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Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description and Price. Includes One Square (1 inch) one insertion - \$1, One Square one month - 3 00, One Square three months - 8 00, One Square one year - 18 00, Two Squares, one year - 15 00, Quarter Col. - 30 00, Half - 50 00, One - 100 00.

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The Tongue Instructed.

Guard well thy lips; none, none can know. Prov. xiii. 3. What evils from the tongue may flow; James iii. 5, 6. What guilt, what grief may be incurred; Judges xi. 35. By one incautious, hasty word; Mark vi. 22, 27. Be "slow to speak," look well within; Prov. x. 19. To check what there may lead to sin; James i. 26. And pray unceasingly for aid; Col. iv. 2. Least unawares thou be betrayed; Luke xxi. 34. "Condemn not, judge not"—not to man; James iv. 2. Is given his brother's faults to see; 1 Cor. iv. 5. One task is thine, and one alone—; Matt. vii. 3. To search out and subdue thine own; John viii. 7. Indulge no murmuring, oh, restrain; 1 Cor. x. 10. Those lips, so ready to complain; Lam. iii. 22. And if they can be numbered, count; Ps. ciii. 2. Of one day's merces the amount; Lam. iii. 23. Shun vain discussions, trifling themes; Titus iii. 9. Dwell not on earthly hopes and schemes; Dent. v. 4-7. Let words of wisdom, meekness, love; James iii. 13. Thy heart's true renovation prove; Luke vi. 45. Set God before thee; every word; Gen. xvii. 1. Thy lips pronounced by Him is heard; Ps. cxxxix. 4. Oh, could'st thou realize this thought; Matt. xii. 36. What care, what caution would be taught; Luke xii. 3. 'The time is short,' this day may be; 1 Cor. vi. 29. The very last assigned to thee; Eph. v. 16. 'So speak, that should'st thou ne'er speak more; Col. iv. 6. Thou may'st not this day's words deplore; Rom. xiv. 12.

MR. BEVEL'S HOBBY.

It was in a quaint, old-fashioned quarter of London that old Mr. Bevel lived. He had been young, Mr. Bevel, in his time, when the quarter was not so quaint, nor the street so shabby, though even then the irresistible reflux of fashion had begun to set in another direction. But gentility lingered after fashion was past, and when Mr. Bevel installed his bride in her new home, the region was still spoken of as "eminently respectable." Alas! nobody called it respectable now. The very fact of residence there implied a certain ignominy—a fact understood and resented by all the Bevel family except his head. Even Mrs. Bevel, who, when first transplanted thither from her country surroundings, had looked up to the London residence as unpeakable promotion, regarded it now with a contemptuous disfavor, which was instigated and egged on by her sons and daughters. "It is really quite too bad," declared Maud, the eldest-born and beauty of the family. "I'm absolutely ashamed to let Arthur come and see me. It might be enough to lose him his place in society." "Arthur" was Maud's fiancée, Arthur Brook, and the society thus impossibly alluded to consisted of his fellow-clerks in one of the lesser public offices—a limited though stylish circle in the neighborhood of Westbourne Grove, and an off-quoted second-cousinship to that city magnate Peter Brook, of Lombard street and Lancaster gate, whom Lord Mayor of London, and a great man in his own set. The readiness of young man so connected to show him, occasionally in such a locality as that inhabited by his lady-love and her family could not be regarded as less than condescension. Maud felt it; the boys felt it; they felt it except that insensible body in whose hands lay the power to stay and the power to go. Mrs. Bevel felt it also, but she deemed it her duty to protest against Maud's remark. "My dear, you are foolish to talk so. Arthur is quite too sensible to mind where he lives. I am sure." "Nothing of the sort, mamma. He minds a great deal. There is nothing he hates like an omnibus, and eabs all this distance an an immense expense. He ought not to take them half so often as he does." For all her blue, sleepy eyes and fluff of golden hair, pretty Maud had a keen eye for the main chance. "Yes, and the most provoking thing about it is that if pa would only stop buying those ridiculous old things he is so fond of, we could go where we liked and live like other people," remarked Matilda, the next girl in age, casting a look of displeasure round the room. It was a hideous room. Matilda thought, o d-timy and queer; but to an artist it would have been a treasure-trove, a very paradise of quaint and picturesque and valuable disorder. For old Mr. Bevel's hobby was bric-a-brac, and the house was stuffed with his acquisitions through forty years of practice. Like all pioneers in special lines of taste, he suffered the fate of being regarded by his contemporaries as little better than a maniac. With him the taste was inborn. He had been a collector before his marriage, twice a collector since. Beginning in those early days when there were few competitors in the art, he had worked the rich mine thoroughly before others became aware of its value. Little by little his treasures had

