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The Song of the Uplands.

better a glimpse of a star at may never be reached but be hoped for metter a grand life afar, at at least in the mind can be groped for an to have all the senses desire, ed all that the passions require; But no more, but no more.

belter a faith that can cope ith the doubts of the world and can

life that has hope the it, though poverty stricken, han to have all that riches can hire Or buy, so to fesst and not tire, but no more, but no more.

h, better love that is blind, Phatesn see in the loved one no badness; n, better a trust in one's kind, Spite of all of its folly and madness, Than to stand all slone mid earth's mire, Having food and raiment and fire, .

But no more, but no more.

- Edward S. Creamer.

ADONIS, M. D.

"I forbid you my house, do you hear, ?" screamed Mr. Chickjove, purple ith rage and stamping like a cockatoo, "Well, but since Mrs. Chickjove sent for me "-pleaded Jack Halliday.

"Mrs. Chickjove is a silly young roman, with whose feelings you have resumed to trifle," roared her husband, ourishing his umbrella from the doorenough of this. My patience has been oriven to extremities."
"As you please," said Jack. "My

visit was professional; but, since you refuse to let me see your wife, who is ill and who has summoned me, be good enough to give her this box of pills,"

The pills spurred Mr. Chickjove to exasperation. He took the box out of te young doctor's hands, threw it on the ground, stamped upon it, pressed his heels on the pills as they rolled about, and concluded this little performance with an exulting yell. "There sir! so much for your physic! I scorn it and you, too! Aha!" saying which Mr. Chickjove opened his housedoor with a l-tchkey, wagged his head fiercely at Dr. Halliday from the threshold, and then went in, banging the door with such violence that it made all the window-panes rattle. The doctor remained anti-demained outside,

He shrugged his shoulders and strede away down the street. One might have expected him to exhibit some excitement at the manner in which he had just been treated; but he seemed to have his reasons for preserving a complete equanimity. A few minutes' pensive walk brought him to a side street of fashionable appearance, which he entered, and at the third house rang the bell. "Is Mrs. Marrable at home?" asked he of the smart maid who answered his summons. "Yes, sir," said the damsel; but she put a forefinger to her lips, and with a mysterious look whispered: "Hush, sir; he's come!" "Who's come?" inquired Halliday,

astonished. "Missus' brother, sir; and oh, my, what a row he's made! Yes, sir; please to step in. These last words were spoken aloud and with considerable flurry, for the maid had espied a tall, lumbering figure darkening the end of the passage. The figure stared with all its might at the doctor. The doctor accosted it blandly; but a wave of the hand motioned him to step into the parlor, and there he was confronted by a massive. square jawed person, six feet tall and broad in proportion, who, in a deep bass voice that seemed to come up like miner's from the shaft of a pit, said: "My name is Guckin, and I want to know what is the matter with my sister? "Really, Mr. Guckin, there is not

much; a slight cold-vapors. "Then why have you paid her fiftysix visits in the course of five weeks? "I can hardly tell," stammered Halliday, uneasily; "ladies are sometimes anxious about themselves, you know. The least thing alarms them.

"Enough; I know your game, my man," interrupted Mr. Guckin, appre hending the doctor by the cuff as if he were a prisoner, and staring into his face with an evil glare, "You've heard of Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner, haven't you? and Smethurst, another doctor? and Castaign, and Lapommeraie, Frenchmen, doctors and poisoners, too? and of that physician lately harged at ou'll swing, too, if you don't mind, You've laid your plans for marrying my sister; but as she's too old and ugly for won to love, you just think you'll undere her health first, so that she may

e as soon as possible after the maringe, and leave you her money. Well, , just try it. Go up stairs and see Marrable now, if you like; but, nind, my eye is on you. You can't think that, after what you

have just said, I should consent ever to step into this house again?" ejaculated Jack Halliday, as he disengaged himself, with a burning spot on either

" All right; that means that you are going, doesn't it? Or is it only a bit of show-off?"

"It means that I am going this min ute, and-and I'm ashamed of you, Mr. Guckin. Good-night."

