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The Forest Republican.

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Spring Time.

The boyhood of the year.—Tennyson. The pleasant Spring, the joyous Spring! His course is onward now; He comes with sunlight on his wing, And beady on his brow! His impulse thrills through rill and flood, And throbs along the main, 'Tis stirring in the waking wood, And trembling o'er the plain. —Cornelius Webbe. Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees. —Cooper. The Spring is here—the delicate-footed May, With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers, And with it comes a thirst to be away In lovelier scenes, to pass these sweeter hours, A feeling like the worm's awakening wings, Wild for companionship with swifter things. —N. P. Willis. When well-apparelled April on the heels of lingering Winter treads.—Shakespeare. Welcome, sweet season of delight; What beauties charm the wand'ring sight In thy enchanting reign! How fresh descends the morning dew, While opening flowers of various hue Bedeck the sprightly plain. —Elizabeth Bentley. When every brake hath found its note, and sunshine smiles in every frow. —Edmond Everett. The love-thrilling hedge-birds are wild with delight; Like arrows loud whistling the swallows fit by; The rapturous lark, as he soars out of sight, Sends us sun-lighted melody down from sky; In the air that they quaff, all the feathered throng Taste the spirit of Spring that outbursts in a song. —Horace Smith. For lo, the Winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.—Bible. In th' soft season when descending showers Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers; When opening buds salute the welcome day, And each relenting feels the genial ray. —Pope.

CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

Some years ago, when I was quite a young man, I was sent down to Evan's Corners, about a big robbery that had occurred, and while I was there, working the thing up, my attention was attracted by a pretty girl I used to see at the hotel where I stopped. Nobody could help noticing her, she was such a beauty. Her hair and eyes were very dark, but her skin was as fair as a lily, with just a dash of red that came and went in her cheeks. Her form was slender, but well rounded, and her hand was as white and finely formed as any lady's in the land. Her name was Rose Wynne, and of course she had plenty of admirers, but she coquetted with them all. However there were two who were a long way ahead of the others. I used to wonder which she liked the best, but I could never guess, for while she smiled sweetly on one, she would fling a merry word at the other, and so on. Both young men were good looking—one fair, the other dark—and both were carpenters. One was called Andrew Davis, and the other Mark Sheldon. Sheldon was a jealous fellow, and showed it. Davis was jealous, too, but didn't show it so plain. Sheldon was always in a quarrel with her. Davis, I fancied, was angry enough at her coquetries sometimes to eat her, but he never let on. Rose Wynne knew I was a detective, and had a sort of awe and curiosity about me. Many a yarn I told her, some true, some not. It was no pretty to see her big eyes kindle and grow bigger. I used to joke her sometimes and try and discover which she liked best, Davis or Sheldon. But she would never tell me. "See here, Rose," I said to her one day when she had been playing those two chaps off against each other pretty lively, "you'll have those foolish fellows fighting about you if you're not careful." "I'm much more afraid of one of them fighting me," she laughed. "Which one?" I asked, laughing too; but I thought of Davis' glowering looks. "Guess," she said. "They've both got temper, too much of it." "Andrew Davis hasn't much temper," she said. "I shouldn't like to be in your skin if you ever jilt him for the other," I answered. "Why not?" she asked. "Never mind," I said; "but if you ever make up your mind to marry anybody beside Andy Davis, don't do it while he's around—that's all." Rose glanced to where Davis was standing, at the other end of the verandah, watching us, though he pretended not. Then she looked back at me. "Well, you're solemn enough about it," she said; "any one would think you meant it."

