivator declares, are largely injured by continued wet weather and cold, blighting winds. The unusual moisture has flowed fields, rotted hay and mildewed wheat. Nothing is ripendespondent than ever, with less prossummer is an injury to all trades as well as agriculture.

scholarships of \$800 and \$400 to be paid in four annual installments to the graduates of 1890 who should write the best composition on one of a number of subjects. The winners are as follows: First prize to Miss Silvia Clark, of Pinkerton Acemy, Derry, N. H., for her composition on Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables;" second prize to Albert E. Thomas, of Brockton, Mass., who took for his topic Coleridge's poem, "The Ancient Mariner."

encouraging advancement, is the verdict of the Chicago Herald. Somebody invents a flying machine now and then, but it always proves to be a failure. Perhaps the nearest approach to success has been attained by a German in Philadelphia, the home of Keely, the motor man. He weighs 160 pounds and can raise himself into the air with the aid of a counter weight of eighty pounds. Yet this is to say that only fifty per cent. of him is able to fly, and that is only half enough for successful flying. If this is the best that can be done the birds of the air are never likely to have any human imitators.

of any pretensions are in perfect harmony, declares the Washington Star. The relations between England and France, between Germany and Russia, between Russia and Austria, between Italy and Austria, between Russia and Turkey, between Spain and England are more or less complicated. International jealousy is founded on national seifishness. Just at present the great Black Continent is the bone over which many of the nations are growling. France, sore over the continued occupation of Egypt and disposed to make the most of her rights in the Newfoundland dispute, revives her old pretensions in Zanzibar and finds support in Danish sympathy with Danish Heligoland, in Belgic apprehension of German aggression on the Congo State and in Spanish uneasiness as to British interference with Spain's programme in

lately.

itself—it was empty.

Waiting for a time in the expectation of seeing the head, Huldah went into the kitchen and to the nail where hung the

Yes, Topsy's stall was empty, and so was Dan's-Dan being the old sorrel her Uncle Robert always drove.

ert never drove Topsy. Besides, Dan was gone. And he never lent her. What had become of her?

Huldah was in a tremble. Topsyit had been snything but Topsy! Had she been stolen? Had she got loose and run away? The door had been locked, but there was the big back door into the barnyard. Something had happened while she had been blubbering up stairs. What would her uncle Robert say-

Huldah was pale and panto stricken. Oh, dear! What should she do? Hardly knowing what she was doing, she hurried out into the road, and bending low, studied the hoof prints in

All tending westward were half obliterated; those turning east, or in the direction of Wakely, were fresh, and Huldan mechanically walked eastward.

her halter and frisked up the road, Huldah thought she might overtake her. If she had been stolen and ridden away at a fosming trot-But Huldah could not have sat still

she could not have waited. Doing something was better than doing nothing. the might find some trace of her.

vent breathlessly tramping on up the dusty road. She thought she had been unhappy

pefore, but now she was miserable She was confused, too, in her misery. She had gone a quarter of a mile be-fore it occurred to her that she had left the house unlocked, as well as the

dish compared with Topsy. Oh, dear! She was glad it was getting dark, nobody would recognize her. But even so, people stared at the hurrying, bare-headed girl and wondered. Once or twice she mustered courage

o ask if Topsy had been seen; but nobody had seen her. She felt like a tramp, and she supposed she looked like one. Was she going to

ing Topsy-anything. And it was her fault, her negligence. Once she thought she saw her cropping the grass by the roadside, and her eart bounded; but it was only a peace-

At the next half-mile stone she was ure she saw Topsy ahead of her, with the thief on her back; but it was Hiram White, on his old rackabones, with a

bag of grist. She was getting tired at last. She had raced along in such a frightened heat, that she had not thought of dis-

But where was she? Why, almost to Benton's Corners-almost two miles. And houses were scarce here.

Huldah glanced around her fearfully. How dark it was getting, Still she pressed on. The thought

spurred her. But she was growing weak. he were not quite so wrapped up in that anxiety and her long tramp and her new trotter, if he ever would talk to her nervous fears here on this lonely road

the house sometimes instead of the barn! little heart swelled with despair She peered ahead. Nothing and nobody to be seen; no Topsy.

A light gleamed from a house far ahead in a ghostly way, and an owl hooted away off in the woods.

