The Lorest Republican.

S PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY

J. E. WENE. OFFICE IN ROBINSON & BONNER'S BUILDING ELM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

TERMS, \$1.50 A YEAR.

No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all paris of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XII. NO. 40.

TIONESTA, PA., DEC. 24, 1879.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

One Square (1 inch.) one insertion One Square "one month One Square "three months One Square "one year Two Squares, one year Quarter Col. "Half "" Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, grafts

one month - -

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertise-ments must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

Rates of Advertising.

Little Things.

We call him strong who stands unmoved-Calm as some tempest beaten rock-When some great trouble hurls its shock; We say of him, his strength is proved; But when the spent storm folds its wings, How bears he then life's little things?

About his brow we twine our wreath Who seeks the battle's thickest smoke, Braves flashing gun and saber-stroke, And scoffs at danger, laughs at death; We praise him till the whole land rings; But-is he brave in little things?

We call him great who does some deed That echo bears from shore to shore, Does that, and then does nothing more; Yet would his work earn richer meed. When brought before the king of kings, Were he but great in little things?

We closely guard our castle gates When great temptations loudly knock, Draw every bolt, clinch every lock, And sternly fold our bars and gates; Yet some small door wide open swings At the sly touch of little things.

I can lorgive-'tis worth my while-The treacherous blow, the cruel thrust; Can bless my toe as Christian must, While patience smiles her royal smile; Yet quick resentment flereely slings Its shots of ire at little things.

And I can tread beneath my feet The hills of passion's heaving sea, When wind to sed waves roll stormily; Yet scarce resist the siren sweet That at my heart's door softly sings

" Forget, forget life's little things." But what is life? Drops make the sea; And petty cares and small events, Small causes and small consequents,

Make up the sum for you and me; Then, oh, for strongth to meet the stings That arm the points of little things! -Ellen P. A.lerton.

Margaret Araold's Christmas.

Margaret Arnold laid a letter on the table in the hall, where were other letters awaiting the hour of mailing, and tripped up-stairs cheerily, with a smile on her lips and in her dark eyes.

She even hummed a little song softly. as she passed through the nursery and entered the school-room; and the children ceased their noisy play to run after their governess and climb into her lap.

"What makes you sing, Miss Ar-nold?" questioned the little Elsie. "You haven't sung for so long, and you look known handwriting of Winthrop was so tired always. You don't look sorry found to contain the following lines, to-night, though. What is making you evidently inclosed by mistake in the

The child laid her head against Margaret's shoulder caressingly as she spoke, and patted her governess's cheek with a soft, tiny hand.

"Why do I sing?" replied Margaret.

"Oh, Elsie, don't you know Christmas is coming, and we ought to be glad-oughtn't we, dear?"

"Our house is jolly at Christmas time, I tell you!" interrupted Harry, a boy of seven winters, who had himself been a Christmas gift to his mother, and who, as a consequence, enjoyed an unusual share of presents at each return of his birthday. "It's awfu'ly jolly, and we have lots of company. Do you have nice times at your house, Miss Arnold?" "We used to, when I was a little girl, Harry, but there are only two of us now -mother and I-and our Christmas days are quiet, although very happy,

when we are together." "Won't you be glad to get home again, Miss Arnold? I'd be awfully homesick away from mamma so long!"

And Margaret replied, gently: "Glad to get home? Oh, Harry, if you only knew how glad!" The opening of the schoolroom door interrupted the conversation, and Mrs. Granger entered.

"Oh, here you are, children. Papa was asking for you. Run down stairs." Then, as the little feet were patting merrily through the hall, the lady

turned to her governess. "I came to say, Miss Arnold, that it will be impossible for you to go home this year for Christmas. My daughter Isabel expects company to remain with us during the holidays, and you can understand how troublesome the chidren will be without your care. I am sorry; but, after all, it can't make much difference to you, I presume, and really your presence will be absolutely necessary to

She withdrew herself and her trailing robes from the schoolroom, as Margaret bowed a silent reply to the command which had instantly driven the gladness of only a few moments previous from

What did she know of the glad plans and hopes which the children's governess had ventured to form in honor of the coming season of joy and peace? if she had known this woman of fashion and ease, would she have cared?

But the twilight shadows came on and filled the schoolroom with gloom as dark as the gloom which crowded the sunshine from out Margaret's heart, and presently the girl went wearly out of the room and down the stairs.

