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"Cyril," she says at last, and then

stops.
"What is it, little sister?" I ask, for the shy radiance of her face moves me

somehow to fresh tenderness.
"Cyril," she begins again, "do you

I stop short and look at her in amazement, feeling half guilty in my own mind. "Get rid of you?" I say. "Who has been putting notions into your head, child? What should I do without my

"That is just what I have been thinking," says Nell, shyly; "just what I
told Miles when he wanted—"
"Well, what did 'Miles' want?" I
ask, as Nell stops.
"He wants," said Nell, hanging her
head low and speaking in a voice which
seems half stifled by her blushes, "he

seems half stifled by her blushes-"he

wants me to marry him in the fall."
"Marry him!" I shout, in my first
amazement. "Marry him on his present
income? Do you meditate a diet on
locusts and mild honey? You will find

even those beyond your reach in winter,

"No, but, Cyril," says Nell, softly.
"Don't be angry, but—it was to Miles
that Aunt Jane left her money. It was
his father that she jilted when they were

"Miles says that he never would

have married me to live on my money

Only for Aunt Jane's will we should

care of you until you can put some sweet

girl, such as you deserve, in my place—"
I laugh out. I cannot help it.
"Never you mind, Miss Nell," I say.
"I will make shift to take care of my-

self. Go your way, and never worry your little head about your stupid old

the passengers escaped miraculously.

There was one broken collar-bone, and

bruises, scratches and sprains innumera-

Proving the Likeness.

anecdote shows:

from ear to ear:

words:

jail for her debts?"

"In jail for debt!"

have recognized a single one of your features in the picture. I wanted to test

the truth of your statement, that is all.

laughed, the artist charged double price, and gave the amount to the poor of the

Where Did Shakespeare Get It.

Harvey's right to be called the discoverer

of the circulation of the blood, but in

spite of all that has been said the dis-

tinction first conceded to him has always

remained. In the June Atlantic a writer cites the interesting fact that while Har-

vey first publicly announced his dis-covery in 1620, Shakespeare thirteen

Cresar," act II, scene 1, the following

Brutus (to Portia),

You are my true and honorable wite,

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops. That visit my sad heart.

Harvey himself owned that he was in-

ebted in a measure to his former master,

the year after Shakespeare died.

Several writers have disputed William

The portrait was taken away, the city

want to get rid of me?'

little housekeeper?

Death of the Prince Imperial.

France is sad to-day. Many a heart beats low; Words that the passer stops to say Come liegeringly and slow. Paris weeps to-day; London schoes her sigh-"He went on a noble quest," they say;

" Alas! that he went to die."

France for England fights, A Frenchman for England dies-Saddest of all sorrowful sights; Spring, quick tears, to the eyes! The Prince Imperial died, Not in the heat of strife. With noble hearts on every side, Nor sword to sword in honor and pride, But gasped away his life, Done to death in the desolate land

By a savage and treacherous band.

Prone he lies in the long, dank grass, His insignia of rank is gone; Stript and dying he lies, alas! In the wilderness land alone. What is the thought that fills his soul As the blue sky draws his last faint glance? Two words alone his thoughts control, "Mother!" and "France!"

" How the knell swept over the sea, Heard with doubt and fear at first; When it was known a certainty-"Who will tell it at Chiselhurst?" They sent the word, the delorous word, To the stately mother who sate alone; Wee, oh, wee, for the tidings heard, Who shall comfort her for her son?

She has wept and fasted sore, Sitting to weep and fast alone; Came a queen to her barred door, Fain with her would make her moan: Ah, great queen, on thy mother eyes The tears of sorrow are hardly dried, Well of you, in friendly guise To sit this sorrowing heart beside. Naught to say and naught to do, Sorrow's roots pierce far too deep; Oaly keep her close to you-Hold the fast-eleuched hands and weep

VI. Mourn, kind hearts, from shore to shore, For the brave young life that's fled. Who can tell what golden store Or hopes and plans lie with him dead? Hopes of glory and deathless tame, Hopes of fortune nobly won, A country's love, a well earned name, Guerdons given for great deeds done, Fled like a dream when one awakes, Lost to thought, like a tale that's told. And still the world the same road takes, Changing over the new time to the old.