Oh, what was that? It was only a ting Joe think her tears were all for her friendly stray cat rubbing against her, but it was too much for Huldah in her Since Joe had gone to Wakely! Wake-

She recoiled in fright and gasped, and then sitting down on a smooth, flat stone near by, tried to smile-strove to rally her gathering senses, and quietly fainted

She was not on the stone when she he not her own true lover? Had he not came to herself. Joe Brockway was on the stone, and she was in Joe's arms.

She remembered it all in a minute and was indignantly ashamed of herself. She sat up suddenly and rigidly and her Uncle Robert was kneeling beside her, with his florid face whitened and a lantern in his hand, and the buggy stood

here? Huldah-

there. But when she went down stairs at last there was nobody in sight or which her Uncle Robert gave an excited "I swow she's all right!" he ejacu had gone; but where was her Uncle lated. "Huldy, we've been scairt out of our wits. Why, we thought you'd lost

> neither." "No, no!" cried Huldah, passing her hand over her dazed eyes. And then, struggling to her feet, she nerved herself for the worst.

stolen, and it's my fault!

"Is that Topsy?" Huidah gasped, and her Uncle Robert laughed again. "I swan, you are all right!" he re-

this thing untangled a little. Tramped | Journal.

the pleasant June evening, deso- know where you've been and what you've A LOULDER THAT GROWS.

They were in the buggy, and Topsy -yes, Topsy-was trotting toward Cheever as only Topsy could trot. But Huldah could not free her cold little hand

"Yes, tell her the hull thing," said

Uncle Robert, explosively.
"Huldah," said Joe, and his voice
trembled a little, "we've been to Wakely o get a marriage license-our marriage license, Huldah. It was a surprise, you see-it's a surprise we've been planning for weeks. You've been working too hard, and we both knew it, and I made up my mind to take you right out of it whether you agreed or not, and take you off for a good solid rest with me. What was the use of our waiting till next winter? That was your idea-'twasn't mine. You've worked yourself to s shadow almost, and lately you haven't been well, either. So I got up this little scheme several weeks ago, and your uncle fell right in with it-"

"Like a thousand of bricks?" said Uncle Robert. "Didn't relish the idea of letting you go, Huldy, but it had to come some time, and I knew what was for your good. So I went and bought Topsy. It was jest on your account I bought Topsy, Huldy. I had an eye on her for a good while. She wan't in good condition, you see, and the man sold her cheap, and I says to Joe, 'I'll buy that mare. If there ain't a few hundreds of clear money in her I don't know my own name. Fed up and took care of, she'll be a valuable horse. I'll buy her, says I, 'and sell her in six months for twice what I'll pay, and that'l be for Huldy,' says I. And I've done it. I've took care of her faithful, and I've been offered a splendid price for her already. And it's yours. That's what I've meant all along, Huldy.

"It was week after next we meant to spring our little surprise," her lover concluded, but when you took on so to-night, why, it frightened me, and I vowed I wouldn't wait another minute. I persunded Mr. Spencer, and we were off within ten minutes. So now it's plain about Topsy, isn't it, dear? And the license we've been after-Huldah, do you know that Joseph Brockway, twenty-five, and Huldah Spencer, twenty-one, are going to be married to-morrow, and have a long enough wedding trip to cure the worst case of nervous prostration going?" and he kissed her soundly.

For awhile Huldah could not trust herelf to speak. And when she did, though her voice

as softly tearful, it was only to say: "How did you come to take Topsy? And where was Dan?,'

"Oh, Hinckley borrowed Dan this afternoon! But I reckon we'd 'a took Topsy anyhow on this occasion-eh. We was in a kind of a hurry this

time, Joe and me!" "Well," said Huldah, with a quivering breath, "I've been a goose about everything-such a goose! But, Joe, I an't be married to-morrow-not to-

morrow, Joe, I can't!" "You can and will be, my dear!" said Joe, masterfully.

"Got to be!" said Uncle Robert. And she was; and came back-to a little house in Wakely-looking like a rose in bloom .- Saturday Night.

## A Fish's Mudhouse.

Africa is the home of many extraordinary animals, but there is no more renarkable creature than the mudfish, which inhabits certain of the rivers of Western Africa. One of these fish can be seen at the London Zoological Gardens. At first sight there is nothing striking about this animal; it looks very much like an ordinary fish, except for its curious, long, slender fins.

