

# The Forest Republican.

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### Irish Song.

On Innisfallen's fairy lake,  
Amid the blooming bushes,  
We lean upon the lovers' stile,  
And listened to the thrushes;  
When first I sighted to see her smile,  
And smiled to see her blushes.

Her hair was bright as beaten gold,  
And soft as spider's spinning,  
Her cheek out-bloomed the apple old  
That set our parents sinning,  
And in her eyes you might behold  
My joys and griefs beginning.

In Innisfallen's fairy grove,  
I hushed my happy wooing,  
To listen to the brooding dove  
Amid the branches cooling;  
But oh! how short those hours of love,  
How long their bitter rueing!

Poor cushat! thy complaining breast  
With woe like mine is heaving,  
With thee I mourn a fruitless quest;  
For ah! with art deceiving  
The cuckoo-bird has robbed my nest  
And left me wildly grieving.

—The Spectator.

### A Terrible Mistake.

Dora Guild was the daughter of an Indian General who died covered with fame, and left her alone and literally friendless in Bombay, where he brought his last.

His dying words were: "Go home, my poor girl, to your Aunt Arlingford, at Elmley, near London, and stay with her until you are married to Walter."

For Gen. Guild and Col. Cary had been friends together and comrades in many a battle, and had long ago affianced their motherless children to one another, the wedding to take place as soon as the young man had attained his majority.

So here was the orphan girl, nearing the end of her journey, and gazing wistfully at the strange and unfamiliar land of her birth.

There was one clause in her dead father's will which had recurred to Dora's mind with ever present pain, and ever she had first heard it; and that was, should she, upon making the acquaintance of Walter Cary, refuse to marry him, the bulk of her fortune should be passed over to her cousin, Penelope Arlingford.

That her dear father should think it necessary to coerce her into compliance had rung from her many a tear. Wholly unversed in the strong-minded ways of some English maidens, she had never dreamed of disobeying him, or of choosing a mate for herself.

The journey was over at last.

Miss Guild found herself in a quiet country house, surrounded by the most fervent assurances of welcome from her sole surviving relatives, who, of course, knew all about her affairs, and treated her with the most delicate consideration.

Mr. Arlingford was a bluff and hearty gentleman farmer; Mrs. Arlingford a reserved lady, who, however, seemed kindness itself, while Penelope, the only daughter, and Dora's possible rival for the fortune, was a gentle-faced chestnut-haired girl of twenty, who greeted Dora by winding her arms around her and laying her cheek to hers without a word.

In the course of the evening of Miss Guild's arrival, while she was giving her aunt some account of her voyage from India, she observed her cousin Penelope standing out on the lawn, talking earnestly with a gentleman.

It was a brilliant night in midsummer; the moon, white and searching as a great time-light, shone on the pair, and showed Miss Arlingford's companion to be not only young and handsome, but also a lover.

His hand held hers, and his stately head was often bent in unmistakable adoration close to her tresses, while she leaned toward him in all the loving confidence of a returned affection.

Very soon they entered the parlor, and Walter Cary was directly presented to Miss Guild.

And the lover of Penelope!

Dismay, consternation, fell upon the heart of the orphan. There could be no mistake—every look, every action of the two betrayed it.

She was affianced to a man who loved another.

The cold touch of his hand on hers, the distant salutation, as if she were the merest stranger, proclaimed that he was resolved to ignore the contract which was between them.

Dora shrank into the darkest corner of the room, and bitter disappointment filled her soul.

Very soon, however, the conversation going on around the table arrested her attention. Walter Cary was telling Mr. Arlingford and Penelope an account of a strange murder which had lately occurred.

"The man," said he, "was rather a clever chemist, and accomplished his purpose in a manner ravaging more of the exploits of the 'Arabian Nights' epoch than those of our day. He got possession of her journal, and impregnated its leaves with a sort of volatile poison, which she of course inhaled the first time she made a record in the book, the result being a mysterious death which no one could account for."

The eyes of Penelope Arlingford were fixed upon the narrator with a pulsating eagerness which arrested the attention of the orphan.

"What could it have been?" she almost whispered.

"Don't believe it," remarked Mr. Arlingford sententiously.

The lovers were gazing at each other, and there was a half smile on the features of each.

Soon after this, Dora, being considered weary after her railway journey,

was conducted to her bedchamber by her cousin, who again embracing her in a mute, clinging fashion, hoped she would rest well, and left her.

