

Republican.
WEDNESDAY, BY
H. DUNN.
... BUILDING
... TIONESTA, PA.
\$2.00 A YEAR.
... received for a shorter
... months.
... solicited from all parts
... No notice will be taken of
... communications.

The Forest Republican.

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Rates of Advertising.
One Square (Finc), one Insertion - \$1
One Square " one month - 5 00
One Square " three months - 10 00
One Square " one year - 30 00
Two Squares, one year - 50 00
Quarter Col. " " " " - 15 00
Half " " " " " - 30 00
One " " " " " - 50 00
Legal notices at established rates.
Marriage and death notices, gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements col-
lected quarterly. Temporary adver-
tisements must be paid for in advance.
Job work, Cash on Delivery.

Snowflakes.
... hosts of snowflakes
... PH, PH, PH,
... to the pageant, with observant
... these wintry elves
... themselves;
... moods and fancies
... near me chances.
... hilarious snowflakes!
... Fast,
... to the bride of the bitter,
... of Booby fur,
... and rein and spur;
... and reckless haste
... the wintry waste!
... gathered, timid snowflakes
... Skim, Skim, Skim,
... the icy, winding river they go, catching
... at its brim,
... with a half a pause at every turn;
... questioning, with soft concern,
... how far upon the road they be
... toward evening: in the distant sea!
... a group of giddy snowflakes
... Waits, Waits, Waits,
... dancer seems reluctant, weakly hesitates
... halts;
... in hand they madly whirl,
... and curvet, till a twirl,
... ending in a trip and fall,
... and them reeling to the wall,
... a band of snowflakes, nun-like,
... Float, Float, Float,
... light angels from some upper sphere, too
... high and too remote
... sympathy with common crowd;
... with attitude attend and bowed,
... seem some dim, secluded place,
... and kneel with rapt and hooded face.
... some flakes with busy ardor
... to Search, Search, Search,
... corner, chink and crevice, with a brisk,
... important lurch,
... response does plainly speak.
... here is what we seek!"
... their object still unfound,
... they go with angry bound!
... still, with fixed intencness,
... Drop, Drop, Drop,
... earnest, solemn purpose that can nei-
... ever rest nor stop;
... wings seem heavy with the weight
... unknown and priceless freight;
... must be messengers that go
... faithful flowers below.
... out are other snowflakes,
... Still, Still, Still,
... against the somber background of the
... and wooded hill;
... seem working hard to bury
... leaving leaves that, brist and meek,
... will not fold their hands and keep
... their quiet winter sleep.
... some cunning snowflakes slyly
... Part me, Glide, Glide,
... flitful guests and eddies with a swift,
... mischievous slide!
... are they that pry, at will,
... door and window-ail,
... will push a line of snow
... where none others think to go.
... these but vague outriders
... Vast, Vast, Vast,
... ascending host of snowflakes that still
... steadily drift past!
... with silent, solemn power
... the measure of each hour;
... with soft, unquestioning grace,
... themselves to any place.
- S. C. Stone, in Wild Avoca.

hold in idolatry a man of my father's
temperament.
He was very unlike her imagined
hero, quite unlike the lover she had
expected would come up the rose walk at
Anbrey rectory to ask her to marry him.
My mother rarely ever spoke of her
later years as a wife, but often with
even enthusiasm of their first meeting,
and the childish fondness with which
she regarded him.
It had been made a matter of reproach
to her always by his relatives, and my
father, I think, never entirely forgave
her for her share in his alienation from
his family. He died with that antago-
nism in his heart, and my mother had
suffered silently, rearing her three girls
as well as she could on the slender pat-
rimony left her, with just enough of
the old curate's dignity of character to
restrain her from appealing to the great
people down in Kent.
Caroline, now in her twenty-third
year, had been waiting some years,
rather impatiently, for a duke or vis-
count to come down into the country
and marry her for her peachy cheeks
and auburn hair. But nowadays
dukes prefer a bad complexion and
£10,000 a year to a captivating young
person whose sole dowry is in mere
personal attraction.