accumulated. Armor, brasses, carved furniture, china of every age and style, fragments of rich stuffs, of altar linen, ancient missals and breviaries, quaint tomes in early English, ivories creamed by time to a delicious yellow, bits of bronze, of silver, old tapestries threadbare and tarnished but still splendid, lace, pictures, parchments, spoils of cottage and cathedral and quaint Tudor mansion—there they were, crowding every crevice and corner, every cupboard and closet, till Mrs. Bevel declared that she couldn't turn round in peace, and should inevitably go crazy if one single thing more were added to the stock. "Oh, dear!" Matilda sighed, as her eye ran over the accustomed objects which to her were such unspeakable grievances. "I fairly dread to see pa come home, he is so sure to fetch some ugly thing or other to add to our trials. Maud Sinamon has just got the loveliest pair of vases—blue, with the emperor and empress on them, and only ten and six a pair—fancy! I wanted some like them so dreadfully that I borrowed one to show pa, hoping he'd be tempted. But, fancy, he just made up a sort of a face, and gave it a push, and said: 'Take it away, my dear—take it away. It's extraordinary that no one of you has ever learned to know a good thing from a worthless one.' Then when I said they were only ten and six, he shrieked out: 'Ten and six! they're not worth a farthing!'" "It's pretty hard on us all," observed Bryan, the older son. "I asked the governor this morning if he couldn't afford to give me a run on the Continent this vacation—just a short one, you know, with a second-class ticket; I don't want to travel swell—and he said, in a sort of abstracted way, as if it were of no consequence in the world: 'No, I think not. There's Slater's sale next month, and I've been watching his Henri Deux these five years. I shall want my ready money, my boy.' Henri Deux, indeed! What's that? Some rubbishy old plate, I suppose, which I should like to smash." "And the worst is," put in Mrs. Bevel, "that these things your father buys are like so much money thrown into the sea. Nobody but he will ever think of wanting them. There's no sale for such old rubbish—none whatever. It's just so much out of your fortunes, my dears." "Only papa enjoys them so much," ventured Rose, the youngest girl. Out of the large family, she was the only one who had the least sympathy with her father's pursuits. It was the sympathy of affection—unappreciative, but comforting. "There's pa now," said Maud, as the door clicked below. Slowly Mr. Bevel climbed the stairs, like one who bears a burden. A literal burden it turned out to be; for presently he entered, carrying in both arms a huge grotesque wooden sign-board. A flush of pleasure tinged his thin face. "See, Mary," he exclaimed—"see, my dears—what a windfall I have just discovered. This is the identical sign of La Belle Sauvage, which was one of the most famous coffee-houses a century or more ago. I dare say you'd find mention of it in the 'Spectator' if you'd look, or the 'Rambler.' See what a quaint thing it is. The head was black and red once, but it's faded brown now. And do you notice this little extinguisher below? That was for the link-boys to put out their torches with. London was a queer old place in those days. I don't know when I've been so pleased with anything," and he rubbed his hands. "Good gracious!" sighed Mrs. Bevel; while Maud pertly asked: "What on earth are you going to do with it, pa?" "Do with it? It's a curiosity, my dear." "Oh! And what did it cost, pa?" "That's the best part of it all," said the happy collector, again rubbing his hands. "I got it for a song—only two pounds fifteen." "Two pounds fifteen!" screamed Maud. "Oh, pa, when we all need so many things!" "Two pounds fifteen!" chimed in Matilda, almost crying; "and those lovely blue vases only ten and six; and you wouldn't even look at them, pa." "By George! It's quite too bad," muttered Bryan. "My round ticket would only have been six pounds," while Mrs. Bevel repeated, in a still fainter tone, "Good gracious!" as if her cup of woe were indeed full. Dejected and discomfited, her husband slunk away, his brief-lived glow of satisfaction merged in sudden depression and penitence. No one but little Rose followed. She found him in the farther drawing-room, propping his purchase up on a little Chippendale card table, with all the light gone out of his face. He did not seem to care about the sign-board any longer. "It's a very curious thing, isn't it, pa?" she said, slipping her hand into his arm. "I never saw anything like it before." "No, my dear, I suppose not; and you are not likely to see anything like it again. Most of these old signs have been destroyed; they are growing scarcer every day." He began to tell her the history of the old coffee house, and as he talked his cheerfulness gradually returned. Rose was often a comfort to her father—the only one he had, poor man, in the family, by whom his ruling passion was held to be a nuisance and wrong and daily disadvantage. Time went on. Old Mr. Bevel's collection became gradually celebrated among the now rapidly increasing army of bric-a-brac fanciers. Now and again some stranger would call at the house and ask leave to inspect this or that curious object; but these visits remained a perpetual puzzle to Mrs. Bevel and her brood. What on earth could any one find to rave about in those old things? Too completely aside from the world of fashion to have the least recognition of its ebbs and flows, they never imagined that the curiosities which remained to them a standing grievance had become of interest in the eyes of those "higher circles" of which they read and dreamed. Maud's marriage was still deferred till augmented income should warrant it. Bryan and Ralph had plans which only money could further. Matilda, and

