The Lorest Republican.

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The Album.

My photograph album ? Certainly, You can look, if you wish, my dear; To me it is just like a graveyard, Though I go through it once a year. Any new faces ? No, indeed. No, I stopped collecting some years ago.

And yet, Jeannette, look well at the book : It is full of histories strange; The faces are just an index, dear,

To stories of pitifal change-Drama and poem and tragedy, Which I alone have the power to see.

Ah! I thought you would pause at that face She was fair as a poet's lay,

The sweetest rose of her English home, Yet she perished far, far away: In the black massacre at Cawapore

She suffered and died-we know no more.

And that? Ah, yes, 'tis a noble head! Soul sits on the clear, lotty brow;

She was my friend in the days gone by, And she is my enemy now. Mistake, and wrong, and sorrow-alas!

One of life's tragedies-let it pass. This face? He was my lover, Jeannette; And perchance he remembers to-day The passionate wrong that wrecked us both When he sailed in his anger away.

Heart-sick and hopeless through weary years At length I forgot him-despite these tears.

That handsome fellow ? He loved me too; And he vowed he would die, my dear, When I told him " No "-'tis long ago: He married the very next year. That one I liked a little, but he Cared much for my gold, nothing for me.

Brides and bridegrooms together, dear, And most of them parted to-day; Some famous men that are quite forgot, Some beauties faded and gray. Close the book, for 'tis just as I said-

Full of pale ghosts from a life that's dead. -Harper's Weekly.

pride into her pocket, where there was elenty of room, and turn her hand to the only work she understood. It was some five years since she had begun to go out hy events since she had begun to go out by the day to make and mend carpets, old and new, for the housekeepers of Hampton. She had plenty of employ-ment now, some money in the bank, and a lover. She looked forward to the time, not so far off, when she should time, not so far off, when she should begin upon her own carpets, when the money in the bank would be drawn out to buy the parlor set and the household linen, pictures and knickknackery per-haps, the wedding gown and bride-cake. She had been working for Mrs. Stoughton for several days, when her troubles began, and had gone home, quite tired out with the conflict over that lady's chamber carpet, which had seen its best days. She had been obliged to rip and match figures and insert patches to deceive the very clect, and at the end Mrs. Stoughton had told her she would settle the bill when she heard from her husband, who had gone away on business, and taken the key of the money drawes with him by mistake. Greta shrewdly suspected that the drawer was as empty as a drum, but made no demur. She would oblige a neighbor, and never remember it.

would have been lodged in jail at this time had not Mr. Grafton secretly espoused her cause, while he undertook the case Mrs. Stoughton had intrusted to him. Mr. Grafton was a wealthy bachelor, somewhat gray, and a good deal hald; he had smiled upon Greta more than once, without receiving any answering smile; perhaps he thought now that everything arrives to him who can afford to wait— that this was his opportunity. His housekeeper had once engaged Greta to make carpets at Grafton Place, and he had taken pains to show her over the house and grounds, and had nearly snatched a kiss in the shadow of the linsnatched a kiss in the shadow of the lin-dens, as he put her into his carriage to send her home. Greta had never worked there again; but perhaps she was too grateful at finding a friend at her side in such stormy weather to refuse a favor from Mr. Grafton, and perhaps she had forgotten his audacity. Yet in the midst of her humiliations Greta remembered with a heart-throb that she had a lover to come to her rescue if she chose to call him—that she should not be dependent upon Mr. Grafton's tender mercies after Stephen Sotherne had been notified of her strait. At the same time, she felt

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her strait. At the same time, she felt disinclined to break the bad news to him till after all was over. For how could it be possible for an innocent person to suffer? But Greta was not a little stunned one morning on receiving a letter in the handwriting of her "true love," which ran in this wise:

"MY DEAR GRETA-It is some time since I had the pleasure of hearing from you, and it has occurred to me to ask if time and distance were not weakening our hold upon each other; to wonder how long you would continue to love a man whom you saw only once or twice a year, since it seems to me that owing to the bad times our marriage is as into the bad times our marriage is as in-definitely postponed as the millennium. Now, my dear girl, I do not wish to stand in your light; if you were not en-gaged to me, some more eligible partner would seek you, I feel certain. More-over, my health is precarious, and the doctors have advised me to try the air of California. It is a precaricition more California. It is a prescription more nauseous than drugs, since I must leave you behind me; but I could not, in Mrs. Stoughton's Diamond, Greta had seen her household gods fall about her before she was able to put pride into her nocket, where there was

Sincerely, "STEPHEN SOTHERNE."