Edith was already twenty-one, and
felt aggrieved at her sister for not hav-
ing made a match, leaving the field to
her.
Not strong like Caro, Edith was, how-
ever, a pretty girl, with fine, ladylike
hands, and a carriage a princess might
have envied.
I believe I was seldom thought of by
any one until it was discovered I was
too much grown to utilize the cast-off
frocks of the other girls, and was now a
tall, awkward girl of eighteen, with
large elbows and a sandy complexion,
like the Anbrey's. It was also discov-
ered about this time that I had made
much of my musical chance, and, what
with a few lessons from the village or-
ganist and the drumming through long
winter evenings on the old harpsichord
in the sitting-room, I had suddenly be-
come proficient in a small way; enough
so, at least, to admit of my taking a few
of Miss Harmon's scholars in the after-
noon. The money I earned in this way
seemed, no doubt, a prodigious sum to
poor mammy, whose common condition
was a state of perfect impenniosity.
Mother had often declared that both
Caro and Edith possessed the hands of
musicians, so slender, supple and white,
while mine were overgrown from the
wringing of dish-clothes, and red from
boiling water.
Providence had given me my bony
hands with music in them, and a won-
derful voice, which Miss Harmon had
declared made me almost seem pretty.
She never knew, kind soul, how she
made my heart ache with a dull, horri-
ble pain, when she dealt me this depre-
catory praise.
The girls and mammy were in the
little dun-colored morning-room, which
had once been my father's study, with
closed blinds, ripping up an ancient
chair, upholstered in a grand Arab pat-
tern of scarlet and gold, to construct an
overdress for Caroline's cherry silk, the
sleeves and bodice of which were quite
beyond repair. The chair had been
shrouded in gray holland for the last
dozen years, and the silk really was un-
worn.
Who ever thought a letter would find
its way from the outside world to our
sober little house behind these pallid
willows, like so many transmigrated
Rushions, tall and angular, still keeping
guard over mammy and her brood.
"Do open it, mamma," said Edith,
impatiently. "Very likely it is from
some forgotten creditor of poor papa's."
Poor little mammy's cap-ribbons trem-
bled and fluttered while she read the
few words, written, it might be, by an
articled clerk in Lincoln Inn Fields, the
letters were so aggressive.
"Well, girls!"—with a faint attempt
at cheerfulness—"here's a chance for
one of you, at last. This letter is from
your aunt Ruth Rushton, your father's
oldest sister, who never married, and
who never spoke to him after he married
me—though I do not remember it
against her now—I have always thought
of Ruth as being a superior woman—a
very superior woman. I have heard
your father say that she spoke four
languages in her young days, and that
she was a great belle then."
This brought out a contemptuous
"Humph!" from the girls. This was
the letter which proved the turning-
point in my life:
"SISTER-IN-LAW: I hear you are bless-
ed with three daughters. I am a child-
less, bedridden old woman with no one
to care for me. I need some strong,
active young person daily and hourly.
Send me a niece. She shall be paid for
her trouble. I suppose you consider
them all paragons; but beauty is not
indispensable. Honesty and good morals
are. Let me know at once. Your
obedient servant, RUTH RUSHTON,
"of the 'Pines, Kent."
"What an insult!" said Edith. "Hor-
rible old woman! After all these years
of neglect, she would now make a maid-
servant of us. I shall not go."
Then Caroline delivered the address
at the beginning of my story.
"Poor mammy picked the wadding
from the back of the stuffed chair like a
bird pecking at barley; all the time a
cloud creeping over her pale face.
"No; of course you'll neither of you
go, after this letter; but it seems like
flying in the face of Providence to re-
fuse. It is not like going out to service,
you know, after all. The coming winter
will be very hard on me, and I can't see
my way out very clearly. There's Agnes
—we might let her go; although I should
miss her sadly. And she has not a

decent gown to go in. Her next quarter
will not be due for a long time yet."
"What does it matter?" I said at last,
my heart filled with bitterness. "I
should not be expected to dress greatly.
I am ready to go just as I am."
