The forest Republican.

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The Honest Farmer. Happy I count the farmer's life. Its various rounds of wholesome toil ; An honest man with loving wife, And offspring native to the soil.

Thrice happy, surely !-- in his breast Plain wisdom and the trust in God ; His path more straight from east to west Than politician ever trod.

His gain's no loss to other men ; His s'alwart blows inflict no wound ; Not busy with his tongue or pen, He questions truthful sky and ground.

Partner with seasons and the sun Nature's co-worker : all his skill Obedience, ev'n ss waters run, Winds blow, herb, beast their laws fulfill

A vigorous youthhood, clean and bold ; A manly manhood, cheerful age : His comely children proudly hold Their parentage best heritage.

Unhealthy work, false mirth, chicane, Guilt-needless woe, and useless strife-O cities, vain, inaue, insane ! How happy is the farmer's life !

- Fraser's Magazine.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

A wide cook-kitchen, with a breath of grape blossoms coming in at the open windows, and a glistening tin pan on the table full of dewy, scarlet straw-berries waiting to be hulled-this is our scene; and our dramatis personce consist of Mrs. Perkins, whose drowsily-clicking knitting-needles, keep time to the purr of the overgrown Maltese cat, and a pretty young girl with rather a flushed face, who had just entered from a doorway leading to the hall.

"Well," said Mrs. Perkins, looking up with that ineffably wise expression which is imparted to the human countenance by round silver spectacles perched obliquely on the bridge of the nose, " he ain't asleep, is he?"

"Yes, he is," was the answer.

"Glory be thanked for that, at least," suid Mrs. Perkins, apparently impaling hers if on a long knitting-needle, which, however, entered harmlessly into the born sheath that she wore at her side, e cased in a scalloped red flannel. "There will be five minutes of peace, at le ist. You're tired, ain't you, Dora?" "Yes," said Theodora White, "I am r ther tired."

But her languid voice spoke plainly

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that the more accurate phrase would have been "very tired."

Theodora White was a tender, solt

riedly entered the apartment and came that I don't mean what I say. Get me to his bedside.

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"I've been thumping on the floor till my arms are ready to drop out of their sockets!" he groaned. "Are you all deaf down stairs ? or has old Perkins forgotten there is any one in the world but herself and her enuff-box ?"

"I'm very sorry, uncle?" "Actions speak louder than words !" snarled Uncle Joseph, ungraciously. "How do you feel now, Uncle Joseph?" asked Theodora, soothingly.

"I'm worse !"

" Are you ?" "Pulse higher-skin hot-face flushed; of course I'm worse. This confounded hot room is enough to throw and window-quick !" Without an instant's hesitation Theo-

dora unbarred the blinds, and threw open the four large windows and two doors. The light from the western sky steamed like a flood of fiery radiance into the room ; the draft, whirling through, caught up newspapers, fluttered the leaves of books, and even upset Uncle Joseph's pet bottle of medicine. "O-w-w-w!" roared the sick man with vehemence, that proved his lungs at least to be quite free from disease; "do you want to blind me-to blow me away?'

"You told me to do it, Uncle Joseph !"

"Shut the windows, quick—draw the curtains !" groaned Uncle Joseph, "Who's that battering down the door !" "It's only a very gentle knocking

uncle. "Then, I'm nervous. Go and see !"

Presently Theodora returned.

"It's Major Crowfoot, uncle; he sends his compliments, and wishes to learn how you are."

"Tell him to go to the dence."

"Yes, uncle." "Well," said Uncle Joseph, as his niece returned to his bedside after a momentary absence, " what did he say ?" "He seemed very much offended, uncle."

"Offended ! at what, pray ?" de-manded Uncle Joseph.

"I suppose at being told to go to the deuce !" answered Theodora, quiet-

"Girl," ejaculated the invalid, raising himself half-way upon his elbow, "you lidn't tell him that?"

