The Forest Republican.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY

J. E. WENK.

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

TERMS, $1.50 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. 51. TIONESTA, PA., MARCH 12, 1879. $1.50 Per Annum.



**Rates of Advertising.**

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| One Square (1 inch,) | one insertion | $1 |
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| One Square " | three months | 6 00 |
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## An Unpublished Poem by Byron.

A paper on the "Summer Alcove, Harvard Library," in *Scribner*, contains the following account of Byron's edition of Ossian, which was bequeathed among other books to Harvard College by Senator Sumner:

Among the books of interest aside from Mr. Sumner's ownership, is an Ossian in two volumes. It was printed in 1806, and is not an uncommon edition; but this copy belonged to Lord Byron. He seemed to have read and loved the poem as our Jefferson did, and has covered the fly-leaves and other blank spaces with reflections, inviting alike to the student of Ossian and of Byron. In each volume he has written his name, simply "Byron." His handwriting is easy and graceful; and the fly-leaves and many margins have comments. At the close of the first volume, Byron turns Ossian's poetry into his own, in the following lines, which have never been published:

*"A Version of Ossian's Address to the Sun, from his poem 'Carthon.'"*

Oh thou! who rollest in yon azure field,
Round as the orb of my forefather's shield,
Whence are thy beams? From what eternal store
Dost thou, oh sun! thy vast effulgence pour?
In awful grandeur, when thou movest on high,
The stars start back and hide them in the sky,
The pale moon sickens in thy brightening blaze,
And in the water's wave avoids thy gaze.
Alone thou shinest forth, for who can rise
Companion to thy splendor in the skies!
The mountain oaks are seen to fall away,
Mountains themselves by length of days decay;
With ebbs and flows in the rough ocean tossed,
In heaven the moon is for a season lost,
But thou, amidst the fullness of thy joy,
The same art ever—blazing in the sky!
When tempests wrap the world from pole to pole,
When vivid lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
Thou, far above their utmost fury borne,
Look'st forth in beauty—laughing them to scorn!
But vainly now on me thy beauties blaze,
Ossian no longer can enraptured gaze!
Whether at morn in lucid luster gay
On eastern clouds thy yellow tresses play,
Or else at eve in radiant glory dressed,
Thou tremblest at the portals of the west,
I see no more! But thou mayst fail at length,
Like Ossian lose thy beauty and thy strength;
Like him, but for a season, in thy sphere
To shine with splendor—then to disappear!
Thy years shall have an end, and then no more
Bright thro' the world enlivening radiance pour,
But sleep within thy clouds, and fail to rise,
Heedless when morning calls thee to the skies!

## MADGE'S COUSIN.

Madge was sitting upon the hearth-rug, pulling to pieces a white camellia and excusing herself to her kind old guardian by saying it was "only Jack's."

"My dear," said Mr. Selwyn, walking up and down and stroking his gray beard in perplexity, "I want to talk to you about Jack."

"Oh! please, not now, Papa Selwyn!" She called him Papa Selwyn when she meant to be coaxing, and that was nearly always.

"But, my dear, that is all nonsense. I must talk about Jack some time. Yesterday it was, 'Oh! please don't—my head is aching;' and the day before, 'Oh! please don't—I want to go out with Gerty.' Come, let us face this affair." And sitting in the easy chair behind her hassock, he drew up on his knees the hand that held the broken flower and proceeded to lecture his unmanageable charge on the endless subject of "Jack."

Madge was a charming charge for any kind old man's heart to have. No one could look into her large gray eyes without seeing the great warm heart, whose tale they told every moment; and yet the bright quick glances and the saucy set of lips showed that Madge had a will of her own and wit and cleverness to carry it out.

This lecture on Jack was the same as many others had been. It consisted of two parts, the first being devoted to proving that she ought to throw her own whims and pleasures aside, and as a dutiful girl fulfill her guardian's request and marry her cousin; and the second was a eulogium on the many good qualities of Jack Hawkesbury.

"Do, Mr. Selwyn," laughed Madge, after he had been making out that even Jack's awkwardness came from an overplus of good nature; "do throw him at Gerty's head as you throw him at mine and I shall make him over to her, and they will be happy for life."

Gerty was Mr. Selwyn's own daughter, and at the mention of her name a strange expression crossed his face, which Madge could not read.

