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#### Thanksgiving.

The beaded frost at early morn Gleams whitely o'er the stubble, And past the caves at night is borne The north wind's wail of trouble : But shines the earth with ruddy light, The board is gay and cheery, And household mirth is flowing bright Bound hearts forlorn and weary.

How dark soe'er the world path be, How vexing earthly clamor, To-day the sunbeams goldenly Pour down a heavenly glamour. The warring voices cease, or blend In chords of solemn sweetness, While harvest anthems seek the friend Who gives the year completeness.

For tender spring, for summer's wealth, For autumn's royal splendor, For homes of peace, for loy and health, Thanksgivings full we render ; And age with winter's sifted snow Meets childhood's sunny weather : The seasons come, the seasons go,

### "LEFTENANT JIM."

And all are glad together.

A STORY OF THANKSGIVING DAY .

are seen in dreams.

Place—A little creek wedged in be-tween two high banks, and alow rickety bridge over the creek, whose three-foot depth of water was filmed with ice; water whose sleeping ripples had not been waken d by the sun.

Person—A shabby, scarcrow sort of man bending over the rail, leaning the while on his arm. The figure hardly seemed a man. Its once black hat of felt was rusty-hued, and haggled with gashes, out of which sprouted thin bunches of jet black hair. The brim was pulled down, front and rear. The cost, once part of a nobby summer suit, was dirty, stained by rain, bleached by s line, and trimmed with holes, the scut-tling leaks of unostentations ill-fortune.

Tue repose of man and nature was suddenly and sharply ended. A tuneless whistle broke out behind one of the banks-a feeble, wavering spirit of horrible discord—such a sound as only a little boy can make with checks and lips. The man turned his head a little. Through the air sailed a speck. It dropped upon the arm of the lounger. It was a stone. It hurts, for the man stood erect, uttered an oath, and turned his face to the road down which now trudged a small boy. The youngster and the whistle stopped as they reached the bridge. The face frightened the bov. It was thin, baggar I, and savage, a black beard of a fortnight's growth, and wild eyes that showed by their setting how hunger had crowded them back and pinched the nose and cheeks ; not a cruel face, all in all, but one made pitiable by hopelessness and starvation.

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"You young raseal," he said, catching the little fellow and giving him a gentle shake; "I've a good mind to drop you into the river and let the minnows fight for you. What did you hit me for,

The captive, more frightened than hurt, yelled at the first touch, and then

boy fashion, dropped to tears.
"What did you mean?" asks the man suddenly softening in temper and speech, and putting his hand, with kindly touch, on the little fellow's

"I didn't mean nothin'," sobbed the child. "I-Iwas only tryin' to whistle." "Ha! ha! That was it, ch? You made a very bad note in your tune, don't you know? You pegged me with a stone. The stone hurt, hurt even a fellow like me.

"I didn't mean to," says the child.
"Of course not. I know that new. You couldn't see me. I'll apologize. Now stop crying, cheer up, call it even, and let's be friends! Is it a bargain?"

But the sobs would come up and the tears fill the eyes. The boy had sprung a leak and seemed likely to sink. The man became nervous. He might frighten a grown-up fellow, and enjoy the victory; but as to this child-well! he was heartily ashamed of himself. So he tried the strategy of wealth. thrust one hand into the ruins of a pocket. It worked about therein like the scoop of a dredge. It came to the entrace, full of debris,

"See here, little one I" he cries, getting down upon his knees, and spreading his collection upon the boards. "Just look here! Isn't this bric-a-brac, as they call it?" That's a brass buttonuseless for want of a button-hole. That comb I'll keep for my party-going hair. Yes! I know you have one. That's tobacco, but you don't chew. This fat jack-knife is no good, for it will not cut. only keep it because it shuts up when I want to talk, Ugh! Don't touch that! for it's vile tobacco, Here's a key to a house I never owned. Let me see! That, I guess, is bread done up in tobacco. We'll "cast that upon the waters,"—pitching it into the creek. Wheat-the last of my crops. Stringyou can't eat that and there's not enough for a kite. Ah Hore we have it-"the sad remains of an ill-spent life" and he flopped in the palm of his hand a dingy five-cent piece. Now sonny, wring out your eyes, stop crying, make friends with me, and the money is yours

for candy or the missionary-box, as you choose. Is it a bargain ? The boy's eyes brightened. He swallowed his sobs, put out his hand, took the money and said -"Thank you!"

