W R. DUNN. OFFICE IN ROBINSON & BONNER'S BUILDING. ELM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR. No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XI. NO. 9.

TIONESTA, PA., MAY 22, 1878.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Going Home.

Where are you going so fast, old man? Where are you going so fast? There's a valley to cross and a river to ford There's a clasp of the hand and a parting word, And a tremulous sigh for the past, old man; The beautiful, vanished past,

The road has been rugged and rough, old

To your feet it's ragged and rough; But you see a dear being with gentle eyes Has shared your labor and sacrifice. Ah! that has been sunshine enough, old man;

For you and me, sunshine enough.

How long since you passed o'er the hill, old man.

Of life? o'er the top of the hill? Were there beautiful valleys on the other side? Were there flowers and trees, with their branches wide.

To shut off the heat of the sun, old man, That heat of the feverish sun?

And how did you cross the waves old, man Of sorrow, the fearful waves?

Did you lay your dear treasures by, one by one, With an aching heart and "God's will be done, Under the wayside dust, old man In the grave 'neath the wayside dust?

There is sorrow and labor for all, eld man; Alas! there is sorrow for all; And you, peradventure, have had your share For eighty long Winters have whitened you

And they've whitened your heart as well, old man:

Thank God, your heart as well.

You're now at the foot of the hill, old man; At last at the foot of the hitl. The sun has gone down in golden glow, And the Heavenly City lies just below. Go in through the pearly gate, old man-The beautiful pearly gate.

BRICE.

He came up the mountain road at nightfall, urging his lean mustang forward wearily, and coughing now and then a heavy, hollow cough that told its

There were only two houses on the mess, stretching shaggy and somber with grease-wood from the base of the mountains to the valley below-two un painted redwood dwellings, with their clumps of trailing pepper trees and tattered bananas, mere specks of civiliza-tion against a stern background of mount in side. The traveler halted before one of them, bowing awkwardly as the master of the house came out.

"Mr. Brandt, I reckon !" Joel Brandt looked keenly into the 1); shallow and drawn with suffering, one of those hopelessly pathetic faces, barely saved from the grotesque by a pair of dull, wis ful eyes,

Not that Joel Brandt saw anything grotesque or pathetic about the man. "Another sickly-looking stranger outside, Barbara, wants to try the air up here. Can you keep him? Or may be

the Fox's 'ill give him a berth." Mrs. Brandt shook her head in housewifely meditation.

"No. Mrs. Fox can't, that's certain. She has an asthma and two bronchitises there now. What is the matter with him, The stranger's harsh, resonant cough

answered. "Keep him? to be sure. You might

know I'd keep him, Joel; the night air's no place for a man with a cough like that. Bring him into the kitchen right

The new-comer spread his bony hands over Mrs. Brandt's cheery fire, and the soft, dull eyes followed her movements "The fire feels kind 'o homey, ma'am;

Californy ain't much of a place for fires, Been long on the coast, stranger

Joel squared himself interrogatively. "Bout a week. I'm from Indianny." s my name—Posey Brice the boys glass mill called me. I was blowed a glass once." The speaker

turned to show an ugly scar on his neck. "Didn't know where I was for six weeks -thought I hadn't lit. When I come to there was Loisy potterin' over me; but I sin't been hugged since,"

" Married ?" The man's answer broke through the patient homeliness of his face at once. He fumbled in his pocket silently like one who had no common disclosure to

"What d'ye think o' them, stranger?" Joel took the little black case in his hand reverently. A woman's face-not minute." grand or fair even—some bits of tawdry "'Pears finery making its plainness plainer—and neighbor." beside it a round-eyed boy plumped into a high chair, and two little feet sticking sturdily out in Joel's face.

Mrs. Brandt looked over her husband's shoulder with kindly curiosity. "The boy favors you amazingly about the mouth, but he's got his mother's eyes, and they are sharp knowin' eyes He's a bright one, I'll be bound.'