To say that Greta was surprised would be the same as if we should call an earthquake "unpleasant." She was thunder-struck, overwhelmed, with just enough spirit left to return Mr. Soth-erne's letters and presents by the next

"He has heard all about the diamond, and believes it," she thought. It would be a comfortable arrangement if one could cease to love the instant a lover proves unworthy, but hearts are fashioned after that manner. When every thought and motive of one's life is woven up with those of another, on cannot unravel the tangled web all at once. "Another such shock will send me to the insane asylum," sighed Greta. But there was another yet in store for her. Mr. Grafton had taken to dropping in upon her after her day's work. One evening he said :

"Do tell!" said one gossip to another: "Greta Loring's going to step into clover, and no mistake."

The Forest Republican.

TIONESTA, PA., JUNE 4, 1879.

don.

petsi

bachelor.

-Harper's Bazar.

"It's a powerful change for her. I hear Mr. Grafton's always had a hank-ering for her. He told Mr. Jobson any man could marry any woman he set his heart upon, if he'd only work hard enough and wait like a spider in his work D web

guess he got Greta for the asking, eh?

"I dunno; there was that Sotherne who was sweet on her." "I reckon that's blown over—only a

young man's pastime. I'm surprised at Tom Grafton, though, with all his airs and frills, with his family tree and his coat of arms, and his ancestors and his money. How does he get over that lit-tle affair of Mrs. Stoughton's diamond? I s'pose he expects folks to visit his wife | Mrs. Stoughton. and ask no questions, once she's a Grafton.

"Law! it's the way of the world: a pretty face makes a man forget trespasses and get rid of his judgment. It's no use quarreling with such things at our age. Greta'll make a fine lady, and I mean to pay my respects at Grafton Place directly; I'm just crazy to see the new fixings. I'd just like to see how I'd look in the blue setim partor." lue-satin parlor.

And all this time Greta had not even consented. It is true, wealth and com-fort were alluring. She had told herself that Providence would provide; and how could she know but this was the very provision made for her? It would be delightful, no doubt, to enjoy such an establishment as Grafton Place. Only let her say "Yes," and she might wear her velvets and laces with any lady in the land, drive in her satin-lined car-riage, and have servants under her and all that heart could desire. All? Yes, all but self-approval, love and Stephen Sotherne. Still, let her answer "No," and Stephen and love would still be lack-ing, and hardship, want and public dis-And all this time Greta had not even ing, and hardship, want and public dis-approval be superadded. "The miserable little thief!" thought

the exasperated Mrs. Stoughton. "She has played her cards to perfection, cozening that old fellow into marry-ing her. No doubt he'll rue the day, and serve him right."

In the meantime, as Greta had not given him a refusal, Mr. Grafton chose to consider himself accepted. He consulted her about the wedding journey, about the new servants to be engaged, as if the marriage was a matter of course. She acquiesced in his suggestions, but she had no choice to make; she was drifting with the stream, not rowing hard against it; she was making believe that she could love him by-and-bye; his at-

fortunes. She watched him walking by, and wondered if Mrs. Stoughton was had anything to eat except grass since I

love was never meant to be wasted. The hospital nurse kindly writes this for me,

since I can only swear that I am still,

Mr. Stoughton looked very sober when

e sat down to his tea table that night.

"How-how does he explain him-

self p" "All's fair in love and war, even for-

gery, is his creed." "Then Greta will return to her car-

Gone to Grass.