"Throw him at Gerty's head!—what words you use, child!" he exclaimed; his annoyance for a moment escaping his control. "I wish you had half Gertrude's good sense. You fancy Jack thinks of her—is that it? He is the soul of honor, and as far as it depends on him your father's word will be kept."

"Oh! Papa Selwyn, don't be vexed with me; I am so sorry!" and her face was hidden on his large rough hands in a burst of sorrow, quite childish in its passing intensity.

"Cheer up, my darling girl," he said, "you made a mistake—that's all. Why, one of these days you will forget poor Papa Selwyn altogether, when you fall in love with your cousin."

"That I won't!" cried Madge, with all the strength of her hot heart.

All her life, even so far back as her childhood, she had dreaded the fate that bound her to marry her cousin. When Jack Hawkesbury came on the scene and stayed on visits at the house, she disliked and ridiculed him without mercy. Another, one like fair-haired Gertrude for instance, might have accepted the inevitable and been happy; but Madge's active and independent nature made her run against fate. And now there was only one month left before her twenty-first birthday and the betrothal. Often she told Gertrude she wished he would go home and stay there; and Gertrude would only laugh, with a deeper tinge of color on her fair face.

The girls went out but little; an arrangement against which Madge often rebelled, believing it was in some way connected with the safe management of the marriage with her cousin. But there were two pleasures in prospect now, an afternoon's boating with Jack and a friend of his and Gertrude, and a party that the Ponsonby-Joneses were going to give, to which the Selwyn family were sure to be invited. First came boating. Ah! that ever-memorable day—how many years it would take to make Madge forget it! There were four in the boat that passed, with the measured beat and ripple of Jack's pair of sculls, along by the reedy shallows and green-wooded banks of the upper Thames. The two girls shared the cushioned seat at the stern, their white woolen shawls guarding them from the chill of the autumn wind. Gertrude was watching the shores and the running ripples, thinking in her quiet, easy-going way. Madge, bright with excitement, was talking—not with Jack, but with the dark-bearded, travel-bronzed man, who was resting from his turn at the sculls. He was charmed with the way she chatted and listened to his tales of half the world, with a refreshing absence of self-consciousness. What would he have said if he had known the thought that strove for entrance into her heart? Oh! if Jack—awkward, blundering, good-natured Jack—could be changed into this stranger that she called timidly Mr. Fitzallan, and Jack and her guardian had greeted at the house as Herbert!

At last there was a pause in the talk. She gave a deep sigh, prompted by a sad longing to do right, a vague fear, a first suspicion of the change that was coming over her impetuous heart.

"Are you cold, Madge?" asked Jack, pulling away and bending to his strong stroke. "Keep your shawl well about your shoulders. And, my dear girl, look to your steering. You have been sending the boat into curves like a corkscrew—only I did not want to disturb your *tete a tete*."

Poor Cousin Jack! She drew the white shawl closely round her, chilled not by the wind, but by a sudden pang of remorse, the foundation of which was very small, but enough to trouble her peace.

What need to tell the inner history of Madge's life during the next few weeks? More and more she longed for freedom. Fitzallan was staying in the neighborhood, and in the thousand little incidents of everyday life she knew he cared for her, and honest Jack grew yet more distasteful in her sight.

In due time came the second promised pleasure. The family that distinguished the name of Jones by the prefix of Ponsonby gave their party. Madge was in her glory that night. But the trivial triumphs and pleasures of the night were long forgotten by Madge before she lost one remembrance of a scene that passed in the conservatory, where the music was hushed by heavy curtains, and there was only the soft light of a few dim lamps among the masses of blossoms and dark green leaves. She had lost the flower from her hair—one of her favorite camellias—as she said, "with a darling bud,"—and Fitzallan had promised, with Ponsonby-Jones' permission, to get her another with a darling bud too. She had placed his gift in her hair, and she sat near the dewy glass, saying it was cool there and she would rest. Fitzallan stood at a little distance, penknife in hand still, swinging carelessly the fan-like leaf of a dwarf palm.

"If this were nearer I could fan you," he said.

"Thank you; I am tired rather than hot."

Never in her life before had Madge been so serious or so troubled as she was now, in the soft light among the cool plants, within sound of the half-hushed music.

"Will you do me a favor?" she inquired, raising the gray eyes that shone for a moment with liquid brightness.

"You have only to name it—I am at your service."