"Yours, I reckon," "Yes, that's Loisy and the boy," fighting the conscious pride in his voice like one who tried to do his honors meekly.

He took the well-worn case again, gazing into the two faces an instant with with scrupulous care.

"I'll be sendin' fur 'em when I get red o' this pesterin' cough.'

Brandt found the man Brice; talking little save in a sudden gush of conchoosing a quiet corner of the kitchen | through it all with restless yearning to | ener made no comment

in the chill California nights, where he watched his hostess' deft movements with wisful admiration.

"Try hunting, Brice; the doctors mostly say it's healthy." And Brice tried hunting as Joel advised. Taking the gain from its crotch over the door after breakfast, and wandering for hours in the yellow wine-like air of the mesa, he came in at noon and nightfall always empty handed; yet no one derided his failure. There was something about the man that smothered

And so the hunting came to an end without bloodshed. Whether the doctors were right or whether it was the mingled resin and honey of the sage and chaparrel, no one cared to ask. Certain it is that the "pesterin' cough" yielded a little, and the bent form grew a trifle

"I think likely it's the lookin' up, ma'am. Mountains seem to straighten a fellow some way. 'Pears to me somebody writ once uv liftin' his eyes to the hills for help. Mebbe not, though. ain't much at recollectin' verses. Loisy's

powerful hand that way.' Perhaps the man was right. It was the looking up.

He followed Joel from the table one morning, stopping outside, his face full

of patient eagerness "I'm gittin' right smart 'o strength, neighbor. Ef there's odd jobs you could gi' me; I'd be slow, mebbe, but seems like most anything 'ud be better'n settin' round."

Joel scratched his head, reflectively. The big brawny-handed fellow felt no disposition to smile at his weaker brother.

"Fox and I was saying yesterday we'd like to put another man on the ditch; it'll be easy work for a week, till we strike rock again. Then there is the grease-wood. It's always on hand. You might take it slow, grubbin' when you was able. I guess we'll find you jobs enough, man.

The scared, colorless face brightened. "Thank ye, neighbor. Ef you'll be as kind there's another little matter. I'll hev a trifle over when I've paid your woman fur her trouble. I wuz thinkin' like enough you'll let me run up a shanty on yer place here. Loisy wouldn't mind about style—just a roof to bring 'em to. It's for her and the boy, you

em to. It's for her and the boy, you know," watching Joel's face eagerly.

"Yes, yes; Brice, we'll make it all right. Just take things easy. I'll be goin' in with wood next week, and I'll fetch out a load o' lumber. We'll make a day of it after awhile, and put up your house in a jiffy.

And so Brice went to work on the litch, gently at first, spared from the kindliness. And so, ere long, another rude dwelling went up on the mesa, the smoke from its fireside curling slowly toward the pine-plumed mountain tops, The building fund, scanty enough at best, was unexpectedly swelled by a sudden and obstinate attack of forgetful-

ness which seized good Mrs. Brandt. "No, Brice, you haven't made me a spark o' trouble, not a spark. I'm sure you have paid your way twice over bringin' in wood, and grinding coffee, and the like. Many a man'd ask wages for the half you've done, so I'm getting off easy to call it square." And the good lady stood her ground unflinehingly.

"You've been powerful good to me, ma'am. We'll be watchin' our chance to make it up to you—Loisy an' me. I'll be sendin' fur Loisy direckly now."

"Yes, yes, man, and there'll be the bits o' furniture and things to get. Spread your money thin, and Mrs. Fox and me'll come in and put you to rights when you're looking for her." He brought the money to Joe at last,

motly collection of silver pieces. "Ef ye'll be so kind as to send it to er, neighbor-Mrs. Loisy Brice, Plattsville, Indiana-I've writ the letter tellin' her how to come. There's enough for her ticket and a trifle to spare. The boy's a master hand at scuffin' out shoes and things. You'll not make any mis-take sendin' it, will you?"