Some one in Erie told him that thirteen

cashiers were wanted here at once, and

he came on as fast as conductors on

freight trains would permit him. Dis-appointment is the lot of man, or of lots of men, and Peter reached Detroit to find

all the best positions taken. One bank offered to permit him to cashier in ten bushels of coke, but Mr. Harrison didn't

come to this town to drudge. He was trying to obtain a few hours' sleep on the grass in the public park previous to a second struggle with the mad world, when an officer suggested the propriety of a walk to the station

of a walk to the station.

"I'm dying to know what Miss Greta had to say for herself," remarked his

and ever will be, your devoted lover, "STEPHEN SOTHERNE."

TIMELY TOPICS.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

The grave can have no terrors for an eccentric individual out in Illinois. He scoffs at the comforts of a patent spring mattress, with the accompanying pilmatress, with the accompanying pil-lows, bolsters, sheets and snowy cover-lids, and even deems the Indian luxury of a blanket and a fire effeminate and unworthy of man. In his back yard there is a shallow trench, in which he lays himself each night at bedtime, and a faithful man arrest chergels are the second

a faithful man servant shovels earth over bim till nothing but his head is left un-covered. He has no fear of fire or bur-glars, but sleeps serene and happy in his couch of earth. If he should wake up and find himself dead some morning, he would be both dead and buried. It is hardly necessary to say that he is not a

married man.

Occasionally the newspapers contain accounts of the exhamation of bodies that give what is called unmistakable evidence of having been buried alive. Speaking of this matter, a city paper op-poses the belief which prevails in the minds of many that persons are fre-quently buried while the spark of life has

cities have in their cemeteries mortuary houses, in which the dead are kept some days before final interment, the bell-pull being so arranged that the slightest mo-tion of the body would sound an alarm. So far these precautions have been super-

During the seige of Paris there was nobody more popular, and afterward there was nobody more unpopular than Sergeant Hoff. He with his own hand slew twenty-seven Germans during the first six weeks of the seige. His gallantry was rewarded by praise lavished in his regimental order of the day and in a general order of day, and the Legion of Honor was bestowed on him. The Min-ister of War told him it was very impor-tant that a dispatch should reach Mar-shal Bazaine and offered him \$4,000 to undertake the mission. It was prelives she could love him by-and-bye; his at-tention, his consideration for one so for-lorn, his generosity, touched her; that was all. One day Mrs. Stoughton's husband re-turned home. It would seem as if no event could have less effect upon Greta's fortunor. She watched him walking by.

lignation when it was found Sergeant Hoff had disappeared. It was said that he had always been a Prussian spy and was now a traitor The government gave the key-note to these howls to save Hoff"s life if he were discovered as he passed through the enemy's lines. He safely reached Bazaine. The war over he was mide keeper of Vendome Column. The keeper of the Triumphal Arch died the other day, and Sergeant Hoff, to the delight of the Parisians, has been appointed to the vacant place.

Rates of Advertising.

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Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements col-lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-ments must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Done with the pen-A dead pig. The diamond field-The shirt front. How many feet are there in a school

ard I Breeches of contract-Those that shrink.

A modiste is not modest in her charges.

Nothing is more shocking than an electric battery.

When a doctor innces a carbuncle, doesn't he "cut a swell?"

What's the use of going hungry in this land of agents? Any man can get board.

A joke is not so durable as a church bell. After it has been tolled a few times it is worn out.

The raindrops that fall brightness is gone are the tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.

A Sioux county (Iowa) boy goes to school on a donkey with his dinner basket hung on the ear of the quadruped.

There is nothing more likely to estrange two friends than a small debt. I and U may some day be separated by an O.

The annual importation of oranges and lemons in the United States is over 200,-000,000, amounting in value to about \$600,000.

The Baltimore papers report a quiet but very general revival of religion in that city, which is largely credited to the labors of Mr. Moody.

Two Italian journalists fought a duel with pistols, near Naples, and exchanged twenty-eight shots at a distance of fifteen paces without doing any damage.

Small boy (entering shop)—" I want a pennyworth of canary seed." Shop-keeper (why knows the boy)—" Is it for your mother?" Small boy (contemptu-ously)—"No! it's for the bird."

In digging a cellar at St. Paul, Minn., the workmen unearthed a solid silver chalice and salver of fine workmanship, and they are thought to be part of a com-munion service taken from Father Hennepin in 1680.