Not one word had been said about her betrothal to the young man in the parlor. Her claims had been wholly ignored. Her cousin was likely not only to rob her of her inheritance, but of her husband also.

The young girl retired to bed with a feeling of desolation at her heart which may be easily imagined, and fell asleep weeping bitterly for her old, happy Indian life, when she was the idol of her father and a darling of her ayah.

She woke—or rather she struggled back to consciousness—with these words running through her mind—"The result being a mysterious death, which no one could account for."

It was a disagreeable remark to occur to one in the middle of the night, and it roused her to a preternatural wakefulness.

She began to ponder over the events of the past evening, when suddenly something struck her ear which sent all the blood tingling to her heart.

It was like the trailing of a long muslin robe over the thick carpet, which covered the floor, and a cautious rustling of paper; the one sound following the other with the slow and regular monotony of a machine.

The night was at its darkest, and the head of the bed was in an alcove, so that a view of the room could not be had; but Dora divined with a choking of the breath, the meaning of the strange sounds.

Penelope Arlingford was in the room!

Before she retired Dora had read a chapter from a large Bible which lay on her table.

She perfectly recollected placing it on the end of the sofa near the window when she had finished reading it.

She felt that her rival was on her knees before that book, impregnating its leaves with the "volatile poison" which Walter Cary had spoken of, and that as she finished each leaf, and turned it slowly over, her long muslin sleeve swept the edge of the book, making the stealthy sounds which had aroused her intended victim.

Dora lay bound hand and foot by a feeling which almost stopped the beating of her heart.

Remember, she had grown up amid scenes of passion and violence; she had been among the helpless ones at Cawnpore, when the Sepoys massacred their victims in cold blood; and death was not so strange a weapon in the hands of a young girl, to her, as it would be to us; nay, it seemed the one weapon by which Penelope Arlingford would most likely strike for love and wealth.

Motionless, her eyes distended, the cold dew of agony dripping from every limb, the orphan girl lay and listened to this evidence of treachery.

All at once, a board at the side of the bed creaked, as though a wary foot was passing over it, and the long swish of the garments followed.

Then the door softly burst open as if without hand, a flow of air from the passage rushed across the girl's rigid face, and she heard amid the suffocating throbblings in her ears, the first crow of some neighboring chattering.

Her terror ended in a swoon.

When she came to herself it was broad daylight.

The golden sunshine was lying across her pillow, and the perfumes of the red honeysuckle came in through the open window and filled the pretty chamber.

All seemed innocence and peace around her, but the soul of the orphan girl was filled with astonishment.

She could scarcely arrange her thoughts at first, so terrible was the ordeal through which she had passed; but at length she saw that she must leave the house immediately; that she must relinquish both her affianced and her fortune, if she would feel her life safe.

"Oh, papa! my papa!" wept poor Dora, "you have made a terrible mistake!"

When she joined the family, in answer to the breakfast bell, she was in her traveling dress, and her trunks were all repacked.

"Why, cousin Dora, what is the matter? Are you ill, dear?" exclaimed Penelope, in a soft, cooing voice, which seemed habitual to her.

Dora turned her back on her midnight visitor, and striving to speak calmly, said to Mr. Arlingford: "I wish to go to London to-day, sir. Please allow some one to drive me to the station."

There was a pause of consternation, then they all with one accord began to plead with her to change her mind, and none of the three were so urgent and tender about it as Penelope.

"Just try us, dear cousin!" she entreated. "Of course you will be lonely at first—everything is so different—but who will make you happier than we can? Has anybody offended you, dear Dora?"

"No," answered Dora, shuddering; "but I shall prefer living alone."

"You are so young, so ignorant of the ways of our towns," said quiet Mrs. Arlingford, here chiming in anxiously. "It is a mad thing for you to think of, child."

"I must go," responded the orphan, averting her pallid face that the dark misery of it might not be seen.

So, when the persuasions of himself, and the pleadings and tears of his women availed not, Mr. Arlingford got offended. "Let her please herself, Penelope. Ring and order Sam to bring the carriage round."

Dora swallowed a cup of tea, and choked down a morsel of bread, and then she went back to her room to put on her hat.

Locking the trunk took but a few moments.

She flung herself upon a chair, and wept silently, feeling herself to be the most desolate and friendless being on the face of the earth.