When the fishes arrived each one was incased in a ball of dried mud, lined with mucus from its body and perforated by a small aperture to admit of breathing.

"cocoon," as it is sometimes called on account of its analogy to the earthen case fabricated by many caterpillars in which to undergo their metamorphoses, on being placed in warmish water was dissolved, and the fish lib-

The habit which the mudfish has of making an earthen chamber of the mud at the bottom of the river is a most wonderful provision of Nature for the exigencies of the climate. The rivers which the fish inhabits are liable to periodical droughts. When such a drought is imminent the fish retires to deep water and excavates a pit, in which it lies, covering itself over with a thick layer of

It can suffer with impunity the complete drying up of the river. But the ost interesting fact about the creature stared. Yes, Joe was holding her, and is that during the time of its voluntary imprisonment it breathes air directly through an aperture left in the cocoon by means of lungs, just like a land animat. When the returning rains dissolve "Huldah," Joe was gasping, "what is the mud and liberate the fish, it breathes it, dear-what is it? How did you come by means of gills, just like any other fish. New York Journal.

## Ciphers Easy to Read.

Communications in cipher are not so secret as many persons suppose. Noth-ing has amazed the London Times people more than the discovery of the secret cipher with which they communicated with George Kirby in America when Mr. Kirby was engaged in negotiating with Sheridan. It was an alphabetical cipher, and was so very cleverly constructed that it seemed to defy detection. But Labouchere once declared that he would unravel any cipher that was put before him, "I came clear up here trying to find and Archbishop Walsh is quite as c'ever Topsy," she faltered. "She's lost, Un at this kind of thing, it would seem, as cle Robert! She's either got loose or been Mr. Labouchere. Ciphers, in fact, are not very difficult to detect. On one London paper, for example, every advertise-ment which goes in in cipher is read before it appears, and the work is not, as a rule, found to be very difficult. There is sometimes great amusement in the unpeated. "That's Topsy, sure. Help her raveling of these presumably secret into the buggy here, Joe, and let's get methods of communication .- New York

A PAIL COULD COVER IT ONCE, BUT

Odd Properties of a Spring Which Trickles Over it and Petrifles Everything Touched by the Water. In a deep, dark ravine, a few miles from New Castle, Penn., is a phenomenor in the shape of a growing rock. Fifty years ago, when it was first noticed, an inverted wooden pail would almost cover To-day it is a great boulder, ten feet in height and fifteen feet or more in cir-

or three inches deep, through which the water from a spring trickles continually. The wonder maker is the little spring, so small at this season that a few pails of water dipped from it would drain it dry. But it works in a manner very different from the dripping water in caves that carries a burden of limestone in solution

The outer formation of this rock has a limestone appearance, but once remove but it seems to have been transformed

into a translucent flint. This remarkable petrifaction has been wrought by the action of the water from the spring upon the moss. The water seems to have the singular property of turning into stone everything that is brought in contact with it for any length of time. It has an acid taste, and is doubtless heavily charged with mineral substances, although thus far it has never been analyzed. The most remarkable fact about it is that it accomplishes so much in so short a time. The moss grows luxuriantly in the dark hollow, and the lapidescent quality of the water has operated year after year upon the layers of moss, turning them into a honeycomb of stone, and adding to what was at first a small rock, until to-day there is this great boulder of petrified vegetation. A short time after the moss begins to grow in the spring it commences to solidify at the roots, and the petrifaction follows closely on the track of the growing moss

the dark green of the vegetation become yellowish, then changes to brown, and darkens as the rock grows older.

The moss is not all that is perpetuated

scaled deep in the heart of the rock. To the mineralogist the rock is a mine of treasure and delight. No one ever chisels into that flinty boulder without coming upon leaves and twigs petrified among the moss and se many fine specimens to rejoice his heart and make envious less fortunate mortals. Those who have visited it thus far say there is not another such cusiosity known

The people in the neighborhood have long known of the remarkable qualities of this spring. Mr. William Alisworth first discovered it nearly fifty years ago. Then the rock was ten feet or more below the spring. Now it has climbed up the side of the bank until it is partially above the level of the spring, and has turned the water of the little brook that comes down the ravine somewhat out of

Mr. Allsworth and some of his neighbors intend to try the experiment of fastening a frog or some other creature in such a way that the water will have a chance to act upon it, and see whether it will fill up animal tissues with its mineral burden as it has done the wegetable ones that have come in continued contact with it. They firmly believe it will, and there seems little reason to doubt it.

cumulations from being greatly disturbed.

