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The Coming Man.

A pair of very chubby legs, Encaved in searlet hose : A pair of little stubby boots. With rather doubtful toes ; A little kilt; a little cont, Out as a mother can-Audlo ! before us strides, in state, The Future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars, And search their unknown ways ; Perobance the human heart and soul Will open to their gaze ; Perchance their keen and flashing glance

Will be a nation's light-Those eyes that now are wistful bent On some "big fellow's " kite,

That brow, where mighty thoughts will dwell In solemn, secret state ; Where flerce Ambition's restless strength Shall war with future fate ; Where Science from now hidden caves New treasures shall outpour-Tis knit now, with a troubled doubt,

Those lips that, in the coming years, Will plead, or pray, or teach; Whose whispered words, on lightning flash, From world to world may reach ; That sternly grave, may speak command, Or, smiling, win control-

Are two, or three, cents more?

Are coaxing now for ginger-bread With all a baby's soul ! Those hands—those little busy hands— So sticky, small and brown; Those hands, whose only mission seems To tear all order down-Who knows what hidden strength may lie

Within their future grasp, Though now 'tis but a taffy-stick In stordy hold they clasp? Ah, blessings on those little hands,

Whose work is yet undone! And blessings on those little feet, Whose race is yet unrun! And blessings on the little brain That has not learned to plan! Whate'er the Future hold in store, God bless the "coming man!"

THE JANDIDIER MYSTERY

A PRENCH STORY. A very short time ago, that is yester-day, about four o'clock in the afternoon,

a I the Quartier du Marais was in an up-roar. It was said that one of the re-spectable merchants in the Roi de Sicile has disappeared, and all the efforts to discover him had proved fruit-less. The strange event was discussed in all the shops in the neighborhood : there were groups around the doors of all the green-grocers, and every moment some terrified housewife arrived, bringing new details. The grocer at the corner had the best, freshest and most correct intelligence, having received it from the lips of the sook who lived in the house.

"So," said he, "yesterday, after din-ne, our neighbor, Monsieur Jandidier, went to his cellar and was never seen ag in - disappeared, vanished, evapo-

It occasionally happens that mysterious disappearances are heard of, the public get exci ed, and prudent people buy sword canes. Policemen hear these absurdrumors and shrug their shoulders. They are familiar with the other side of these closely embroidered canvasses. They search into the matter and find, instead of artless falsehoods, the truth; instead of romances, sad stories. Yet, up to a certain point, the grocer in the Rue Saint Louis told the truth.

Monsieur Jandidier, manufacturer of imitation jewelry, had really not been home for twenty-four hours. Monsieur Taeodore Jandidier was a very tall, very bild, man, about fifty-eight years old, with sufficiently good manners, who had am used a considerable fortune in trade. He had an income from stocks of twenty thousand livres, and his business brought him in about fifty thousand francs. was beloved and esteemed by his neighbors, and justly so, for his honesty was above suspicion, his morality austere. Married late in life to a poor relative, he had made her perfectly happy. He had an only daughter, a pretty graceful girl, named Terese, whom he adored. She had been engaged to the oldest son of the banker Schmidt-of the firm of Schmidt, Gubenheim & Worb-Monsieur Gustave; but the match had been broken off, no one knew why, for the young people were desperately in love with each other. It was said in the Jandidier circle that Schmidt, senior, who, as was well known, would skin a flint, had required a dowry far beyond the merchant's means.

& Warned by public rumor, which constantly increased, the commissary of police went to the home of the man who was already called the victim, though no exact information had been received. He found Madame and Mademoiselle Jandidier in such transports of grief that it was with the nimost difficulty that he could gather the truth. At last he learned

the following particulars:

The evening before, Saturday, Mon-sieur Jandidier had dined with his family as usual, but did not eat with much appetite, having, he said, a violent headache. After dinner he went to his warehouses, gave some orders, and then entered his office. Returning home at half-past six, he told his wife he was going to walk. And he never appeared Having carefully noted these particulars, the commissary of police requested permission to see Madams Jandidier a few minutes alone. She made a sign of assent, and Mademoiselle

Therese left the room. "Pardon, madame," said the commissary of police, "the question I am about | Tarot's room about ten o'clock. to address to you. Do you know whether | cleven the employer and workman went | ners.

dried her tears.