"Yes, I did, uncle. You said yourelf, 'Tell him to go to the deuce.'" Mr. Joseph White fell back, flat and

notionless, among his pillows. "Theodora, you are a fool!"

"I'm very sorry, uncle," said Theoora, beginning to whimper.

ome more-quick! If I hadn't been bedridden for a year, I could go twice as fast as you do !" he added, grumblingly, "I never saw such a grumblingly, "I never saw such a snail in my life, Ob, dear ! to think I shall never walk again !'

Uncle Joseph lay counting the seconds until his niece brought in a second bowl of gruel, this time so delicionsly made that even he could not find fault with it.

"Uncle," said Theodora, as she set it on the table at the bedside, "the doctor said, yesterday, that he really thought, if you were to try, you could walk as well as anybody!"

"The doctor's a fool," said Uncle any one into a fever ! Open every door Joseph, "and you may tell him so with my compliments !

"I will, nucle, the next time he comes.

"Theodora!"

"Sir."

"If you do, I'll disinherit you !"

" Very well, uncle !"

"Theodora, you'll have to feed me. This annoyance has weakened me terribly !"

"Yes, uncle."

"Stop-stop-it's hot-you're chok-ing me!" But Theodora kept resolutely

"Sto-o-p1" spluttered Uncle Joseph, nimbly scrambling to the other side of the bed. What do you mean, Theodora? Didn't I tell you to stop ? Idon't believe there's an inch of skin left on my throat !'

"You told me yourself, uncle, that you don't mean what you say. How was I to know that this was an exception !"

An irate rejoinder trembled on Uncle Joseph's tongue, when suddenly he caught sight of a blue column of smoke wreathing up under his window.

"What's that smoke ?" he ejaculated.

"I think it's Mrs. Perkins, sir, putting fresh kindlings on the kitchen fire." 'No, it isn't !' yelled Uncle Jose ph,

the house is on fire !' Theodora dropped the spoon and bowl and rushed out of the room, shrieking, "The house is on fire! help! murder!

thieves !" The servants below the stairs caught up the cry and echoed it in shrill dismay. Uncle Joseph listened with bristled hair and dilated eyes.

"Help ! help !" he bawled, but no one responded. Londer still he yelled, but yet in vain.

"Am I am to stay here in my bed to be burned to death ?" he asked himself, and scrambled out with agility that fairly surprised himself.

The servants were arrayed on the lawn, staring in all directions to find the exact locality of the fire, when the area killed. Many dead and wounded gardner uttered a shriek. "If there ain't master, as hasn't left were burned in the buildings. The hoshis bed for year, a runnin' as if a tiger pital was burned with five wounded men was arter him !'

A Terrible Mutiny.

Commander Rodgers of the United States steamer Adams writes to the secretary of the navy from Sandy Point, Straits of Magellan, giving an account of a mutiny among the soldiers and convicts at that place. He says : It appears that the plan of the mutineers was to take possession of the German steamer Memphis and go off in her, or failing in that, to take the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamer then about due from Valparaiso. I got under way with all despatch, and arrived here (Bandy Point) on the evening of the 14th. On the way up the guns were loaded, as well as the small arms, and all preparations made for any emergency. I found the Chilian corvette Magellaneo already here, having come down from Skyring-Water, where she had been employed surveying. I went on board her and found the governor of the colony there, and have since gathered the following particulars of what seems to be the most terrible mutiny ou record, so far as numbers are concerned. It appears that about midnight on Sunday, Nov. 11th, the people of the town were alarmed by the discharge of artillery and firearms. The first murder committed seems to have been that of the captain of the company of soldiers, numbering about one hundred, who were regular artillery troops. They mutilated the captain in the most horrible manner, and then opened fire with several pieces of artillery upon the governor's house, directly in front of the barracks. The governor, upon making his appearance, was knocked in the head and left insensible. He, however, recovered after some time, and made his escape to the country. His family also escaped, almost naked, to the woods. The mutineers then released the convicts, and altogether numbered nearly 200, armed with Winchester

tion, they burned all the public property and a number of stores; in fact, the best part of the town is in ashes. 'Upon my arrival the streets were strewn with the dead bodies of the killed, thirty of which were gathered up. Most of the killed were soldiers, who had been shooting each other indiscriminately. in it.