What should she do in London?

Go to her father's lawyer, and tell him she did not wish to marry Walter Cary, then live alone in such lodgings as the remnant of her fortune could afford her.

Ah! it was, indeed, a terrible mistake, that clause in the will.

But into the midst of her musings stole a sound which thrilled her once more with awe.

The swish of a garment, the rustle of a paper, just as it aroused her last night.

Dora gazed upon her like one bereft of reason.

The large old Bible lay quiet enough and closed exactly where she had placed it—no living thing was in the room but herself.

And then she saw the whole mystery.

The window was partly opened, and a slight puff of wind had blown out the crisp white curtains in the room; then receding had sucked them outward through the aperture, while the imprisoned air, running up the blind, had caused the tissue-paper hanging at the top to rustle.

There came another puff—the trail of the curtain over the carpet, the rustle of the paper hanging.

Dora sat gazing at the window, her face, in its astounding thankfulness, a study for an artist.

At this moment Penelope came in. She had been weeping.

"The carriage is ready, dear cousin," sighed she tremulously.

Dora passed her hand over her forehead, then facing her rival, asked, in a hurried tone, "Were you up last night any time, Miss Arlingford?"

"Yes," answered Penelope, in surprise, "about four o'clock I rose and closed my window. The wind was rising."

"Did you hear a creak as you did so?"

"Yes I did. Why do you ask, dear? Stay! I know why! You were frightened by hearing a broad creak beside your bed: I should have told you about that board; how stupid of me."

"I heard a board creak," said Dora, scarcely believing her own ears.

"Yes, it ought to be fastened down. It runs the whole breadth of the house, and when I tread on one end of it in my room the other end creaks in this. Listen!"

She ran across the passage, shutting the door after her, and in a moment the veritable creaking commenced, accompanied by the clicking of the latch of the door, which had so petrified Dora.

When the young lady returned the expression of her cousin's features was so mightily altered that she exclaimed: "Why, my darling girl, I do think you wanted to leave us because you thought the house was haunted."

"Per—perhaps—yes," faltered Dora, wistfully gazing at her.

"You poor little darling," murmured Penelope, in a voice of deep compassion, and she took Dora's unresisting hand in hers. "Why would you not tell me? Don't you know, Dora, and a smile played on her lips, "that we ought to love each other very dearly? We are both going to marry a Walter Cary, and be the closest sort of cousins."

"Are there two Walter Carys?" ejaculated Dora.

"What!" cried Penelope, her countenance slowly crimsoning as the situation burst upon her; "did you—imagine—"

She never completed the sentence, but snatching up the poor, tired little orphan by her bosom, strained her there, and kissed her tearful, smiling face with kisses which were fully returned.

But Dora never revealed the whole of her terrible mistake.

### Royal Female Gambler.

Princess Souwaroff, during a recent stay at Saxon les Bains, happened one evening to have an extraordinary run of bad luck while gambling. Her neighbor, a retired tradesman, sympathized with her, and begged to be permitted to place his purse at her disposal. She refused at first, but the desire to continue play was strong enough to overcome all her scruples, and she finally accepted, borrowing \$2,000. The money was punctually repaid, and the lender, M. Delgrange, was delighted to find that the princess had condescended to make use of him, and that she invariably spoke to him when he met her in the Casino. He thought he had acquired the privilege of being considered among the intimate friends of the princess, and when she again asked him for an advance of \$2,400 he complied with alacrity. This sum remained unpaid, and an arrangement was made by which the lender was to call on his fair debtor in Paris at a stated time. The princess, on her return, refused to receive as one of the habitues of her receptions the retired tradesman, who, vexed at the apparent slight put upon him, began to clamor for his money. He wrote to the Princess Basilevsky at St. Petersburg, to complain of the treatment he had received from her daughter, and receiving no reply, began an action against Princess Souwaroff, who has been ordered to pay at once under pain of seizure.

There is no doubt that walking is a healthy exercise—no doubt, except in the mind of the boy who is sent on an errand. He believes in sitting on the fence.

The oldest living man in the world is near Bogota, South America, and he claims to be 180 years of age.

### FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

**Medical Hints.**  
**REFRESHING DRINKS IN FEBERS.**—Boil one and a half ounces of tamarinds with two ounces stoned raisins and three ounces cranberries, all in three pints of water until two pints remain. Strain, and add a small piece of fresh lemon peel, which should be removed in thirty minutes.