even little Rose, experienced the lack of certain private gratifications; and the spare cash which would have made us so comfortable," thought Mrs. Bevel, was pickeringly packed up in the quaint and multifarious wares which filled the house to the exclusion of more desirable things. "I declare, I would almost as soon he did something wicked which wasn't quite so inconvenient," thought the poor wife, and then chid herself for the thought. She chid herself again and more sadly when, a little later, it became evident that her husband was declining in health. Never a strong man, it attracted little attention at first that he came in spent and exhausted from his daily walks; but when the walk gradually shortened, and at last one eventful morning there was no walk at all, and Mr. Bevel, for the first time within the memory of man, remained in-doors all day. Mrs. Bevel's anxieties, slumbering till then, awoke to full life, and communicated themselves to her children. The result was much well-meant but wearisome restriction. Papa was to eat this, not eat that; must not walk, or tire himself, or talk too long; above all, must not follow his own inclinations in anything. Very patiently did Mr. Bevel endure these curbs, but he did not improve under them. His occupation was gone with his falling strength. The experienced fingers which had handled so many choice things lay idle now, with nothing worth handling within reach. Life had lost its savor for him; he made haste, as it were, to be gone from it. And almost before his family realized that there was cause for alarm, all was over. The last morning of his life he was lifted, at his own request, into an ancient ebony chair, spool of some Siennese palace, which was one of his special treasures. High, hard, straight-backed, it was not the most commodious resting-place for a sick man, but Mr. Bevel seemed to like it, as he lay, propped with pillows, gently following with his feeble fingers the rich and intricate wandering of the ivory pattern with which it was inlaid. His wife and daughters were with him; they rarely left him now. "My little Rose," he said, after a long silence, "I should like you to keep this chair. You are the only one who cares for such things. Keep it for your own, my dear. The rest wouldn't value it. I made my will a while ago," he continued, after a short silence. "I have tried to do fairly by you all, and to act justly. Some of you have thought hard of me at times, I am afraid, for buying so many things, but you'll get over that later. All the arrangements are made for the sale of everything—advertising and all. You are not to have any trouble in the matter"—turning to his wife. "All is left in the hands of Leonard Ashe. He knows the full value of everything, and will see all properly done. The sale is to be advertised for two months beforehand. Ashe will attend to that." "Yes, my dear, yes," replied Mrs. Bevel, soothingly. "Don't worry your poor head about those old things now," while even at that mournful moment Matilda could not refrain from a glance at Maud, which meant, "Poor papa! still harping on that absurd craze of his." Only little Rose, with a pitiful tenderness, stroked and kissed the wasted hand. Misunderstood in death as in life, old Mr. Bevel passed from his narrow corner of this narrow world into the wide liberty of the next. The will was read in due time. Matters proved in a worse condition even than the family had feared. There was a small life-insurance for the benefit of the widow, five thousand pounds in consols, the house—that was all, save the collection, whose proceeds—so the will ran—were to be divided among the six heirs. Mrs. Bevel was stunned, the others were indignant. "It was really like insanity," protested Maud. "If we had only guessed it, and stopped papa in time! Why, Arthur estimates that pa could not have spent less than seven thousand pounds in buying those trumpery things. Seven thousand pounds! And think what that would be to us now." "Oh, dear! oh, dear! how comfortable we all could have been!" moaned her mother, while Matilda, between angry sobs, protested that she "never should be able to forgive pa quite. It seemed as if he hadn't cared a bit for his own family, only for those horrid, useless, ugly old duds, which nobody would ever want so long as the world stood." "Oh, Matilda! don't talk so," urged her mother. "Your pa never meant any wrong. It was just a disease with him to buy things. And they'll fetch something, I dare say. We shall get a part back." "Yes, a couple of hundred pounds, perhaps. What's that out of seven thousand pounds?" I declare, to think of it makes me feel as if I should like to bite somebody," remarked the amiable Matilda, with a click of her sharp little teeth. The others, more outwardly respectful, were no less inwardly miserable. None of them had any hopes from the sale. The two months' advertising were duly fulfilled, and the collection removed to the auction-rooms. Very bare did the old house look after it was gone; but that mattered little, for its occupants were preparing to move as soon as the sale was over. They waited for that, but with so little hope or interest in the affair that it was not till late in the afternoon of the third day that Bryan troubled himself to "step down" and learn the result. He came back so red and excited that his mother turned pale with apprehension, while the girls crowded about him. "What's the matter? Has it all gone wrong?" "I always knew it would." "Haven't they fetched anything?"—this from Matilda. "Anything! I should say so. Mother, my father was right all through, and the rest of us a pack of fools. What do you think the things have sold for?" "Two hundred." "Five hundred." "A thousand," the last in a timorous voice. "A thousand! Just wait and hear.