"No, no, Brice, it'll go straight as a rocket. Let me see now. The letter'll be a week, then 'lowin' 'em a week to

"Never you mind, man. Lowin' 'em a week to get off, that's two weeks; then them emigrant trains is slow, say thirteen days on the road-that's about another fortnight-four weeks; this is the fifth, ain't it? Twenty-eight and five's thirty-three; that'll be 'bout the third of next month, say. Now mind what I tell you, Brice-don't look for 'em a minute before the third-not one

"Pears like a long spell to wait,

"I know it, man; but it'll seem a sight longer after you begin to look for

"I reckon you're right. Say four weeks from to-day, then. Like enough you'll be goin' in. "Yes, we'll hitch up and meet 'em at the train—you and me. The women 'ill have things kind o' snug 'gin we get home. Your week'll soon slide along,

The southern winter blossomed royally. Bees held high carnival in the nodding spikes of the white sage, and now and then a breath of perfume from the orange groves in the valley came up helpless yearning and returning it to its to mingle with the mountain odors. place. The very way he handled it was Brice worked every moment with fever-a caress, fastening the little brass hook ish earnestness, and the pile of gnarled roots on the clearing grew steadily movin on. Do you know ef he's well-larger. With all her loveliness nature the man Brice? We're his wife an' failed to woo him. What was the equi-A very quiet, unobtrusive guest Mrs. site languor of those days to him but so many hours of patient waiting? The when Mrs. Brandt had induced her to dull, hungry eyes saw nothing of the wait until the men came home-told it fidence, and always of his wife and child; lavish beauty around them, looking with no unnecessary words, as her list-

where an immigrant train, with its dust and dirt, noisome breath crawled over miles of alkali, or hung from dizzy heights.

"To-morrow's the third, neighbor. I reckon she'll be long now direckly."

" That's a fact; what a rattler time is. The days had not been long to Joel. We'll go in to-morrow; and if they don't come you can stay and watch the trains awaile. She won't know you, Brice; you've picked up amazingly. "I think likely Loisy'll know me if

she comes. But she did not come. Joel returned the following night alone, having left Brice at cheap lodgings near the station. Numberless passers-by must have noticed the patient watcher at the incoming trains, the homely pathos of his face deepening day by day. The dull eyes grew a shade duller, and the awkward form a trifle more stooped with each succeeding disappointment. It was two weeks before he reappeared on he mesa, walking wearily like a man

I under a load. "I reckon there's something wrong, ma'am. I come out to see ef yer man 'ud write me a letter. I hadn't been long in Plattsville, but I worked a spell for a man named Yarnell; like enough he'd look it up a little. I ain't much at writin', an' I'd want it all writ out care-ful like, you know." The man's voice

had the old, uncomplaining monotony. Joel wrote the letter at once, making the most minute inquiries regarding Mrs. Brice, and giving every possible direction concerning her residence. Then Brice fell back into the old groove, working feverishly in spite of Mrs. Brandt's kindly warnings.

"I can't stop, ma'am; the sittin' round 'ud kill me."

The answer came at last, a business like epistle, addressed to Joel. Mrs. Brice had left Plattsville about the time designated. Several of her neighbors remembered that a stranger, a welldressed man, had been at the house for nearly a week before her departure, and the two had gone away together, taking the western train. The writer regretted his inability to give further information, and closed with kindly inquiries concerning his former employe's health, and earnest commendation of him to Mr.

Joel read the letter aloud, something -some sturdy uprightness of his own, no doubt-blinding him to its signifi-

"Will you read it again, neighbor, for I'm not over quick." The man's voice was a revelation full of an unutterable hurt like the cry of some dumb wounded thing.