Princes of earth return to dust, Kingdoms shake with rude alarms, Naught is there in which to trust-Wisdom, strength or cunning arms. Turne I like the dice by the player thrown, Vain and slight seem all earthly things;

The Lord of Lords, the King of Kings! -New York Champion.

One doth guide and rule alone-

AN UNLUCKY DAY.

Nell has come down to breakfast with her "grief muscles" in full play. Perhaps you do not happen to know what the "grief muscles" are, though. They are, on the authority of Mr. Darwin, those muscles which, in some faces, act upon the inner corners of the eyebrows, drawing them up in a pathetic little curve, and giving to the whole face an expression of pathos which nothing else can impart. I have never seen a face in which these same muscles act as per-fectly as in Nell's; and as I know the signs of the times, I ask what is the matter, as an affectionate brother should.

"This is going to be an unlucky day," says Nell, with a deep sigh, and a more rueful expression than ever upon her

It is a very pretty little face, round and fair, rose-tinted, and dimpled a ravir, lighted up by two deep blue innocent eyes, and crowned by crisp waves of bright brown hair-a very pretty little face, and generally a bright and cheerful one. When Nell makes her little speech about the "unlucky day," I know what has brought the cloud upon it."

"My dear," I say, sagely, "you are too old for such follies. Have your re-

peared youthful perusals of Rosamond instilled no wisdom into your mind? Do you not know that whether a day is lucky or unlucky depends upon our-

"I wish you wouldn't be so deadly wise," says Nell, with another deep sigh. "That is the last and bitterest drop in the cup of adversity. None of my ill luck this morning was of my own mak-

ing—so, now!"
"Suppose you tell me what these dreadful tribulations were?" I say, soothingly, for pathos is extremely unbecoming to Nell's style, and I am proud enough of my little sister to like to see

enough of my little sister to like to see her always at her best.

"Well," says Nell, slowly, "in the first place I left my pet begonia on the window-sill, as I often do. It is a broad sill, you know, and I thought it quite safe; but the wind came up in the night and blant down, and broke the

"If the begonia was not severely in-iured." I say, as Nell pauses for a little shudder, "it was a very good thing that the pot did break. The worm would have killed the plant, sooner or later, if it had staid there. Then just think how uncomfortable the poor thing must have been, all cramped up in that little place. As far as I can see, your first piece of ill luck was very good luck for all three of you—the begonia, the worm and you."

"Oh, the worm!" says Nell, scornfully. "But that is only the beginning. I thought I never should be ready for breakfast, for everything went wrong. In the first place, I dropped one of my In the first place, I dropped one of my jet earrings, spent a quarter of an hour in hunting for it, and only found it at last by setting my foot on it and smashing it. And only think, Cyril," cries Nelly, in a brisker tone, "while I was looking for it I found my pearl ring that I thought I had lost while we were out boating last week. It was under a corner of the carpet, where it might have staid until we clean house again if I hadn't just happened to see it."

I hadn't just happened to see it. "Good luck out of ill again," I say.
"Because, as this is a turnished house, it might have lain there forever if we eave it next spring.'

"I wish you'd hush!" wails Nell, disconsolately. "Can't you let me be mis-erable if I want to? There is nothing more maddening than to have people persist in being cheerful over your mis-fortunes. It's my ill luck, and I don't see why you need meddle with it."

"It will be my ill luck if you don't give me my breakfast pretty soon." I say, laughing, for Nell's eyes are twinkling in spite of her savage words.

Nell pours out the coffee while I carve

our favorite dish-beefsteak and mushcooms. Nell just tastes hers, and lays down her knife and fork. "That is the climax!" she says, with the calmness of despair.

taste, and then lay down my knife and fork also.
"What is it?" I ask. "Bridget has put sugar upon the steak instead of salt," she says. "Perhaps you will be kind enough to evolve a lit-

"No," I say, decidedly. "It is beyond my power to see any good luck in having your breakfast spoiled."