They were selling the last lot which I got there. By Jove, it was the old sign-board we all jeered at. Well, that brought thirty-two pounds!" "Oh, Bryan, perfectly impossible!" It did, though. Well, that was a stunner; but when at last I got hold of Ashe, and heard the full amount of the sale, you might have knocked me down with a pin-feather. Now listen! what do you think of—forty-three thousand pounds?" Tableau. Mrs. Bevel nearly swooned. "Oh, my poor, dear John!" she cried, when she came to. "And me thinking him so silly all along!" "Silly!" He was the only knowing one among us," declared Bryan. "If he had put the amount—the whole cost—at compound interest forty years ago, it never would have fetched anything like it. You see, he began when people didn't know the value of such things, and he has held on to this rise. I heard 'em talking about it—the Marquis of Westminster and Lord Dudley, and any number of tremendous nobles—and they said no collection like it had ever been offered for sale, and they didn't believe there would be such another again. Everything was choice; selected with the utmost judgment and ability, one of them said. I declare I'd give a good deal if I could ask the poor old governor's pardon. He was the wisest of us all, and none of us suspected it." "Well, I never was so astonished!" gasped Maud. "Forty-three thousand pounds! Why, it makes rich people of us. How pleased Arthur will be!" "Yes; and he wasn't overpleased when he thought we were only going to have two hundred pounds apiece," said Matilda. "I never would have believed it." "Dear pa, if we only had known, how differently we should have felt about it all!" "Little Rose had stolen away to her own room, where stood the ebony chair, her father's last gift. She touched it gently, with tears in her eyes. "Dear papa poor papa!" she murmured, "if only we had known. For I was as bad as the rest of them sometimes, papa. I was, indeed; and I thought you were foolish and whimsical, and felt vexed with you. How unkind we were, and all the while you were doing this for us. Oh, papa, papa, I hope that wherever you are, you know that we understand it all now, and love you, and are so sorry. Do you, papa, recognize too late for his satisfaction in this life, old Mr. Bevel's hobby was vindicated in the end. Let us hope, with little Rose, that wherever he is now, he has the comfort of knowing it.—Harper's Bazar.

TIMELY TOPICS.