"I have been married twenty-three years, monsieur; my husband less never returned home later than ten o'clock." "Was your husband in the habit of going to any club or cafe ?" he con-

" Never; I wouldn't have allowed it." "Did he usually carry valuable papers about with Lim?"

"I don't know; I attend to my house keeping, and don't trouble myself about

business matters."

It was impossible to get any further information from the poor wife, who was bewildered by grief.

Having accomplished his business, the commissary of police thought it his duty to say a few words of commonplace consolation to the poor woman. But when he went away, after making inquiries in the household, he felt very anxious, and began to suspect the existence of a crime. That very evening one of the most skillful detectives, Retiveau-better known in the Rue de Jerusalem as Maitre Magloire—was put on the track of Monsieur Jandidier, provided with an excellent photograph of the mer-

The very morning after Monsieur Jandidier had disappeared Maitre Mag-loire presented himself at the Palais de Justice to report to the magistrate who

had charge of the matter, "Well, Monsieur Magloire," said the magistrate, "so you have discovered something?" "I'm on the track, monsieur."

"To begin with, monsieur, Monsieur Jandidier didn't leave his house at halfpast six, but at seven precisely."

"Precisely?" "Yes, I got my information from a clock-maker in the Rue Saint Denis, who is sure of the fact, because Monsieur Jandidier, while passing his shop, took out his watch to compare it with the clock over the door. He had an unlighted cigar in his mouth, On learning this circumstance I said to myself, 'I have him! he'll light his eigar somewhere,' My reasoning was correct; he entered a shop in the Rue de Temple, where he is well known. The woman remembered the cirumstance because, though he always smoked sou cigars, he

bought London ones." "How did he appear?" "He seemed very thoughtful, the shopkeeper told me. It was through her I learned he often went to the Cafe Fure. I went in and was told he had been there on Saturday evening. He appeared depressed. The gentleman, the waiter told me, talked all the time o'clock our man left the cafe with one of his friends, Monsieur Blandureau. I instantly went to this gentleman, who told me that he walked up the boulevard

with Monsieur Jandidier, who left him on the corner of the Rue Richelien, pleading a business engagement. He was out of sorts, and seemed troubled with the darkest presentiment." "Very well, so far," murmured the

magistrate. On leaving Monsieur Blandureau I went to Rue du Roi-de-Sicile, to ascertain from somebody in the house whether Monsieur Jandidier had any customers of friends; there was only his tailor in the Rue Richelieu. I went to this tailor. He saw our man on Saturday. Monsieur Jandidier went to his shop after nine o'clock to order a pair of pantaloons. While his measure was being taken he noticed that one of the buttons on his vest was ready to fall off, and asked to have it sewed on. He was obliged to take off his overcoat to permit the little repair to made, and as at the same time he took out the contents of the side-pocket, the tailor noticed several hundred-franc bank notes.

"Ah! that is a clew! He had a large sum of money with him?"

"Not large, but considerable. The tailor estimated it at twelve or fourteen hundred france. "Go on," said the examining magis

"While his vest was being repaired

Monsieur Jandidier complained of sudden illness, and sent a little boy out to look for a carriage. He had to go to see one of his workmen who lived a long distance off, he said. Unfortunately, the little fellow had forgotten the number of the carriage. He only remembered that it had yellow wheels and was drawn by a large black horse. This afforded a A circular sent to all the liverystable keepers put me on the track. learned this morning that the number of the carriage was 6,007. The driver, on being questioned, distinctly remembered having been stopped about nine o'clock on Saturday evening in the Rue Richelien, by a little boy, and having waited ten minutes in front of the Maison Gouin. The description of his face suited our man, and he recognized the photograph among five others I showed

Maitre Magloire stopped; he wanted to enjoy the approval he read in the magistrate's face.

"Monsieur Jandidier," he continued, "was really driven to No. 48 Rue d'Arras Saint Victor, where one of his workmen lives, a man named Jules

The manner in which Maitre Magloire pronounced this name was intended to arouse, and did arouse, the attention of the magistrate.

"You have suspicions?" he asked. "Not exactly; but these are the facts. Monsieur Jandidier diamissed his carriage at the Rue d'Arras and went to

your husband had—I again ask your pardon—any connection outside of the house?"

Madame Jandidier started up; anger tinn till midnight, and here I lose track of my man. Of course I didn't question Tarot, lest I should put him on his guard."