"I thought so," says Nell, laughing.
"It is easy enough to be philosophical over other people's woes, but when it comes to your own it is a different matter. Suppose you see how you like it yourself?" I prophesy that somebody will invite you to lunch at Delmonico's, and you will have all the more appetite or not having had any breakfast. Oh! forgot, though. You can't lunch at Delmonico's, for you must come home early to go to the picnic. You won't

I promise: and then, as the whistle sounds, I eateh up my hat, and rush off to the station, which is only five minutes' walk or three minutes' run from our

Nell and I, as you may judge from the above conversation, are brother and sister, and we live alone together, the jolliest, coziest couple that ever was seen. So every one says, and if there is a little private worm gnawing at the heart of one of us, it is never confessed to any one, least of all to the other. The state of the case is this: I am a lawyer, with a tolerable practice for a young man. Nell is a "tocherless lass," and the income which I make just avails, with care and economy, for the support of two. With no amount of figuring or calculating can I force myself to believe that it will avail for more. Nell has never guessed my secret, never shall guess it until the day comes when it need be a secret no longer. But though she has never guessed mine, I have di-vined hers long ago. I know that the pearl ring which Nell treasures so fondly is the gift of young Dr. Gaston, and I know that Nell's eyes are brighter and her smiles shyer and sweeter when he is here. He does not come very often, for the town where he is striving to build up a practice is ten miles away, and a young doctor must be always upon the spot. The prospect before him and Nell is vague-indeed, as vague as my own. There is just one possible spot of light in our future. Aunt Jane—Aunt Jane Rumsey—is an old, a very old lady. She is infirm, she is irritable, she is capricious, but she is rich. We scarcely know her, for she has never manifested any affection for us, hardly betrayed a consciousness of our existence, and Nell and I are no toadies. We are her only living relations, though, and everybody says that sooner or later her money must come to us. We never talk about it. never build upon it, never mention the

talk of what may come to nothing? Quly-if it ever does! I lapse into thoughts of the little girl who is waiting patiently up among the New England hills, in the old college town where I studied-the little girl at whose existence Nell has never guessed. Nell, at home, is dreaming of Miles Gaston, whom she is to meet at the pic-nic this afternoon. I must not be late for the picnie, by-the-way, so I rouse myself, shake off my dreaming, and go to work with a will.

possibility to any one. Why should we

When I reach home again, tired in mind and body from the effects of crowding a long day's work into less than half a day, Nell is not watching for me, as I fully expect to find her. Vainly do I search every room of our tiny domicile, vainly do I shout Nell's name from the top to the bottom of the house; silence and echo alone answer. It is very strange, for I had made sure that Nell would be ready and waiting for me, worrying herself after her habit, with vain fears that I had missed the train.

"I had no idea that it was so late, but I couldn't help it. Oh, Cyril! After all, it was the luckiest thing. Those poor children! If Bridget had not made that mistake, we should have eaten them, and there would have been no picnic nor

anything else for us."
"Children? Bridget?" I exclaim, in utter bewilderment. "Is Bridget one of the 'children' you are talking about? And why on earth should we eat her?"
"Not Bridget—Mrs. Lcunsbury's children. They have been so sick! And just think, only for Bridget's blunder we

should have taken them, and then-" "My dear Nell, do consider what you are saying," I cry, aghast. "I never eat babies—never, I do assure you. And if you are in the habit of doing so pri-vately, pray don't expose yourself in this way. Public opinion will never sustain

Now let me tell you straight ahead, and without any more nonsense, what I mean, and then I must run up and dress. About eleven o'clock I saw the doctor going into Mrs. Lounsbury's, and of course I ran over to see what was the matter. I found that Teddy and Mamie had both been taken 'suddenly and violently ill. When the doctor came he asked what they had been eating. It seems that Mrs. Lounsbury bought all that I left of the lot of mushrooms which a man brought to our doors yesterday. You know how delighted I was to get them, and how vexed we both were that Bridget spoiled the steak by her stupid