The man who travels around under a borrowed umbrella, with a face 4x5, and mutters to everybody he meets, "Well, this weather can't last always," is a greater nuisance than the man who always wants to borrow a paper .- New York Express.

Says the Iowa City Press: The culti-vation of wolves is profitable. You don't catch a scalp-hunter killing an old wolf. He makes the acquaintance of that old one, finds its burrow, and in the spring, when it has a litter of twelve whelps, kills ten of them, and saves a pair for seed.

That Turks are not altogether incapable of good work is shown by Ahmed Vefyk Pasha, who has in two months drained some thousands of acres of swamp in the beautiful plains of Broussa. He is now employing a vast number of the unfortunate Mussulman refugees in planting and sowing this land. Paul, Morphy, the once noted chess player, in his insanity imagines himself great lawyer with an abundance of clients. The great case that absorbs nearly his whole attention is an imaginary one against parties who had charge of an estate left him by his father. He utterly repudiates chess, and denies ever having known anything about it. The ingenious Benjamin Franklin introduced a bill in the Peunsylvania Legsslature at Philadelphia to buy small grains for the use of the army. The Quaker members, who were at that time a majority, would not consent to vote money for powter, but Franklin deceived them by getting a money vote to buy small grains for army use. The Quakers thought the small grains were wheat and oats, but Franklin thought and knew they were grains of powder. ... New York Chamgion.

"I tuink maybe Grafton found me de trop. In the mean time, my love, I am happy to restore your diamond," and he

hardly necessary to say that he is not a

are fond of such gymnastic exercises, I hear. No; the confession comes from your humble servant. I am the culprit, Mrs. Stoughton. It was I who, wanting some ready money for business purposes, abstracted the diamond from your ring, and pawned it to Mr. Grafton. He ad-vanced a considerable sum upon it, and I never meant you should know it till I had redeemed it-perhaps not then. After all, perfect confidence is the only safe thing between you and me, I find. Now we must go and beg Greta's par-"And Mr. Grafton—" "The blue satin parlor is a mistake, as well as the boudoir; he will remain a

quently buried while the spark of life has not yet left the body. It says that "while such things have happened, add may still happen, they are of the rarest occurrence. Winslow, the cele-brated anatomist, is said to have had two narrow escapes from burial alive, and to have published in consequence, a treatise on the signs of death. Bou-chut, Michel Levy and other physicians have also expressed their views on the subject; but all testimony procurable establishes the fact that burial alive. hardly ever takes place in these times. In corroboration of this, many German cities have in their cemeterics mortuary

"Not if Stephen Sotherne can help it." fluous. In more than forty years not one supposed corpse has proved to be any-thing else." Peter Harrison left his home at Erie, Pa., to become a bank cashier in Detroit.

The stronger vessel smiled. "Your tea, my dear, resembles the church of Laodicea—it is neither hot nor cold." "It waited for you long enough to cool. I wonder you didn't see that you were de trop at Miss Loring's."

passed a tiny box across the table. "Then she has confessed!" sparkled "You jump at conclusions. Women

The following day she was engaged at Dr. Cardamon's, when she heard Fred rush in from school, and shout: "I say, ma, 's supper ready? Give me a hunk of gingerbread, anyhow. Where's Grets Loring? I want to ask her if she's stole Miss Stoughton's dia-mend out of her ring! Jack Stoughton mond out of her ring! Jack Stoughton Grafton. says his mother's going to haul Greta over the coals. I don't believe a word of it, and I want to ask her-'

"Hush, Fred, hush!" said Mrs. Stoughton. "What do you mean? Don't ask Greta any such silly question." "Well, I'don't want Jack Stoughton

saying things, and I'll just thrash him

for it." "Diamonds !" laughed Greta to herself. "Who would suspect Mrs. Stough-ton of one?" Then she suddenly re-membered having picked a ring off the membered having picked a ring off the floor of the chamber where she was sewing at Mrs. Stoughton's-a gold ring in which a stone of good size had no doubt once sparkled, and she had dropped it on the mantel, and thought no more about to honor.' it. Was that eavity going to bear false witness against her? What nonsense L But that evening, when she returned to her lodgings, she found a note awaiting her, which read: "If Miss Loring can give Mrs. Stoughton any information about the diamond missing from a ring-left in the chamber where Miss Loring was at work, it will be gratefully re-ceived, and no mortifying disclosures