"Oh, I dare say," said Caro, in high
disdain. "Playing Cinderella is quite
in your line; but there's to be no god-
mother nor prince in the story. You're
going to drudge and slave for a hideous
old tyrant, and wear her ridiculous fine-
ry for pay. But anything for an excuse
to leave the drudgery here to Edith and
I, you ungrateful thing!"
"I've done it all my life uncomplai-
ningly," I plucked up spirit to say, con-
fident it would not help my case, how-
ever.
"Don't quarrel now, just before
separating," said poor mammy, almost
sternly.
And so it was settled that I should
leave home; the letter was posted to my
hard aunt, who was to look for me Tues-
day fortnight, some little time being
allowed for my preparations. These
were ridiculously simple. My few
things were to be "gotten up" as the
clear-starchers say, and I turned a
changeable silk gown of mammy's the
snuffy side out, and could have wept at
the thought of how I should look in it.
This, and my old black, and one or two
prints, were what I packed in my mean
little trunk, with many sobs and tears at
bidding farewell to poor mammy, who
cried so bitterly, her thin arms wound
about my neck, as if all her poor heart
left her by misfortune was bursting in
twain.
"Good-bye, mammy darling, I shall
write often, and if there are any earn-
ings they shall come to you."
"One would think that Agnes were
on the eve of starting to America,"
sneered Edith, shaking my hand coldly,
and giving me a dabby kiss on my tear-
stained cheek.
Oh, I never knew what a dear little
dun-colored home it was, until I had
turned my back upon it in the chill
September rain.
A gray-haired servant, in gray stock-
ings and rusty small clothes, met me at
the station, with an ancient affair on
four wheels, drawn by an animal not at
all unlike the solemn old man, who said
his name was Dark, and whom I shocked
unutterably by calling him Mr. Dark.
I had plenty of time for reflection as
we left the highway, turning up through
an avenue of paternal hemlocks, to the
no less forbidding old house, with a
quantity of wings and windows, a ram-
bling porch at the side, and one or two
statues on the terraces all soggy with
rain, and littered over with droppings
from the pines, whose funeral branches
had for years kept the sunshine from
that gloomy portal.
A staid, elderly woman, in a respecta-
ble silk gown, met me at the door with
the intelligence that my aunt was quite
put about at having kept the tea wait-
ing a quarter of an hour, which I ac-
cepted as an omen of a bad beginning.
She was already sitting at the head of
the table in the dining-room—a grand
apartment, with a high ceiling, heavy
mahogany furniture, and tall silver can-
dlesticks.
A pallid old woman, with snow-white
hair and burning black eyes, with all
their old fire still smoldering in their
depths.
She held out one hand, shrouded in a
black lace mitten.
"Come here! And so you are my
niece? But you are no Rushton. She
has sent me the plainest one, of course.
Well, I cursed your mother for her
beauty years ago. I am glad I shall not
be reminded of it in you. Sit down
there, at the foot, don't keep me waiting.
Hand her the tray, Stevens."
The pale, ghostly glimmer of the wax
lights on the Rushton plate, the whis-
pering of the wind in those gloomy
trees, the rustle of the silk gown as
Stevens came and went between my
new mistress and I, taken with the
strangeness of the situation, and the
remembrance of poor little mammy's
tearful speeches, and the plaintive song
of the robin, deprived me of all appetite,
and I only munched at the currant jam
and biscuit.
Stevens cleared away the things,
leaving the cloth and the candles, and
standing at the back of Miss Rushton's
chair—I could not accept her offer of
an aunt—she wheeled her nearer the
light. My aunt was a paralytic then.
In spite of that hard face and those
ferocious eyes, a sudden, strange pity filled
me. How hard it must have been, how
hard for one in whose veins still flowed
the wild current of the Rushton blood.
She beckoned me to her side
tenderly.
"I want to say, Agnes, that if your
mother sent you here thinking to make
much of it, she is mistaken. I take you
into my service as I would any worthy
and disinterested young person. I shall
pay you your wages quarterly, £40 per
year and your living, which is all you
will be worth; and I do not intend to add
one pound or promise any favors from
the fact of your being Gerald Rushton's
daughter. You understand?"