Nell's face is quite white as she ends; and for me—well, there are pleasanter ways of departing this life, even if you are ready to do so, than by means of

"How are the children?" I ask, after reflecting for a few minutes upon our es-

"Oh, they are out of danger now," says Nell. "I left Bridget over there to help them, for they have all been more or less sick. Now I must go up and dress. I'm going to dazzle you when I come down; but you need not be alarmed. My costume combines economy and splendor. You will be dazzled, but not ruined.

"Perhaps some one else may be even more dazzled than I," I say; and Nell laughs and runs away, blushing very

Ten minutes afterward there is a crash and a shriek overhead. I fly up, four steps at a time, to find Nell lying on the floor beneath the ruins of a wardrobe, which she had somehow managed to pull over upon herself. The wardrobe is in such a state of universal smash that it is very easy to clear away the wreck and raise Nell in my arms. She opens her eyes as I lay her upon her bed, and asks, faintly: "What is it? Has the world come to an end?"

"Not just yet," I reply; "but what have you been doing?"

Then her senses came back to her, and she raises herself upon her right elbow.
"It was the wardrobe," she says. "I remember now. The door stuck, and l was in a hurry, and tried to jerk it open. Then the whole thing seemed to jump at me, and I was so frightened that I screamed, and, I suppose, fainted. I'm all right now, though, and there's nothing to hinder our starting." "Look at your dress," is my only

Nell looks, and nearly faints again; for the lovely dress is soiled and torn beyond all hope of restoration.

"It is better for your dress to be torn than for your bones to be broken," say, consolingly; but Nell shakes her head in dubious dissent.

"Bones will grow together again, but clothes won't," she says, ruefully. "I you only knew the time and thought I have spent on that dress, Cyril. It was made out of three old ones, and cost absolutely nothing, except time and pains; yet it was fresh, and pretty, and becoming. And my hat matched it precisely—straw-color and blue, you see; and— Oh!" cries Nell, as she catches sight of herself in the glass. I have not had the heart to tell her

that the hat is an even more hopeless wreck than the dress. Such a forlorn, battered, dissipated-looking object it is with one wheat ear perking up jocosely over the left ear, and one forget-me-not drooping dejectedly over the right eye, that even Nell herself is forced to laugh. "It is hopeless," sighs Nell; and just then the whistle sounds, and we realize

that the last chance of the picnic is over. "The end of an unlucky day," says Nell, as the sun touches the horizon. It is not quite the end, though, for the evening mail is still to come in. It brings a paper for me and a letter for Nell, both of which bear the same postmark. I open the paper while Nell is still studying the direction of her letter, after the manner of all of us. The first thing upon which my eye falls is a paragraph around which some careful hand has drawn broad black lines.

'Aunt Jane is dead!" I exclaim; and then, as I look at the date of the paper, I add, "Buried too, by this time."

Nell looks up with a start. "Aunt Jane!" she cries. "And my "Aunt Jane!" she cries. "And my letter is from Fanny Blatchford, who lives next door to her." "I did not go either," says Dr. Gaston. "I was called out unexpectedly but tears the letter hastily open.

"Just what we might expect, coming on this day," she says at last. "Say what you will, Cyril, it is an uniucky

More than unlucky if your letter contains the news that I suppose it does,' say, gloomily.

How the dim years stretch away be fore me as I speak—the years that it will take Dr. Gaston to build up his practice, the years that it will take me to build up mine; and all the time the dear little girl, of whom Nell knows nothing, waiting patiently in the shadows of the old New England hills! At night Nell meets me at the door of our house. On her face is a glow, in the large throughts with an effort, and listen to never seen there before. She kisses me

slimy thing wriggling about on the floor of my room. I had to take it up myself on the dust-pan and throw it out of the window. Ugh!"

flushed, frightened look, which for the moment alarms me.