"Who is this Jules Tarot?"
"A worker in mother-of pearl; that is, a man who polishes shells on a grindstone, to give them a perfect lustre. He is a skillful fellow, and helped by his wife, to whom he has taught his trade, can make a hundred francs a week."

"They are in easy circumstances,

"Oh! no, they are both young; they have no children, they are Parisians; and, zounds, they amuse themselves. Monday always squanders all the other days bring.

Two hours after Maitre Magloire's report, several police-officers went to Jules the sight of them the worker in motherof-pearl and his wife turned paler than corpses and were seized with an attack of pervous trembling that could not escape the practiced eye of Maitre Magloire. the most careful search having failed to discover anything suspicious, they were about to withdraw, when the detective saw Tarot's wife anxiously watching a cage that hung near the window. This was a ray of light. In an instant Magloire had taken down the age. Twelve hundred-franc notes were found between the boards of the floor. This discovery seemed to crush the workman, while his wife began to utter terrible shricks, protesting that she and of over twenty years' standing, when her husband were innocent. On being every other remedy heard of has failed arrested and taken to the police-station to do so. It may require a little practhey were questioned by the examining magistrate that very day. Their answers were precisely the same. They acknowledged that they had had a visit from their employer on Saturday even-ing. He seemed so ill that they had offered him something to take, which he refused. He had come, he said, on saccount of an important order which he proposed that Tarot should undertake, hiring his own workmen. Tarot and his wife replied that they could not do it for want of means. Then their employer said: "Never mind, I'll furnish the money," and instantly put twelve hundred-franc notes on the table.

At eleven o'clock Monsieur Jandidier sked his workman to show him out of the house; he was going to the Fau-bourg Saint Antoine. And, in fact, Tarot accompanied him to the Place de ia Bastile, crossing the Constantine Bridge and walking along by the river. The magistrate asked both husband and wife the very natural question : "Why did you hide the money?"

They made the same answer. Hearing on Monday morning of Monsieur Jandidier's disappearance, they were seized with terror. Tarot had said to his wife:
"If it is known that our employer came here, that I crossed the bridge and | pulverize too much. walked along by the river with him, I shall be compromised. If this money

were ever found in car possession we should be lost." The wife then wanted to burn the notes, but Tarot prevented it, intending to return them to the family. This explanation was reasonable and plausible, if not probable, but it was only an ex-

planation. Tarot and his wife were still

detained in custody. A week after the magistrate was in the ntmost perplexity. Three new examina-tions had not enabled him to form an opinion. Were Tarot and his wife innocent? Or were they simply marvelously clever in maintaining a probable fable? The magistrate knew not what to do, when one morning a strange rumor reached his ears. The house of Jandidier had just stopped payment. A detective who was set to work brought back the most startling news.

Monsieur Jandidier, who had been considered so wealthy, was ruined, atterly ruined, and for three years he had sustained his credit only by means of various expedients. He had not a thousand francs, and notes falling due at the end of the month amounted to sixty-seven thousand, five hundred francs. The cautious merchant speculated in stocks. The magistrate had just learned these particulars when Maitre Magloire appeared, pale and panting for breath. "You know, monsieur?" he cried, from the threshold.

"Tarot is innocent." "I believe him so; and yet that visit how do you explain that visit?"

Magloire shook his head sorrowfully. "I am only a fool," said he, "and Lecoq has just proved it. Monsieur Jandidier spoke of his life insurance at the Cafe Ture. This was the key to the affair. Jandidier was insured for two hundred thousand francs, and French companies don't pay in case of suicide. Do you understand?"

Thanks to Monsieur Gustave Schmidt, who will marry Mademoiselle Therese Jandidier next month, the house of Jandidier has not gone into bankruptey. Tarot and his wife, restored to liberty, have been established in business by this same Monsieur Gustave, and no longer go pleasuring on Mondays. But what became of Monsieur Jandidier? A thousand francs reward to whoever will give news of him.

Men are generally more honest in their private than in their public capacity, and will go greater length to serve a party than when their own private interest is alone concerned. Honor is a great check upon mankind, but where a considerable body of men act together this check is in a great measure removed, since a man is sure to be approved of by his own party for what promotes the common interest, and he soon learns to despise the clamors of adversaries.