I nodded silently, feeling too much
hurt to trust my voice.
"Stevens, my cabinet?"
She unlocked the box and took out
some bank-notes with her gloved hand.
"I make it a rule to give one quarter
in advance. Here are ten pounds.
Stevens will acquaint you with your
duties and show you to your chamber.
I shall not require you before nine in
the morning. Good-night."
Not tired, but glad to escape from
that room, I ventured to raise one thin
hand to my lips, but shrank back—those
fingers were icy-cold.
I was not naturally a timid girl, but
the lofty corridors, highly-vaulted

passages, and shadowy room, hung with
moldering tapestry, made me feel cold
and frightened. Everything about the
room was dark and ponderous. Some-
how, the canopied bedstead, with its
blood-red curtains, made me think of
the tower where the prince was
strangled. I declined the assistance of
a maid, and Stevens retired, leaving me
one waxlight, which threw gigantic
shadows on the wall. My duties were
not hard or various. I was to amuse my
aunt when she bade me; be always at
her chair back, and speak only when
spoken to. I fell asleep at last thinking
of poor little mammy's delight when
she should receive my first quarter's
salary.
My life was an uneventful one at the
Pines. I was never absent from my
aunt, but grew no more intimate with
her than at first. We had no company
save Miss Rushton's surgeon and solici-
tor, who came once a month to dinner.
I sang very little, and only in secret, as
the grand piano had not been opened in
twenty years, as Miss Rushton did not
tolerate music.
One evening, when she dismissed me,
my aunt said, sternly:
"Agnes, I expect the son of my dear-
est friend here to-morrow. He is to be
my heir, and I caution you against de-
signing or trying to gain his favor."
"Oh, aunt!"—the hot blood rushing
to my cheeks.
"Be still. Do I not know what the
Aubreys are? But Hugh is an admirer
of beauty in woman, and I do not think
you will fascinate him. See that you
attend to my affairs, and leave Hugh
alone."
But Hugh would not leave me alone.
I scarcely looked at him for a week.
Then, as he sat recounting adventures
to my aunt, I saw that he was a hand-
some man of thirty, with crisp, black
hair and thoughtful, gray eyes—mag-
netic eyes, whose glances troubled me
for days, and haunted my dreams.
One bright November day, while my
aunt was sleeping, I sat in the decayed
summerhouse, at my knitting, singing
an old Scotch song mammy had sang in
happier days. A shadow fell on my
work. Hugh Kennedy stood before me.
"What a sly little thing you are!
And so you are Gerald Rushton's
daughter! What are you doing at the
Pines?"
"Do you not know? Let me pass,
please."
"Why do you always fly from me?
You have a wonderful voice, which
ought to be cultivated. You should
sing more."
"Miss Rushton does not like singing;
and I am paid to keep silent."
"You have a Scotch wit. Please
promise not to hide yourself away, or
run from me again."
"I cannot."
With easy grace he stepped aside.
"Well, go. I shall find you out,
wherever you are."
I almost had it in my heart to hate
Hugh Kennedy for his cruel pursuit of
me; yet, oh, I learned to love him so
He came into my life when it was bar-
ren and cheerless, and my heart grew
around him, until I felt that it would
kill me to go away. Yet go I must.
My aunt would never forgive me. She
had higher aims for Hugh. Here was
a prince for Cinderella, but no god-
mother. I hugged my mad passion to
my bosom and fled faster and faster
from Hugh. One night my aunt's bed
curtains caught on fire, and in rescuing
her I burned my hands and face terribly.
She was wheeled out on the terrace,
while Dark extinguished the flames.
When I came to, Hugh was holding
me in his arms, pitying my poor scarred
hands, and kissing them passionately.
I rushed from him and hid myself in
my own room, with my great joy and
great sorrow, thinking only that Hugh
had kissed me, and that I must leave
him forever.
Oh, if I could have flung my arms
around poor mammy, and cried myself
still.
Hugh was in the corridor the next
morning as I came down toward my
aunt's door.
"Agnes, darling, you shall hear me!
I love you truly, as God is my
judge! I mean right by you, my girl.