"Oh, Cyril!" she cries, at sight of me, were her only living relations. We "I had no idea that it was so late, but I were her only living relations. We could hardly have expected her to remember us in her will, I suppose; but the least she could have done, for the credit of the family, was to die without one. Then we should have had it in the course of nature and law. But to go and

course of nature and law. But to go and leave it all to this man—"
"What man?" I ask, for, as I have said, my thoughts have been wandering while Nell talked.
"I don't know," Nell says, consulting her letter again. "Fanny does not mention his name; perhaps she did not know it. 'They say that your Aunt, Miss Rumsey, has left all her money to the son of a man whom she illted when the son of a man whom she jilted! when she was young. No doubt she flattered herself that it was a touch of "poetic justice," but I must say I think the plain prosaic justice of leaving it to her relations would have been nearer the right thing.' Of course it is all left to some Cresus, to whom it will be but a drop in the bucket," says Nell, bitterly. "That's the way things always go in this world, while we— Oh, Cyril, why don't you say something? Isn't it too bad, and isn't this an unlucky day?"

"I suppose it is," I say, moodily. "I confess I cannot see how we are to find

confess I cannot see how we are to find any good in this."

We spend our evening gloomily enough, in spite of our efforts to cheer up and forget. I read a little to Nell from dear old "Elia," and we try a game of cribbage, of which Nell soon tires. At both young. And so-you don't mind, Cyril?" Mind? Why should I mind? It was not the money that I cared about. My income will still be enough for two, and Nell will be happy, and—
"And, do you know, Cyril," Nell goes

nine o'clock we bid each other goodnight in sheer despair,

We are a little more cheerful over the breakfast table. Things cannot look quite so bad by the morning's light as they did in the evening's shadows. Nell laughs a little as she ventures a hope that to-day will not be quite such a chain of misadventures as yesterday proved, and I forbear to rebuke her. Bridget is bringing in the hot cakes in installments, and as she sets the plate containing the third batch upon the table, we notice that she is looking at us curiously. Evidently she would fain speak, but respect restrains her tongue.
"What is it, Bridget?" Nell asks,

kindly.

Then the Irish tongue breaks bounds. "Sure, miss," she cries, "an' haven't yez heard? An' wasn't it a blissid thing intirely that ye tore yer dress an' cudn't go to this pienic—bad cess to it and its like! The milkman was just afther tellin' me all about it. Ivery wan o' thim!—niver a wan saved—the purty dears! Och, wirra, wirra!"

Bridget is on the point of breaking in-to a genuine howl, but Nell's words, quick and eager, nip it in the bud: "What do you mean, Bridget! What is it? What have you heard?"

Bridget's tale is not easy to understand, diversified as it is by comments, and embellished with interjections. By dint of painful and skillful questionings, however, we elicit the truth at last. That truth concerns the picnic to which but for Nell's accident we should have gone. This picnic was gotten up by a small party of friends from our own town. We were to have gone by rail to a spot five miles distant, there pick up Dr. Gaston, and transfer ourselves to a huge wagon which was to meet us. This part of the programme seems to have been carried out, in spite of Nell's and my defection. The excursion came to an abrupt eonelusion, however; for, barely half a mile from the station, the horses took fright, ran violently down a steep hill and upset the wagon at the bottom. Two of the occupants were killed outright, so Bridget reports, but who they were she cannot say. Of the rest not one escaped without injuries more or

I looked at Nell. She was white to the lips, and her eyes looked big and

"Another incident of your 'unlucky day' which turns out the best of good luck," I say, not having as yet taken in the full sense of the catastrophe. "Aren't you rather glad than otherwise now that you pulled down the ward-to-p".

"Cyril!" cries Nell, in a shrill voice, which I hardly recognize as hers, "How can I be glad? Two were killed out-right, and Miles Gaston was there."

I pause in horror. Then I begin to argue. The names of those who were killed are not known. Surely a rising young physician like Dr. Gaston would be one of the first to be mentioned if he were one of the victims. But even as I speak my heart sinks, for I remember that Dr. Gaston and another young man were the only two who were not from our town, the two, therefore, whose

names were least likely to be known.