And Joel read it again, choking with dignation at every word. "Thank ye, neighbor. I'll trouble you to write a line thankin' him; that's

He got up heavily, staggering a little as he crossed the floor, and went out into the yellow sunlight. There was the long, sun-kissed slope, the huge pile of twisted roots, the rude shanty with its clambering vines. The humming of bees in the sage went on drowsily. Life, infinitely shrunken, was life still. A more cultured grief might have swooned or cried out. This man kdew no such refuge; even the relief of indignation was denied him. None of the thousand wild impulses that come to men smitten like him flitted across his clouded brain. He only knew to take up his burden

dumbly and go on. Day by day the hollow cough grew more frequent, and the awkward step slower. Nobody asked him to quit his work now. Even Mrs. Brandt shrunk from the patient misery of his face when idle. He came into the kitchen one evening, choosing the old quiet corner, and following her with his eyes silently.

"Is there anything lackin', Brice?" The woman came and stood beside him, the great wave of pity in her heart welling up to her voice and eyes.

"Nothin', ma'am, thank ye. I've been thinkin'," he went on speaking more rapidly than was his wont, "an' dunno. You've known uv people gettin' wrong in their minds, I s'pose, They wuz mostly smart knowin' chaps, wuzn't they?" the low. monotonous voice growing almost sharp with eagerness, "I reckon you never knowed of any one not over bright gittin' out of

his head, ma'am ?" "I wouldn't think o' them things, Brice. Just go on, and do your best, and if there's any good, or any right, or any justice, you'll come out ahead; that's about all we know, but it's enough

if we stick to it." "I reckon you're right, ma'am. 'Pears sometimes tho' as if anything 'ud be better than the thinkin'.'

Happily, it all came to an end one af-ternoon. Brice was at work on the ditch again, preferring the cheerful companionship of Joel and Bert Fox to his own thoughts, and Mrs. Brandt was alone in her kitchen. Two shadows fell across the worn threshold, and a weak, questioning voice brought the good woman to her door instantly.

"Good-day to you, ma'am. Is there a man named Brice livin' night here anywhere?' If was a woman's voice, a woman with

some bits of tawdry ornament about her, and a round-eyed boy clinging bashfully to her skirts, Mrs. Brandt brought them into the house, urging the stranger to rest a bit and get her breath.

"Thank you, ma'am; I'd like to be ovin' on. Do you know ef he's well-The woman told her story presently,

"My brother come a week afore we was leavin' an' he helped us off an came as far as Omaha. He'd done well out in Nebrasky, an' he gave me right smart of money when he left. I was took sick on the road—I disremember just where—and they left me at a town with a woman named Dixon. She took care of me; I was out of my head a long time, an' when I come to I told 'em to write to Brice, an' they writ, an' I reckon they took the name of the place from the ticket. I was weak like fur a long spell, an' they kep a writin' an' no word come, and then I recollected about the town it was Los Angeles on the ticket, and then I couldn't think of the place, I'd sent the letters to before, an' thinkin' worried me, and the doctor said I mustn't try. So I just waited, an' when I got to Los Angeles I kept a askin' for a man named Brandt, till one day some-body said 'Brandt, Brandt, 'pears to me there's a Brandt way over beyond the Mission.' An' I went there an' they showed me your house. Then a the way, an' we walked the rest. It didn't look very fur, but they say mountains is deceivin'. There's somethin' kind of grand about 'em, I reckon, it makes everything 'pear sort o' small."

Mrs. Brandt told Joel about it that

"I just took the two of them up to the shanty, and opened the door, and you'd a cried to see how pleased she was with everything. And I told her to kindle a fire and I'd fetch up a bite o' supper. And when I carried it up and Pi left it, I just come back and stood on the step till I saw Brice comin' home. He was walkin' slow as if his feet was a weight, and when he took hold of the door he stopped a minute, looking over the valley kind of wistful and hopeless. I guess she heard him come for she opened the door, and I turned around and come in. 'Barbara Brandt,' says I, you'v seen your see. If God wants to look at that I suppose he has a right to; nobody else has, that's certain."