" Go to the deuce !" said Mr. Guckin; and he, too, having shown the young doctor into the street, slammed the door with quite unnecessary noise,

This time Jack Halliday did look a whiskers, pulled down his waistbands, was the discrectest of men, very earnest cise; he walked well, carried his frame and appeared anxious to do battle with | in his profession, and he would not for a | upright and well balanced to the last.

somebody; but presently the humorous great deal have got himself into any enaspects of the situation broke abruptly tanglement. upon him, and he laughed. His step was elastic and steady—by no means of a would-be poisoner—as he trudged off his hall a number of maids and pages to pay the last visit on his list before going home to tea. It was seven o'clock of a winter evening, and the lamps of that suburban district of London where our scenes are laid had been flaring these two hours. Dr. Halliday made for a row of semi-detached villas, and knocking at the door of a house with a pretty garden in front, was admitted without any fuss. Here his reception was cordial. A fox-dog frisked out, barking a welcome and wagging his tail; some children came romping down the passage to be kissed, and it was under the lead of these little people, the one pulling him by the hand, another holding on to his coat-skirts, and a third climbing on to his back, that the doctor made his entrance into a parlor where a happy family party were mustered. The owner of the house was Mr. Daisop, a little, jovial business man, husband of

He sat near the fire reading a newspaper, with a couple of rosy brats crowing at his knees, and two more sprawling on the hearth-rug. Half-a-dozen boys and girls, between ten and sixteen, were gathered round the table playing loto, and the eldest daughter, a cheeful girl of twenty, was working beside her nother, and casting occasional glances toward a sofa, where lay the beauty of the family, a sweet, golden-haired girl of eighteen. Before the doctor's entry the beauty had been laughing at some oke of her brother's, but seeing Halliday, a gleam lit up her eyes, a faint blush overspread her cheeks, and she let her head sink on her pillow in an attitude of delicious languor. When the chorus of greetings had subsided, the doctor took a chair beside the sofa and shook hands with the beauty.

"Well, how do you feel to-day, Miss Emily?"

"Bo weak, doctor," murmured a soft voice, and a pair of blue eyes moistened as they looked into his.

"The poor darling has lost her appetite; she could eat nothing at dinner, said Mrs. Daisop, a tall, florid and bux

"Oh, mamma! that was because she sent out Jane an hour before grub time to buy her two sausage rolls, three rasp berry puffs and a Bath bun," exclaimed one of the brothers at the table,

"Oh, those odious boys!" muttered Mrs. Dairop; but Dr. Halliday pretended not to hear. He felt Beauty's pulse, and the moment his hand touched her's he girl quivered from head to foot. gitated by spasms, as if the shocks of an electric battery were running through her, she forced a handkerchief into her mouth; but at last she could contain herself no longer, and burst out into a lamentable wail, followed by a torrent

"Ah! Nervous debility; outdoor exercise will cure that," remarked the doctor as he rose from his chair with professional composure; but he was surprised to notice that Mr. and Mrs. Daisop, instead of seeming alarmed at their daughter's state, were exchanging smiles. They beckoned to him to come out of the room, and he accompanied them into Mr. Daisop's study. There Mr. Daisop, having closed the door, gave Halliday a friendly pat on the waistcoat, and grinning from ear to ear,

"Now my dear fellow, we quite appreciate your delicacy in not having spoken out your sentiments till now; but we think, for our Emily's sake, that the time has come when you ought to declare yourself.'

"Declare what?" answered the doctor. "I assure you Miss Emily is in no

"Come, come, you're making fun of us!" laughed Mr. Daisop, in whose mirth his wife joined. " Do you think we have been blind to the puspose of your constant visits to our daughter?" "Professional visits, Mr. Daisop," said Jack Halliday, with some wonder.

"Well, well, we won't discuss that point," continued Emily's lively father. Look at yourself in the glass, man. Do you think a fellow of your handsome face and figure can make love to a girl long without setting her heart on fire?"

'Yes; look at yourself in the glass, Dr. Halliday," chimed in Mrs. Daisop, in a good-natured, motherly way. am sure I am only too glad for my dear Emily that she should find a husband like you. Go in now, and make the child happy by proposing to her. I will be bound she does not remain long

on the sofa after that." Jack Halliday murmured a monosyllable, which, let us hope, was a blessing; but instead of returning to the parlor he darted down the passage, opened the street-door, and fled ignominiously from the house. When he had run twenty paces down the road he paused, breathless, to exclaim: "Now, I'll be hanged if I ever prescribe for wife, widow or

girl again. I've had enough of it !" He had indeed had enough of it. He was the handsomest doctor within a radius of twenty miles; but the gift of beauty, which should have proved a glory and a source of wealth to him, had turned out to be an unmitigated curse, Certain it is that Mr. Chickjove, Mr. Guckin and Mr. Daisop had all some grounds for taxing him with having shot he darts of Cupid into their respective family circles; and they were not the his decease, though on the summit of only persons by many who were entitled to make the same complaint. The best of it was, however, that Jack Halliday was absolutely innocent of any purpose little upset. He bit the corners of his to circumvent his fair patients; for he