Nell seems frozen to a statue. She scarcely moves, scarcely speaks. Only her dry lips whisper: "You will go and find out, will you not, Cyril, dear?" Of course I will go; but just as I reach the door I meet Dr. Gaston himself rushing down the street from the station.
"You here? Thank God!" he cried.
"But Nell—is she hurt? Is she—" He pauses, unable to articulate the last word, but I hasten to put him out of his

"Nell is here, all right. We didn't go

for a professional visit. It was a critical case, and I could not leave until too late for the train. I only heard of the accident this morning, and came down

It is good to see the rosy glow which chases away Nell's pallor as I usher Dr. Gaston into the dining-room. It is good to see the light of love and gratitude which shines from his eyes as he sees her. I leave them alone as I catch up my hat and make my usual frantic rush for the train, which again as usual I harely succeed in catching.

"Shall I go disee about it?" I asked, half rising. We are to start for the picnic at half past three o'clock, and it now lacks only a quarter of three. I am just about to start out on a wild search through the neighborhood when, from the window, Cyril, there was a great earth-worm in the pot. Of all things on earth, I hate earth-worms; and there was the great earth-worm in the picnic at half past three o'clock, and it now lacks only a quarter of three o'clock, an

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SUNSTROKE.

Its Causes, Prevention and Treatment.

Assistant Sanitary Superintendent Janes, of New York city, having been applied to for some information on the subject of prostration by the heat, said that the term sunstroke, or insolation, was commonly applied to all cases where persons were seriously overcome by the heat of the weather, which sometimes occurred at night, but that it was espe-cially likely to take place when one was exposed to the direct rays of the sun, un-less there was something to cool the system by occasioning rapid evaporation from the body. The dryer the air was, the more free was this evaporation, and therefore the danger of prostration was greatest on sultry days, when the air was filled with moisture. Sunstroke was often sudden, its effects being a congestion of the brain, and perhaps of other internal organs, together with general nervous exhaustion. The more strength and vigor a person possessed, the less likely he was to be prostrated in this manner, and therefore old people, chil-dren and persons of any age who were ill or wearied were especially liable to be affected by sunstroke. Persons who had been drinking much alcoholic liquor of any sort, or were in the habit of doing so, were also particularly exposed to this

As to the precautions to be observed in very hot weather, Dr. Janes said that the principal safeguard against injurious effects from the heat was moderation in all things—in eating, in drinking and in exercise. Of course it was desirable to keep in the shade as much as possible, have had to wait still; and weren't you right? and wasn't yesterday the dearest, blessedest day of the whole year, instead of the unlucky one that I, like a little goose, called it? And so, if you can find a nice motherly old housekeeper to take and men who had to work in the sun should keep a cabbage leaf or wet cloth on the head, inside the hat. As to diet, there were no particular rules, except that persons should eat what agreed with them and was easily digested. The appetite was usually not so keen in summer as in winter, and there was less need of meat or fat. Ice-water could be taken moderately without danger, but when drunk in large quantities it was very injurious, as it was likely to check perspiration too suddenly and cause too sudden a reduction in the temperature of the stomach. Cold tea was an excellent brother."
Well, there is little more to tell. The report of the accident had been exaggerated, as reports always are. The two who were killed were the horses, while summer drink, as it was stimulating and readily quenched thirst. If a person was in the habit of taking alcoholic beverages, claret was as cooling and healthful as any.

ble-enough to break up the picnic and make us thankful that we were not In regard to the treatment of persons overcome by the heat, Dr. Janes referred there (especially as Dr. Gaston was also to the following circular, which was prepared by the Sanitary Committee of the New York Board of Health several absent), but hardly enough to cloud our happiness seriously.