"The yellow fever is a curious disease," says the Memphis *Advocate*, "and the more it is studied the less we seem to know about it. One of the greatest curiosities in connection with this plague of mankind is the case of the island of Jamaica, where the disease prevailed for years, but where during the last half century it has not been known. Yellow fever is round it on every side, in Cuba and in San Domingo, but in Jamaica it is unknown. Jamaica has no State Board nor National Board, and consequently does not quarantine. A German journal speaks of the description of a storm that is often found in novels in more or less varied forms, but usually somewhat like this: 'The waves rose mountain high over the frail vessel, threatening every instant to engulf it. Then suddenly they lifted it to the clouds, only the next moment to let it sink again into a watery abyss,' etc. This is poetic, but by no means accurate. Careful scientific observations have established the fact that ocean waves seldom attain to a height of twenty feet, and never rise higher than twenty-seven. During the jumping contest at the horse show, in Birmingham, Mr. Robert Leaman's hunter, Surrey, ridden by Mr. Henry Grayson, made such a splendid jump over the mimic brook as to set the great audience applauding frantically. The horse, wild with excitement, went right on down the ring, and rising at the barrier of the amphitheater with one tremendous bound, literally sailed over the bars and five rows of spectators, alighting in safety and injuring nobody. The distance was measured and proved to be thirty-seven feet, a jump even more surprising than that ever made on any steeple-chase course, all things being taken into consideration. At a meeting of the board of managers of the International Dairy Fair, it was resolved to hold the fair during the second and third weeks of December, at the American Institute Rink, New York. The president, Mr. Thurber, was about to sail for Europe, and was empowered by the association to invite all the agricultural societies of England and the Continent to send butter and cheese to the fair for exhibition and competition with American products. Letters from cattle raisers in various parts of the country encourage the managers of the fair to believe that they will have a much larger number of blooded bulls and cows on exhibition this year than they did last. At the recent convention of the National Cotton Exchange, in New York, Mr. Trenholm estimated the cotton crop of this year in the United States at 5,250,000 bales. If they were placed together in one long string they would measure about 4,500 miles, and stretch from New Orleans to New York, and thence across the Atlantic Ocean. Every linear foot would represent 100 pounds of cotton. With regard to the prospects of the future, Mr. Trenholm said that now but one bale of cotton was produced to 2-4-10 acres of land, but it was possible, by proper management, as experience had demonstrated, to raise one bale to every acre. He believed that ultimately the crop would be 12,500,000 bales. Surrounded by Snakes. Three young men from New York, Gideon Hensch, William Croft and Henry Dickson, spent their vacation in a camping out trip in Pennsylvania, and Mr. Hensch relates the following story: "We are all of us clerks in insurance offices in New York, and we concluded to spend our vacation this year in the wilds of Pike county, where we expected to find game of all kinds in abundance. We took with us a large 'A' tent, camping utensils of all kinds and some tanglefoot. Upon arriving at Lackawaxen we were told that the best shooting in the county was near 'Little York Woods' in Blooming Grove township; so we hired a team and went thither. We finally found what seemed like a good camping place—six miles from any house—and we pitched our tent, sent our driver back to Lackawaxen and prepared ourselves to enjoy the luxury of 'camping out.' Night soon came on, and to keep away wild animals we built a fire just outside the door of our tent. About ten o'clock I fell asleep and shortly after was awakened by a peculiar whirring noise. I found that Croft and Dickson were both asleep, and as the noise still continued I seized my gun and pulled aside the tent-door-flap. The sight that met my eyes fairly paralyzed me. The fire which still burned brightly was surrounded by rattlesnakes in every conceivable position. I quickly aroused Croft and Dickson and, armed with our stout ash Alpenstocks, we stepped outside and began to slaughter the reptiles. We had already killed six, and as I was striking at the seventh, who was an unusually large one, he sprang at me and bit me in the fleshy part of the hand, near the wrist. I immediately threw down my stick and ran into the tent. Then I took a razor and cut an incision in the flesh directly across the wound, applied my lips to the cut and sucked from it the blood and poison. I then drank a large quantity of whisky. Croft and Dickson had in the meanwhile dispatched the remainder of the reptiles. In the morning we measured the snakes killed, and their aggregate length was sixty-one feet, three and a half inches. There were thirteen killed. During the following day I kept taking liquor in quite large doses and felt no inconvenience from the bite. But," said Mr. Hensch, baring his wrist and pointing to the wound, "we moved our tent further on, and all the wealth of Golconda would not tempt me to spend a night in that locality again." Mr. Croft told a correspondent that after they changed their camping place they were not troubled by the snakes again.