He walked home, brooding in considerable disgust, and, as usual, found in waiting with pressing notes that summoned him to go out and see divers ladies. He dismissed this cohort of messengers pretty roughly, telling them he should go out no more that night. They protested, but he bundled them all out into the street, saying that he wanted his tea, and should have it. He was not fated, however, to enjoy this cheerful meal just yet, for on walking into his study he was met by a dainty, tearful little woman, who rose from a chair near the fire, and, lifting her vail, sighed: "Oh, doctor, I feel so ill. I've been

waiting for you an hour."

"Mrs. Chickjove!" exclaimed Halliday. "Why, I called at your house; didn't your husband tell you?"

"Oh, yes; the brute! He would let me die, for all he cared; but you must

prescribe for me, doctor-dear doctor! Put you hand here on my heart and feel a jolly wife, and father of a flock of the palpitation. See how ill I am." "Really, I don't think there's any-

thing the matter with you, Mrs. Chick jove," said Halliday, severely. "Anyhow, as I don't understand your case, I advise you to consult my neighbor. Dr. Podgie, whose long experience"—
"Ah, doctor, I shall die if you for-

sake me," screamed Mrs. Chickjove, and, letting herself glide off her seat, she had a fit of hysterics on the hearth-

Jack, losing his head, caught up the first bottle off his medicine-shelf and forced the contents into the fair sufferer's mouth. He found out later-and so did the lady-that he had administered a strong dose of Epsom salts by m stake; but for the present his impulses were erratic, for he heard loud moans issuing from the next room, which was his parlor, and running in saw a corpulent, middle-aged lady, gasping on a sofa, with both hands pressed to her

"Why, Mrs. Marrable, what brings

"Oh, doctor," croaked the rich widow in a voice which would have done for a drill-sergeant's, "I have come to apologize for my brother's atrocious conduct.

The house intany succumbed to liness raising of corn or potatoes, or other crops with green foliage.—M. A. Stier, in Rural World.

What was believed to be his deathbed.

The household Hints. It has made me quite ill. The unmanly fellow wants my money—six thousand a year, doctor, in the three per cents but he shall never have a penny; my money shall go to those whom I love doctor, your prescriptions do me a world of good; I feel that I owe you my life. . . Allow me to weep; oh!

was not all gone; he was about to impart what remained of it to soothe the widow's pangs; but at this moment the knocker on the street-door was banged with such a riot that he went out to see what was the matter. He opened the door, and in rushed Mr. Chickjove, Mr. Guckin, and Mr. Daisop, all three rav-ing. "My wife is in your house!" yelped one. "You've abducted my sister, you scoundrel!" sang out the second. "I'll have no more trifling with my daughter!" shouted the third. Their fists were clenched and their hair bristled.

Jack Halliday, though an even-tempered man, lost patience. He barred the entrance to the parlor with his outstretched arms; and keeping his visitors in the hall, said: "Now, one at a time. First, you, Mr. Guckin. You called me a scoundrel. If you don't instantly beg my pardon, I shall request you to take off your coat, and we'll have it out here instanter. Do you decline?" Mr. Guckin did decline to fight, and, reddening, muttered an apology. "Very well, off you go; and now, your turn, Mr. Chickjove.

"Ah, you shan't intimidate me, sir," shricked the choleric little husband of the lady with palpitations. "If you lay a finger on me, sir, I'll have the law on

"Yes, I know you're a solicitor," said the doctor, calmly, "and that's why I am going to make an offer to you. I hear your influence will be paramount at the approaching election of a coroner for this district. Get me elected, and I promise to renonnce my private practice. I'll never call upon your wife nor any other lady, except in a friendly

"You shan't call on us in a friendly howled Mr. Chickjove. "Yes, sir, I'll get you elected coroner; that's a good idea, for we shall be well rid of you. You'll go and live in London, Where's my wife? Let me pass, sir." Mr. Chickjove went in to fetch his wife, and Jack remained alone with Mr.

