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The Owl Critic. A LERSON TO FAULT-FINDERS. "Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop; The barber was busy and couldn't stop; The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading. The Daily, the Herald, the Post, little heading. The young man who blurted out such a blunt question; Not one raised a head or even made a suggestion; And the barber kept on shaving. "Don't you see, Mister Brown," Cried the youth, with a frown, "How wrong the whole thing is, How preposterous each wing is, How flattened the head-ling, how jammed down the neck is— In a short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis! I make no apology; I've learned owl-ology. I've passed days and nights in a hundred col- lections, And cannot be blinded to any defections. Arising from unskillful fingers that fail To stuff a bird right, from his hook to his tail. Mister Brown! Mister Brown! Do take that bird down, Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over- town!" And the barber kept on shaving. "I've studied owls And other night fowls, And I tell you What I know to be true: An owl cannot roost With his limbs unloosed; No owl in this world Ever had his claws curled, Ever had his legs slanted, Ever had his neck scrawled Into that attitude. He can't do it, because 'Tis against all bird laws. Anatomy teaches, Ornithology preaches, An owl has a toe That can't turn out! I've made the white owl my study for years, And to see such a job almost moves me to tears! Mister Brown, I'm amazed You should be so gone crazed As to put up a bird In this posture absurd! To look at that owl really brings on a dizzi- ness; The man who stuffed him don't had know his business!" And the barber kept on shaving. "Examine those eggs. I'm filled with surprise Taxidermists should pass Of on you such poor glass; So unnatural they seem They'd make Aadubon scream, And John Burroughs laugh To encounter such chaff. Do take that bird down; Have him stuffed again, Brown!" And the barber kept on shaving. "With some sawdust and lark I could stuff in the dark An owl better than that. I could make an old hat Look more like an owl Than that horrid lark, Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather. In fact, about him there's not one natural feather." Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch, The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch, Walked round and regarded his fault-finding critic (Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic, And then fairly hooted, as if he should say, "Your learning's at fault this time anyway; Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray. I'm an owl; you're a feather. Sir Critic, good day!" And the barber kept on shaving. —Jas. T. Fields, in Harper's Magazine.

PLAIN MISS CAREW.

I shall never forget that happy summer at Harpswell, a quaint old peninsula town up the Casco bay. I don't know just how we happened to go there, but how pleased every one was with the old-fashioned houses, and the cottages built on the banks of pretty coves, and the Atlantic booming and thundering and foaming right under our windows! Dear little cottages, with piazzas and balconies and slender chimneys, and poplars bending over the roof lovingly! And strong, more substantial farm- houses, with narrow windows and tiny panes of glass; gardens filled with poppies and dahlias, and always beautiful; per- fumed lawns, meadows fresh with butter- cups and clover and tall marguerites. Deep green woods, fields of corn, and every- where a great quantity of roses. And such massive, rugged rocks, and grand views from the hills overlooking the sea; and all over the island that peculiar hoarse, mus- cal sound, called the "rote," comes in from the ocean and adds a plaintiveness to the lovely summer days. We were a party of seven boarders at Mrs. Sennett's cottage at the head of Lo- well's Cove. It was in reality a stout old house, but some romantic wanderer had named it "Pearl Cottage," and as such we knew it. It was the most beautiful spot imaginable. Had it been a veritable Eden there could have been no softer beauty than greeted us on every hand. A wide

garden brightened the space between the bank and the house and filled the air with perfume. The cove was shaded by huge willows of a hundred years' growth, and many birds sang in their branches. The soft, caressing breeze tinged our cheeks with healthy color, and a July sun added a not unbecoming brownness. Almost unconsciously we drifted into familiar, friendly intercourse, and were happy and easily pleased. Nature, in her grand moods, shames us out of our artificiality. No one reproved a loud laugh, a leap, or even a run down the level road. We were all so happy and gay and brim- ming over with spirits, it was simply im- possible to be dignified, and curb our ur- ruly, boisterous natures. We were having a delightful row one evening, and returned rather late. There was a light in the sitting-room contrary to our custom, and a trunk and bag on the piazza. "Somebody has come," cried May Derry. "Here's a man's trunk—I can tell by the canvas—and, yes, here's a card. Oh, girls! what do you think? It is that Mr. Skid- more we saw the day we went to the Neck! Isn't it splendid?" "So it is," said May's sister. "Come here, all of you. 