**OATMEAL MUSH.**—This simple dish is extremely palatable for breakfast, eaten with cream and well salted. It is very easy of digestion and is remarkably nutritious. It is also considered the best possible food for dyspeptics and young children, making but slight demands upon the digestive organs.

**TO KEEP THE FEET WARM.**—Previous to retiring at night, and before undressing, remove the stockings and rub the feet and ankles briskly with the hands. During the day wear two pairs of stockings composed of different fabrics, one pair of silk or cotton, the other of wool, and the natural heat of the feet will be preserved, if the feet are kept clean and the friction of the same is not omitted at night.

**FOR THE TEETH.**—The following is an excellent wash for the teeth: Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pounds of boiling water, and, before it is cold, add one tablespoonful of spirits of camphor and bottle for use. A tablespoonful of this, mixed with an equal quantity of water and applied daily with a soft brush, will preserve the teeth, extirpate all tartarous adhesion, arrest decay and make the teeth pearly white.

**MEAT FOR INVALIDS.**—The following method of rendering raw meat palatable to invalids is given in the *Industrie Blätter*: To 8.7 ounces of raw meat from the loin add 2.6 ounces of shelled sweet almonds, .17 ounce of shelled bitter almonds and 2.8 ounces of white sugar—these to be beaten together in a marble mortar to a uniform pulp, and the fibres separated by a strainer. The pulp, which has a rosy hue and very agreeable taste, does not at all remind one of meat, and may be kept fresh for a considerable time, even in summer, in a dry, cool place. The yolk of an egg may be added to it. From this pulp, or directly from the above substances, an emulsion may be prepared which will be rendered still more nutritious by adding milk.

**Household Hints.**  
**RAISINS.**—Raisins are rendered quite digestible if boiled or steamed before using them in cakes or pies.

**AN IDEA FOR MOTHERS.**—Baste a piece of needlework on the bottom of children's cloaks; this takes the place of a white dress in the street, and is far more easy to do up.

**TO DESTROY COCKROACHES.**—Where borax and insect-powder have failed to exterminate cockroaches, sprinkle the floor with powdered white hellebore; they will eat it and be poisoned by it.

**TO CLEAN BOTTLES.**—Cut a new potato into small pieces and put them in the bottle, along with a tablespoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of water. Shake all well together in the bottle till every mark is removed, and rinse with clean water. This will remove green marks of vegetation and other discolorations. Hard crust in bottles may be cleaned off by rinsing with water and small shot.

**CLEANSING FLUID.**—For washing alpacas, jama's hair, and other woollen goods, and for removing marks on furniture, carpets, rugs, etc.: Four ounces ammonia, four ounces white Castile soap, two ounces alcohol, two ounces glycerine, two ounces ether. Cut the soap fine, dissolve in one quart of water over the fire, and add four quarts water. When nearly cold, add the other ingredients. This will make nearly eight quarts, and will cost about seventy-five cents. It must be put in a bottle and stoppered tight. It will keep good any length of time. To wash dress-goods, take a pail of lukewarm water, and put in a teacupful of the fluid, shake around well in this, and then rinse in plenty of clean water, and iron on wrong side while damp. For washing grease from coat-collars, etc., take a little of the fluid in a cup of water, apply a clean rag, and wipe well with a second rag. It will make everything woollen look bright and fresh.

**Onions for Poultry.**  
A writer whose poultry were infested with vermin thus details the successful use of onions as a remedy: I began at once by chopping the onions fine, and mixing with corn meal and hot water. After standing a short time it was fed to the poultry, and in less than three weeks the little pests had entirely disappeared. I used to take onion tops and cut them up fine and mix with the meal, wetting it with sour milk, or clabber (when I had it), to feed to the chickens one or two days in a week, until they were large enough to eat grain or small corn. I never lost a chicken with the gapes during the five years I was there. My neighbors would say that because I was in a new place was why I had such good luck in raising chickens. I told them about feeding the onions, and they found them very good. I told them I should lose many of my early chickens, just as they did, if I followed their example, in giving twenty-two chickens to one hen the first of April. There would be a half dozen or more little chicks on the outside of the hen that her feathers could not cover, in a cold frosty morning. Three feedings a week in the spring and a part of the summer is sufficient. I seldom feed the onions in the fall or winter. My neighbors have the same good results in feeding onions.