Will you listen to me?"
"Oh, Hugh, I cannot! Let me go
—let me go, if you pity me!"
"Agnes, first answer me. I am an
honorable man. I claim the right to be
heard. Do you love me?"
He was crushing my hand in his.
His breath came in quick gasps.
Should I throw away my only chance of
happiness? But my promise—
"You shall not go! Do you love me,
Agnes! Why torture me?"
"Yes, yes—I love you, Hugh! Let
me go now."
One passionate embrace, and I fled to
my aunt's room.
"You have come, Agnes, to hear me
thank you again for saving my life. But
you did me no service."
"Oh, no, no! I came to tell you,
aunt, that I must go away—to ask a re-
lease from you."
"Is it Hugh? If he has proven dis-
honorable I shall disinherite him."
"It is not that—only I must go
away."
"And what if I will not?"
"Oh, aunt, you cannot be so cruel!"
She took my hand in hers—still cold
and clammy.
"You love Hugh, Agnes. Well, you
shall go home to-morrow, if you wish it.
Leave me now."
Hugh had an interview with aunt,
and wrote me the result by the hand of
Stevens:
"My only love: I have nothing to
offer you now but my life—my undiv-
ided heart. We can be happy in each

other's love, for you must and shall be
mine!
HUGH."
This letter I wore on my heart. My
aunt's solicitor came that night. We all
knew the will was being changed. Hugh
had offended the hard, cold woman by
loving an Anbrey.
That night my aunt died suddenly of
paralysis. I cannot tell how it shocked
me. Stevens and I dressed her in a
white satin bridal dress which had been
folded away for thirty years. This
stroke was a retribution for assuming to
be what she was not, as she had never
been a paralytic! She was to be mar-
ried in a fortnight to a man she loved
passionately. He forbade her dancing.
She went to a hustings ball, and while
waiting received the intelligence that
he had shot himself. She took a vow
never to stand on her feet again, and
she never had. Stevens told me this.
She had made me her heir, and I mar-
ried Hugh and gave it back to him.
TIMELY TOPICS.
American street cars are now running
in nearly every large city in the world,
and horses continue to be exported from
this country to Europe.
The registers show that in fifteen
months the Richmond bars have sold
1,897,295 alcoholic, and 3,993,523 malt
drinks; total tax, \$55,650.61.
Nine samples of sugar were recently
analyzed at Richmond, Va., and only
three found sufficiently free from min-
eral salts to be wholesome.
A Liverpool firm is reported to have
purchased a steamer for the purpose of
importing live pigs from America. The
vessel is being fitted up to hold over
2,000 pigs, as well as cattle.
King Louis, of Bavaria, is building
on the island of Herrenworth, in lake
Chiemsee, a castle which will cost
\$5,000,000, and be the most sumptuous
royal residence in Germany.
Mr. Harper, who owns the famous
running horse Ten Broeck, says that he
shall not again enter him for a race.
The animal is in excellent condition.
He has been removed from the training
stable to the stud farm. Not long ago
he weighed 1,142 pounds.
A girl working in a paper mill at
Delphi, Ohio, found \$100 among the
waste she was sorting. The proprietor
of the establishment took them from
her, but she sued him for them, and the
supreme court has finally decided the
case in her favor, holding that the pur-
chase of waste paper does not give the
purchaser a right to unknown valuables
found in it as against the finder.
In his "Notes of a Tour in America,"
Mr. Hussey Vivian, M. P., says: "So
far as I am able to judge, America
promises every principal mineral, ex-
cept tin, in great abundance. Her coal
fields are gigantic. The quality appear-
ed to me to be excellent, and the price
at which it is sold to the Pittsburgh
works proves that it is cheaply got.
There are, in fact, few parts of England
where coal of like quality can be pro-
duced at this moment at so cheap a rate.
The cost and quality of coal is the basis
of almost every manufacturing industry,
and I cannot see, therefore, what is to
prevent America from becoming not
only entirely self-supporting in all
branches of manufacture, but also a
largely exporting country, if frail men
will leave nature's laws to have their
free way. America possesses iron ores
of the finest steel-making qualities, and
in vast abundance. That she will ever
again depend on England for iron or
steel seems to me impossible."