and Spencer rifles. During Monday, Nov. 12th, the mutineers seemed to have committed the most incredible ex-

cesses in the way of wanton killing, burning, and sacking. On Tnesday, Nov. 13th, the mutineers deserted the

place and took to the country, carrying

with them all the public funds and much

private property. The last heard from them was that they numbered ninety-

four armed men, and were about two

days' march from here on the way to

\$2 PER ANNUM.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Different Ways of Preparing Cabbage. A lady writes the Farm Journal : Au excellent cold slaw is made by shredding a solid head of cabbage with a thin, sharp knife or a slaw cutter, then placing the cut cabbage in your dish, pour over it a dressing made by heating a pint of vinegar scalding hot, then beating into it quickly one beaten egg, with a lump of butter as large as a walnut, and a tablespoonful of sugar. The cabbage should be thinly sprinkled with salt and pepper as it is put in the dish. To fry cabbage, chop or shred quite

fine, have a spider hot on the stove, in which is a small quantity of butter or meat drippings, season and put in the cabbage, and cover tight, stirring often and taking care it does not scorch on the spider. Cooked in this way it is very sweet and nice.

Cabbage makes a nice dish also cooked, by dropping into salted boiling water, and when taken out, minced fine with a knife, then pouring over it a dressing made by taking a piece of butter the size of an egg, and a coffeecupful of boiling water; cut up the butter with a half-teaeupful of flour, and stir it gradually in the hot water. When it boils, stir in a dessertspoonful of vinegar, and a dust of pepper, with a little salt. For the sauce, thick sweet cream is an excellent substitute.

For hot slaw, prepare the same as for cold slaw, cook tender. and pour over the dressing, or merely season with vinegar before dishing up.

Somebody has said that corned beet with boiled cabbage makes the best 366 dinners a man can eat in a year. To realize the full measure of excellence, the quality, curing and cooking of the beef should be considered, but with this we have nothing to do. As to the cabbage, have a solid head stripped of the outside leaves except one layer, divide it into quarters by gashing down nearly through to the lower end of the core. Skim the floating grease as nearly as you can from the top of the water in your pot of boiling beef, and about one hour before dinner drop in your cabbage and keep it boiling steadily and slowly until you are ready to dish it. Now carefully lift it out with a skimmer and lay on a platter, draining well, take off the outside layer, Santa Cruz. As a last act of destruc- and your cabbage will come out clear from grease or scum.

Recipes.

APPLE CUSTARD.-Pare and core six apples; set them in a pan with very little water, and stew them until tender; then put them in a pudding-dish without breaking; fill the centres with sugar, and pour over them a custard made of a quart of milk, five eggs, four ounces of sugar and a very little nutmeg; set the pudding-dish in a baking-pan half full of water, and bake half an hour. Serve it either hot or cold at the dinner. BUCKWHEAT CAKES .- TO a quart of | lived on the frontier. buck wheat add two level spoonfuls each of Indian meal and wheat flour; mix with warm water; add a cup of sweet yeast and a teaspoonful of salt. In the morning, before baking, pour off a cup of the batter and set in a cool place for originally an Arab slave boy. He was brought to Constantinople at the Legin-der briskly for a few minutes, add a scant teaspoonful of soda and bake at once.

Rates of Advertising.

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Legal notices at established rates Marriage and death notices, grafis. All bills for yearly advertisements col-lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-ments must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

Items of Interest.

The people of New York city are at the mercy of 3,000 steam boilers.

N

In Garland, Col,, they rang out the old year with four murders, and ushered in the new with one.