Poor Greenslept little that night. How, could any one suspect lier of such a dreadful thing? Where could the dia-mond have gone? How could she de-fend herself except by har word? Ought fend herself except by her wordt the same she not, to have been above suspicion, like Cæsar's wife? What had she done "Only agree to marry me, and I will "Only agree to marry me, with the motives." he imto deserve it? In an angry moment she returned this misjudged reply: "Mrs." Stoughton is at liberty to make what-ever mortifying disclosures she may What could Greta do? Her lover had choose, but she must excuse Miss Loring from rendering account of a diamond of whose existence she was ignorant." This naturally exasperated Mrs. Stough-ton, who flattered herself that she had transacted the affair with great delicacy and decorum. She had expected to bring Miss Loring to her feet, with contrite tears and confessions, and here was absolute defiance! Did such a hussy derve consideration at her hands? And if Mrs. Stoughton was more or less afraid to say her soul was her own before that nothing happened, except that Mr. impecunious other had of herself, how Grafton, teeling confidence in the woman much more was she afraid to say that her diamond was no longer hers! Accord-ingly she made haste to put the matter into the hands of the law and the mouths of the Har oton gossips. Doubtless Greta

"Miss Greta, what if you should be

found guilty of this-this-" "If they should find meguilty! How can they find an innocent person guilty If I took the diamond, where is it?

Mr. Grafton smiled indulgently People have been imprisoned, branded. exiled, hanged, and quartered for sins they never committed. If you were guilty, you would be more likely to esape; you would have laid your plans.

Greta gave an involuntary sob; the tears shone in her eyes. "And there is no one to help me," she gasped, think-ing aloud, rather than speaking to Mr.

"Yes, yes, there is some one ready to help you, Greta," said that gentleman; "I will help you, if you will only give me the right," he petitioned. "You, Mr. Grafton? What right can

I give you? I don't understand. "If you were my promised wife -Ah! my dear Miss Greta, don't turn away your head disdainfully; hear me out. Mr. Stoughton is under some obligation it would be accounted for in some nat-ural manner. You would be no longer suspected. No one could suspect the suspected. woman whom Thomas Grafton delighted

"You-you are very kind. I thank you; but I do not love you, Mr. Graf-

ton." "I don't ask you to love me. Of course you don't; the idea has never, course you don't; the idea has never. I perhaps, entered your head before. only beg that you will marry me. Love will come sooner or later, as I deserve it at your hands. And, my dear Greta, what better can you do? Who will Who will give you employment, with this blight

deserted her; her good name was tar-nished. Without home, friends or work, was it not the height of folly to refuse such a way of escape? And yet, how could she love him? But might not one survive the luxury of loving? Come wealth, ease and position; vanish all illusions that make life sweet. She begged a fortnight for consideration: something might turn up to her advan-tage-the diamond, for instance. But the fortnight passed, as fortnights will; much more was she afraid to say that her who hesitates, refurnished his parlor in

glad to see him. "Any news in Hampton?" he asked,

at his dinner table. "News enough. Mr. Grafton is going to be married," returned his wife.

"That reminds me-I must see Grafton directly. Married, eh? Well, hc's old enough. Who's the bride elect?"

"That little hussy, Greta Loring.

"Softly, softly, my dear; it sounds envious.

"I envious of that little thief!"

"Thief? What has Greta stolen-old Grafton's heart? Nobody knew he had one before. Perhaps she has only developed a latent organ in him.". "Oh, Herbert, I am so sorry to tell

you-I never could make up my mind to write it; but she was at work here-Greta Loring-by-the-way, I haven't paid her yet-and-and my diamond ring was in the same room, and-it's there yet, only the diamond's gone. No-body else had been in the house. What could I think? Of course she stole it, though she brazens it out as she does. Mr. Stoughton turned ash-color, laid down his fork, and stared at his wife. And you accused her of stealing the diamond?