A Cat's Fierce Attack.

The New York World says : At the beginning of the winter Mrs. Sager, a German woman, who lives in the tenement house at No. 22 Sherman avenue, Jersey City, remarked to her husband that their rooms were overrun by mice, and asked him to get a cat. In com-pliance with her request he one day made her a present of a cat. It was a large-sized cat, entirely black, with the exception of a white spot on the breast, and it had such gentle eyes that it speedily became the pet of the family, and was the favorite plaything of the youngest member of the family, a boy of three, who was in the habit of rubbing its fur the wrong way, pulling its tail and doing all sorts of things to it which ordinary cats do not allow to be done to them. Besides being an ornament, the cat proved to be useful, as it drove all the mice out of the rooms. Last week it presented a litter of kittens to a grateful family, who promptly drowned them. Since then a change was observed in the cat : its tail shunned the fingers of the baby. On Sunday afternoon the cat slept for some time in the cot of the baby. When it woke up it uttered a melancholy moan, and then walked gloomily into a corner. Mrs. Sager took pity on it, and pouring some milk into a saucer, offered it to the cat, The latter turned its head away at first, then it gave a fierce cry and leaped with stiffened tail and distended claws upon Mrs. Sager's breast. "It flew on me like a bird," was the way in which Mrs. Sager described the movement. The cat held itself tightly on Mrs. Sager by sinking its claws into her dress and then tried to bite her neck. It failed in this, but succeeded in burying its teeth deeply in her right arm near the elbow. Mrs. Sager's three children ran into the room attracted by her cries, and managed to take the cat off their mother, But the cat appeared to have become crazy and attacked the three children. Nettie, aged twelve, was bitten on the nose and cheeks; Louis, aged four, on the legs, arms and hands; Margaret, aged nine, was slightly bitten on the foot. The attack was so fierce that Mrs. Sager and her children ran out of the room, leaving the cat alone. A message was sent to the police station, and an officer went to the house and shot the cat after an exciting hunt. The wounds of Mrs. Sager and her children were cauterized and no serious result is apprehended. The only member of the family who was not bitten is the baby. Mr. Sager at the time was away from

An Aerial Spy.

Mr. W. B. Woodbury has recently proposed an ingenious idea for taking photograph's of an enemy's works from a baloon, without necessitating the presence of an aeronaut in the car. Electrical wires are run along the cable by which the air ship is held captive. Instead of a car a box is provided, inside of which another box is pivoted so that it will keep horizontal. In the inner box is the photographic apparatus, and over the lens is an ebonite shutter moved by the current, to open or shut instantaneously. There is also a sensitized tissue on rollers in rear of the lens, which is operated by clockwork, also controlled by the current. When the balloon is elevated to the required height, the lens properly focused and the tissue in position, the shutter is set in motion by the current, giving instantaneous exposure. A potograph is thus obtained, and by further controlling the be exposed and additional images taken, seemed to require,

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

BEEF Sour .- Boil the soup bone until the meat in quite tender, pour the broth in a kettle then rub an egg into dry flour and mix thoroughly until the noodles are quite fine, then add them to the broth slowly, stirring until all are in; boil fifteen minutes, season to taste.

A PLAIN BOILED PUDDING, -Slice up a loaf of bread in the morning and pour milk over it. Let it remain so until half an hour before dinner. Then beat up four eggs very light, and mix them with the milk and bread. A teaspoonful of yeast-powder is an improvement. To be served with sweet sauce. Twenty minutes are sufficient to allow for the boiling,

APPLE DUMPLINGS. - Quarter and core one apple for each dumpling; then put the parts together, with sugar in the middle; surround each apple with pie crust; if you wish to bake them, put them on a pan like biscuits, and set them in the oven. If boiled, tie each in a separate cloth, and boil for half an hour. Serve, both baked and boiled, with liquid sauce.