'Mr. E. Skidmore.' I wonder how he ever happened to come here. Won't he have a jolly time?" "Victoria," expostulated her mother. "Well, well, a nice-looking young man doesn't come to Harpswell every day. You haven't seen him, Miss Carew," turning to a plain, dark-eyed girl. "He is immen- sely wealthy, and has a real gold-brown beard, and fluffy yellow hair, and blue eyes with brown spots in them, and—" "She might have gone on for an hour had not a hearty laugh from inside the room startled her. "I beg your pardon," said a deep voice, and a tall figure appeared in the doorway, "but the description was too amusing," and again a merry laugh broke from him, in which we all joined. "I suppose I was very rude," said Miss Derry, "but the deed is done, and I guess we'll go in and have some lunch." "If she would only not say, 'I guess,'" whispered her mother. "It is quite plebe- ian." We found Mr. Skidmore a delightful addition to our party. Of good family, wealthy, a thorough man of the world, and handsome, he had everything in his favor. The Derrys were, to use Victoria's phrase- "him," and the gentlemen voted him a capital fellow. He played croquet with a steady arm and never-failing stroke, rowed well, sang delicious little songs in a tender, manly voice, read aloud when it was too hot for exercise, and made himself a most attractive companion. From the first he seemed to positively dislike plain Miss Carew. In our games he avoided her no- ticeably, never willingly looking at or speaking to her. Did she propose an excu- sion, he declined to participate; did she sing sweet, old-fashioned songs we liked so much, he left the room. One evening she had crimson rosebuds in her hair, and he said crimson rosebuds were his special aversion. Once in stepping from the boat, coming from a sail, he offered his hand to assist her, and almost flung her ashore. He seemed to have taken an unaccountable antipathy to her. One morning I was braiding my hair when there came a rap on my door, and Miss Carew asked to come in. She was dressed in a blue flannel boating suit, and a white sundown was pulled down over her face. Knots of scarlet ribbon were on her sleeves and down the front of her dress. I noticed an unusual color in the brown cheeks, and her brown eyes were moist- looking. "You have been crying, Miss Carew," I said; "are you unhappy?" "Not exactly unhappy, Miss Arden," she answered, in her slow, sweet, legato voice. "Only troubled, and rather vexed." "Can I help you?" "No, thank you. You are very kind, but it is nothing, after all. I came to ask if you will be good enough to let me take your umbrella? I am going to the east shore and have been stupid enough to let Miss Derry take mine." "Certainly," I said; "and if you—" "A loud, boyish laugh interrupted me. "Now, let me in, quick! I've something to tell you, Miss Arden!" and May Derry burst into the room. "I've found out all about Miss Carew," she said, breathlessly, "and why Mr. Skidmore hates her and all. I have just— Oh, Miss Carew!" she cried, "I didn't see you. I beg your pardon. Dear, me! I am sure, if I had known—" "I beg you won't feel distressed. If you have found out all about me, perhaps you will have the charity to enlighten Miss Arden?" "It's nothing at all," she blurted out; "only Miss Payne came over, and said you belonged to the Carews of New Jersey, and they were a bad lot—fast men and vulgar women—and I told her I didn't believe it. And then she asked Mr. Skidmore, and he told in a moment if they had good birth and breeding, and— Oh, Miss Carew, I haven't made you angry, have I? Of course, I didn't really believe her." "It is all true," said Annie Carew, quiet- ly. "I didn't consider it necessary to tell my affairs to every one. And now, if you will get the umbrella, Miss Arden, I will go." "When we were alone, I said: 'Now, May, tell me why Mr. Skidmore dislikes Miss Carew.' "I'll tell you all he said, Miss Arden. Miss Payne said there was a mystery about Miss Carew, and hinted at something rather reflecting on her character; and Mr. Skid- more said it was her family was ruining her. Miss Payne told me afterward that he hated Miss Carew because she had in- trapped his brother into an engagement. This was two years ago, and it is all broken off now. Mr. Skidmore would not hear of it, I believe, and wrote to Miss Carew, telling her his brother would be an outcast from his family if he married her, and asked her to set him free. It seems that she didn't really care for him, but he was wild about her, and they drifted into an en- gagement. The whole family thoroughly disliked her, and Miss Payne said no re- spectable people visited them. They live in a fast set, and Miss Carew goes all about