His captor laughed.

boy. You can always buy silence for grief. Remember that, when you come to make your will. As I've paid you for five cents' worth of misery, show me the candy store!" He had said all this in a grave way, just as if he were talking to some one who could understand him; pany's flag and holding it until the enemand the how had looked on instantif he and the boy had looked on just as if he did not (which was the fact) compre-hend what was meant. But "candy store" were two words of one meaning for him, and he became a guide where, heretofore, he had not even followed.

"And where is that, my cherub?" "Over the hill there. I was going to it when you cotched me."
"Tut! tut! Don't say cotched!

Say caught !" Caught !"

Don't be afraid. I'm a tramp, and I'm hungry; but I don't eat little boys. Steady, now, sit on my shoulder !"

With a laugh, and a whistle as sharp Time—About 11 o'clock, A. M. of a November morning, 1868—a dead sky above and a dead earth beneath, as they moved slowly and with labored steps moved slowly and with labored steps over the road to Winscom, his rider aglow the while with boyish exultation, and chirruping like a jockey.

"Let me down!" shouts the boy, as they arrive in the outskirts of Wins-com. I live in that house. Oh, papa!

A bare-headed man, standing with his back to the road, looked around, and then came hurriedly to the gate. His boy in the possession of a ragged stranger gave him a fright.

"Here you! What are you doing with my son?" he demanded. "Rob, get down this minute. Ain't you

get down this minute. Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

"He ought to be," answered the tramp, as he swung the boy to the walk. "He ought to be. The Lord knows I'm ashamed of myself. But, sir, we can't all be Vanderbilts. I'm no intention of stealing your son. I gave him a lift because I liked him. Good-morning!" and with a downward jerk front and rear to the brims of his shabby old hat and punching his hands into shabby hat and punching his hands into shabby old pockets, this woeful vagabond went

his hands, though there was no sun, and inattentive to the story which the urchin at his legs was pouring out.

he says at last, "I'll swear it's he," 'It's Jim. I'd know him among a thou-Then, half opening the gate, he called out: " Leftenant!"

The figure proceeded without a responsive motion.
"Leftenant Jim!"

That time it was a shout. It was heard. The tramp halted, whirled half about, touched his hat involun-tarily, shook his head angrily, call-ed himself an idiot, whirled about and went on his way at a more rapid pace than he had shown during the day and all regardless of the recall of

"Leftenant! Leftenant!" "That was the dear old call of the dear old boys; and it is Belden, by all that's great," he says, half pleased with the recall, and yet half angry at discovery. "But why can't I be left alone and utterly lost to all who knew me before f became a-a tramp?"-and the last word came out with an emphasis that showed an agony of shame: "I'd kill myself if I dared. Ah, if I dared. Bah! I'm hungry. No breakfast, and here it is high noon by the sun, 'Leftenant Jim, if you want something to eat or drink, you must beg for it, you hero of lunacy, you miserable vagabond,

you outcast, you pauper."
He was not joking with himself when he brought out these last words. He was somberly mad. At the same time he was so full of shameful hesitation at the inevitable course that he would have to pursue in order to get a meal, that he abandoned the main street and sought the shelter of the underbrush by of ye's we fed just ran away the river, that he might think over the shpoon, though, to be sure it the river, that he might think over the

Meantime Belden had run into the house for his hat, "Wife," he cried ; "Bis, both of you, listen! I've just seen Leftenant Jim. I am going out to catch him, confound

says both of them in one voice, for they had heard of this friend for years, But when Rob told his little adventure, and described his morning's companion, they rather hoped the lieutenant might not be caught.

Up into the village raced Belden. He had missed his man on the road. At the drug store, at the tavern, at the grocery, he demanded-" Have you seen 'Leftenant Jim?" No one had seen him; but few, apparently had heard of him.
At the postoffice the crowd of loungers were just as ignorant, just as indifferent sa were those at the other resorts. More than that, some of them asked for information as to the officer's identity. It was then that Belden became an image of wrath, that he glared with flerce that he smote his hands and snapped his fingers in indignation.