We both laughed, but I said, shaking my head: "You know that I do mean every word." "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said Rose. "If any harm ever comes to me through either of them, I'll promise to come to you, Mr. Sharpe, or send my ghost to tell you who did it. And you must hunt him down for it. Will you promise me that?" "Yes, I will," I said; "and there's my hand upon it." And we shook hands, had a laugh over it, and thought that the last of it of course. Well, I went away soon after, and it was a year almost to a day before I ever saw the place again. Then I had almost forgotten there was such a person as Rose Wynne. The case I was on was a very important one, and I didn't want it known I was around at all. So I had disguised myself in a farmer kind of rig, that I don't believe my own mother would have known me in. I had stopped at a cheap lodging house at the end of the town, because I suspected some of the gang I was after frequented it. I'd had my supper, and gone to my room to sit by the window and study a bit about the business in hand. I am positive I wasn't thinking of Rose Wynne. I don't believe I had thought of her since I got there, my head was so full of business. My room was on the ground floor, and the window was open. It was growing dusk. It wasn't a very nice part of the town—lots of roughs about, you know; so when I saw a woman standing all at once there under my window—alone too—I thought it was very queer; but when she looked up, and I saw it was Rose Wynne, I thought that was queerer yet. She was all in black, even her head was wound about with thick folds of black, and never had I seen her so sad and solemn. She came close to the window and looked up at me. "Mr. Sharpe?" she said. "I jumped; for you see I did not think any one would know me, fixed up as I was, and I said in a whisper: "Is it really you, Rose? Don't speak loud, please, for I don't want to be known here." She went right on without seeming to have heard me. "Harm has come to me," she said, "and it was Andy Davis. Remember your promise." And then, all in a flash, she was gone, and I couldn't have told where, up, down, or round the corner of the house; only she'd gone, and I hadn't seen her go. As I sat staring out, with her words going through and through my head, I began to feel kind of creepy and odd. Now, I don't believe any one who knows me would call me superstitious. But that once, as I sat there, it came over me that maybe I had seen Rose Wynne's ghost instead of herself. She had certainly spoken and looked very strangely for a living woman. Then I laughed at myself for the fancy. "Sharpe, old fellow," said I, "you know there are no such things as ghosts. What in the name of common sense are you dreaming of?" And I put on my coat and hat and went out into the town to see if I could learn anything about the business I had come down there upon. Every now and then as I walked along in the darkness the thought of Rose Wynne would come over me with a kind of thrill, and I seemed to hear her saying: "Remember your promise." I tried to shake off the impression, but all to no purpose, and at last I stepped into a store and said to a clerk, a fellow whom I recognized as one of Rose's old admirers: "Is there a young girl living round here by the name of Rose Wynne? 'Cause I've got a letter for her." "Then you've got a letter for a dead woman," he said. "Rose Wynne is dead; drowned in the river." "Who did it?" I asked, turning cold. "Did it herself, I suppose. I never heard of any one else being accused of it." "And why should she? Where is Andy Davis?" I blurted out, before I knew what I was about. "Oh, Andy went away ever so long ago. I guess Rose and he were engaged. It was thought that they quarreled maybe, and that was why she drowned herself." I did not continue the conversation but left the store and went back to my room. That night I dreamed that Rose came to my bedside, and stood looking at me just as she had under my window, and said: "It was Andy Davis; remember your promise." Well, I made some more inquiries round and I found the general impression was that Rose had drowned herself, just as the clerk had told me. The body had never been found, but she was missing, and her handkerchief and gloves, and the hat she wore the night she disappeared, were picked up on the river bank. The water was very swift here, and it was generally believed the body had drifted out to the lake. Well, I had some pretty curious thoughts. Was Rose dead or wasn't she? At all events there was a mystery, and I was just the fellow to ferret it out. The first thing was to find Andy Davis. So, just as soon as I had got through the business I was on, I started on his track. I was obliged to hunt for him much longer than I expected; but I found him at last. The longer I looked for him the more I suspected he had something