LEMON PIE. - Grate the rind of one lemon, squeeze out the juice; beat the yolks of three eggs with four tablespoon-fuls of sugar; add one cup of milk; stir all together and bake with an undercrust; then beat the whites of your eggs to a froth, add one very large tablespoonful of pulverized sugar, pour over the pie and brown in the oven. This makes one

To Corn Brep.—For fifty pounds of meat allow ten pounds of salt and three ounces of saltpetre; rub each piece of meat with a portion of this mixture and lay it in a cold place over night; on the next day repeat the process and again lay the meat in a cold place until the following day; to the balance of the salt and saltpetre add a pound and a half of brown sugar, half an ounce of potash and four gallons of water; boil the brine for fifteen minutes, then skim and set it away to cool; on the succeeding morning pack the meat, having first wiped every piece perfectly dry, pour the brine over it and put a heavy weight on top to keep it under; examine often, and if there is the least indication of the meat not keeping well turn off the brine, boil and skim it and add more salt, or else make a new and stronger brine; let it get pertectly cold before turning over the meat,

Farm Notes. Loppered skim-milk is good feed for barn-yard fowls.

According to Lawes' tables, the ma-nure of one hen fed with the usual quantity of grain, is worth about forty seven cents per year.

In 100 pounds of dressed pork there are usually fourteen pounds ham, sixteen pounds shoulders, forty pounds sides, sixteen pounds lard and fourteen pounds waste. The hog products are

No feed produces finer flavored milk, butter, cheese or hams than parsnips, and no roots are better relished by hogs or bovines; 700 bushels may be grown per acre.

From a chemist's view, the roots c an acre of clover contains 185 pounds of nitrogen, 240 pounds of lime, forty-five pounds magnesia, seventy-five pounds potash, ten pounds soda, twenty-four pounds sulphur and seventy pounds phosphoric acid.

A farmer of twenty-five years' experience finds that it pays well to roll pasture as well as meadows, wherever the frost has loosened the grass roots. It may be well to scatter a little grass seed on the bare spots. He who houses his farm implements

in the corners of fences, whose fowls roost in the trees during the winter, whose manure-pile leaches into a roadside ditch and who wipes his nose on his coatsleeve, makes piteous complaint "that farming don't pay."

A acre of soil one foot deep contains 4,000,000 pounds. An average acre of American soil six inches deep is estimated to contain 17,333 pounds of potash, 12,500 pounds lime, 16,000 pounds magnesia. 6,000 pounds soda, 2,730 pounds sulphuric acid, 4,000 pounds phosphorie acid, and 500 pounds

An English grape-grower, whose vines were much affected by the mealy bug, applied, with a small brush, a mixture of a pint of spirits of wine and four ounces of petroleum. He describes the result as "wonderful;" the insects were destroyed and the plants suffered no

Hens in the Orchard. Speaking of keeping hens in orchards, the Poultry World says : Last fall we visited an orchard in which fowls were kept, the owner of which told us that before the fowls were confined in it the trees made little or no growth, and a corresponding amount of fruit was obtained. But what a change was evidentnow. The grass was kept down, the weeds were killed and the trees presented an appearance of thrift, which the most enthusiastic horticulturist could not but admire and envy. The growth of the trees was most vigorous and the foliage remarkably luxuriant. The fruit handsome, and others old and ug was abundant, of large size, and free from worms and other imperfections. This excellence was accounted for by the proprietor, who remarked that the "hens ate all the worms and curculio in their reach, even the canker - worm." found less trouble with their roosting in the trees than he expected, and that a On the whole, it is a great improved picket fence six feet high kept them within bounds. His orchard was divided into three sections, and the fowls were changed from one to another, as the conclockwork fresh sensitized surface may dition of the fowls or the orchard section