The Kind Reply.

"I've written you a letter, friend." "A little missive ran; I've opened all my earnest heart And told you every plan. In confidence I've quite outdone Myself, you can't deny; And this much I will ask of you Oh, write a kind reply." I thought of this most humble wish, And could not understand Why "kind replies" are not as thick As are the grains of sand; As numerous as the smiling stars That answer us from heaven; As plenty as the aching hearts For which earth's balm is given. Who has not sometimes felt when sad, By care and pain oppressed, A little sunbeam strike the soul And tarry there to rest? It might be but the hearty shake Of some dear hand near by— A tender look, a loving word, A smile, or kind reply. How many feet we might have turned From out the evil way, And started on the narrow path Up toward the gate of day, If we, when at the Three Cross Roads, Whence came the questioning cry, "Which way?" had turned back in our haste And given a kind reply.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A cold spell—I-o-e. Jackson (Mich.) convicts are to make 30,000 dozen hay-forks for England. P. T. Barnum has sold 94,000,544 tickets to his "show" in the last forty years. The kangaroos are dying out. They have for years been on their last legs.—*Picoyside*. It is claimed that there are eighty-five silver producing mines in Leadville, Colorado. Extensive beds of saltpeter have been found in Utah about eighty miles from Salt Lake. When a man's temper gets the best of him it reveals the worst of him.—*Townsend's Gazette*. The deepest spot in the Hudson river is opposite West Point, where the water is 216 feet deep. Flood, the California millionaire, weighs 220 pounds, and has a private park containing 2,000 acres. "San-too-quit-choo" is the name given to a material found in a Nevada mine, and from which soap is manufactured. A child was born at the Berrien (Mich.) poorhouse in February last whose father is eighty years old and the mother twenty. All three are now county charges. Victor Hugo says, "In the twentieth century war, capital punishment, monarchy, dogmas and frontiers will all disappear. There will be for all one great country—the earth; and one great hope—heaven." The man who is superlatively fastidious about the purity of the water he imbibes will deliberately drink alleged champagne without question whether it is the offspring of the grape or the oil well.—*Boston Transcript*. We know a girl who will wrestle with a croquet mallet in the hot sun for hours and not complain. But just ask her to hold on to the wooden end of a broom for a few minutes and she'll have a fit.—*Stillwater Lumberman*. "Can you see the whole of me?" asked a fellow who wanted an entire view of the photographer. "Oh, yes, sir," was the reply. "I can see scarcely anything else except the hole. You had better close it." The fellow instantly shut his mouth. The South will raise this year about 5,000,000 bales of cotton, 200,000 hog-heads of sugar and very nearly 600,000,000 pounds of tobacco. This will be half a million more bales of cotton, twice as much sugar, and 12,000,000 more pounds of tobacco than she ever raised before. A Dry Canal Across the Isthmus. Mr. Adolph Toellner, of Moline, Ill., has developed a new scheme for transporting ships across the isthmus of Panama. The new idea contemplates the construction of what may be termed a dry canal, in the form of a letter V, but having a narrow, flat base, which, with the sides, is constructed of masonry and lined with steel, with a layer of rubber between. This canal is to be of width sufficient to receive the largest vessel, and at each end of the route to slope gently into the sea. In this canal, or channel, is what he calls a movable dry dock, constructed of steel, built in sections conforming in shape to the channel, and supported at the base and sides upon a multitude of small rollers similar in principle to the skate roller. Of these rollers his plan calls for over 18,000. The movable dock is to be sunk under the water; the vessel to be transported is floated into it; the hull is supported evenly in the dock by hundreds of air-bags inflated by a powerful air pump; by rubber wedges and by wooden stays. It is then drawn up the incline by stationary engines, and thence across the isthmus by powerful locomotives running upon tracks laid alongside the canal. These are the principal points involved. Mr. Toellner estimates the cost of this plan, at \$20,000,000 to \$40,000,000. As this plan admits of easy grades, avoiding locks, with their expense and delay, it is believed that it can be built and operated more cheaply than any other system of marine transportation, while it is adapted to any place where it is desired to move floating craft from one water to another; to overcome rapids and other obstructions.—*Exchange*.