### Fashion Notes.

Lawn ties are embroidered profusely with variegated silk.

"Mother Goose" is the new style of children's bonnets.

Silk sun shades bearing the owner's monogram are a novelty.

Queen Anne and Japanese styles of furniture predominate.

Fashion's demand for jet still continues, and it will be worn more than *claire de lune*.

Swiss neckties, with the end braided in colored silk, will be worn with summer dresses.

Burlap mats are made with successive square bands of colored merino, cat-stitched down with colored floss silk.

For watering-places are dressy costumes of damask silk of light quality combined with plain silk often of contrasting color.

Unique scarf pins in Japanese designs are shown; one composed of two small ones with fan of cloisonne enamel attached.

Satin will be much used for trimming summer dresses. Some of the new gendarmes are trimmed entirely with black satin.

The new colored embroideries are used for trimming children's white dresses. Those with scallops of blue or cardinal red are prettiest.

The little *Marseilles* coats are made with carriage caps and the cloth coats finished with little vests like the garments of grown folks.

For evening dresses garlands are made in all styles, and, as the combinations are such that a diversity is allowable, all tastes are easily satisfied.

The prettiest *sacques* with carriage caps, omit the middle seam in the back, and none of these English garments have long seams from the shoulders.

For costumes to be worn in the morning very thick linen that is at the same time light and fine is used, and trimmed with frills embroidered in high colors, especially in red or blue with black.

The Scotch and Madras gingham dresses are charmingly cool and fresh looking. The bars and stripes are of two or three colors on a white ground, and the new combination of colors are adopted.

Large collars and cuffs of white lace are sewed on the dark silk dresses that will be used for summer, and the neck and wrists of the dress are finished with a row of loops of narrow ribbon the color of the dress.

Very few dressy wraps are made in saque shape. There are, however, some of heavily repped silks or of Sicilienne make in the simplest French saque shape, single-breasted, medium long, and smooth over the tournure.

### A Jeweler's Joke.

Mr. Smiley, the undertaker, got it into his head the other day, that his eyesight was not what it used to be, and that a pair of spectacles would be beneficial to him as well as to make him look more venerable. So he proceeded to Mr. Karat's jewelry store, in the next block, to purchase the desired article.

The obliging Mr. K.—displayed his whole stock of spectacles for his customer's inspection. Mr. Smiley would try on a pair, elevate his head, then lower it, then look over the tops of them, meanwhile holding a newspaper before him.

One pair was for younger eyes (so he said); another pair was for older eyes, and so on until he had tried on all of Mr. Karat's spectacles. Not one pair could he find that was suited to his sight.

Now the patient Mr. Karat was at times fond of a joke, and informed Mr. Smiley that he had a pair that he used himself sometimes, and he might try them on, and perhaps they would suit him. Mr. Karat took from the drawer a pair minus the glasses, and after carefully wiping them inside and out, adjusted them over Mr. Smiley's proboscis.

After going through the usual performance with his head, Mr. Smiley said: "Why, they seem better. I can see as well with them as I could without them twenty years ago. I'll take these. They just suit my eyes."

### A New Railroad Pass.

A new style of railroad pass has just been patented by a railroad man which is something of a novelty. The idea is to provide a pass which can be used by none save the person to whom it is issued, and the pass seems to meet the requirement. Around the pass proper is a margin, with a description which, by the use of a punch, may be made to fit anybody. After the word "age" appear a series of figures out of which the person issuing the pass punches the figures corresponding with the age of the one to whom the pass is issued. Then after the head "shape" follow the words "slim," "medium," "stout," "corpulent." After "color of hair" come the designations "black," "brown," "gray," "light," "auburn." After "color of eyes," come "black," "brown," "gray," "blue," "hazel," and after "beard" the terms "none," "full," "side," "chin," "moustache." Thus, supposing the man to whom the pass is issued be a dark, slim man, with black eyes and beard a *la Napoleon*, the issuer of the pass would punch the word "slim" under "shape," "black" under "eyes" and "hair," "moustache" and "chin" under "beard." The pass could then be transferred only to a man answering to answer just the above description. This idea is certainly a novel one.