"Who is Leftenant Jim? Nice men you are. I've told you forty times, but ties. is captor laughed.
"That's the way of the world, Johnny, was and—and, thanks to a grateful the front part of the house.

my had to tear it from him strips and make his body a bulletpouch. It was Corporal Jim who with four men captured a six-pounder at Chancellorsville and fought it until only Jim was left. It was Sergeant Jim who, in the Wilderness, while waiting under fire for orders to advance, left the ranks, picked up a shell that lay with burning fuse not ten feet from him, carried it to a mud-puddle and threw it in. It was then the boys made him leftenant. And two hours later it was this same leften-"Excellent. Now I'm going to ant who fought like a demon over the Winscom. Somebody in it owes me a body of his wounded colonel, and got Winscom. Somebody in it owes me a big dinner for not giving me my breakfast. Will your royal littleness—that is to say, Johnny, will you ride?"

"Where's your horses?" asks the "To-day I've seen him —I thought he was dead—and he is a —I thought he was dead — and he is a —I thought he was dead —I thoug "In my boots, infant! Oh, you tramp, gentlemen, a miserable vaga"Is you really a tramp, needn't look for them. They're sure to bond, with clothes too mean for a coming a little nearer, be out at the toes, when you want 'em. scavenger, and without food enough in ... 'A first-class one,"

Line to keep his skin in place, east. "look at my bo scavenger, and without food enough in . "A first-class one," says the lieuten-side of him to keep his skin in place, ant. "look at my boots," and he bal-Give him something to eat if he asks it, fanced his feet on his heels. and you'll feed a hero. As for me, he is to me as a brother. My home shall be his home, if I can find him," Having delivered this speech, he set out "Don't your papa wear such boots?" once more in search of his friend.

Poor Jim, crouching in the brush, weary and cold, had dozed a little at first. Then he began to chew basswood buds and wondered, as he munched, how and where he should get his dinner. He disliked to venture out of his place of concealment, for he feared Belden more than he ever feared an enemy. In all his vagabondage he had never yet asked for more costly charity than a drink of water. He had worked when he could get anything to do, and earned his money, the last of which had gone to the boy. He had avoided towns because their people were inhuman, giving strangers no chance. But he was in Winscom—the great city lay only a dozen miles away—and he must eat though he begged for it, and was turned from door after door.

He rose to his feet, every motion causing him pain, and came out into an open lot. The wind had freshened since morning. The skies had darkened, and dashes of fine snow gave signs of a bad night. Adown the long street into which he emerged not a person was to be seen. A dull town, thought the lieu--huffling away against the raw wind and down the leaf-carpeted street.

The respectable citizen, for balf a avoid Belden, and to escape groups of minute, seemed puzzled, and leaned people. He began his disagreeable over the gate, shading his eyes with task at a diagonal point of the town from where he started.

> At three houses the door was shut in his face before his request for food was half spoken. The "Leftenswore at this sort of treatant" ment. That was natural enough for a hungry man who had been a hero; but everybody did not know his record. Of course not, and they would never hear of it from his lips. Moody and despairing, he prepared for what he resolved should be his last request. A handsome cottage was before him. It was well-lighted, for the dusk was falling. He pushed up his hat on one-side and pulled it down on the other, that it might have a more jaunty look. He took that tronser leg out of his boot and deposited in his pocket the string which had belted his coat. Those little alterations did not change his appearance much, but they softened some of the outlines. His timid knock at the back door was answered by a buxom Irish girl. As the door opened, there rushed out the fragrant incense of roasting

"I sm hungry," he began. "I've had nothing to eat to-day."

The door began to close. He put his hand against it. "For heaven's sake give me some-thing, if it's not more than a crust of bread

It was the hero "Lieute Jim who was pleading for just a fe fuls. The door opened a little, "Ye're a hard-looking trams

said the girl. "I know it," admitted the lie "And the mistress is mighty-lar," continued the girl, "The ould iron one. Ye's a mighty in ly fel-

"Perhaps, But I don't steal, serted the ex-soldier, "Now think a minute! I've eaten nothing to-day. Give me a bit of something. I'll eat it in the back yard-anywhere.