The days of waiting are now over for years ago:

all of us—for Nell and Dr. Gaston, for my little girl and me. Not the least talked over of our memories is the epi-Sunstroke is caused by excessive heat, and especially if the weather is "muggy." It is more apt to occur on the second, sode of the unlucky day, which, we tancy, brought about the happiness of third or fourth day of a heated term than on the first. Loss of sleep, worry, excitement, close sleeping rooms, debility, abuse of stimulants, predispose to it. It is more apt to attack those working in the sun, and especially be-There lived in Brussels a celebrated painter named Wiertz, whose eccentric-ities were such as to give him the name of the crazy artist. That there was method in his madness, the following tween the hours of eleven o'clock in the morning and four o'clock in the afternoon. On hot days wear thin clothing. Have as cool sleeping rooms as possible. Avoid loss of sleep and all unnecessary fatigue. If working indoors, and where there is artificial heat-laundries, etc .-After having finished a portrait of the

see that the room is well ventilated. old aristocratic Countess de Arnos, who If working in the sun, wear a light hat (not black, as it absorbs heat), straw, etc., and put inside of it on the head a wet cloth or a large green leaf; frequently lift the hat from the head and pretended to be only thirty when nearly sixty, she refused to accept the painting, saying it did not look anything like herself, and that her most intimate friends would not recognize a single feature of Wiertz smiled kindly at the remark, and, as a true knight of old, gallantly reconducted the lady to her carriage. see that the cloth is wet. Do not check perspiration, but drink what water you eed to keep it up, as perspiration prevents the body from being overheated. Have whenever possible an additional shade, as a thin umbrella, when walk-ing, a canvas or board cover when Next morning there was a grand dis-turbance in the Rue de Madeline. A big crowd was gathered before a winworking in the sun. When much fadow, and the following was whispered igued do not go to work, but be excused from work, especially after eleven o'clock in the morning on very hot days, if the work is in the sun. If a feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache or exhaus-'Is the Countess de Arnos really in Wiertz had exercised a little ven-geance toward his noble but unfair custion occurs, cease work immediately. tomer. As soon as she had refused the lie down in a shady and cool place; apportrait, he set to work and painted a ply cold cloths to and pour cold water over head and neck. If any one is overfew iron bars on the picture, with these come by the heat, send immediately for the nearest good physician. While waiting for the physician give the per-son cool drinks of water or cold black He exhibited the painting in a jew-ler's window, in the principal street in Brussels, and the effect was instana, or cold coffee, if able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry, sponge with A few hours later the Countess was back at Wiertz's studio pouring invectives on him at high pressure—"to have or pour cold water over the body and limbs, and apply to the head pounded ice wrapped in a towel or other cloth. If there is no ice at hand, keep a cold cloth on the head, and pour cold water exhibited her likeness under such scan-"Most noble lady," was the artist's reply, "you said the painting did not on it as well as on the body. look anything like yourself, and that your most intimate friends would not

If the person is pale, very faint, and oulse feeble let him inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in two tablespoonfuls of water with a little

He Thought So.

The man in charge of the big engine at the water works realizes that he has a curiosity for most visitors, and when allers express surprise and interest be feels pleased. The other day a stranger came in for a look around, and his general make up satisfied the engineer that he was a person of deep thought and a man to appreciate the merits of monster machinery. The stranger viewed the engine from every side and angle, and rears earlier (1607) has written in "Julius | sat down. Then he reviewed it and took another rest. Then he walked around the building in a wise way and came back for another inspection. For two long hours he hardly had his eyes off the ponderous machinery, but was at last ready to go. Taking one last look he walked up to the engineer and said:

"Say, mister, this ere injine runs by steam, don't it?"
"Why, of course," was the amazed

Fabricius, for his discovery, but Shakes-peare could have known but little of abricius, since he was an Italian and his works were not published until 1617, "Well, I thought so more'n half an hour ago," continued the man, "but it is just as well to be sure about these There are so many wind-mills Baron Lionel Rothschild has bearound now-a-days that one can't be certain of nothing."—Detroit Free Press. queathed to George Fordham, his jockey, \$10,000, and an annuity of \$1,500.