Thomas, the footman, was just gathering the letters from the table for the purpose of mailing them; but Margaret's voice arrested him. Thomas, there is a letter to my

mother amongst those; will you kindly hand it to me?" The letter, with all its words of loving

cheer and glad anticipations for the onely, widowed mother far away, was aid quietly upon the coals and burned before Margaret's eyes ere she lighted the gas and penned, with trembling hand, another which must go in its

The tears were dry, and the patient heart had grown yet more patient, after

dressed to "Mrs. M. Arnold, -

Conn.:"

"My Darling Mother: I thought to spend this Christmas with you, but Mrs. Granger has decided that my services are needed here. I am paid for what right have we to those services-what right have we to grumble? In fact; what rights have the poor at any time, mother? Does this read bitterly? Well, my heart has ventured to rebel against fate a little tonight, for, one hour ago, I was so happy I fairly sang, and my heart was so full of plans for you and myself that I even regretted the few days intervening between now and the time of my expected homeward start. Oh, mamma, dear, help me to be patient, and, above all, help me to look on the bright side, if there be such a side, to our lives,

"Yours, MARGARET."

This letter was sent at last, and Margaret new awaited Christmen.

garet now awaited Christmas as though it were only the usual Sunday, which would give her one day's rest from study. She turned the light down low, replen ished the fire, and drew her chair close beside the glowing coals. Down stairs the children were romping with their father, Isabel was singing at the piano, and Mrs. Granger in her boudoir, was reading the last novel. Dinner would not be ready for an hour longer, and Margaret could have that hour all to her-

Margaret could have that hour all to herself if she chose.

So her thoughts went back to the past. and though, in doing so, they opened a wound which time had not quite healed—a wound which caused her to shiver and moan—yet there were threads of joy and happiness whien she could gather up and weave backward and forward until the old days, when she lived ward until the old days, when she lived in sunshine and clover, were made whole again; and she lived them over in her memory till she grew calm and quiet, and the old pain deadened some-

There had been such happy Christmastimes for her long ago, when she was the idolized daughter of her wealthy parents! And there had been true and noble hearts laid at her feet ere she had seen her twenty-first birthday; but her woman's heart had chosen only to yield woman's heart had chosen only to yield itself and its love to Howard Winthrop, "But," interrupted Isabel, "you aren't engaged yet, and I may win him away a young bookkeeper in her father's firm. Without the means sufficient to marry, he yet dared to fall in love with his employer's daughter, and, despite the amazement of friends and relatives, Mr. Arnold had chosen to sanction the engagement, and ask only

that Howard would wait a few years ere he claimed Margaret as his bride.
"A fine young fellow," he said privately to his wife; "and if the child choses to marry him, when she might have a choice of a dozen rich fellows, why, I shan't hinder, so long as he is a good fellow and honorable.

So they were engaged, and everything was going on well, until one morning a letter addressed to Margaret in the wellwrong envelope:

"Wait a while, Jack, my boy; the money will be mine in good time, and then you will see how much love counts for in my opinion. A fellow can't live without money, and if a pretty girl must be thrown in to boot, why, so much the better, maybe! I can steer my boat as well as the next one, you know. Keep dark about this. Don't keep this letter minute; burn it, and wait patiently. I'il pay all I owe in good time.
Yours, WINTHROP."

Margaret had loved well and truly; but high spirited as she was by nature, and scorning deceit and unworthiness from the bottom of her soul, her pride could not brook the insult of this letter. She well understood how easily the mistake had happened. Doubtless the etter which had been intended for her had been inclosed in an envelope to this "Jack," whoever he might be; and in the hurry of sending the letters, Howard Winthrop had not discovered his error.

For one moment the girl stood like stone, with dry eyes and pale, set face; then straight to her father she went, and laid the letter before him.

In less than an hour Howard Winthrop received a letter from Mr. Arnold. inclosing one from Margaret, in which he received his dismissal, both from his situation in the firm and from Margaret's presence.

There were no words of explanation ought by Margaret and her family. Impulse had ruled things with a high hand, and pride kept the girl from a broken heart, although she quivered and moaned with pain and grief for months

Several letters from young Winthrop, received at the time of the affair, were promptly returned unopened, and soon he left the city, and was seen no more

by his former friends. Since then, Mr. Arnold's failure and death had left his wife and daughter in circumstances so different from former days, that they withdrew from society. Mrs. Arnold settled herself in one of Connecticut's small villages, and Margaret had drifted, after many weary days, into Mrs. Granger's family as gov-With the children she was peacefully happy; with Mr. and Mrs. Granger on terms of simple good-feeling. With Isabel she was a stranger, save for the formal morning and even-

ing salutation.