His manner, unromantic to a studied degree, made her feel all the more safe in taking heart to speak, while she gave him at the same time in generous measure that most precious offering to which every noble-hearted man entitles himself—a woman's respect.

"I have seemed very happy to-night, Mr. Fitzallan," she began in a very quiet, low tone, the torn leaf trembling in her hand and the color dying out of her face, "but I am in great trouble."

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear it." He drew a little nearer, listening attentively and helping her now and again by a word of encouragement.

Her story was a simple one. She was to be married next month to her cousin, Mr. Hawkesbury. She had dreaded it all her life, but it was her fate. And then, taking courage from the respectful and almost paternal demeanor of her listener, she made the frank confession that she disliked her cousin just because she was forced to marry him; and to this she added such a child-like entreaty not to thought "too bad," that it must have required more than ordinary self-control for Fitzallan not to say something that would have allowed the scene to become a tender one; but this he seemed determined to avoid, and so in her simple way was the sadly-perplexed girl that was pouring out her heart's trouble to him.

"Will you speak for me to Mr. Selwyn," she said, "as you are an old friend of his? I cannot reason as men do, but I want you to try if there is any way of release for me. Pray forgive me, if I am wrong in asking your interference, but I am very wretched"—here came a burst of tears that must have tried the listener sorely—"and I myself have so often spoken to Mr. Selwyn, and it is of no use. He always says my father's will must be carried out; and oh, how I wish I could do it."

"It must be done, if possible," Fitzallan said. "But it would not be your father's will to mar the happiness of your life or to put you in bondage."

"Oh! if Mr. Selwyn would only speak like that," said the girl sadly.

"Well, I shall have a talk with him," said Fitzallan, "and do my best for your happiness, though I would be sorry to injure Hawkesbury's prospects. Let us go back now; there is a new piece beginning. That is one of Rubinstein's, is it not? I need not say you have done me a favor in granting me your confidence."

With that he drew aside the heavy curtains, and they returned to the dazzling light and bewildering music and movement of the ball-room.

After that night Madge waited in anxiety to hear the result of Fitzallan's parley with her guardian. Three days passed and a note came from him, only a few words, saying that he had succeeded at least so far as to win a promise that the matter should be considered. But Madge saw little good coming of Mr. Selwyn's "considering" what seemed to be decided irrevocably long ago.

At last it was the eve of her birthday; to-morrow would be the dreaded day, and that very morning Mr. Selwyn had said to her gravely, but tenderly:

"My child, it has been the work of many years for me to see to the fulfillment of your father's last wish. He was my best and dearest friend, and his life was a sad one. At least his dying will must be done. But I promise you happiness—I do, indeed."

But beyond that day Madge was unable to bear her heart's burden. "I must tell him everything," she thought. In the afternoon twilight, some time after Mr. Selwyn had returned home, she found him asleep in his arm-chair in the dark dining room. But little daylight came in between the red curtains, and it was only the glow of the fire that showed her his white hair and long beard. She knelt beside him, as she often did for a talk when he was in that chair, and she woke him up by stealing her hand into his.

"Who is it—Gerty? No, Madge—my little Madge that is to be so patriarchal to-morrow."

"Papa Selwyn," she began, not giving him time to joke any more lest she might not be able to disclose all her troubles, "I want to tell you something, and you won't be angry, will you, no matter what it is?"

He took her face between his hands, and the fire flashed up and showed him how earnest it was.

"I am quite sure," he said, "nothing can make me anything but as deeply in love with my second daughter as a poor old fellow like me can be. Why, child, I am under a cloud all day because tomorrow—as soon as to-morrow—I can be Papa Selwyn no more, and Madge will be thinking about nobody but her cousin."

"No, indeed!" cried Madge impetuously, "you will be Papa Selwyn always—always; and I don't care for my cousin a bit."

But her guardian shook his head gravely.

"My dear, you will marry your cousin."

The firelight had died down low, and Madge had courage enough to blurt out with an effort the few words:

"I can't marry Jack, because I ought to love my husband, and I can never care enough for him. Or, if I must be engaged to him to-morrow"—here there was a great sob—"Mr. Fitzallan is very good and kind, and I don't want to hurt him—but—but—he must go away."

Her head sank upon his knees with the great effort of that request.