Now and then the curious have visited it, and of late a few geologists have studied it, and specimens of the strange formation have been carried off, but the boulder shows no apparent diminution. The water still miracle of petrifaction, and will doubtless continue to do so as long as it has a chance to act upon any living tissue .-Pittsburg (Penn.) Dispatch.

Drinking Blood for Medicine. Blood drinking is rather an unsavory medication. Every morning, however, fashionable ladies suffering from amemia go to the Monumental slaughter-house of La Villette, in Paris, just as if it was a drinking room at Aix or Vichy. They there drink bullock's blood at thirty cer times (six sous) a glass, and observers say that the blood cure is often efficacious. Raspail, the real precursor of Pasteur, noticed that the butchers and even the wemen bookkeepers in the butchers' shops are singularly healthy, and that their blood is, as a rule, purer than that of people plying other trades. Mile. Rosita Mauri, the famous opera dansause, once sprained her foot upon the stage. The doctor ordered her to go to La Villette every morning early and to bathe it in hot bullock's blood.

The newest German idea is to make north Alsace-Lorraine an independent

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Beef losses twenty-five per cent. of its weight when baked.

A score of phosphate mines are being opened in different localities in Florida. Many foreign builders now mix sugar with mortar, to protect the brickwork from damage by frost.

The experiment of tanning leather with palmetto roots has been successfully tried at Apalachicola, Fla.

Never let sun rays strike a mirror. They act upon the mercury and give the glass a cloudy appearance, which all the rubbing in the world will not remove.

It is said that the hop vine is the best substitute for rags in the manufacture of paper. The vine pulp possesses great length, strength, flexibility and delicacy. A weak galvanic current, which will sometimes cure a toothache, may be

generated by placing a silver coin on one side of the gum and a piece of zinc on the other. Rinsing the mouth with acidulated water will increase the effect. M. Fouque, the mineralogist, claims to have discovered in a mixture of copper

and lime the beautiful color azurrino, the composition of which has so long been a puzzle to artists. His tint is said to be perfectly unchangeable, and is identical with the famous Alexandrine blue. From experiments by Dr. Ledenfeld

on sponges, it appears that absorption of food does not take place at the outer surface, but in the interior. When poisons are put in the water, the sponge contracts its pores, and the action is very like that poisons on muscles of the higher ani-

Dr. Dixon, Professor of Hygiene at the University of Pennsylvania, has been making some experiments with air and dust obtained in street cars. He has found in them the germs of many diseases, contagious and otherwise. ventilation and more effective cleansing are sorely needed.

A remarkable invention has been made in Austria, whereby the serious effects of railway collisions are prevented. Glass tubes project before the train, and if they are broken by an obstacle, an electric movement is applied to the brakes, bringing the train immediately to a standstill.

The "L" road companies in New York are doing their utmost just now to minimize the noise made by their trains, and on some of the roads they have succeeded, but they are still far from having the noiseless trains which so delight the heart of the traveler in Berlin, and the service has a great many lacks.

Experiments made in Sweden by M. Sandberg on the strength of iron rails during the winter have shown that steel rails containing over four per cent. of carbon are apt to break in cold weather. In fact, the result of his investigations points to the use of rails having less carbon in countries as cold in winter as Norway and Sweden.

An electric motor is in successful operation for wood-sawing in Lewiston, Me. It is a six-horse power and with a twenty-six inch saw, which was driven at a velocity of 1450 revolutions per minute. The proprietor claims that with a six-horse power electric motor he can do more work than with a ten-hors power steam engine.

The heart contracts with power enough to send a column of blood seven and a half to nine feet high. At every beat of a heart of average size and strength, the force exerted is equal to moving over fifty pounds; or to lifting a pound weigh upward a distance of three and a half to four and a half feet, say four feet; or to carrying four pounds, one foot upward.

Professor Samuel Cushman, apiarist of the Rhode Island agricultural experiment station, maintains, as the result of personal observation, that bees do no damage to growing or fair fruit. The juice of fruit is, in fact, injurious to them; and they do not attack sound fruit, but only bruised fruit, or that which has been previously injured by other insects.