Forbear to judge, for we are all sin-

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Medical Hints.

BRUISE-SWELLING .- To cure a swelling from a bruise, foment it for half an hour, morning and evening, with hot cloths dipped in vinegar and water as hot as you can bear it.

CURE FOR WARTS, - Warts may be removed, says a celebrated physician, by rubbing them, night and morning, with a moistened piece of muriate of ammonia. They soften and dwindle away, leaving no such mark as follows their dispersion with lunar caustic.

To PURIFY THE BLOOD. -Strictly diet on oat-meal porridge, lean beef, plain vegetables, fruit and Graham bread. Eat no wheat bread or pastry or puddings; no butter or grease whatever, l'arot's lodgings to make a search. At Butter and cheese secretly poison many systems. Drink weak lemonade. Eat regularly, and the dryer the food the better. Food floating in grease refuses to digest. Substitute clear water—not ice water—for tea or coffee. On retiring, apply cold cream or beef fit to the complexion. Take the oils externally instead of internally.

A REMEDY POR CATARRE. - A farmer's daughter says: Dry and powder mullen leaves as fine as you would powder sage; then smoke as you would tobacco, letting the smoke escape through the nostrils instead of the mouth. This is one of the best of remedies for catarrh in the head. It has entirely cured a case tice to let the smoke escape through the a rescue. The morning of the execution nostrils. Mullen will be stronger gathered before the frost injures it, but will answer even if dug from under the snow. It will also be found an excellent remedy for cold in the head.

Plowing and Manuring.

A correspondent of the American Farmer says: The above constitutes two first essentials in the production of good crops, and should receive special attention at the hands of every one who would cultivate and produce a good crop, let it be corn, tobacco, cotton or potatoes, etc.

Thorough plowing I consider the more important of the two, for unless the ground is well plowed, the best manuring will have comparatively little effect, whereas land well and thoroughly plowed with light fertilizing will produce fairly, but with better manuring will produce at a profit; still there is a limit beyond which profit cesses, and just where this limit is the cultivator must be the judge, after experiment; but generally there is little danger of exceeding it.

Plowing, to be thorough, should be so performed that the soil shall be broken and made as fine as possible; you cannot

Plow deep is a relative term, and may mean very differently on different soils, for while four inches may be deep for one soil, ten or twelve may be less so on others, so that here we must be governed by the nature of the soil plowed. Subsoil ploughing is a distinctive difference from the common acceptation of the term plowing, yet is often used with the same meaning. Sub-soiling on most soils, in connection with good plowing, is one of the essentials of certainty of a good product; the deeper and more thoroughly the sub-soil is broken the better, as no crop will be likely to suffer the effects of drought or wet where the ground is sub-soiled, as where only sur-

face plowed. In plowing under manure it should not be turned down to the bottom of the turned soil, if we wish the benefit of any portion of it in the present crop.

The nearer the surface, and have it covered in the soil, we keep manure, the greater benefit the crop will receive from it. Herein lies one benefit of plowing under the manure shallow, and again plowing the same ground a trifle deeper; which, while it mixes the manure with the soil, still keeps the greatest portion near the surface, just where the roots of the young plant will be benefited by it; and as the water of rains dissolve and wash down the portions of the salts, etc., the later roots of the same plants find and appropriate what they most require, and thus the manure is equalized through the soil.

Southern men have informed me that it would not answer to plow deep, as with their sudden powerful showers the land would go seaward, from washing, I suppose; however that may be I am unable to say, as I have no experience there; but from what I read of the experience of the most successful Southern planters, I think I should venture a trial and see the result. I know here at the North the more shallow plowed ground washes worse than that which is deeply worked, and also crops grown on shallow worked soil are less certain and more subject to the vicissitudes of the season, wet or drought, than where the ground is deeply worked.

A Case of Elephantiasis.

A man with his legs almost petrified died at New Haven, recently, in James Featherstone, aged 71, who for many years suffered from elephantiasis arabum. He had a "crick" in his back ten years ago and took to his bed, and has never since been out of it. About a year later the soles of his feet began lege swelled and were covered with scabs, ulcers and horny excrescences, measured some thirty-five inches around the calf and weighed about eighty pounds. The case has attracted wide attention from physicians, and is thought ing saved, at the price of her life, the inferior gods in the greatest about to be the first of the kind in New England.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican, her.