"Well, come in," said the girl doubtfully. "Till take my chances. There, set in that chair and don't shpake a wur-She bustled around and soon handed

him a plate loaded with cold meat and bread, a generous slice of butter on the edge, and a bowl of milk to keep the food company. "Pitch in now!" she ordered, "You tind to your business and I'll tind to

mine, but no thavery.' heard the hum of distant conversation room. Now and then some one struck swept the kitchen and the pantry. Becoffee on the stove bubbled up its incense. The turkey sizzled and crackled in the oven. Dishes of apples and nuts and raisins were upon the long table. Everything betokened unusual festivi-

"A party ?" he said, nodding toward

"Thanksgiving day I" was the senten-

tious reply. "Ah | so it is. I had forgotten it. It is a day not down in my almanae." The girl stopped as if to say some-thing, but changed her mind and went

on with her work, A door opened and a little fairy of a girl perhaps six years old came in to the room. She stood with her hands behind her, and watched the "man" eat. His plate was nearly empty. He felt like one intoxicated.

"Were you ever hungry, little one?" he asked of the miss, scraping the last crumbs off his plate.

"Lots of times; but never so hun-gry as you. And I don't eat in the kitchen."

"Nor I, either, slways; but I like it." said the lieutenaut, rubbing his mouth on the back of his hand in lieu of a napkin. "In fact, it's fine."

"Don't your papa wear such boots?"

inquired the man. "I ain't got no papa," the girl re-" Nor I," laughed the tramp, but the

child was very sober. "My name's Laura, what's your name?" she asked, a moment later. " My name?" said the lieutenant, his face becoming very grave. "My name?

I haven't any. I lost it long ago."
"Did anybody find it?" was the ques tion sagely propounded. She stood close to him now, one hand on his knee, and wistfully looking up into his face.

A something he saw in it overcame him, and he bowed his head in his

"Don't be imperent!" said Bridget,
"Lave the man alone! I think you'd better be going, sir."

The leftenant raised his head.
"I think so, too." He looked again into the child's face—stooped down and kissed her.
"My hat!" he demanded, sharply, as

he turned away.

It was near the dining-room door, where Bridget's dress had swept it. He stooped to pick it up. At the same in-tant the door opened and a handsome woman, richly dressed and not more than

thirty years of age, stood in the door-way. As he rose his face looked into way. His hat dropped from his hand nd he staggered back. "O God!" he cried. "It is Marian." A quick cry of surprise and joy came from the lips of the woman. Sue placed

her hands on his shoulders and gazed lovingly and mutely into his face. The man's head slowly drooped. "Husband, look at me!" she cried.

catching his hands in hers. "I cannot, I dare not. See what I am! Remember what I was-to you,'

"Always my husband, James, and always forgiven."

"Always your husband?" standing erect and with a wild vigor in his atti-"Marian, I heard that the law had freed you from me, because I struck you when I was drunk, and in my shame deserted you when I was sober,

"It was all false. I have waited for you for five long years. I knew you would come back some day. Now you are here. Poor, poor husband! How me! Laura, child, come! The back way is clear.'

Still he hung back. "I am not fit, he said. "I am forever disgraced. Let me go away and come back again some time when I am no longer a tramp." "James, this is Thanksgiving Day. under It is our day, if anybody's. You must band.

come. You are no longer a tramp, thank God! Come! It is home again for all of us;" and putting her arms Catholic church, made marriage indis-around her husband she led him out of soluble, but during the early revolutionthe room and out of his bondage.

An hour later the tramp sat at his wife's table as a gentleman, dressed in black clothes, his hair trimmed, his beard cut in civilized shape. The transformation was complete. To his wife, her father, her brother and her brother's wife, he told, after grace, the story of his self-imposed exile, of the shame and remorse which had followed him for years, of the strange faith which had brought him back that night to the presence of one whom he had supposed to be a thousand miles away, and forever lost to him.

Happy! No home ever knew keener joy than waited upon this reunion; no home ever had such pathos at its Thanksgiving dinner. Of all his heroism none was nobler than that which made " Leftenant Jim" once more a husband and father-the heroism of confessing and regretting the greatest wrong of his

### Sicilian Brigands,

The Sicilian authorities have no easy Dinner had not been served. He task in attempting to suppress brigandage, even after they have caught their and little bursts of laughter in a distant | brigands. At Palermo recently twentythree bandits were put upon trial, being The lieutenant's keen eyes cooped up in an iron cage. So frightened were the people of the neighborhood fore him was a wealth of pies. A pot of | that only twenty jurors out of a panel of fifty appeared, and when eight of the convicted prisoners were being removed in a van, the van by remarkable coincidence broke down at a lonely place on the road, and the three most formidable ruffians escaped, two of whom had been sentenced for fourteen crimes, including murders and kidnapping.