"Mr. Daisop," said he, "when I've had my tea, I'll go and propose to Emily; but conditionally, you know, on my getting that coronorship. I don't want

to have my wife's jealousy excited,"
"You're right, there," said Mr. Daisop, laughing. "A good-looking husband with a large female practice wouldn't quite suit a tender-hearted creature like our Emily." And he left the doctor to his tea.

Francis Atkins was porter at the palace gate at Salisbury from the time of Bishop Burnet to the period of his death in 1761, at the age of 104 years. It was his office every night to wind up the clock, which he was capable of performing regularly till within a year of the palace. In ascending the lofty flight of stairs he usually made a halt at all others in his natural aptitude for a particular place and said his evening prayers. He lived a regular and temperate life and took a great deal of exer-

TRICHINA.

The Death of Four Persons from Enting

Raw Ham. The Chicago Times of a recent date says: A short time ago an alleged case of spasm-provoking trichina occurred in this city, and a number of people who thought they knew more about uncooked, diseased pork than the unfortunate deceased who ate it could not believe that such a thing as the real trichina that killed people did exist or could exist hereabouts. To prove that it could not, according to his own theory, a certain physician ate a piece of meat which was supposed to have caused the mischief, and after having duly announced the fact he calmly awaited results. He ers. is yet calm as far as heard from, and has not as is known experienced any ill results from the piece of meat which he

Whether the pork was diseased or not is an open question; but it is asserted that the doctor did not hesitate to boil it thoroughly before he ate it. This was a precaution which probably he did not deem necessary to make public, but sci-entists say it makes all the difference in the world about diseased pork from which trichins can be developed, and the general impression among those who heard of the experiment is that he ate the pork nearly raw or only par-boiled. There has recently occurred a very distressing case which, if it does not set at rest the question of the tendency of diseased pork, not thoroughly cooked, to create trichina, and in such a serious form as to be fatal, should at least, it would seem, call for some very thorough

and exhaustive inquiry. Intelligence reached the city yester-day that a whole family had died from trichina caused by eating ham, which was presumably insufficiently cooked. In Gridley, Ill., resided until a few days since a very respectable German family, consisting of a man, his wife and three sons. They were in the habit of par-taking of ham freely, and within the past week the boys sickened and died, The mother finally succumbed to illness

The boys and their mother died in the greatest agony, and Dr. Taylor, a physician of Gridley, who attended the family, had no doubt about the cause of death being trichina of a malignant and who love me. Oh, doctor, dear form. The father also was suffering from the same complaint, and betrayed all the symptoms of completely-developed trichina. Dr. Taylor dispatched specimens of the ham eaten by this un-The cathartic in the doctor's bottle fortunate family, and also a piece of the body of one of the boys deceased, to Mr. Edward Mancher, the optician of this city, and the latter gentleman applied a number of crucial microscopic tests to these subjects. The results fully substantiated the theory of trichina из the cause of death, as the microscope clearly discovered thousands of these death-dealing parasites in small pieces of the ham.

So thick were they that Mr. Mancher said last evening that he could clearly distinguish no less than ten perfectlyformed and large-sized trichinge in a piece of the ham no bigger than a pin's head, and that in larger pieces they abounded by the hundred and by the thousand. They are so abundant that life in the smaller parasites cannot be discerned at all, as they have to be placed between the two pieces of glass, and the point of the finest needle can scarcely define them, and yet they caused the agonized death of a whole family. There is intense excitement in and around the locality where this melancholy fatality occurred.

A Rancher's Life in Colorado.

A Colorado correspondent writes: "We at the East can hardly realize the isolation o tentimes attending ranche-life. A few days since we renewed the acquaintance of a young gentleman whom we met in Denver last year. He is of a distinguished family of Northern New York, and a graduate of one of our Eastern colleges. He came to this State about a year since for the benefit of his health, which was considerably impaired. His physician advised him to go on a sheep ranche, where he would have constant out-door employment, He soon engaged himself to two Scotch shepherds to assist them in the care of sheep, and for five months the three men managed the affairs of the ranche, both indoors and out, each taking his turn in the art of cooking, and each doing his own washing. This ranche is situated seventy-five miles from Colorado Springs, which is their base of sup-