Lynch Law-Its Origin.

James Lynch was mayor of Galway, Ireland, in 1473. He had made several royages to Spain, and on one occasion brought home with him the son of a respectable Spanish merchant, named Gomez. Walter Lynch, the only son of the mayor of Galway, was engaged to a beautiful young lady of good family and fortune. Preparatory to the nuptials the mayor gave a splendid entertainment at which young Lynch forgied his ment, at which young Lynch fancied his intended bride viewed his Spanish friend with too much regard. He accused his beloved Agnes of unfaithfulness to him, and she, irritated at his injustice, dis-dained to deny the charge, and they parted in anger. On the following night, while Walter Lynch slowly passed the residence of Agnes, he observed young Gomez to leave the house, he having been invited by her father to spend that evening with him. In the madness of jealously Lynch rushed on his unsuspecting friend, who fled to a solitary quarter of the town near the shore. Lynch maintained the pursuit till his victim had nearly reached the water's edge, when he overtook him, and stabbed him to the heart, and threw the body into the sea, which cast it back again on the shore, where it was found and recognized the following morning. The wretched murderer surrendered him-self; and his father, being chief magistrate of the town, entrusted with the power of life and death, found himself obliged to condemn his son to death. On the night preceding his execution, his mother went to the heads of her family and prevailed on them to attempt an immense crowd had assembled, who cried loudly for mercy to the culprit, The mayor exhorted them to submit to the laws; but, finding them determined on a rescue, he, by a desperate victory, overcame parental feelings, and finding that his efforts to accomplish the ends of justice in the usual piace, and by the usual hands, were fruitless, he became executioner himself, aud, from the windows of his own house, launched his unfortunate son into eternity.

Power of Example.

Speaking of a recent suicide in New York, a correspondent adds: The natu rel inclination to follow an evil example was illustrated by the monument snicides in London. The monument is 200 feet high, and its summit once was open to the public, with but a small protective railing. More than seventy years ago, however, a man leaped over the rail and was picked up dead. His example was soon afterward followed by another, and

Similar instances of the power of example have occurred in this city. A man, for instance, leaped from the wheelhouse of a steam ferryboat some years ago and was drowned. Immediately there was a run of "steamboat suicide." Another striking case was that of Dr. Wells, the once noted Hartford dentist, and (as it is claimed) the discoverer of chloroform. He came from Hartford to this city to attend to his discovery, and in the evening walked out to see New York by gas-light. He became, no doubt, slightly intoxicated and was included in a number of arrests made that night. When he came to, he found himself the inmate of a cell, and he knew that as soon as this dreadful fact became known his reputation would be destroyed. Unable to contemplate such a result the unfortunate man opened a vein and then dosed himself with chloroform, and was found in the morning dead. That season a large number of chloroform suicides took places. Hotel suicides have also been much in vogue since they were at first started. Paris green suicides also had an extensive run. One finds that there is a fashion in felo de se just as there is in everything else.

A Heroic Nurse. One of the nursing sisters of the

Order of Troyes succumbed recently at Paris to an attack of hydrophobia, contracted under circumstances of no ordinary heroism. A month ago she was taking a walk with five convalescent children, the eldest of which was only eight years of age, when they were suddenly assailed by a sheep dog, whose jaws were running with foam, and who attacked them with fury. She instantly saw the danger of her charges, and, resolutely interposing between the terrified children and the furious animal, bravely withstood its attack. She was severely bitten, and the dog, excited by the cries of the children, endeavored to rush upon them. Then followed a splendid act of devotion. Protecting them with her body the children, who hung on to her petticoats shricking with terror, this brave girl threw herself courageously upon the dog, and for ten minutes grasped it, rolling over with it, and thrusting her fist into its mouth to prevent its biting the children. Some peasants, who came up at last, beat off and killed the dog. The sister was found to have fifteen deep wounds on her hands, and lacerated arms; an import-ant artery was wounded. Skillful care was given to her wounds, ligatures were applied, the parts torn were canterized, and for a short time after her return to to harden and look like stone, and his Paris some hope existed that she might escape the ultimate fate which there was so much reason to fear. Later, howsometimes two inches long, presenting a ever, the pharyageal spasm, vomiting, sickening sight, until at his death they and hydrophobia in all its characteristic sympton s appeared; and the nurse died ing consolation in the certitude of having saved, at the price of her life the

Items of Interest.