with no chaperone and, I believe, gets dread- fully mixed up with a girl. Mr. Skid- more would be glad never to see her again." She stopped for sheer lack of breath, and I said, feeling a sort of scorn for a man who could so speak of a woman: "Miss Carew may be all you say, but until I know more about it I shall treat her as I always have. And as for Miss Payne, she is a low, gos- siping woman to repeat such a tale." She stared at me in amazement. "I had no idea you were so fond of her," she said. "Do you know they say she is called very fascinating? I have rather pitied her because she was so plain." "What became of Mr. Skidmore's brother?" "Oh, I believe he married somebody else. But I must go now. You are not offended, Miss Arden?" "No," I said, laughing; "not with such a giddy tomboy as you are." I was greatly surprised by what May had told me. For the first time I suspected there was another nature in Annie Carew than the indolent, careless one we saw. There might be dangerous fires sleep under those soft, brown eyes. There might be hidden depths under that cold exterior. And, now I thought of it, she wasn't so very plain. She had beautiful eyes, brown and clear-looking; delicate eye-brows, full red lips, and masses of soft, dusky hair. If her face was dark and thin, it was also full of character. Certainly she was not to be pitied. I was rather fearful as to how she would treat May, but at tea-time she came in smiling, and apologizing for being so late. There was not a trace of any unpleasantness in the smooth face. She laughed a great deal, and showed me a sketch she had made; a ridiculously long-necked bird was perched on the umbrella, and in its mouth a bit of scarlet ribbon, over which it seemed puzzled. There was real expression in the small, uncanny eyes, and I laughed heartily. "How well you sketch, Miss Carew!" said May, who was looking over my shoulder. "Yes; that is one of my Bohemian pro- clivities. One learns many things like that traveling over the world without a chaperone." There was no malice in the tone. It seemed merely an explanation. Mr. Skid- more looked up quickly, and then went out of the room, abruptly. Miss Carew laughed. "Have I shocked anybody?" she asked, lightly. "Come out on the beach," I whispered. And when we were alone, I said, "Tell me about it, Miss Carew." It was in substance what I had heard once before that afternoon. She cared nothing for the boyish lover, and was glad to have the engagement broken, but the in- sult, unjust words of Mr. Skidmore had hurt her cruelly. "Why," she said, "I suppose he hates me as he hates no one else in the world." "And do you dislike him?" "Miss Arden, I despise him." "I am very glad to hear it, believe me," and a tall figure strode past us down the beach. Miss Carew burst into a laugh. "I have added the last straw now," she said. After that there was not even the semblance of politeness between them. Each ignored the other's existence. We walked and talked and played croquet indolently, as before. Mr. Skidmore was always with Victoria Derry, and I was drifting into a dangerous liking for one of our company, a man with neither money nor good looks. I think we were all moderately happy, but I was alarmingly so. All through the month we were favored with fine weather. May Derry said she was "full to bursting" of pure delight. Living was a pleasure, and life a grand holiday. Once or twice we all went to Brunswick for a drive, but for the most part of the time were lying under trees, or in the warm sand, Cræno- like, reading or thinking. All the fisher- men have high tenor voices at Harpswell, and sing songs of the sea, and wear old straw hats and look picturesque. It was pleasure enough to sit on the rocks and hear their melodious rising free and unrestrained while they mended their nets. It was beautiful, too, to watch the shadows coming over the tree tops, and the hush of night falling on all the land. One night we were out in the boat, and Mr. Price drew in the oars and let the boat drift. It happened unfortunately that Annie Carew was placed beside Mr. Skid- more, making it uncomfortable for both. I soon forgot it, however, in watching the beauty of the beach and ocean in the mel- low, softened light, and drinking in the sweet fragrant air. "Such a scene as this brings up sleeping memories," said Mr. Skidmore. "With the glamour of this soft beauty on a man he might be forgiven for almost any rashness. I am strangely susceptible to moonlight and the fragrant spring air. Miss Carew, won't you favor us with a song and break the spell?" It must have affected him indeed to cause him to speak like that, in that half- tender voice to Annie Carew. "I shall be happy to oblige you if you really desire it." "Oh, yes, do sing, Miss Carew," said several voices. She sang a little boating song, all about "waves" and "ripples" and "the sands upon the shore" and she sang it beauti- fully. I felt like falling in love with her, she looked so handsome, and there was a haunting pathos in the voice. Certainly Annie Carew was not a plain girl. She was a dangerously fascinating one. I realized it fully as she sat there in the moonlight, her splendid eyes sparkling and her clear voice touching one's earstrings so closely. Bohemian she might be; she was more beautiful in that tender, gracious mood than any woman I had ever seen. There was silence for a moment; then Mr. Price said: "You sing like the sirens of old, Miss Carew, if one can judge from ideas. The tears almost came, in spite of my endeavors to be manly." She laughed softly, and Miss Derry said in an earnest way, "I do really believe I have fallen in love with her." "That made us all laugh, and the little craft was turned homeward. Mr. Skid- more walked up to the house beside me, and I asked him if he liked Miss Carew's singing.