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The History of Pews. The first seats provided in churches are seen in those of some Anglo-Saxon and Norman edifices still standing in England. They consist of stone benches which project from the wall running around the whole interior excepting on the east end. In 1319 the congregations are represented as sitting on the ground or standing, and it was at this period that the people introduced low, rude, three-legged stools promisenously over the church. Not until after the Norman conquest were wooden seats brought into use. In 1287 a decree was issued, in regard to the wrangling for seats (which had become a decided nuisance), that no one should call any seats in the church his own except noblemen and patrons, each person taking the nearest empty seat he could find, as he entered the church. From 1530 to 1540, as we approach nearer to the reformation, ats were more generally appropriated, their entrance being guarded by cross-bars, and the initial letters of their owners engraved upon them. But directly after the reformation the pew system commenced, for there is extant a complaint from the poor commons addressed to Henry VIII, in 1546, referring to hisdecree that a Bible should be in every church at liberty for all to read, because they feared it might be taken into the

churches were not known until 1608. As early as 1611 luxurious arranges ments were considered essential in church pews, and they were baized of cushioned all over their sides, and the seats furnished with comfortable cushiones, while foot-stools were also introduced. Next the sides of the pews were made so high that they entirely concealed the occupants from view. Fireplaces were also built in the pews, and every possible convenience added for the comfort of the highly-favored few. But the services were often so long and tedious that the listeners fell asleep, and frequently nodded their approbation of the minister's sermons, while they were totally oblivious of its teachings. Swift's lines, which we quote, allude to the prevailing fashion of church upholstery:

"guyre" or some "pue." Galleries in

"A bedstead of the antique mode, Compact of timber many a load, Such as our ancestors did use, Was metamorphosed into pews, Which still their ancient nature keep, By lodging folks disposed to sleep."

With the reign of Charles I, the reasons for the heightening of the sides of the pews disappeared; and from the civil war they declined to their present height.—Springfield (Mass.) Republi

Russian Wounded During the War

During the late war thirty-six trains, specially fitted up for the purpose, were constantly employed in removing the sick and wounded of the Russian army in Bulgaria and Roumelia from the now lower than they have been since theater of operations into the interior of Russia, Of these trains, twenty-four were provided by the military authorities, seven by the Russian Red Cross Society, two by the imperial family and three by Germany, the average numb of carriages in each train being twents All the sick and wounded in Bulgar

who could be moved were in the fir instance carried to Sistova or Simnitiz There they were placed in hospital their cases inquired into, their wound bound up afresh, proper medicines food given to them, and then after a ! days rest, they were transported in o riages to the terminal station of the ri way at Fratesti. At the Russian fron a permanent commission of thirty tors was established. These exami carefully all the patients that arrive and divided them into three classes, the first were placed those that were severely wounded or so seriously ill the it would have been dangerous to me them further. In the second class of those who were only so slightly injuror unwell that they would probably able to shortly rejoin their corps, a running into the interior; while in third class were placed those who con be moved with safety, but who were a likely to recover speedily, and these w sent back into the heart of the country care being taken to assemble all the ill with the same disease at the sa

Two of the ambulance trains started for the interior every day, the doctor and attendants accompanying them, eac being allowed fourteen days' rest after each journey .- Pall Mall Gazette.

A Scene in Vera Cruz.

An editor who has been taking jaunt through Mexico, says that the public washing-place of Vera Cruz is curious institution. Stone trought about three feet high, extend around two sides of a large square, These troughs are divided into compartments which look very much like stable-mi gers, and each compartment in additi to the receptacle for the water is fur ished with a stone slab upon which the linen is rubbed. Probably a hundre brown women, some of them young an were busily engaged in rubbing, sme ing and chattering as we passed; no of them gave us more than a pas glance. Their costume was cool but b no means burdensome. The water He furnished by the city aquednet, at each washer pays a stipulated re on the mode of washing practiced in interior. Such of the linen as was out to dry seemed to be delle white and clean, but the pro-derstand, is rough on the sm