The young lady, who possessed only the riches which her father's daily toil the riches which her sale athad accumulated for her, as her sole attraction, could not well conceal her envy of her little brother and sister's governess, since the latter was beautiful face and figure, and attractive, even in her poverty and dependence, for the refinement and delicacy of her nature.

Whatever Margaret Arnold wore-whether a simple flower in her hair, brought her from the conservatory by the loving hands of her little pupils, or the plain white collar round her perfect throat, or though she threw carelessly about her shoulders the worsted shawl which Isabel had cast aside as unfit for wear and unfashionable-still the contrast between the governess and the young lady of the house was by heavy

grew sick at heart with envy. Nothing den weakness, sat down in the nearest that young damsel might don, whether chair. jewelry rich and rare, or robes of silk and velvet, could cause or help her outshine the perfect loveliness of quiet, gentle Marvaret, who daily clothed herself in black, and wore no jewels save the pearl pin which inclosed her father's

If it had not been for fear of annoy-ance from the children, Isabel would gladly have sent Margaret home at the time when she expected so much company, lest by chance some admiring eye should discover her.

"Miss Arnold, can you put the children to bed to right? I have sent nurse on an errand, and she is detained; and 1 thought you wouldn't mind taking charge of them to-night, you know, And afterward, would you mind coming down to help Isabel and her friend dress for the party at Miss Howe's? Your taste is so good, you see, and really I'll be very much obliged. It isn't in the line of your duties here, I know but market. I know, but maybe-

"I'll oblige you, certainly, madam, if you think me competent to suggest in the matter of dress," replied Margaret. And she put the little ones to bed, rewarded for her care by hearing Harry's done me grievous wrong all these years, loud whisper to Elsie, that "he thought and that I never wrote the note you re-

quite ignoring Margaret's presence, and she knew ere long that "Mr. Harold Weston was dead in love with Miss Berkly"—Isabel's friend and guest— "and would no doubt propose soon."
Also, that "he was to call for them Also, that "he was to call for them that evening to attend the party; that he was handsome and rich and splendid" etc.

"I scarcely think an interview necessary, sir," answered Margaret. "Our paths lie far apart now, and I can sind

"When we're married, I mean to travel all over Europe," said Miss Berkly, while Margaret knelt beside her

from you know. "There, Miss Arnold, you may go now. Thank you. You have very good

And Margaret gladly returned to her schoolroom and books.
"Well, Isabel Granger!" exclaimed her guest, jestingly, "you may just thank your stars that your governess

will not be en exhibition to-morrow when Harold Weston comes to dine. I tell you, neither you nor I would contrast favorably with her. I never sav such a perfect face; and those eyes!"

"That girl puts on airs enough to make one sick of her," was Isabel's amiable reply. "One would think her a known handwriting of Winthrop was born ductess, to see her manners at found to contain the following lines, times! I do wish that mamma would

The door-bell put a stop to further iscussion of poor Margaret, and Mr. Weston was presently announced.

It was late that night ere the party coers returned, and Margaret was dreaming of her mother, and the old days of happiness before she learned that a man may seem to be all that is noble, and yet be a villain.

She was dreaming about Howard Winthrop, and that his arms were about her, when the sound of voices in the lower hall aroused her. She heard Mr. Weston's "Good-night!" as Isabel and her friend parted from him at the door; and something in his voice mingled with the dream she had awakened from, and thrilled her long after the wheels of the carriage had died away.
"I hope Miss Berkly's experience
with love and trust may differ from
mine, heaven knows!" she thought, and

turned t snoherlmber again. But this time she dreamed only of the cruel letter, and when morning dawned

she awoke with tears in her eyes.

The grand Christmas dinner was over at last. Isabel had enjoyed it because Margaret, shy of meeting so many strangers, had declined to dine downstairs, and she, with Harry and Elsie, had eaten their own good dinner in the nursery; all the pleasanter because minus the wearisome etiquette of the large table. Harold Weston had enjoyed it, because the two young ladies made the fuss over him which it is perfectly

natural any man should like. But, truth to tell, his heart was in no danger, neither of the ladies, notwithstanding Miss Berkly's confidential conession to Isabel, reaching his standard as to true womanhood, and because long ago he had decided all women unworthy a man's trust and love. But he talked and laughed and played the agreeable, and at the proper time the ladies retired, leaving the gentlemen to their cigars.