Such is the hydrophobia scare in London that the police are capturing dogs at the rate 200 a day.

The baker and his customer A kindred nature show : The latter needs the "staff of life," The former kneads the dough.

"I live in Julia's eyes," said an affected dandy in Colman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "since I observed she had a sty in them when I saw her last.'

An old salt sitting on the wharf the other day very soberly remarked : " I began the world with nothing, and I have held my own ever since." A terse and suggestive biography.

A teacher, who in a fit of vexation called her pupils a set of young adders, on being reproved for her language explained by saying she was speaking to hose just commencing arithmetic.

Editor: We go to press early this week. Have you got anything in your head? Contributor : Yes, I have. Editor: What is it, a story or some verse? Contributor : No, a bad cold.

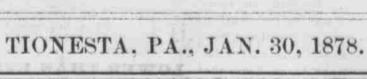
One Philadelphian died last year at the age of 102 years, and another at 115 years. | More women, as usual, lived more than 100 years, one being 101 at the time of her death, another 102, two others at 103, and one 106.

A Boston firm forwarded a draft for half a million frances (\$100,000) in an envelop directed to a correspondent in "Paris," and another heavy draft to "London." The post office clerks sent the first to Paris, Me., and the other to London, Ontario.

According to a foreign book on "Kisses," about 150,000,000 kisses are given daily. Russia leads, at a rate of 30,000,000; Germany next, with 20,000. 00; France, 18,000,006; England, 13,000,000; and Saxony, 1,200,000, es-pecially Dresden, which does 90,000.

A stranger was strolling about Cos-tello's tannery, and accosted Pat Daily, the bark grinder. "Is there a man about here with one eye by the name of Jerry McCarty?" "Fhat's the name of his other eye?" said Pat, who has an intense horror of being "sold,"—Rome Sentinel.

"Liver-eating Johnson," the terror of strolling Indians in the Upper Missouri river country, is reported killed. He once ate the liver of an Indian against a revenge, and from that incident got his name. His pastime was killing Indians, and he is credited with a bloody roll of the slain victims of his hatred larger than any other man who Refinements, - A sort of thingum-Robert or Walter-you-may call it, "I intend to plant a row of Henry-cot beans. "This memorial is a very James-crack affair." "Incomprehensibility is a Marysyllable." " He had been quite a Benjamin-factor to me." "Never talk people by their Nicholas-names," "The negro played upon his ban-Joseph," "He looks as ghostly as a spectre or a phan-Thomas." "I want a little Patrick of butter." "Wipe your feet upon the Matthew."



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eyed girl of eighteen, with a complexion of pearly clearness, and a rose, apiece on her checks --- a girl with a pure, straight nose an l a dimple on her chin, and a pretty, pleading way of looking at you when she spoke. She sat down beside the window, where the mignonnettescented grape blossoms were swaying in the summer air, and leaned her forehead against the casement.

Mrs. Perkins eyed her with an owllike glance of sympathy.

"It's a shame, so it is," said Mrs. Perkins, emphatically. "A man hasn't no business to be so tryin'-no, not if he was sick forty times over! Scold, snap, snarl-this ain't right and t'other thing is wrong ! That's the way he keeps it up. I'd as soon wait on the 'old boy' himself."

Theodora smiled faintly, and arched her evebrows.

"Why, Mrs. Perkins, you don't mean to compare my Uncle Joseph with so obnoxious a personage as you allude to ?" she said demurely.

"Well," said Mrs. Perkins, reflective-"they ain't so unlike, after all. I declare, sometimes, when he gets in his tantrums, I've two minds and a half to give him a good shakin'. There ain't no sense in a man's bein' so unreasonable. You can't please him no way you can fix it."

"We can at least try, Mrs. Perkins.

"Yes, and that's jest what's a spilin' him. He knows very well that if he was to want the moon, you'd hunt up the longest step ladder and try to reach it down. It al'ays did spoil children to let 'em have all they want, and your Uncle Joseph ain't nothin' but a grown-up child.'