ugly on his mind. People with clear consciences ain't, as a general thing, so hard to find. Well, as I said, I found him at last, working on a farm, and he a carpenter by trade. He was a good two hundred miles from Evan's Corners, and he'd got a new name besides that. He called himself Thompson, but he couldn't Thompson me. I knew him the minute I put my eyes on him. He was at supper with the man he was working for and the other farm hands, and I stood and watched him through the kitchen window some minutes. He'd changed a good deal, got thin and yellow, and had a sort of hunted look in his eyes, that settled his case for me then and there. I never saw that look in an innocent man's face. The kitchen door stood open, and I walked in without any ceremony, and going directly up to him I laid my hand on his shoulder. "How do you do, Mr. Davis?" said I. You should have seen him. I've had some experience with frightened men, but I can safely say with truth, that I never saw one so scared as he was. I never in my life saw a face turn so white as his did. First he jumped up and looked round as if he was going to run, then he sat down again and set his teeth hard. You see, he recognized me and knew that I was a detective. "My name ain't Davis," said he, glowering at me with eyes like coals. "I don't know you, sir." "Your name is Davis, and I know you if you don't know me," I answered in a low voice. "Who do you suppose sent me here after you?" His eyes almost jumped out of his head, and his teeth would chatter in spite of himself. "Rose Wynne sent me," I went on; "you know what for." When I said that, the wretch fell on his knees and fairly howled for mercy. "I'll confess," he shrieked, "I killed her, I did. I'd sworn Sheldon shouldn't have her, and I killed her to keep her from marrying him. She said she'd hunt me for it. She said she'd come out of her grave to hang me, and she has kept her vow." I took him back to Evans Corners as fast as we could travel, and lodged him in the prison there. "The trial came off in due time. There wasn't no atom of evidence that he did the deed, except his own confession to me. He hadn't opened his lips to any one since; and when he was called upon to plead 'Guilty, or not guilty,' the villain answered, 'Not guilty,' after all. As he said the words, there was a slight stir among the crowd behind him. He looked round, and something he saw there turned his face chalky. He gave a sort of gasp, staggered upon his feet, and fairly screamed out 'Guilty!' and fell down in a fit. They carried him out writing and foaming at the mouth, and as they did so, a woman dressed in black came forward and threw back her veil. It was Rose Wynne alive and standing before us more beautiful than ever. "He tried to kill me," she said. "It was not his fault that he did not succeed. I had been engaged to marry Mr. Sheldon a long time, but because my father was opposed to him and favored Mr. Davis, we had kept the engagement a secret from every one. I had gone out that night, by appointment, to meet my promised husband, and as I was crossing on the railroad bridge, over the river, Andrew Davis came from the other side and met me. He told me if I did not promise to marry him then and there he'd throw me over the bridge into the water. I was always afraid of him; he had such a savage look in his eyes sometimes, and I knew him to be terribly jealous of Mark Sheldon. But I would not promise him anything of the kind. I could not believe he would really carry out his threat, and I expected Mark would come every minute. "When he took hold of me, and I saw he was in earnest, and really intended to drown me, I struggled with him, and told him if he did harm me, I'd have him hung for it, if I had to come out of my grave to do it. And I also told him I was going to marry Mark Sheldon, and that I had come out there to meet him. For I thought perhaps it would scare him if he thought Mark was anywhere around. But he suddenly snatched my shawl off me and wound it round my head to keep my screams from being heard, and the next moment he lifted me in his arms and threw me over into the river. He did not know that I was an expert swimmer; but before I could free myself from the folds of the shawl I had gone under the water twice. The second time I rose to the surface I swam toward the bank, but the current was so swift I would inevitably have been drowned if Mark had not come just then, in time to save me. Davis had run away as fast as he could, and he did not know that he had failed in killing me, after all. The shock was a dreadful one to me, and my fear of Andy Davis was so great that I begged Mark to hide me from him, and from every one, and let it be supposed that I was dead. So then we were married, and went away from this part of the country for several months, till we heard that Davis had gone away, when we returned. But I kept close, and let no one but my own folks know I was alive, for I was determined that Davis should be punished in some manner. So I never went out without a thick double veil over my face, for I was afraid of Davis yet. "Then, one evening, I was riding along in a carriage, with my husband, when I saw Mr. Sharpe sitting at a window. He was disguised, but I recognized him, and I remembered that he had once promised to help me if I ever needed his services. So I went up to the window quietly, and spoke to him, and