A beet sugar manufactory, with a capacity of 400 tons a day, is said to be almost completed at Grand Island, Neb. The beet has sixteen per cent. of sugar, and farmers realize \$60 per acre at \$4 per ton for the root. The diffusion process of extracting the saccharine principle is used. In a fourteen-battery circuit it is claimed that the remarkable result of 98.8 per cent. of the sugar can be ex-

The compressed air chisel was first brought into use in this country. An improved form is now being used in Europe by stone dressers, sculptors and metal workers. The economy of labor compared with the hand chisel is about four or fivefold. At the same time the surface cut by the compressed air chisel is cleaner and smoother than is possible with the hand chisel. This is especially the case with granite. The new instru ment is said to be of great service in metal-working and wood-working.

### Catching Rattlesnakes for Oil. There are places in South Georgia

where men extract oil from the rattlesnake and use it to cure rheumatism. These persons will give a colored man \$1 to point out a rattlesnake to them, and then they kill it in a peculiar manner. They place a forked stick over the snake's head, then put a cord around it and strangle the snake. This is done to keep the snake from biting itself. The body of the reptile is then strung up and the oil extracted from it. It sells at \$2 per ounce, and this industry is a very profitable one. The snakes in that section are very large, averaging five feet in length. and one rattler gives up a great deal of A little negro boy once saw two rattlers lying close together, and wanted to get the money for finding them. It was a mile to the nearest house. He was afraid the snakes would crawl off while he was gone, and so took off his coat and placed it between the two snakes. He went off, came back, and found them still eyeing the coat. He had them So the snake is cultivated down there as a profitable industry.-Atlanta Constitution.

DIVIDED

If thou wert by my side, dear love, And I could walk with thee, The path unto the mountain crest, No toll would seem to me, But now my feet walk wearily, And beavy are mine eyes, And dread and dark the winding way,

That leadeth to the skies. Vet if thou wert beside me, love, My hand within thine own, Perchance my weight would hold thee back; Tho' thou caust win alone. Thou mightest stumble, following me; Or, loitering by the way,

Seeking the sweets and flowers, my feet Might tempt thine own to stray. But now by different paths, my love, We seek the self-same goal, So far apart no check am I, No hindrance to thy soul,

And the' my heart doth sche for thee My lips for thy lips long, I see thee toiling upward still, And hush my pain with song. And when upon the mountain crost, We stand where sonly are free The bliss that doth elude us now,

Must come to thee and me. Not one brief thrill of joy, of pain-One smile, in tears to end, But an eternal crown of love. When soul with soul shall blend. -Annie L. Brakenridge, in Housewife.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Never mind-Bad children. In summer weather the felt hat is felt

Moses came early; but he didn't avoid the rushes.

"Oh, you darling old papa!" "Y-e-c-s
dress or bonnet?"—Ashland Press. An empty larder ought to be enough to keep the wolf from the door .- Texas

Siftings. The sailor never goes "around the Horn" when he is ashore. He goes

straight for it. - Puck. Ice is expensive everywhere this season. Even the icebergs in the Atlantic are reported unusually high .- Boston Herald. Lady (searching for burglars)-"Here,

Bridget, you let down the folding bed and then I'll look under it."-Chaulau-"Now, then," inquires a Canadian paper, "what is a crank?" Why, the other fellow, of course .- St. Paul Pioneer-

"He is too lazy to go sleep." "Oh! the idea." "Fact, nevertheless. He just simply falls asleep."—Terre Hauts Express.

The schoolma'am seeks vacation's joys.

Her labor being done.

And she who tanned the little boys
Is now tanned by the sun.

—Hoston Courier.

Every man should have an aim in life, but he shouldn't spend too much time aiming. The quick shot gets the clay pigeon when the trap is sprung .- Somerville Journal.

Exchanging Confidences.-Clara-"I have such a horror of growing old." Maud (sweetly)—"I should think you would have got over it by this time."-Drake's Magazine.