### Items of Interest.

"A want of the age"—Hair.  
Matters of interest—Coupons.  
"Beautiful Ile of the Sea"—whale-oil.  
"Time out of mind" is the oldest lunatic on record.  
A fashion writer says: Patched trousers will be much worn this season.  
There is no necessary connection between a serial tale and a monkey's tail, simply because both are continued.  
Cats can't live at a greater elevation than 13,000 feet above the level of the sea; but they thrive splendidly on a ridge-pole.  
The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "Love cannot live on bon-bons." "No," says the Boston savant, "but love can live on beans."  
The entire alphabet is found in these four lines:  
God gives the grazing ox his meal,  
He quickly hears the sheep's low cry;  
But man who tastes his finest wheat,  
Should joy to lift his praises high.  
Even the life of a paragon has its bright spots.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.  
And well it is for him, when they do not concentrate upon his nose.—*Detroit Free Press*.  
The horse will eat ten hours out of every twelve; and the hog never knows what it is not to be hungry. The dew flies six miles, and the wild pigeon sixty an hour, but the humming bird beats all things on the wing. The wild turkey can run faster than he can fly, and any man who is a good walker can tire a deer out in twenty-four hours. The fox is the hardest animal to catch in a trap, and a muskrat the easiest, and the meadow lark is the shyest of all the birds in the air. The spider is the only creature that catches its food in a trap, and a sheep will live without water longer than any other domestic animal.  
We have in Hart County, Ky., a man by the name of William Bowman, who was thrown away in the Appalachian Mountains, North Carolina, when an infant, and was found by an old bear and adopted as a cub. At the age of about ten years he was captured, tied hand to foot, and then his captors found that he could not talk, nor could he be persuaded to take any food but milk, which he sucked from a bottle, showing that he had lived solely by the nursing of the bear. Bowman is now a farmer near Omega, and any one doubting the truth of this statement can have it verified by seeing him.—*Hart County Three Springs*.  
**HOUSE-CLEANING.**  
The housekeeper gives a cheerful hop, and we hear the musical flippety of the mop, the misty, maddening mop. And lo, the maddening horrors rush Athwart our souls at the soapy gab Of the slippery, slimy scrubbing-brush.  
From early morn till evening gloom We hear the scratching in hall and room Of the boisterous, busily bobbing broom.  
And now there cometh a wholesome wail— That angurs a generally gusty gale— From a man with his leg in the scrubbing-pail.  
**Curious Habits of a Curious Bird.**  
A naturalist (M. Velain) accompanying the French expedition to the islands of St. Paul and Amsterdam, in 1874, for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus, has lately published an account of the fauna and flora of these islands. In the description of the birds that were met with, the penguin has a large space by reason of its very curious and always entertaining habits. The penguins begin to lay in the month of September, and countless numbers annually assemble upon the islands of St. Paul and Amsterdam at the time of breeding. M. Velain observed the birds at their nesting stations with the deepest interest, and came to the conclusion that, instead of being the stupid animal they are popularly considered, they are really gifted with uncommon powers. A synopsis of M. Velain's account, which is given in *Nature*, says:  
"At the time of the arrival of the expedition (October), the birds were preparing to hatch. Each pair kept entirely to themselves. Each nest had two eggs—large, nearly round, of a dirty white color, but marked here and there with a few russet spots. Both birds partook of the cares attendant on the incubation and took turn about on the nest. The bird of duty would once make for the sea, faithfully returning at the appointed time, and never failing to waddle direct to its own nest, though no human being could see a difference between the thousands that were strewn about. Sometimes the whole camp of birds would have to be traversed ere the nest sought for would be gained, and a bird trying to make a short cut would be sure to be attacked by those whom it disturbed, for they are not at all tolerant of one another, and in this they also prove that they are not stupid, for surely neither stupid people nor stupid birds ever quarrel. On M. Velain arriving in their midst, they would one and all set up an immense and beyond-all-measure stunning cry, soon they would calm down and seem not to mind his presence. The incubation lasted for five weeks. The little ones made their appearance covered all over with a fine, close down, and looked like balls of fine, gray-colored wool. They soon got tired of the comforts of their nests, and began to assemble, together with their little brothers and sisters of the same colony, in large infant schools, which are presided over by some of the sedate old birds. Many times a day, at stated intervals, they are fed; the other portions they spend in sleeping and talking and in the fighting. Space will not permit us to refer to many curious details of their swimming lessons."—*Tribune*.