"Yes, I did," he answered; "and I wish I could understand her real nature." He was more polite and friendly toward her after that, and I began to hope for an established bond of good feeling between them, when an unlucky accident set them on the old path. I was tying up a rosebush one morning, and had nearly finished when my supply of string gave out. Mr. Skidmore put his hand in his pocket and drew out a handful of different sizes of cord, when a little ribbon fluttered to the ground. "Oh, that's Miss Carew's bow," cried May. "Miss Carew, he has had it all the time." A flush rose to his face, as he said, in an annoyed tone: "The very fact of its being in my possession shows that I had no idea what it was." "Oh, but you did know, Mr. Skidmore, for I told you about it the day she made the sketch. Don't you remember the bird took it in his bill from the umbrella? Where did you find it?" "Miss Derry, I really have no idea how the thing came in my pocket. I assure you I should not have cherished it, had I known it was—a lady's property." "Why, it is no great harm, anyway. If you like Miss Carew—" "But I don't like Miss Carew. That is, Miss Derry, I don't like to be teased." His face was flushed with annoyance, and I sighed as I thought of the mischief I had done. They were really getting to see each other in quite a fair light, until now all his old dislike was revived. And Annie, too, seemed to think him more disagree- able than ever, for at dinner she scarcely noticed him. In the afternoon she came to my room for a book, saying she was going to the cave on the east shore for a while. "I'm so sorry about that ribbon," I said. "It shows him him his true light, Miss Arden. I am glad of it, for I was just get- ting foolish enough to think I had been mistaken in him." It was a sultry, oppressive air, and I was too indolent to go out, so I took "Bad- deck" and a sofa for the afternoon. I read until nearly four o'clock, and then fell asleep. When I awoke it was raining furiously and was quite dark. Then as a heavy peal of thunder startled me I remem- bered Miss Carew. I went across the pas- sage and tapped, and looked in. The room was empty. I went hurriedly down the stairs, and into the sitting-room. "Here comes Miss Arden, looking as she had seen a ghost," said Mrs. Der if smiling. "Miss Carew is out in this storm," I said, feeling as if I should faint; "and some one must go for her." "My God! Miss Arden, what do you mean?" asked Mr. Skidmore, turning white to the lips. "Miss Carew went to the cave this after- noon and has not returned, and I fear she has lost her way." "It is sure death," began May, when there was a tramping of heavy feet on the piazza, and in a moment two men were in the room, and had put poor Annie Carew on the sofa. Her long hair hung wet and tangled to the floor, and the white face was death-like in its dreadful calm. In a mo- ment I knew what it was. "She is dead!" said some one, in a con- strained, harsh voice, "and never knew how I loved her." "Oh, Annie, my dar- ling, my love," and Mr. Skidmore fell on his knees beside her and kissed the sweet lips. One by one we stole out of the room and left him kneeling there. The men had found her on the shore, and thought she must have fainted from fright, and had brought her home. "Likely the lightning killed her," said one. "I've known such things!" "I went to my room and wept bitterly. "Poor Annie Carew!" was all I could say. Skidmore my tearful flower. I was severely surprised that he loved her. But his pride had buried his happiness. Later in the evening May tapped at my door. She was crying softly. "Oh, Miss Arden," she said, "she wasn't dead after all. It was only a fainting fit, and she can speak now." "And Mr. Skidmore?" "Is in there with her, and he has been crying. I guess it's all right between them because I saw him kissing her just now." And all the time he had been in love with plain Miss Carew.