told him about Davis, and that is all. I didn't want the man hung, of course; but I hope he won't be allowed to murder me, as I am sure he will want to when he finds I am not dead." But Davis was past doing any one any further injury. The wretch went from one fit into another, and finally died, literally frightened to death. And so his sin had certainly found him out. The Boiling Lake of Dominica. Dominica, the most mountainous of the Lesser Antilles, is about thirty miles in length by sixteen in breadth. The physical formation of the island is indescribably rugged, and the scenery generally is of the most varied and beautiful character. The highest mountain, Morne Diablotin, is 4,533 feet above the level of the sea, or a little higher than Ben Nevis, in Scotland. There are several large rivers in the island, but its interior is still little known, although nearly 400 years have elapsed since the discovery of the island by Columbus. A correspondent of the Illustrated London News relates the discovery of the boiling lake, and the details of a recent journey to that remarkable place. We stood upon a large plateau of about fifty acres in extent, which is in reality a small spur of what have since been called the Sulphur Hills. Here and there over this plateau, on the surface of which is no vestige of vegetation, were huge charred trunks of trees, large masses of volcanic rock, and numberless blow-holes, ejecting steam and water. The water, collecting from all sides, formed in the center of this scene of desolation a milk-white, impetuous stream, discharging itself over the edge of the plateau into the precipice beneath. Picking our way cautiously over this volcanic bed of scoria, pumice, and sulphur, and jumping from rock to rock, which here and there protruded from the stream, we crossed a firm mound of earth beyond, and unexpectedly found ourselves at the edge of the Boiling Lake. Here, then, at an elevation of about 2,400 feet above the level of the sea, and on the southern side of the Sulphur Hills, is the Boiling Lake of Dominica. It is a body of pale slate-colored boiling water, inclosed in a circular basin of about 150 yards in width, the sides of the basin being, I should say, about sixty feet in height. The bare summits of the Sulphur Hills rise about 500 feet above the edge of the basin, and from blow-holes in the side of the hills issue small quantities of water, which in their downward course to the lake form two tributary rivulets. On arriving at the edge of the basin one sees nothing but clouds of steam rising from the lake. But the noise of the boiling water is distinctly audible, and it is only when a passing breeze for a moment dissipates the clouds of steam that one sees boiling in vast bubbles the body of water at one's feet. The actually boiling portion of the lake must be in a circle of about forty feet in diameter, and the bubbles rise, I should say, about three or four feet into the air. The ripples caused by the boiling break towards the surrounding shore until they leave the sulphur-coated stones at the water's edge. The water itself, it is curious to observe, has, near the shore, a circular motion, which, perhaps, to some extent, accounts for the shape of the lake's basin; for I noticed that a small log thrown into the water traveled round the lake, passing and repassing the spot at which it had entered the water. The only apparent exit to the lake is on the southwestern side, and is not unlike a railway cutting—say about nine feet in width. The amount of water discharged through this exit is apparently very small; but on closer examination I noticed an extensive subsurface drainage, which, at about 200 yards south of the lake, forms a beautiful waterfall. The Story of May-Day. When the Romans came to Britain to live, many hundred years ago, they brought, of course, their own customs and festivals, among which was one in memory of Flora, the Goddess of Flowers. The heathen—our ancestors, you know—adopted them with delight, being in the childhood of their race. They became very popular; and when, some years later, a good priest, Gregory, came from Rome also to convert the natives, he wisely took advantage of their fondness for festivals, and not trying to suppress them, he simply altered them from heathen feasts to Christian games, by substituting the names of saints and martyrs for heathen gods and goddesses. Thus the Floralia became May-day celebration, and lost none of its popularity by the change. On the contrary, it was carried on all over England for ages, till its origin would have been lost but for a few pains-taking old writers, who "made notes" of everything. The Floralia we care nothing for, but the May-day games have lasted nearly to our day, and some relics of it survive in our young country. When you crown a May queen, or go with a May party, you are simply following a custom that the Romans began, and that our remote ancestors in England carried to such lengths, that not only ordinary people, but lords and ladies, and even king and queen laid aside their state and went "a Maying" early in the morning, to wash their faces in May dew, and bring home fresh bouquets and flowers to deck the May-pole, which reared its flowery crown in every village.—St. Nicholas. One may study nature all his lifetime, and then not be able to explain why the man who misses one step in going down stairs is certain to miss three or four more before he brings up.