"Parting is such sweet sorrow!" she The young man blushed quoted. nervously. "You're right," he replied, "I'll go to the barber's next time!"-American Grover. Mr. Carpenter-"That was a nice slip

of the tongue you made introducing n to those young ladies as Mr. Carter." Mr. Tom Bigbee-"Well, I should call it a alip of the pen."-Puck." Judge-"What sort of a man, now, was it whom you saw commit the as-sault?" Constable-"Shure, yer honor,

he was a small, insignificant craythurabout yer own size."-Chatter. Madame Hautry-"You the singing master! But we do not want a singing master!" Herr Pumpernickel-"Bardon de laty next door toldt me von vanted

one badly-she sent me!"-Judge. "You've been riding a bicycle, I hear," said one department clerk to another "Just for exercise, you know." "It has reduced your weight some, I think." "Yes, I have fallen off a great deal,"-Washington Post.

than our friend Richard does not exist. He very frequently accepts no fees from his patients!" B-"You don't say so?" A ... 'For he gennerally settles with the heirs."-Fliegende Blactter. "Are you aware, sir, said the man in

A-"A more deserving medical man

the rear flercely, "that your umbrella is poking me in the eye?" "It isn't my umbrella," replied the man just in front with equal fierceness. "It's a borrowed one, sir!"-Chicago Tribune. Young Husband-"What? You are

twenty-five years old to-day? Why, you told me a year ago, just before the wedding, that you were only twenty." Young Wife (wearily)—"Ah, yes, I have aged rapidly since I married."—La Galois.

A .- "Did you hear that the thief and desperado, Buckshot Jack, had been killed!" B.—"No. Died with his boots on, I suppose." A.—"No, indeed. He died with another man's boots on. Robbed a shoe store."-Texas Siftings.

In describing the murder of a man Jorkins, a reporter, thus commented on the event: "The murderer was evidently in quest of money, but luckily Mr. Jorkins deposited all his funds in the bank the day before, so that he lost nothing but his life."-Birmingham Post

Wife (delighted) - "What! home through the summer shower! But where did you get that lovely piece of icel" Husband (exultantly)-"It's a hallstone which just fell in our front yard, and we can pay off our mortgage with it."-Chicago Times. Bark-on-a-Tree is a Comanche chief

who has been commissioned by his tribe to seek out and find the Messiah, who is to turn the world apside down with the red man on top of the white man. When Mr. Bark-on-a-Tree returns from his quest, his tribe will probably vote to change his name to Bark-Up-a-Tree .--Chicago Times.

Morocco.

dered! And was her Uncle Robert displeased because she had neglected his supper? If they were she deserved it. She was a poor, lackrymose, disagree-able thing-ahe, Huldah Spencer, who had had a reputation for brightness and

"TREAT EVERYBOBY WELL"

Few have any idea of the terrible

the breadstuffs the United States can send this year. British crops, the ing under the deluge of rain. Every pect of profits. In fact, the absence of

Again has a young woman carried off the honors in an intellectual competition. The Boston Herald recently offered two

The art of flying is not making any work and canning strawberries at the

Just now no two countries in Europe

"Treat everybody well;" Thou canst not tell The good to others done, The good thyself shalt win; Thou mayst hide many a sin

If hearts be won. "Treat everybody well;" Not lost the smile Which captures even guile-How, who may tell? There is a subtle power

Deep hidden in the face, The tone, the way, whose grace Lives hour on hour. "Treat everybody well;" ! Some day thou'lt bless

The long-forgot caress Of courteous meed, And in thine own dark night Kind hearts shall shed their light Thy steps to lead, "Treat everybody well;"

Some will deride Some will forsake thy side, But nobler yet Will be the friends who stay. Nor feel-dark night, clear day-One vain regret!

## TOPSY.

-Rev. Edwin B. Russell.

"He thinks more of Topsy than he does of me?" said Huldah.

Joe Brockway laughed. "But she is a dandy little horse, you know," he said, letting his gaze wander to where Huldah's Uncle Robert stood stroking and patting Topsy. "Look at her shape, just—"
"I know," said Huldah. "I've heard

Uncle Robert rave about her enough. Little head, arched neck, slender legs-Joe brought his hand down on his sweetheart's with another laugh. But Huldah's brown eyes were lifted

seriously to his laughing blue ones. "What's the matter?" he said gaily. "Well, I'm not adamant exactly, Joe. said Huldah, slowly. "I'm not a fossil. And it's hard to have an uncle who cares as much for a horse as he does for you, and to hear nothing but horse-talk from morning till night, and to get so lone-some sometimes you just don't know what to do! Oh, Joe," Huldah murmured meekly. "I ought not to say it! I don't know what's the matter with me.

saw a swishing skirt, and found himself alone on the front steps. "Huldah!" he cried, and gave chase. Through the hall he ran, and into the sitting-room and the kitchen, and then out into the back yard and around the

house, sending two dozing cats wildly

fleeing, and going through Huldah's

"Hang it!" he cried, coming to a baf-

petunia-bed.