"Life is made up ov sunshine and shaddo," says Josh Billings—"about five shaddos to one sunshine."

More than 100,000,000 lemons, oranges, and citrons are consumed or exported by the inhabitants of various parts of Asia

Professor-" In one evening I counted twenty-seven meteors sitting on my piazza," Class expresses great astonshment at the sociable character of the

In Cincinnati, on a recent Sunday evening, four public balls, three musical entertainments, three variety theatres, and "Sardanapalus" in the Grand Opera House, were all numerously at-

The ancestry of Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, on his father's side, was Dutch; on his mother's side, Irish, He bad Indian fighters and Revolutionary soldiers for his grandfathers and greatgrandfathers, and he is fifty years old.

A young man who left home in Connecticut some years ago to seek his for-tune, recently wrote from Texas, saying: "I've settled here." It has since trans-pired that he was right. He had settled at twenty cents on the dollar.

(One of the Kentucky minstrels is sitting for his picture in character.)— Operator: "Now, sir, look pleasant— smile a little." (Minstrel smiles.) "Oh! that will never do. It's too wide for the instrument.

The Anti-Horse Thief Association is an institution in northwestern Missouri, southeastern Iowa and northwestern Illinois, whose object is pretty clearly indicated in its name.

The loss of human life during the great flood in Bengal, following the cyclone of 1876, has lately been ascertained to have amounted to 165,000. It was estimated at the time at near 300,000.

Bucks county, Pa., has a smoker who claims to have averaged seven cigars per day during the last fifty-seven years, which would aggregate 145,000 cigars, worth, at five cents each, \$7,250.

In Breslau, Germany, a successful attempt has been made to erect a paper chimuey about fifty feet high. By a chemical preparation the paper is rendered impervious to the action of fire

A little five-year-old fellow came up to his mother the other morning, and with great earnestness said: "Mother, I saw something run across the kitchen floor this morning, and it hadn't any legs either; what do you suppose it was?' The mother's curiosity was excited at the monument suicides became so frequent that a tall railing was built, which effectually prevented any further say, she said she supposed it was a say, she said she supposed it was a worm, or something of that sort, she did not know what. Having for some time enjoyed his mother's inability to solve the problem, he said: "It was some water."

Rome Buying Back Converts.

A great sensation has been caused at Geneva by the sudden departure of two priests who had become converts to the Old Catholic doctrine, but who appear to have repented of their conversion, for they left Geneva, addressing to the President of the Church Council the fellowing letter: "Having found that at-tempts to establish a national Catholic Church at Geneva have only a political end, we declare our intention of separating from them, of returning to the bosom of the only Catholic Church, and of making submission to her authority as the sole guardian of the Christian faith." The Ultramontane party exulted very much over this declaration, but it now appears, according to Swiss papers, that these two priests, before leaving Geneva, went to see Monsignor Mermillod, the exiled bishop, who is living on the French frontier, and received from him the sum of \$6,000 each to recant. This accusation was first made in an anti-Catholic journal, and would, it was supposed, be at once repelled as a calumny. But, upon the contrary, the Courrier de Geneve, which is Monsignor Mermillod's own organ frankly admits that money passed, and adds that a Catholic associa tion had been formed for the purpose of buying back the perverts.

Siamese Twins in an Oyster Bed.

The clerk of the steamer Maggie, of the Eastern Shore Steamboat Company, has brought to the city a remarkable oyster that had been caught in the Chesapeake. The oyster is, apparently, two oysters fastened together, as is often the case. The peculiarity, however, is that while there were two distinct cysters, they were fastened together a ligature running from heart to heart, the shell that divided them being very thin, and showing that there was really but one oyster contained in the three shells. The same gentleman has also an old bottle into which an oyster had become imbedrd, remaining until it was too large to get out, - Baltimore Buttetin,

An Idol Shop.

An Anglo-Indian journal contains an advertisement, of which the following is a free translation . "Yamen, the god of day, cast in pure copper and tastefully executed. Nirondi, the prince of demens, a great number to choose from; the giant upon which he is mounted is boldly designed, and his sabre is fashioned in the latest style of art. Baronnia, the god of the sun, is lively represented; his crocodile is of copper, with tail of silver. Bousberen, the