"But I don't let him have all he wants, Mrs. Perkins.

" And a prefty kettle o' fish there'd be if you did. Humph !" and the old housekeeper pounced upon her ball as if she had, for a moment, identified it with the personage under discussion.

"It mightn't be such a bad idea, said Theodora, after a moment's thoughtful silence.

"Be you crazy ?" demanded Mrs. Perkins, tartly. "Hush !" Theodora started from her

seat with uplifted "finger. "He is awake ; he wants me."

And she was gone, swift, noiseless as white-winged dove, before Mrs. Perkins could volunteer to go in her stead.

"Yes," said Mrs. Perkins to herself, "it is a shame. He seems to think she's made of cast iron and India rubber-the old torment !"

With this rather illogical expression of her opinion, Mrs. Perkins resumed her knitting more vigorously than ever.

Meanwhile Theodora hastened up stairs into a closely curtained sick-room, where a querrulous old gentleman lay, tortured with a great deal of "hypo and a very little actual illness. But Uncle Joseph White chose to believe that he was very ill; and who, pray, was a better judge of the state of his bodily health than himself?

He serewed his face up into the semsker as his nises hur. of a putter

Uncle Joseph stared at her in surprise. Could it be possible that the dreary days and weeks of her steadfast attendance had weakened her intellect and turned her brain ?

"Give me my water-gruel," he said briefly, after a few moments pondering over the unwelcome possibility. Theodora brought in a neat little

hina bowl, with a silver spoon lying on the snowy, folded napkin that flanked it on the tray. Uncle Joseph took one taste, and

threw down the spoon with a petulant ound not unlike a bark.

"Trash, trash ! Insipid as dishater. Throw it to the pigs !" Theodora took up the bowl and started obediently for the door.

"Here, here !" roared Uncle Joseph. Where are you going to ?"

"To the pig-pen, uncle."

"Are you crazy, girl? The gruel's well enough, orly Mrs. Perkins forgot the nutmog.

"But, nucle," said Theodora, tasting laintily of the contents of the bowl, 'it's insipid as dish-water.'

"Will you allow me to have an opinon of my own ?" snarled Uncle Joseph. "It's very good, if that old erone down stairs will add the nutmeg and give it another boil. Quick, now-I'm getting hungry ! A man must eat, even if he's at death's door ?"

A minute afterwards Mrs. Perkins was surprised by Theodora's entrance.

"Well," said the housekeeper, " what's

awantin' now ?' "A little grated untmeg in this gruel, and uncle would like it warmed up once

more. " What are you smiling about, Dora?"

"Was I smiling ?"

"Your eyes was, if your month wasn't," said Mrs. Perkins, keenly.

"Will you be as quick as you can, Mrs. Perkins?" said Theodora. "He says ho is hungry."

But when Theodora re-entered her uncle's room, the invalid had taken

another tack. "Why didn't you stay all day ?" he

growled. " Indeed, uncle, I hurried all I could, pleaded Dora. "Here's the gruel, all

smoking. But Uncle Joseph shook his head. "It's too late; I've lost all my

appetite !" he moaned.

Won't you have the gruel, uncle ?" No, I won't !"

And Uncle Joseph closed his eyes, as if to signify he was too weak to debate the question further. He waited anxiously for Theodora to press the question further, but she did not; and resently he opened his eyes the least

little bit in the world. " Theodora !"

" Sir ?"

"I'll try just one spoonful of that gruel before it gets cold."

'Why, uncle, I threw it away.' "Threw-my-gruel-away!" gasped

the sick man, breathlessly. "You told me you did not want it,

uncle. "I told you so! Furies and fiddlestrings! You might know by this time | for winter hats.

"Where-where's the fire?" panted Uncle Joseph, gazing wildly around him.

Mrs. Perkins rushed to the front door, her cap-strings streaming.