"My poor child," he said. "I know your secret. Bravely said, my little Madge, my bonny girl! You have told the truth out and done nobly. You are worthy of the man that is to have you, and that is saying a good deal." Then raising her head gently, he bade her listen, for he was going to tell a secret in return for hers. When she heard it she waited with wide, wondering eyes while he told it a second time, for she could not believe in her joy. "As you know, Madge," he began, "most people in this world have more cousins than they want. Once I had one cousin, so distant a cousin, that it was to him or to her that Herbert Fitzallan was a very distant cousin, and that it was to him her father wished her to be married. Fitzallan's father had been the companion of his labors and Herbert himself had been loved by the dying man as a son, for Herbert was twenty when little Madge was an orphaned baby of four.

"You ask what about Jack, then?" said the old man. "That was my clever trick upon Madge. I never said you were to marry Jack. I told you of your father's wish. I brought Jack here, the only cousin you knew; and I praised his good qualities—which are fine enough, I can tell you, and appreciated by a young lady not far from here. I knew that wayward heart of yours, and I knew that a woman should not marry without real love, and a great store of it, too. So I left my darling open to the idea that Jack was to be the lucky fellow; and she did just what I and all sensible folks expected—almost hated Jack and her doom. Then I took care that the man you were meant for—who, my dear, has the best and truest heart in the world—should come in the way just at the right time and show an interest in you. So have I not succeeded and made my Madge choose her father's choice with her own free heart and will? As for Fitzallan, he is all impatience for to-morrow, and he would have told you the secret at that ball the other night, when he says that he was put to a desperate trial; but he had promised me never to disclose it till we were quite sure of success. "Well, are you happy now, Madge?"

"My dear, good second father! How can I love you enough?" was all she could say when she felt his arms round her in that moment of fulfilled desires, and his lips pressed to her forehead in fatherly affection now that his long solicitude was at end and his hard task well done.

That very night Madge, scarcely able to realize her joy, was betrothed to Herbert Fitzallan, who, when once the secret was disclosed, would not wait another hour.

"Have I not waited years?" he said. "All my time abroad I was waiting, and then I came back and found my Madge more than ever I had dared to hope."

But Madge in her new freedom did not forget poor Jack. Indeed, she was almost in trouble about her unkindness to him when she heard that he had only been playing a part, bearing all her teasing, and being purposely ungracious whenever she grew kind. But Gertrude consoled her effectually on that score by telling another secret after her kiss of congratulation.

"Jack was indeed doing his best to carry out the plan," she said, "and he was often grieved about you; but, dear Madge, you must congratulate us now—not me, but us. Jack and I made it up between us months ago, and we had many a quiet laugh about you."

So Madge herself accepted the ring and wore her golden fetters by her own free will after all; nor was there ever a happier or more willing captive. As for Fitzallan, if he was not another Arthur, as the girl's fancy had prompted her to call him, he was "blameless" as the prince of the "Idyls," and far more blest; and if he reigned over no realm, he was at least king of one brave and tender heart—a kingdom wide enough to satisfy his desires and a prize which time proved to be well worth his years of waiting.

## An Incident of Gettysburg.

A Washington correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* tells this interesting story of the battle of Gettysburg:

General Barlow, of New York, commander of the first division, fell, dangerously, and it was thought mortally, wounded. He was shot directly through the body. Two of his men attempted to bear him through that shower of lead from the field; but one was instantly killed, and General Barlow magnanimously said to the other, "You can do me no good; save yourself if you can." Gordon's brigade of Georgians, in its wild charge, swept over him, and he was found by General Gordon himself, lying with upturned face in the hot July sun, nearly paralyzed and apparently dying. General Gordon dismounted from his horse, gave him a drink of water from his canteen, and inquired of General Barlow his name and wishes. General Barlow said, "I shall live probably but a short time. Please take from my breast pocket the packet of my wife's letters and read one of them to me," which was done. He then asked that the others be torn up, as he did not wish them to fall into other hands. This General Gordon did, and then asked, "Can I do anything else for you, general?" "Yes," replied General Barlow, earnestly. "My wife is behind our army; can you send a messenger through the lines?" "Certainly, I will," said Gordon, and he did. Then directing General Barlow to be borne to the shade of a tree at the rear, he rode on with his command. The wife received the message and came harmlessly through both lines of battle and found her husband, who eventually recovered.