Wonderful Walking.
In these days, feverish with pedestrian
excitement, the following statement of
facts and feats, which occurred over one
hundred years ago, are of special inter-
est: Foster Powell was an English-
man, born in 1734. When thirty years
of age he walked over the Bath road
fifty miles in seven hours, running the
first ten miles. This was better time
than was made by either O'Leary or
Campans, during their walk in New
York. In 1773 Powell walked from Lon-
don to York and back, a distance of 400
miles, in five days and eighteen hours.
In 1778, just one hundred years ago,
this man attempted to run two miles in
ten minutes, but failed by only thirty
seconds. He was at this time forty-four
years of age. In 1786 he walked a
match on the Bath road, one hundred
miles in twenty-four hours. He won in
twenty-three and a quarter hours.
In 1787 Powell walked from Canter-
bury to London, 112 miles, in twenty-
four hours. In 1788 he again walked
from London to York and return, 400
miles, in five days, fifteen and a quarter
hours, being the best time in which he
had ever accomplished that distance.
In the same year he walked six miles in
fifty-five and a half minutes; also, in
the same year, he wagered to walk one
mile and run the next in fifteen min-
utes. He walked the mile in nine min-
utes and twenty seconds, and ran the
other in five minutes and twenty-three
seconds, thus winning by seventeen
seconds. In person Powell was tall and
thin, being five feet and ten inches in
height. He was powerfully built in his
hips and legs, and was sallow in his
complexion. He never slept but five
hours each night. This truly wonderful
walker died on the 15th of April, 1793,
in the fifty-ninth year of his age.
A paper that is always full of good
points—a paper of needles.

A Queer Duel.
The recent grotesque duel between
Gambetta and Fourton has brought to
mind other queer duels fought by
Frenchmen, some of which are re-
hearsed in the Paris journals. One of
the queerest was fought in 1790, be-
tween Cazales and Barnave. In the
assembly, the former, in an eloquent
speech, called the left "brigands." The
latter replied that he could take no
notice of a collective insult, but if it was
personally applied he would feel bound
to notice it. Of course Cazales gratified
Barnave; but the matter was arranged
by common friends. The next morning,
however, Cazales called with Saint Si-
mon upon Barnave, saying: "I am very
sorry, but the ladies are unwilling we
should be at peace." "I had expected
as much," was the laconic reply.
"When, where, and how?" "At the
Bois, in an hour, with pistols." Cazales
insisted that his antagonist should fire
first. Barnave refused, because the
provocation mentioned by Cazales had
not been intentional. They threw dice,
at which Cazales said he had no luck.
Barnave won; fired at thirteen paces,
and missed. Twice Cazales' pistol
missed fire. "Pardon me for keeping you
waiting," he said, and his adversary
rejoined: "I am here to wait." When
he had missed his man the third time,
his second, Charles de Lambeth, wanted
the affair stopped, but Saint Simon was
unwilling. Meanwhile the combatants
were walking about arm-in-arm, talking
pleasantly together. "I should be very
sorry to kill you," remarked Cazales;
"but you are greatly in my way in the
assembly. Let me disable you from de-
bating for the present." "You are
more generous than I am," responded
Barnave, "in wishing to let me off
easily. You are the main support of
your party; my party would hardly feel
my loss." Again Barnave won the toss,
and his adversary fell, shot in the fore-
head, with the words: "This is what I
came here for." His cocked hat had,
however, broken the force of the bullet.
The surgeon soon pronounced the wound
not serious, which Cazales corroborated,
adding: "And lo! the ass opened his
mouth and spoke." He went home in
Lambeth's carriage, proffered as more
comfortable than Saint Simon's; and in
a few weeks the combatants dined to-
gether, and spoke of their duel as a de-
lightful little recreation.

The Population of Great Cities.