The unvarying duties of a shepherd are about as follows: At sunrise to take his flock, usually from four to six hundred, accompanied by his trusty horse and faithful dogs, to green pastures and beside still waters, if he can find them, and there remain all the day long with a watchful eye over his charge, to see that none fall into the ditch or go astray. When the sun goes down behind the Rocky mountains it is time to carefully protected from the weather, start for home. The signal is given by the shepherd, the dog is on the alert, tree. The method commonly recom-the "bell wether" leads the way to the mended to prevent injury is, to begin at safely protected from foes without, such | and then finish at the top; or with very as prairie wolves, the day's work is day out, month after month. The dog is a valuable auxiliary in the care of sheep. The "Scotch collie" surpasses this work, and oftentimes one well trained sells for \$150.

A pistol is not half so dangerous when the owner is not loaded.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Grain in Orchards. In a recent issue of your paper I notice an article in which the writer is desirous of becoming familiar with the project as to whether sowing small grain (oats) in an orchard would prove satisfactory. I think not, should he be dealt with similarly to myself. Though he raising of such had only once been engaged in, and its proving by far contrary to my expectations, I unhesitatingly abandoned the idea of raising small grain in an orchard of any age in the future. I now take pleasure in giving my experience to young farmers and any others of your numerous read-

In the spring of 1876, having an extensive and superior selection of choice fruit trees, variously mixed, I concluded the trees being widely set apart and planted in virgin soil) to experiment in raising oats. As the ground needed cultivation, I thought the oats would be beneficial instead of injurious. Sowed them in March, and gave the matter but little attention until June 1st, when, to my surprise and dissatisfaction, I observed the trees were very scaly, bark dry and in places scorched-caused, as I thought then and know now, by the reflection of heat or rays of the sun. The straw was fast maturing, and capable of reflection. But my neighbors frequently persisted in causing me to. believe otherwise, but of no avail. I afterward confirmed my belief. Becoming dissatisfied at the turn things were taking, I had the oats harvested. But it was no improvement, for the stubbs seemed as forcible in returning heat as did their better half. Finding there was no chance of saving them except by hard work and diligent nursing, I resolved to adopt the two latter methods, thereby saving more than half of my

"Young Farmer" will observe by the foregoing that the oats paid dear for themselves, and were worthless. If he should still feel inclined to raise a crop in his orchard, I would suggest the

Clean oil-cloth with milk and water; a

brush and soap will ruin it. Tumblers that have had milk in them should never be put in hot water.

A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell, A spoonful of stewed tomatoes in the gravy of either roasted or fried meats is an improvement.

Musty bottles or jars may be sweetened with lye or either remain in them a short time, then dry and scald out. Salt will keep off must, if placed in jars or bottles.

A tablespoonful of black pepper put into the first water in which gray and buff linens are washed will keep them from spotting. There is no objection to it, and it softens the water like soda.

In damp weather, flat-irons, unless kept on the stove, are apt to gather moisture, get rough, and sometimes rusty; and it is not well to keep them hot all the time, for a good many reasons-they are liable to get knocked off and broken, and after a while do not retain the heat as well, and they are in the way. If you occasionally rub the smooth surface with a bit of beeswax, and then rub on a piece of cloth, they will always keep bright and smooth, If they do ever happen to get wet, and so rust, lay a little fine salt upon a smooth board and rub them over it quickly while hot.

Fowls in Orchards.

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 only a corresponding amount of fruit was obtained. But what a change was evident now! The grass was kept down, the weeds 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 remarksbly luxuriant; the fruit was abundant, of large size, and free from worms and other imperfections. The 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." He found less trouble with their roosting in trees than he expected, and that a picket fence six and Texas will find him most useful feet high kept them within bounds. His orchard was divided into three sections, and the fowls were changed from one to another, as the condition of the fowls or the orchard-sections seemed to require. -Poultry World, Pruning Trees.

Set a green hand to prune trees where limbs of any size are to be removed, and Texas. Now this is all a mistake. the chances are, ten to one, that he will commence at the top and saw through the limb until it falls of its own weight, tearing down the bark and wood, inflicting a great, ugly wound, which may require years to heal, and which, if not will cause such decay as to destroy the mended to prevent injury is, to begin at fold or corral for the night, and when the bottom and cut half way through, large limbs, to have them supported by done, only to be repeated day in and a crotched pole or pitchfork held by an assistant below; but we have found a better plan, and quite as easy, to be to make two cuts, the first at a convenient distance, say a foot, from the point where we wish the limb removed. This short stump can, except in the case of very large limbs, be easily held in one for me. If they would turn me over to hand, while the final cut is made with the Lord I would be satisfied. the other. - Fruit Recorder.