#### In Distrese,

A policeman was passing down Rich-mond street last Wednesday afternoon when he heard a woman's voice lifted in high lamentation; opening the wicket, he strode up to the door, where a woman was lying prone on the steps, be-dewing the rubber foot-mat with her briny tears.

"What is the matter, mam?" he said, gently. "Ooh, boo, oo-h?" said the stricken

"Now, don't take on so," said the club carrier, with tremulous gentleness; "tell me what is the matter."

"Oh, I, I'm, a-a-ooh, oo-h!" and she wept afresh and copiously.
"Way, my dear, dear madam," said
the officer, "what great sorrow has

blighted your life and drove the sunshine from your happy home? Wherefore are you thus cast down into the depths of anguish? Why are the fountains of your being broken up, and your beautious eyes become springs from which the aqueous fluid".

"Get out, you brute! ooey, ooh, o-o-h, boo-hoo."

The sympathetic officer was non-plussed. He backed off a step or two, and, as his great heart throbbed in sympathy with so much suffering, he could but make one more effort at com-

"Madam," said he, and as he spoke his voice grew husky with emotion; "madam, I sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart, and, while you do not seem disposed to trust me, yet if there is snything in the round world I can do to lift this sorrow from your heart, let me do it. I assure you it is no idle curiosity. I would be your friend. I will avenge your wrongs, and the services of one loyal and true are yours if you will accept them, I would not pry into that which does not concern me, but I know that some great sorrow is upon you, and gently, tender-ly would I raise the pall that hangs about your life, dress the wounds that have been opened in your tender heart, and pour the balsam of consolation over

He did not notice in his vehemence that the woman had stealthily risen, but she had, and, launching the foot-

mat full in his face, she said:

"Get out o' this, you mean old
blatherskite? You're meaner than that old guardian in this dime novel who wouldn't let his niece marry the handsome trapper. If I want to cry about what I read it's none o' your business."

Two blocks away the policeman flicked a bootblack off the sidewalk by the ear,

Cincinnati Breakfast Table.

### Divorce in Other Lands,

An Arab may divorce his wife on the slightest occasion. So easy and so common is the practice that Burckhardt assures us that he has seen Arabs not more than forty-five years of age who were known to have had fifty wives, yet they rarely have more than one at a

By the Mohammedan law a man may divorce his wife orally and without any ceremony; he pays her a portion, generally one-third of her dowry. He may divorce her twice and take her again without her consent, but if he put her away by a triple divorce conveyed in the same sentence, he cannot receive her again until she has been married and divorced by another husband.

By the Jewish law it appears that a wife could not divorce her husband; you must have suffered! Come with but under the Mohammedan code, for ernelty and some other causes she may divorce him.

Among the Hindoos, and also among the Chinese, a husband may divorce his wife upon the slightest ground, or even, without assigning any reason. She is under the absolute control of her hus-

The law of France, before the revolution, following the judgment of the ary period divorce was permitted at the pleasure of the parties when incompatibility of temper was alleged. The Code cal student," said she. The red Napoleon restricted this liberty. On the was made. restoration of the Bourbons a law was promulgated, May 8, 1816, declaring divorce to be abolished; that all suits then pending for divorce by mutual consent should be void, and such is now the law of France. - Albany Law Journal.

### Burglars and Defaulters,

The New York correspondent of the as it is dark, however, they are Troy Times says: The amount of loss tal dread of ghosts, never venture inflicted on our banks by burglars is alone. Then they go in pair really small when compared with that due to internal fraud. There has been, indeed, during my own memory, reseries carry them off easily and sudden of defalcations in the banks of his city which would make a burglar mouth water, since in but one case was there any punishment. Here are a few figures: American exchange bank, pay'g teller. \$ 90,000 | turns into a ghost, it is thought, at Fulton bank, cashier's son.

Ocean bank, paying teller.

Grocers' bank, assistant cashier.

Tradesman's bank, book-keeper. Merchants' exchange bank, oashier... City bank, book-keeper.....