"I never saw such a pack of born idiots in my life !" she gasped. "There ain't no fire-only a few pieces of green wood I put in the kitchen* fire! One would think you'd never seen smoke afore, and-why, if there ain't master !"

"Theodora," said Mr. White, looking somewhat sheepish, " where did you see a fire ?"

"I didn't see it, uncle, but you said the house was on fire," Theodora made answer demurely, "and of course I thought you must know. Please, uncle, go back to ged again.

"I won't !" said Uncle Joseph, gathering the skirts of his wrapper closer about him.

" But, uncle, you're sick."

'No, I'm not !"

" Uncle, do you really mean it ?" "Of course I do, Theo?

And he did mean it. The cure had been effected; and Theodora mentally congratulated herself on the success of her plan of treatment. And Uncle Joseph never ailuded to the day on which his niece had taken him so implicity at his word.

Fashion Notes,

Black torchon lace is the latest novelty.

Madiaeval styles prevail in rich jewelry. Mosaic buttons are the most fashionable.

Pressed fringe for trimming dresses is new.

Long waists and short skirts gain in favor for children.

New linen handkerchiefs for gentlemen resemble checker-boards.

Fur bonnets are fashionable with all costumes trimmed with fur.

Coral and gold necklaces, of fine and delicate workmanship, are in favor.

Silk-covered cologue bottles are among the pretty additions to the toilet table. A new bonnet is called the "Marie de Mediet," and has the front shirred on

White flann el chemises are fancifully embroidered with cardinal or blue silk. White organdy is the popular material

for evening dresses for very young ladies. Pug dogs in enamel and gold, with wels for eyes, have appeared for sleeve

buttons. An imported feather trimming, made of ostrich-down woven on a surface, is a novelty.

Chamois-skin suspenders, stitched in bright colors, are something new in gentlemen's wear.

Skirts of felt, moreeu and mohair are all wors, and in various colors, but red is preferred.

Riza Pacha.

Riza Pacha, reputed to be one of the richest men in Turkey, who died at Kadikeni not long ago, was in some re-spects a remarkable man. He was ning of the present century, and rose to some of the highest offices in the State, having been six times minister of war, thrice minister of marine and thrice grand master of artillery. He held office at various critical periods of Turkish history, and was at the head of the war office during the Crimean war, during the Syrian massacres and European ocenpation, and during the insurrection at Crete. He was decorated with many orders at various times, having received the highest Turkish orders of the Osmanie and the Medjidie, the Persian Order of the Lion and the Sun, the orders of the Bath, of the Legion of Honor, of the Austrian St, Leopold and the Iron Crown of Italy. Strange to say, although he knew a little French, he never snoceeded in mastering any European language, but spoke Turkish and Arabic fluently, Notwithstanding his wealth he was not ostentationsly charitable, His "good deeds," if he performed any, were done in secret. He was about seventy years old at the time of his death, The latter years of his life were quietly spent in his house at Kadikeui, overlooking the Bosphoras

and the Sea of Marmora. It was his daily custom when the weather permitted to walk to the seashore ud smoke his tehibouque there. His Beditations latterly must have been inter sting, and, for a Turk of the "old school," not altogether pleasant.

Dangers of the St. Bernard.

Recently five travelers started about one P. M. from the Cantine of Prez, in Switzerland, for the great St. Bernard, Snow was falling thickly, and a viblent north wind was blowing it along in blinding clouds ; still, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the proprietor of the cantine, they determined to continue their journey. Night overtook them at the bridge of Mudry, about an hour's distance from the convent. Three of the party soon after became so exhausted that they were unable to proceed, but the others started for the hospital, where they arrived about three A. M., having mistaken their way and wandered about several hours in the dark. The monks immediately set out for the resone of the other three travelers, taking with them their dogs and a good supply of restoratives, and, after some hard work, they succeeded in discovering them-one dead, and the legs and arms of the other two frozen. One of the two Birds' wings, claws, and heads, either survivors died shortly after his removal

way to recovery.