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. Farm and Garden Notes. We think it pays to spread the coal ashes under the trees in the orchard. Lime is a good manure for clayey soils and plaster for sandy ones, because the former retains and the latter attracts moisture. Have a place to put all the bones that accumulate about the farm. They are worth money, and can readily be dissolved by wood ashes and chamber lye or by muriatic acid. Dust young cabbage plants with sulphur and plaster to check the greenish black jumping beetle, that sometimes attacks them. Guano is particularly acceptable to the cabbage plant. Don't plant till the ground is fit. As a rule you gain nothing by premature gardening. When the clouds crumble thoroughly under the pressure of your foot, the ground is dry enough. In cases of caked udder in cows foment the affected part with hot water and rub with the hand several times a day. Proper feeding and a dry bed will, as a rule, obviate the necessity of any treatment for this complaint. Do not cast aside the old favorites—sweet William, petunias, phlox, hollyhocks, lady slippers, verbenas, chrysanthemums, Canterbury bells—for any new fangled flowers. There are many new and desirable things in the floral world, but it will not do to discard these old jewels of the garden and the lawn. Potatoes flourish well in heavily manured sod. The following is said to be a good formula for a fertilizer for this crop: Thirty pounds of wood ashes, thirty pounds of air-slacked lime, twenty pounds of fine salt, fifteen pounds of bone dust, fifteen pounds of plaster; the whole to be thoroughly mixed. An ounce of this compound in each hill of potatoes will tell a good story at harvest time. On a large scale, no way of improving an orchard is equal to plowing in clover. Prepare the land carefully and sow clover and nothing else. Plaster at the rate of three pecks to the acre. Don't mow the clover but plow in when at full growth. Sow clover again and treat with plaster, and plow in again, sowing no crop meanwhile, and the fertility of your orchard will be wonderfully increased. During the discussions of the Pennsylvania Fruit Growers' Society several members expressed their confidence in whitewash as a preventive of blight in the pear. Mr. Meehan said he never saw blight on trees that were whitewashed. He said Mr. William Saunders, of Washington, believes it to be an absolute remedy. Mr. Hoopes stated that during his trip west he had witnessed the beneficial effect of whitewash on trees. Mr. Engle thought there was no excuse for not trying this remedy. "If the cow mopes, don't fancy she has 'the hollow horn,' and go to boring holes in her horns for the purpose of injecting vinegar, pepper, or other stuff. The horns of a young cow are soft, and warm with rapidly circulating blood, but as she grows older and the horn has more substance, it becomes cooler, because comparatively less blood circulates there. In the process of growth a portion of the center of the bone becomes absorbed, leaving a cavity. Into this the cold air from the nostrils passes, helping to cool the horn. The older the animal, the larger will be the hollow in the bone and the colder will be the horn. How Grapes Feed. A curious, interesting and suggestive experience is thus recorded in the Country: We had planted a row of Delaware vines, one of which was placed about three feet from a hole in which a quantity of bones had been buried. The vines all made a healthy growth, but the one referred to was specially vigorous. This, however, we attributed to its general vigor, and not to any special influence, having forgotten all about the buried bones. But one day, after digging near this hole, we noticed that our healthy, vigorous vine was wilting, and in a few hours it was as completely wilted as if it had been pulled up by the roots and exposed to a hot sun. Unable to account for this strange circumstance, and suspecting some new enemy, we dug it up, carefully following all the roots to their extremities. To our surprise, however, there was only one spot of any consequence, and this led directly to the aforesaid hole. Following it up, we came to where we had cut it, and there taking up the severed end, and following that, we found that the pit full of bones was one mass of roots. It was evident, therefore, that when first set out, one of the roots had pushed off in the direction of the bones, and on reaching them, it had found such a supply of nutriment that it alone was competent to carry to the vine all the food it wanted. The other roots therefore dwindled away, or, at least, made but a trifling growth, and the vine, depending wholly upon the single root just described, perished when it was cut off. We may add that the root was almost bare of fibrils or branches in its course from the vine to the bones, but once there it divided and branched in every direction, running into the interior of the hollow bones, and clasping both internal and external surface with a perfect network of fibrils. To us it showed several points. Bones are evidently one of the best manures for the vine, and as we wish them to last for years, they need not be broken up. As it is well to have the roots of the vine spread over a considerable space, bones or other very rich manure should not be placed in holes, but distributed through the soil,