"I wrote to her very kindly and con-siderately. She replied in a high and mighty tone, which was simply insult-ing. I put the case into Mr. Grafton's

"Into Grafton's hands! Well, and what did he say about it?"

"Say! Why, he's going to marry her!

"Looks as if you'd win your ease, laughed Mr. Stoughton, uneasily. "And so Greta is going to marry the old fox. A pretty kettle of fish! My dear, I really wish you had notified me of your

He took up his hat and went out grimly. He had a very disagreeable duty to perform, and he wanted it over with; it had spoiled his dinner, and that was enough. He knocked at Greta's door

'The diamond again." she thought. "After all," he cogitated, "why not let well enough alone? Perhaps she loves the fellow.

Greta bore herself like one with good news: a tender color trembled on her check, a sort of suppressed joy shone in her eyes. An open letter lay before her, and Mr. Grafton sat in her easy-chair.

Mrs. Stoughton, watching from her window, wondered what under the sun Herbert could have to say that would take so long, and hoped he was giving Greta a piece of his mind, but grew all the more bewildered when he and Mr. Grafton came out together and separated without a word.

"I guess her cake is dough," she conectured.

When Greta was left once more alone, she turned to her open letter, written in a strange hand :

"What does it mean, my dearest Greta^p" it began. "I sometimes think I'm not quite sane yet, and it's all a fic-tion of my disturbed brain. Here I was, just picking up from a fever, in a strange city, when I received all my old letters and keepsakes from my sweetheart, and

had anything to eat except grass since I crossed Detroit river, and you can't ex-pect me to whoop up riches in two days." "Yes, I think you will work up," quietly observed his honor, as he looked down on the prisoner. "I think you will work up to the House of Correction in about half an hour."

"That's mean, judge. What would George Washington have amounted to if he had been sent up just as he was trying to get a start in life?"

"This court has nothing to do with George Washington, sir." If he had been brought before this bar with his shirtband torn off, his nose the color of carmine and his breath smelling of whisky, he would have been sent up for sixty days in the very best style. Don't you let his case bother you any

"Well, I'll go up rather than have any fuss over it; but I shall stick to it that it is not a fair deal. If I am ever made judge I'll give the boys a chance, and don't you forget it.

His honor put thirty days extra on the prisoner's sentence in order that neither should forget it, and then Peter went into the corridor and sat down on the handle of the coal-scuttle.

Men may come and men may go, The winds may sigh and the winds may blow, but Peter will put in his time in the chair

business just the same .- Detroit Free Press.

Words of Wisdom.

If fun is good, truth is better, and love s best of all.

He shall be immortal who liveth till ie be stoned by one without fault. No man ever regretted that he was virtuous and honest in his youth, and

kept aloof from idle companions. Stick to one thing until it is done, and done well. The man who chases two hares not only loses one of them, but is

pretty sure to lose the other also. You ought not to ask odds of any one. Like a blooded horse, all you have a right to demand is to be put even on the whiffletrees. After that show your mettle

The fortunate man is he who, born poor or nobody, works gradually up to wealth and consideration, and having got them, dies before he finds they were not worth so much trouble.

The damps of autumn sink into the eaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrow.

No man possesses real strength of mind if he cannot, after having heard all that others have to say, resolve, and firmly resolve what to do, and carry his resolution into effect. Take counsel of others; profit by their experience and wisdom; but above all take counsel with yourself; make up your mind what to do in the world, and-do it.