There is one phase of the crime of murder that is never published. The criminal in the commission of his crime puts himself beyond the pale of earthly law. This criminal that always escapes justice is the suicide. The law once attempted to indirectly punish the deed by the confiscation of the suicide's property, but as this punished only the innocent heirs it was abandoned. So, also, was the bar- barous attempt at post mortem ven- geance by driving a stake through the body of the suicide and burying him at the cross roads. Now, although the crime is still murder, there is no attempt at punishing the criminal, who is beyond human penalties. The Emperor William is the fifth male member of the Hohenzollern family who has lived to celebrate his golden wed- ding. The first case was that of Johann, surnamed the Alchemist, born about 1463, and who died in 1464. The three sons of Frederick William I. had also more than fifty years each of married life—namely, Frederick the Great, Prince Henry, and Prince August Ferdinand of Prussia. Of the four sons of Frederick William III., three celebrated their silver wedding and Prince Charles, brother of the present emperor, who married the sister of the empress, was within a day or two of the golden ceremony in 1877 when his consort died. The following incident, related by a San Francisco paper as having occurred on board a Pacific Mail steamship, shows the stuff that sailors are made of: "At eight A. M., while setting the awnings, a sailor slipped overboard. The ship was going some twelve miles an hour. They had a boat in the water, manned by four men and the third mate, in fifty-two seconds after the sailor went over, and in four minutes they had him in the boat, a long ways astern. When he fell in the water he had on boots with the lugs cut off, which he kept on. He lost his hat and deliberately swam for it and put it on. When picked up he had his sheath-knife in his hand, having drawn it to be prepared for a stray shark. On being taken aboard he took a hand at an oar, and helped hoist the boat on returning alongside." One object of many people in going abroad is that they can live and travel more cheaply in Europe than they can in the United States, or at least think they can. A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from Geneva, takes issue with the impression. He says that any one may occupy a good ten- room house in the better quarter of St. Louis, keep two or three servants and dress and live in average American style for from two-thirds to three-quar- ters of what the cost would be in South- ern Switzerland. The average cost per individual cannot be placed at much under \$2,500 per annum, if one wishes to visit and reside in different European cities, and a lady friend of the corre- spondent had just been obliged to turn her face homeward after an eight months' stay, because the \$10,000 given by her father for a year's absence in Europe had lasted her only the shorter period of time. European travel is like everything else, expensive or reasonable, according as the tastes of those partici- pating in it make it so. The camel-breeding industry is prom- ising in Arizona. Three years ago a herd of those animals was taken to Yuma, the intention being to make them serviceable as beasts of burden. The attempt was a failure, the climate seem- ing to disagree with them, and it was found that they were not so useful as the little mules. The owners turned the camels loose and they roamed along the Gila river, apparently enjoying their liberty and profiting by it. They have bred liberally and appear to have become acclimated and domesticated to the region, thriving as though they had been in their own native Africa. It is thought the new generation of camels will be used to the alkaline waters peculiar to the Southwestern section, and can be made serviceable in transporting the mineral products of that country across the long deserts of sand to places where they can be profitably worked. At any rate the owners of the rejected and wan- dering beasts feel that there is money in their camels, and will hereafter devote some care to the breeding and rearing of them. How to See a Seed Grow. Many little folks wonder how a seed grows. Some boys and girls have taken up the seed after planting it in the ground, and thereby prevented it from taking root. We may, however, see the roots shoot- ing out from the hyacinths and other bulbs that we grow in glasses in our windows. And in this way we may see other seeds sprout and shoot. A gentleman, to gratify his little sons, took a glass tumbler, round which he tied a bit of common lace, allowing the lace to hang or droop down in the center of the glass. He then put enough water in the glass to cover the lower part of the lace, and in this hollow he dropped two sweet-peas. The little boys were told to look at them every day, and they would learn what was going on under ground with similar seeds. Next morning the boys hurried from the breakfast-room to look at the glass with the peas in the south window. They found that while they were fast asleep the little brown skins had burst, and a tiny white sprout was seen on the side of each pea. The little sprouts soon grew long enough to reach through the holes in the lace, and on the top of the peas two little green leaves were seen. In time the boys saw the white thread- like roots reach almost to the bottom of the glass, while the green leaves grew large and gave way to a stalk or stem. In this way most seeds may be seen to grow. —New York Observer.