Since General Gordon's election to the United States Senate both he and General Barlow were invited to a dinner-party in Washington and occupied opposite seats at the table. After introductions, General Gordon said, "General Barlow, are you related to the officer of your name who was killed at Gettysburg?" "I am the man," said Barlow. "Are you related to the Gordon who is supposed to have killed me?" "I am the man," said General Gordon. The hearty greeting which followed the touching story as related to the interested guests by General Barlow, and the thrilling effect upon the company, can be better imagined than described.

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"Sir," said a young fellow, bursting with pride at his own importance, derived entirely from his father's wealth, "I was born the son of a poor farmer. At thirty years of age I was the son of the richest man in the country."

## TIMELY TOPICS.

The London *Spectator*, commenting on an exhibition of "Old English Plate," says: "We confess we were surprised and ashamed to find at the Paris exposition that a New York firm had beaten the old country and the old world in domestic silver plate."

American coal is sold in Switzerland, going from Philadelphia by sailing ships to Marseilles and thence by rail to Geneva, where it costs about $10 a ton. The price is a little under that of German and French coal at the same point, and the quality is pronounced much better.

In these days of church-debt raising, a late decision of the Indiana supreme court is both interesting and important. It has been ruled that a subscription made on Sunday for the benefit of the church is not binding, and cannot be collected by a suit at law. This follows the general rule in the United States of the invalidity of contracts made upon the Lord's day.

The municipal authorities of Cincinnati are taking active measures to put a stop to the influencing of voters by "treating" on election day. To that end an ordinance has been passed making "treating" an offense punishable by a fine of $50, ten days in jail and a forfeiture of the right to vote at future municipal elections. The ordinance also forbids electioneering within two squares of the polls.

A real telegraph has been invented by an English mechanical engineer. A writer in London moves his pin, and simultaneously at Brighton another pin is moved in precisely similar curves and motions. The writer writes in London, the ink marks in Brighton. The pen at the receiving end has all the appearance of being guided by a spirit hand. The apparatus is shortly to be made public before the Society of Telegraph Engineers.

A sad discovery was made on an ocean steamship which reached New York recently, when an Italian boy, only twelve years of age and terribly deformed, was found on board, evidently brought over to be utilized as a beggar. His story was that his father had been killed in a quarrel, and that shortly after his mother came to this country, leaving him in charge of an aunt. In Italy he had been employed as a mendicant, and believed that it was to be used for the same purpose that he had been brought to this country. A city paper says it was believed that the severe onslaught on the padrones some time since would have prevented this infamous traffic, but it appears to have cropped out again lately to a far from agreeable extent.

A marked effect of the failure of public life insurance companies is the increase in the mutual beneficial associations among secret societies. As a rule, the assessments per death amount only to one dollar. Some of the older associations, having a considerable fund in vested, pay stated sums at death, from $500 upward, the average being $1,000. A compilation of annual reports for the year 1877 places the number of such associations in the United States in that year at 204, with a membership of 155,686, divided as follows: Masonic, 55,798; Odd Fellows, 38,280; other similar societies, 61,648. The total number of deaths was 5,476; the death rate per cent. 1.03; average amount paid by deceased members, $18.02; average amount of insurance paid, $710.34; and average cost of insurance, $6.93 per $1,000. The sum paid to beneficiaries by Masonic organizations was $3,996,704.85; by Odd Fellows, $1,457,490.50, and by others, $2,113,136.74—making the handsome total of $7,567,332.09.

## Ice Industry.

It may not be generally known, but the capital employed in the ice business in the United States aggregates over $25,000,000, and the annual sales reach at least $30,000,000. This has become an important industry, and, in the past forty years' experience in this business, lately has shown that the crops of ice for the season's consumption cannot always be depended on. And more than this, when it is considered that a large outlay must be made for a considerable period before the season opens sufficiently to commence its sale, and the consequent loss by wastage, naturally makes its production artificially during the summer months a very important question, and has engaged the attention of many inventors. Although quite a number of excellent machines for this purpose have been constructed, it must be admitted that no one has yet succeeded in producing a machine, simple in its structure, and cheap enough to make its introduction universal.

The man who can invent a machine with these latter requirements will put himself in the way of making a handsome fortune, and render an incalculable service to humanity.—*American Inventor.*

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There are 1,500 mule teams constantly on the road between Leadville and Carson City, both of Colorado. It is a fair estimate to suppose that at least one mule balks each day. Now imagine the rest, remembering that there are mule drivers on that road who speak four languages and several dialects.