The population of the great cities of
the world is a matter of perennial in-
terest. According to the latest official
estimates in each city, or the latest cen-
sus, where these are not attainable, they
range as follows: London, of course,
heads the list with its 3,633,484. Paris
comes next with 1,851,792, by the cen-
sus of 1872; then Pekin, with 1,500,
005, and Canton, with 1,300,000; next
comes New York, with 1,069,362, and
close the list of those having more than
1,000,000 inhabitants. Of those hav-
ing less than 1,000,000 and more than
500,000, Berlin comes first, with 994,
343; then Philadelphia, with 880,856;
next Tokio, Japan, the Yedo, of the old
geographies, with 800,000; Vienna, 690,
548; St. Petersburg, 669,741; Bombay,
644,405; Kyoto, Japan, 560,000; Glas-
gow, 555,939; Osaka, Japan, 530,000;
Brooklyn, 527,830; Liverpool, 527,083.
St. Louis claims 500,000, and, if allowed
her own estimate, heads the list of those
ranging downwards, from 500,000 to
250,000. Then follow Naples, with
457,407; Chicago, with 440,000; Cal-
cutta, 429,535; Nanking, 400,000; Ma-
dras, 397,552; Hamburg, 393,588; Bir-
mingham, 377,346; Manchester, 359,213;
Baltimore, 355,000; Boston, 354,765;
Shanghai, 320,000; Dublin, 314,662;
Buda-Pesth, 314,401; Amsterdan, 302,
266; San Francisco, 300,000; Leeds,
298,189; Rome, 282,214; Sheffield, 282,
130; Cincinnati, 280,000; Breslau, 259,
345; Melbourne, 250,678; Havana, 250,
000. Thus it will be seen that there
are thirty-nine cities, each having 250,
000 inhabitants, or more, supposing
none to have been omitted, and an ag-
gregate of about 24,000,000.

A Wildcat Disperses an Audience.
A Gold Hill (Nev.) paper gives this
account of a fight that was advertised to
take place between a bulldog named
Turk and a wildcat in a local theater:
The fight was to be followed by a grand
olio on the stage. It was an immense
bill, and it drew. In due time the cat
was introduced upon the stage and was
immediately followed by Turk; but at
the first hiss of the dog the cat took to
the audience, and the olio, instead of
being performed by the troupe, was
done by the spectators, tooth and toe-
nail accompaniment. The first bound of
the cat took it upon the piano of the
orchestra. The power of ivory left the
swelling strain unfinished, and turned a
back handspring over among the audi-
ence. The next leap of the "varmint"
was at the contrabass, and both player
and instrument went down instantly
with broken heads. The cat lingered
lovingly a moment among the strings as
if to test their quality, and then sprang
out among the audience. Then began
an olio in dead earnest, but not the one
advertised, although the fight was over.
It consisted of ground and lofty tum-
bling, leap-frog, and such-like feats of
dexterity, all having a single object—to
amuse the audience by a glimpse of sun-
light out of doors and under the free
light of heaven once more. It was per-
fectly satisfactory as a whole, and each
player did his best. Time—shortest on
record—1.69. Everything went off well,
especially the audience. The cat was
found a few moments later looking out
of one of the boxes and waiting for an
encore.

MY AUNT'S WILL.
We are gone of us perfect, thank
God, said Caroline, my eldest sis-
ter, with an aggravating laugh. "I do
not claim to be a paragon, by any means,
but it would take qualities little short
of a saint's to poke down in the country
and trouble through life at the beck of a
bedridden old woman. I shall not go, for
I am not a saint."
"Caroline!" said mother, in a mild
tone of rebuke.
"Poor little soul! She rarely ever
asserted her authority before the elder
girls. They were all Rushtons, every
one, and poor little mammy had learned
about the Rushton blood years
before I was born." They were a stern,
arrogant set, and, in her meek
way, were more like queens and ogres,
than her husband's relatives. How Ger-
ald Rushton came to marry a poor
country curate's daughter remained a
mystery to his family to the day of his
death, and with a woman's instinct
freshened by the memory of my moth-
er's sad face and tearful eyes, I think
she had puzzled over the enigma
through many lonely hours, only the
question might have been put to her
conscience a little differently. As
how was it that she had been brought to