And Joe Brockway heard a stifled sob.

fled stop, with reddened face and disheveled hair. His good-looking countenance showed a little wrath, considerable distress, and some indecision.

"I believe I'll tell her this minute!" he muttered. "What'll she say about Topsy then? Little simpleton-dear little simpleton!" But after a moment's reflection he

walked toward the barn, where Huldah's Uncle Robert was still engaged with Huldah had fled up stairs to her bedroom. - There she sat with her face hid-

den in a fold of her dress, and her tears

soaking the starch out of it. Oh, dear! oh, dear! What was she crying about? Everything! was her Uncle Robert, for one thing. He was kind, of course. But if about abything else-about herown poor little affairs, for instance-and stay in

What did he want of Topsy, anyhow? Huldah wished he had never seen her. For since Joe had taken a partnership in a hardware store in Wakely, it was doubly lonesome for her here in Cheever. Ah! she hadn't been quite fair in let-

Uncle Robert.

hearing.

ly was such a lively place, with posses-sions of which Cheever had never dreamed-an "opera house," and a park, with a fine band pavilion. And pretty girls-Wakely was noted for its pretty What was the matter with her? Was

devoted many a half day to coming home to see her? Wasn't he home for that purpose now? And still Huldah sobbed on. She was tired and nervous, she reflected, dismally. Doing all the house-

same time had been too much for her, she supposed; and she had not felt well besides. And she gathered up a fresh corner of her gown and cried harder. She did not know how long she staid

She had expected to find that Joe The table showed a masculine litter of cold greens and lemon pie. Oh! and here was a note pinned to the table

"Am going to Wakely. Beback early." Wakely—what for? Oh, yes! Hul-th divined in an instant. There was a dah divined in an instant. man in Wakely giving an exhibition of horse training. Joe had told her; and of course Joe had gone back with Was he angry with her, Huldah won-

She went and sat down on the back for two miles did you, Huldy?" porch. She did not want any supper. "You poor little girl?" Joe murmured. How could she eat with that lump in "Huldah, how could you? And Topsy the question of a tunnel from Dover to aer throat? She sat looking out into right as a trigger! Huldah, do you Calais.

But a spark of interest came into her eves, suddenly. The square hole in the side of the barn which marked the position of Topsy's stall, and from which her trim little head was usually poking

barn-key, and then out to the barn.

Where was Topey? Her Uncle Rob-

To what end? If Topsy had broken

Her anxiety left her no choice.

But what were the spoons or butter

cry again? She would not. But if any ther calamity had befallen her than los-

ful red cow.

that it was Topsy she was searching for

were more than she had bargained for. She found herself trembling. Poor Huldah! her faithful, grieved

in the road.

"I thought you'd gone to Wakely, oe," Huldah said, tremulously, at

your senses, wandering around like this. We come mighty near not seeing you,

"Lost!" Joe cried. stands in the thills." "There she

cumference, and weighing not less than fifty tons. During the summer months it is covered with dense, rich moss two

with it, and leaves its wonders in stalagmites and stalactites. the moss and chisel into the gritty surface, and the real beauty and peculiarity of the rock is seen. A cellular formation, like a mammoth sponge, is discovered, and about the cells is stone as hard as adamant. On cutting further in, this cell-like substance is found to continue.

like the formation of coral on the work of the coral insects. As it progresses

in stone by the action of the water. Plants, leaves, twigs, every vegetable substance that has fallen on the rock and lain there has been impregnated with it, and, as by the touch of an inexorable fate, been turned into stone by it. Stratum upon stratum of the moss stone has grown over them, and many such objects are now to be found hermetically

Heretofore the spring and the wonderful rock it has builded have been little known outside the immediate neighborhood. The little ravine where it is situated puts down through rough and broken country near the Beaver River, and the wonder is difficult of access. This comparative inaccessibility has saved it in large measure from the raids of relic hunters and prevented the ac-