Help.

My hands have often been weary hands, Too tired to do their daily task ; And just to fold them for evermore Has seemed the boon that was best to ask.

My feet have often been weary feet, Too tired to walk another day ; And I've thought, "To sit and calmly wait Is better far than the onward way."

My eyes with tears have been so dim That I have said, "I cannot mark The work I do or the way I take, For everywhere it is dark-so dark."

But oh, thank God! There never has come That hour that makes the bravest quail; No matter how weary my feet and hands, God never has suffered my heart to fail.

So the folded hands take up their work, And the weary feet pursue their way; And all is clear when the good heart cries, "Be brave !--to-morrow's another day, -Harper's Weekly.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A neat business-The cattle trade, Chorus of the cider apples-"Just as ve go to press.'

There must be a nerve scenter somewhere in the nose.

There are well authenticated cases of kittens having caught the mumps from

A patent-medicine advertiser says that fat is not conducive to long life. A fat hog rarely lives through the win-In the olden time when a man sailed

across the seas to humble a rival's fame he brought his arms with him; now he brings his legs. It is proposed to celebrate at Pompeii

this summer the eighteen hundredth anniversary of the destruction of that city by an eruption from Vesuvius, A South American has discovered a

plant which gives milk, but we don't see where the fun is to come in, as it can't turn around and kick the pail over. In Scotland and other northern coun-

tries, seawced is used in winter for feeding horses, cattle and sheep, and is eat-en by deer when other food is scarce. A naturalist claims to have discovered

that crows, when in flocks, have regularly organized courts, in which they sit around and try of lenders—a sort of crow bar. A native of Marseilles has purchased

the right of extracting chlorate of pot ash from the Dead sea, and expects to net eight dollars a ton on an indefinite quantity of it delivered at London.

Winter is the time for planning, as the summer is the season for execution. Winter is the time for thought, as summer is the season for carrying thought into action, - Iowa State Register.

A farmer in Ohio was annoyed by his sheep getting into a field of grain ; each time he drove them out he was unsuccessful in finding an opening through which they got in, the fence being too high, he thought, for them to jump over, so he concluded to watch them, and to his astonishment he saw a large buck leave the flock and place himself by the side of the fence, then one after the other of his companions ran up to him, leaped upon his back and over the fence into the field; the buck was the only one in the flock that could get over without the assistance of a "footstool." Is this not more than instinct? Have not animals a langua e of their own?

A Cool Customer.

The Detroit Free Press says : J. R. Ham was one of a confederation of men, some of them holding high official and social positions, who, by means of forged deeds and other devices, perpotrated one of the most gigantic land swindles ever heard of. He is now serving a ten years' centence on conviction of sending to Blanco county, Texas, for record, a forged deed for 640 acres of land, and has sent to the Free Press office two letters, one of which is given below, the extract with which it commences having been cut from our paper by him and attached to his letter as a sort of text: "J. R. Ham, the man who came near

to stealing one-half of Texas, is anxious to get out of the Austin penitentiary. He thinks he can render valuable service in clearing up real estate titles; but he cleared too much when he was at liberty, where he is." Austin, Texas.-Have been looking

over your valuable paper nearly all day, and to my great astonishment find my name in the paper. I desire to correct you, lest you might injure my reputation. You state that I am the man who came near to stealing the one-half of only got away with 168,000 acres of land that there are no solverse claimants for, This land is worth on an average five dollars per acre, which would only make about \$800,000. This amount would hardly be the interest for one year on what Jim Fisk and Jay Gould gobbled on Black Friday, and yet they are not happy. You state that I think I could render valuable services in clearing up real estate titles. In this you are quite right. Yes, I can "read my titles clear." You state that I am anxious to get out of the Austin penitentiary. In this you are mistaken. In the first place, there is no penitentiary in Austin; in the second place, I have never been in a penitentiary, and have no aspirations in that direction. If I could get out of the Austin jail it would be good enough

Very respectfully,