The entire capital of the Atlantic bank (\$300,000) was embezzled by its cashier, and this was the only instance in which a sentence was incurred. The bank of a sentence was incurred. The bank of claim to have power to summon a the State of New York lost \$500,000 by trol spirits, and as they are in the fraud of its officers, who retained the plunder with perfect immunity.

measured; the green cups and the colored crowns of every flower are curiously counted; the stars of the firmament wheel in cunningly calculated orbits; and are never exposed as are even the storms have their laws.

## The Old Maid of Athens.

Legal notices at established rates.

Marriage and death notices, gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Job work, Cash on Delivery.

Rome where you will and man is false; His Spain may be most dire-When once he has a Belfact, he Will shortly of her Tyre.

Rates of Advertigation

One Square (1 inch.) one insertion One Square '' one month One Square '' three months One Square '' one year Two Squares, one year -

Quarter Col.

Pekin this Brest and you will see That Isle of Man most dearly, And yet Issy this Dublin plan Will Rouen us quite clearly.

Heed not, oh, maid, the sighs and Wales Of man, or else foriorn you Will rue the time, when feet erect,

He'll puff his Sweden scorn you. Though you be Hungary for love, There's Norway that you can Havana thing that's safe to do With such a brute as man,

-Eugene Field.

Items of Interest.

Ode to a five-hundred-dollar sealskin cloak : "Thou art so dear and yet so

The Waco Evaminer estimates the wheat crop of Texas this year at 12,000,-

A lisping young lady said she hoped to get married before she was old as "Mith Thuthelsh."

Lawyers are never more earnest than when they work with a will—that is, if

the estate is valuable.

A boy who went after chestnuts on as Sunday, broke the Sabbath, his rig-leg and his suspenders.

Sam-"John, do you think my poetr makes music?" John-"Don't know Sam, but it makes me sick."

To a young men struggling with a still younger mustache, the "darkes hour is just before the down." I will listen to any one's convictions but pray keep your doubts to yoursel

I have plenty of my own. - Goethe. In a discussion on cremation at London club a member is credited wit the argument: "We earn our living why should we not urn our dead ?"

A sewing machine agent, who was verill, being told that he must prepare to pay the debt of nature, wanted to know if it couldn't be paid on the monthly in

stalment plan. "Is your master up?" asked an early visitor of a nobleman's valet. "Ye sir," answered the valet, with great in nocence; "the butler and I carried hir up about three o'clock."

Twelve thousand different works have been published in regard to the Am and muttered:

"If women ain't the curusest-built animals in the world, kill me for a fool."

the bulk appeared in the United State

A chamois, with red eyes, white ho and hoofs, and a snowy-white fleace, among the curiosities of the Zooplas museum at Solenre. It is the se specimen found in the Alps in this

Not over one person in three has of equal length, and every man sho be posted on the relative length of limbs that he may know which or use for short and which one for

kicking. A young husband who was advised his wife to put on his overcoat to down town one cold morning, comp with her request by pinning a p ti ket on the lappel of his under She could not see through it.

"What," asks a correspo we answer we must know whether ere married or single. This is importo a true understanding of the ci Keokuk Constitution.

French papers state that Gambe about to marry a widow with a fort \$8,000,000. If the right-angled everlasting truth were told it probably be that he was about to a fortune of \$8,000,000 with a wide

"Do you make any reduction minister?" said a young lady to a man. "Always, Are you a min wife?" "Oh no, I am not mar said the lady, blushing. "Dan then?" "No." The tradesman I puzzled. "I am engaged to a the

#### Indian Spiritualists; The natives of the Marquesa 1

are reported to be spiritualists most uncompromising sort. They that they are always surround spirits, which, or whom, they fear so long as it is daylight. carry them off easily and suddenly is supposed that such spirits as search of human sacrifices which were unable to procure while in flesh. When a native dies, his turns to the place where he has If he-or it-can find no human fice, he is obliged to depart to 600,000 nique, the wildest and most sterile 400,000 the islands, and from the lead sap in sea. As he can never con this is the close of he hostly. The natives also have medium superstitious, the mediums the are usually the mediums, and they Every blade of grass in the field is pret all the mysteries of the in world to the ignorant laity. The great professions of sanctity, the poor savages exactly as thay