ITEMS OF INTEREST. The consumption of coffee throughout the world has increased during the past forty years from 100,000,000 to 850,000,000 pounds. "The dearest spot on earth to me," the young man muttered as his girl coaxed him into an ice-cream saloon.—New York News. One man asked another why his beard was so brown and his hair white. "Be- cause," he replied, "one is twenty years younger than the other." A man is said to be absent-minded when he thinks he has left his watch at home and takes it out of his pocket to see if he has time to return home to get it. Act one, he meets her at the croquet ground; Act two, to see her at the house he calls; Act three, most regularly he comes; Act four, head over ears in love he falls; Act five, his manly passion he declares, and for an afternoon he kicks him down stairs. —Burlington Hawkeye. FURIOUS FLIES. Can any one tell us why flies were made, Or what their uses may be? Or why the ghosts of them cannot be laid? If you make on one an onslaught and raid Nine hundred and ninety you'll see. William H. Lord, of Denmark, Me., was prostrated last autumn by typhoid fever, which left him with the muscles of the right hand so contracted that the nails penetrated the flesh of the palm, and he had despaired of recovering the use of his hand and had decided to have the little finger amputated. One day recently, while gathering pine bales, he accidentally stuck the point of his knife into the hand near the base of the thumb, inflicting a deep flesh wound, from which blood of almost inky black- ness flowed, when the strained muscles immediately relaxed, and the use of the hand was entirely restored. Yesterday noon, up at Mrs. McKer- rel's boarding house, one of the young gentlemen coming in a little late, seized his soup plate and airily attempted to balance it on the end of his finger and twist it around above his head, like the gentleman in the circus. But, alas! it went off and came down on his head and broke and nearly drowned him, and when he arose and went to his room he shook out of his curling locks chunks of boiled potato, and slices of onion, and slabs of cabbage, and suggestions of bacon, and storms of rice, and flakes of grease, and sprays of sage and one thing and another. He said, after the explosion, that he "didn't know it was loaded." —Hawkeye. The following was a New Haven colony law in 1669: "Whosoever shall in- veigle or draw the affections of any made or maid-servant, either to him- self or others, without first gaining the consent of her parents, shall pay to the plantation for the first offence, 40s., the second, £4, for the third shall be im- prisoned or corporally punished." An old record has just been found show- ing that under this law Jacobeth Mur- tine and Sarah Tuttle got into trouble by "setting down on a chestle together, his arme around her waiste, and her arme upon his shoulder or about his neck, and continuing in that sinful pos- ture about half an hour, in which time he kyssed her and she kyssed him, or they kyssed one another, as ye witnesses testified." The Stock Regions of Texas. The section of country along the Gul coast, lying between Houston and Gal- veston, and extending far around to the Rio Grande, is the famous pasture region of Texas. The country consists of open land, skirted everywhere by the blue horizon. Its fertility and luxuriant crops of grass, the even temperature through the year, and the numerous small streams of pure water, make it emphatically the "paradise" not "of the Peri," but of the cows. Some of the cattle farms of this country are re- spectable principalities in their way, rivaling many of the petty kingdoms of the German States, and the proprietors are literal lords of all their survey. From 100,000 to 300,000 acres, all in one farm, are no unusual thing, and this, too, under fence, with a few thousand or thousands of sleek and saucy heaves. It is a very kingdom of cows. The owners, too, are live, energetic men, awake to the importance of having the best breeds, and accordingly have imported Brahmin and Syrian bulls, which make a most excellent cross on the Texas stock. Durham and Devon stock do not succeed well, being too subject to fever. Great as it already is, it is believed that the cattle business in Texas is yet in its infancy. The European demand for fresh meats will tend to in- crease and enlarge the business. —New York Mercantile Journal. Toads. Many gardeners already appreciate the valuable services of the common toad, and afford them protection for their insect-destroying propensities, while as many more, perhaps, are ignorant of their usefulness. To the latter class it may be interesting to know that toads live almost wholly upon slugs, cater- pillars, beetles and other insects, making their rounds at night when the farmer is asleep—and the birds, too—and the in- sects are supposed to be having it all their own way. English gardeners understand these facts so well that toads are purchased and kept in dozens and the best of it is, that the toads generally stay at home, so that the gardener is not troubled with buying his toads over again every few days. The toad can be tamed, and will even learn to know "its master," and come when called; the writer has not only had such pets himself, but could give other instances of toad-taming that have come under his observation. Toads can be made very useful about the house, and will do not a little good in destroying cockroaches, flies and other household pests. —New York Tribune.