A habit of scolding indicates a want of self-discipline. The machinery has got from under our own hands, and has fallen to grating and destroying itself under the friction and perplexities of life. "Possess thyself" is a more imortant rule than "Know thyself." Without this primary virtue, we are not in a condition to receive much good

A New York paper has an article in regard to the proposed plan of General Fremont, Governor of Arizona, to extend the Gulf of California by tapping the northern end and letting it run into and fill up the great Colorado Desert. It seems that the sediment carried down for ages by the great river Colorado at last collected at what was then its mouth, in sufficient quantity to dam off the northern arm of the Gulf of California from any connection with the ocean. The water in this unfed resorvoir then slowly evaporated, leaving a dry basin 130 miles by thirty, and this, together with the surrounding slopes, soon be-came a "bladeless desolation," while

the river turning southward found en-trance to the gulf many miles below. Between this arid waste and the present head of the gulf lies some thirty miles o soft earth, just lifted above sea-level, and through this Governor Fremont pro-poses to cut his canal. It is a highway of commerce that is now contemplated, but originally the main object aimed at by pouring the desert full of water was restore the natural harmonies which

had been disturbed by the drying up of the sea. Human remains prove that the desert was lately fertile, and an old Spanish map is mentioned which places the boundaries of the gulf far beyond their present positions.

Exposition, is engaged in dispatching the diplomas and medals recently re-

itors. The latter are of gold, those of silver and bronze not having yet arrived. They are about two inches broad, weigh three ounces, and are worth \$50. On the

the head of the republic of France, inscribed "Republique Francaise." the reverse are the figure of fame, with the legend, "Exposition Universelle In-ternational de 1878." A youth beside the figure holds a tablet, upon which is engraved the name of the exhibitor. There are 140 of these, and with each goes a diploma. The latter are helio types eighteen by twenty inches. The upper sections contains an allegory of Peace and Fame clasping the hand of an artisan at the foot of a throne. The lower portion is inscribed, "Exposition Universelle de 1878. Le Jury Internationale les Recompenses de cerne une Medille D'or," with the name of exhibitor, group There are 225 silver medals, 200 etc. bronze and about 200 certificates of merit. which is the lowest prize given. Mr. R. R. Hitt, secretary of the American Legation at Paris, says that the principal officers of the French government are very enthusiastic over the character and conduct of the American department of the Exposition.

A Curious Concelt.

Mr. Jonathan Rees, of Phœnixville, Pa., has evolved a plan by which nature is to be made subservient to a want which has hitherto been supplied by a door plate. He proposes literally to find ' tongues in trees " and not merely make them tell a tale that might please the fancy, but to stand upright before the cottage or mansion and inform the tramp and the traveler the name of the man who lives within. "The Talking Oak" of the poet is to become a reality. Mr. Rees has discovered that the initial letter of our most valuable trees comprise nearly all the letters of the alphabet, and can placed so as to be read as easily as the alphabet by those who make themselves acquainted with the letters the trees are intended to represent. Farmers could have their names planted in groves along the roads bordering on their property, with the date of planting; and it would be both interesting and instructive to be able to tell by these who occupies the premises by reading the lanter's name in his trees.

Mr. Rees makes up the list of useful and ornamental trees as follows:

λ.	Ash.	N. Norway Sprace.	
В.	Beech.	O, Pine Oak.	
Ċ,	Cherry.	P. Poplar.	
D,	Dogwood.	Q. Quercitron B'kOal	Ŀ.
Ē,	Ehn.	R, Red Oak.	
Ē.	Fir.	S, Sassatras.	
G,	Gum.	T, Tulip Tree.	
6, H,	Hemlock.	U, Horse Chestnut.	
I.	Buttonwood.	V, Am. Arborvitzs.	
Ĭ,	Juniper,	W, Willow.	
К,	Ky. Coffee Tree.	X, Apple,	
L.,	Linden.	Y, Yellow Beach.	
м,	Maple.	Z, Pear.	

NUMBERS OR DATES.

hite Pine.	6. Locust.
iestnut Oak.	7. Hickory.
hite Walnut.	8. Chestnut.
nek Walnut.	9. Mulberry.
hite Oak	0. Cedar.

Mr. Rees, in contributing this idea to the Gardener's Monthly, illustrates it by an example; but our readers can pick out their own names and try the experiment. In course of time there would be some irregularity in want of symmetry, for a Norway spruce and a tulip tree would scarcely harmonize.

Mr. McCormick, Commissioner-Gen-eral from the United States to the Paris

eived from Paris to the fortunate exhib-

obverse side is the medallion of a female,