## Appropriate Links.

A contemporary says he following couples were "proclaimed in matrimony" last year in Scotland:

Thomas Black and Mary White,
Peter Day and Ellen Knight,
Solomon Bank and Catherine Vale,
James Hill and Susan Dale,
Isaac Slater and Jane Thatcher,
John Barker and Mary Butcher,
Stephen Head and Fancy Heart,
William Stately and Jessie Smart,
Joseph Reed and Julia Hay,
Thomas Spring and Mary May,
Joseph Brown and Kitty Green,
John Robins and Jenny Wren,
William Castle and Nancy Hall,
Peter Chatter and Fanny Call,
Joseph Mann and Eliza Child,
James Merry and Lucy Wild,
Thomas Bruin and Mary Bear,
James Fox and Catherine Hare,
Andrew Clay and Lucy Stone,
Michael Blood and Lizzie Bone,
John Cloak and Julia Hood,
Edward Cole and Nancy Wood,
James Broom and Ellen Birch,
Charles Chapel and Susan Church.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The seal's kin is numerous.

A nice jam is preferable to an ice jam.

Wine made of oranges has an alcoholic strength of fifteen per cent.

If you would prosper and rest easy, employ and pay the printer.

The waters very often get angry, and then you see the waters pout.

Seventy tons of chewing gum were consumed in America during 1878.

The number of puns on the word Merritt is at present 162, and scarcely any of them possess any real mer—that is to say, merriment.

Pedestrians who wish to make good time should wear clocked stockings.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The Bennett Arctic expedition will leave San Francisco during June. There will sail with it thirty-three persons.

Give to the winds your fears.
Hope and be undismayed;
Your goods well advertise,
And you will thrive in trade.

The Jackson (Miss.) *Cornet* remarks that there cannot be too much gratitude to the North and West for aid given the yellow fever sufferers, but there can be far too much poetry on the subject.

HE'D OFFER TO LIVE OFF HER.

"I will," Kate said, "you, Charley, wed,
If you'll through life stand by me."
"I'll stand by you—if you don't lie,"
Quoth Charley—"but don't try me."

"Oh yes, I see," said Kate in glee,
"You would not have me slight you
By heedless ways in wedlock days;
'Twould be a plight—I plight you."

"All right," said he; "I will agree
To take the plight you proffer."
Her wealth was great—he'd chance his fate,
And offer to live off her.

—*Chicago Commercial Advertiser.*

## To Cut Glass Without a Diamond.

Carpenters, joiners and cabinet-makers are frequently called upon to fit glass to frames or sashes where no glass has been prepared to suit; under such circumstances it would be well to know how to cut glass to answer their purposes, without the aid of a diamond. Many persons may not be aware that glass can be cut under water, with great ease, to almost any shape, by simply using a pair of shears or strong scissors. In order to insure success, two points must be attended to—first and most important, the glass must be kept quite level in the water while the scissors are applied; and, secondly, to avoid risk, it is better to begin the cutting by taking off small pieces at the corners and along the edges, and so reduce the shape gradually to that required, as if any attempt is made to cut the glass all at once to the shape, as we should cut a piece of cardboard, it will most likely break just where it is not wanted. Some kinds of glass cut much better than others, the softer glasses being the best for this purpose. The scissors need not be at all sharp, as their action does not appear to depend on the state of the edge presented to the glass. When the operation goes on well, the glass breaks away from the scissors in small pieces in a straight line with the blades. This method of cutting glass has often been of service when a diamond has not been at hand, for cutting ovals and segments, and though the edges are not so smooth as might be desired for some purposes, yet it will answer in a great many cases. The two hints given above, if strictly followed, will always insure success.—*Illustrated Wood-Worker.*

## Brazilian Indians.

James Lautz, of Norristown, Pa., one of the survivors of the Collins expedition to Brazil, thus describes the Indians of the country: Several of our men were killed by the Indians. These Indians are a degraded race, quite small in stature and go entirely naked. In the wet season they work at gathering rubber, which they sell to traders, but in the dry season there is none to gather, and then they put in the time making war on each other. They do not cultivate the ground and have no settlements, but wander about in small bands. Bows and arrows are their chief weapons. They have no fire-arms, and are so much afraid of them that a man with a musket could go into the biggest of their camps and they would never harm him. They are too cowardly to fight white men, but they will hide behind bushes and kill a man on the sly. The tribe near San Antonia falls are called garipumas.