Items of Interest. A boy's first bet—Alphabet. A Chicago man named his twins Adam and Eva. In what place are two heads better than one? In a barrel. Hartford has a Chinese base ball nine who muckee muffee. "Admittance free," as the goat said to the circus poster. The Shah of Persia has a son—that makes him a pa-shah. A recent philosopher has discovered a method to avoid being dunned. Never run in debt. Why is a scratch on the hand like the first flight of a fledgling? Because it is only a little soar. Thirty-seven men have been hanged in New York in four years. New York is the Hempire State.—Boston Post. Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Creditors to grove and pine. —Oh! City Derrick. With what little friction the earth would revolve if the snavity of a new bean in the presence of the mother of his adored would only become epidemic. A West Hill boy wandered into a Jefferson street drug store yesterday and wanted to buy ten cents' worth of fly paper "to make kites of."—Burlington Hawkeye. Chronic—"You are looking well, Mr. Whiff." "Well? You know that I'm never well. Just as soon as I stop being sick for a day, I feel worse for it the next morning." Somebody estimates that every man who lives to be sixty years old has spent seven months buttoning his shirt collar. Thirty years more should be added for hunting up the collar button. A Detroit boy stood an umbrella with a cord tied to it in a public doorway. Eleven persons thought that the umbrella was theirs, and carried it with them the length of the string. They then dropped it, and went off without once looking back, or stopping to pick it up again.—Detroit Free Press. "Edward," said a mother to her son, a boy of eight, who was trundling a hoop in the front yard. "Edward, you mustn't go out of that gate into the street." "No, ma, I won't," was the reply. A few minutes afterward his mother saw him in the street manufacturing dirt pies. "Didn't I tell you," she said, angrily, not to go through the gate?" "Well, I didn't mother," was the reply. "I climbed over the fence." Little Annie, like most little folks, says queer things. A few nights ago her mother had prepared her for bed, and kneeling by her mother's side she repeated the Lord's Prayer, as usual. She had no sooner concluded it than she repeated it again rapidly. "Annie," said her mother "why do you say your prayers twice?" Then the little innocent looked up and remarked: "Well, mamma, I feel just like praying to-night and to-morrow night I may not." HER LAST LETTER. "New York, November seventh. My dearest Charles, my son's delight, I could not see you yester evening— You must not visit me to-night, Darling, I dare not tell you why; But fate so wills it. All is o'er— I keep my secret with a sigh; But in this world we'll meet no more, And yet I love you just the same; But do not judge me as I seem; Forgive me, Charles! Do not blame, Think of me only as a dream. For I am doomed to fate and die— We'll meet, perhaps, some happier day; Visit my tomb, but do not cry, Adieu! Your poor distracted May. P. S.—Charles, come to-morrow, anyhow. The doctor says it hardly shows; I'm not ashamed to tell you now— I had a pimple on my nose!" Shop-Lifting in Paris. The crime generally characterized as "shop-lifting," says a Paris letter-writer, is very common here, the great shops and bazars offering exceptional temptations. Every week we hear of arrests for petit larcenies, and in many cases the criminals are ladies of family and position. I am sorry to say that a number of American ladies have been arrested here, and I remember two which required all the influence that Mr. Washburne had to get them off. They finally compromised by paying for the goods and by giving \$100 to the poor. Kleptomania seems to be on the increase. During the past week we have had three cases that were very sad. One French lady stole an article worth fifty cents, although possessing a large fortune; another, the wife of a rich merchant, had at least 100,000 francs a year to spend. The third case is that of a German countess, and the wife of a distinguished general. Some time ago she took apartments in the Rue Lafayette, and soon won the favor of everybody. She lived a regular life, had plenty of money, and seemed to spend her time in shopping. Every day she came in with numerous bundles. Yesterday she was detected stealing some small articles in the Magazine de Louvre, and on searching her other things were found upon her. She confessed that her mania for pocketing small things was so strong that she was unable to resist it, and she offered to pay any sum not to be exposed. The proprietors said that they had tried the compromise system with ladies so long and vainly, that they now had to try severity, and they felt bound to prosecute the countess as an example. The poor creature is in a pitiful condition to-day, and her appeals for mercy are heartrending. All the great ladies have to employ special detectives, and men are kept watching the ladies through holes in the ceiling.