HASHED FOWL .- Take the meat from cold fowl, and cut it in small pieces. Put half a pint' of well-flavored stock into a stew-pan, add a little salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and thicken with some flour and butter; let it boil, then put in the pieces of fowl to warm; after stewing sufficiently, serve with some poached eggs laid on the hash, with a sprig of parsley in the center, and garnish round the plate with pieces of fried bread.

COBNING BEEF,-For 100 pounds of beef take seven pounds salt, two pounds sugar, two onnces saltpetre, two onnces pepper, two ounces soda; dissolve in two and a balf gallons of water; boil, skim, and let cool; when a scum rises after a few weeks scald the brine over, and by so doing and keeping meat entirely covered with brine, it will keep a year and more.

Foul Cisterns-Unuse and Cure.

The principal cause of the disagreeable odor of eistern water is stagnation, or the motionless condition it remains in for long periods of time. Springs, streams, clouds and all fresh and salt bodies of water are in almost-continual motion ; constantly receiving and emitting air, heat, cold and mineral sub stances, and changing position, form or density. Thus the Almighty keeps this fluid pure, healthful and invigorated. But in tightly-covered cisterne the reverse of all this is measurably true, Except as the water is moved by every rain storm pouring in, or every pailful drawn out, the mass of liquid is silent, motionless, and soon becomes staguant, putrid, dead. In a short time a coat of filthy sediment covers the bottom and

sides of any and every cistern. The cistern cover excludes the rays of the sun that would hasten decomposition. The supporting and surrounding earth also keeps the water at a lower temperature, and tends to disinfect and protect it in a healthy condition. Any mechanical contrivance that would produce motion and aeration-that would mingle pure air with the standing water -might preserve it in nearly its normal condition. But this would be expensive and, generally, impracticable, Therefore, have two or more small, cheap, cement, brick or stone eisterns in, or, better still, outside, of every farmer's house. If one of these small, cheap reservoirs, that will cost less than year's tobacco or liquor, is, in warm weather, emptied and washed cleau every two or three months, rain water, comgilt or silver, are the newest ornaments to the hospital, but the other is in a fair | paratively pure, will generally be ready for every day use.

Harriet Lane and "Dolly " Madison.

A Washington correspondent says Harriet Lane, President Buchanan's niece, who presided over his household, and who is now the wife of Henry Elliott Johnson, a Baltimore merchant, is probably the most beautiful woman who ever lived in the White House. She was a golden blonde with violet eyes, and came to Washington after a career of dazzling brilliancy in the royal court of England. A British man-of-war was named after her by order of her majesty the queen. Her receptions at the White House are remembered as the most brilliant ever known, and old residents here will never cease telling of them. "Dolly" Madison was a different woman-more like Mrs. Hayes. She really presided at the White House for sixteen years. During Jefferson's administration, while her husband was secretary of state, and, immediately after, during her husband's eight years term as President. So popular was she, that an act of Congress was passed unapimously conferring upon her he franking privilege for life, and the Senate unanimously adopted a resolution admitting her to the floor of its chamber, She was the onlywoman upon whom these honors were ever conferred. " Dolly Madison continued to live in Washington after her husband's death, and erected a house on Lafayette square, diagonally opposite from where Charles Sumner used to live. She died there in 1849. and her obituary in the National Intelligencer announced that she was the most popular woman in America

Another Burled City Discovered.

A new Pompeii has been discovered in Italy. At the foot of Mount Cargano a buried town has been laid bare, the houses being twenty feet below the surface. A temple of Diana was first brought to light, then a portico composed of columns without capitals, and, finally, a necropolis covering nearly foar acres. The Italian government has taken measures to continue the excava tions on a large scale, and has alread discovered a monument erected in be of Pompey after his victory or The town is the and tuns, of which "saho and Lin