And presently little Harry ran from he conservatory, with a beautiful white

"It is for Miss Arnold," he explained. when Harold playfully caught the little hand and asked for the rose. And who is Miss Arnold?" asked

Harold, more seriously. "Oh, she's a beautiful teaches us lessons, and is awfully sweet!" "Only the children's governess," ex-

tion turned on other subjects.

But a little later, as Margaret, who had gone down to the dining-room for something, paused a moment before the fire and listened to the sound of music from the parlors, Harold Weston entered, and, without seeing Margaret, advanced to the seat he had occupied at dinner, and looked for something beneath the table.

"Are you in search of something, sir?" asked Margaret, who had not seen the gentleman's face. At the sound of her voice, he started

and turned around. "I dropped a small seal from my chain at dinner-time, I think, and have just missed it. I didn't wish to disturb the family, thinking I could easily find it

Then, as Margaret raised the light, he following lines were written and ad- odds in favor of the former, and Isabel he stood transfixed, and she, with sud-

"Pardon me, I did not know you

"Oh, Margaret, is it really you whom see at last-at last!" Harold inter-

"I do not understand." she replied. confusedly, passing her hand across her eyes, and then looking up at him timidly. "Are you not Mr. Weston? I thought at first, so wonderful is the resemblance, that you were an an old friend of that you were an—an—old friend of mine, whom I Had not seen for—for— many months and years."

"For three years, Margaret Arnold," he replied. "It is three years since you—since—oh. Margaret!—since you sent me a cruel and unjust note, and

now I find you here!—you a dependent in a stranger's house!"
"Sir, what is your name? May I ask if this, or the one by which I used to know you, is the fictitious one, and is it your habit to change your name when making new acquaintances?" Her calmness had quite returned; her

cold hauteur cut him deeply, and his pride helped him to speak steadily. "This is no time or place to explain matters. I will only say that you have done me grievous wrong all these years. turned to me. Moreover, the name I the foundation of Savoy place, London, now bear is settled upon me by my uncle's will, and with its adoption I was made his heir. That is all, Miss Arnold. I will not detain you longer. The seal I am in search of can be found to-morrow. I value it highly, and would not lose it. If possible, I shall keep it by me my life through. If you will honor me with an interview to-morrow, I will be grateful, and hope to anyway a little loss sinful in morrow. appear a little less sinful in your eyes

ere long." cerely wish you a happy future, either

married or unmarried. She held out her hand as she spoke, with a sad smile; and his own shook visibly as he took, after long years, once more the little palm within his

strong clasp.
"I shall never marry, Miss Arnold.
A man can love as I have loved but once in his lifetime. God bless you!

Then he went out of the room, and, pleading some excuse, left the house at an early hour.

And yet, before the door had been five minutes closed upon him, Margaret found the missing seal, and wept there on her knees as she recognized a little gift she herself had long ago given him and forgotten. He had carefully pre-served it in a rich setting after the form of a seal, and all these years had earried it about him.

The old love, long ban shed, was not slow to well up in Margaret's heart again, and chance favored an explanation between the two ere many daysan explanation which made the two hearts happy beyond measure. They never knew, but we can point

out the rejected lover of that "long ago" who concocted, out of his foolish envy and jealousy, the note which so eleverly imitated Howard's penmanship as to bring misery upon the two who were all in all to each other. But Margaret had faith to believe her over's word, and the glad Christmastime was true to the motto of "Peace

on earth, good-will toward men," and the first day of New Year saw an engagement ring upon our Margaret's finger, which drove Isabel nearly wild with Miss Berkly's visit was suddenly ended. Nobody dared hint why, but Isabel knew it was pique that ailed her friend, and the contagion did not escape

went to Europe on a wedding-tour, and

Mrs. Granger is looking for a governess.

Margaret and her husband

Photographing Indians.

An Indian intertribal fair was held not long since, in the Indian Territory, in order to show some of the results of civilizing the savages. A number of tribes attended, and displayed articles of home manufacture, such as needlework, embroidery, lacework and blank-Many of the Indians had their photographs taken, and showed a child ish delight in looking at their faces. Others, however, could not be persuaded to go near the camera. Yellow Bear, of the Arapahoes, was

the first to pass through the ordeal of a sitting. He suffered himself to be properly seated and the camera brought to bear upon him for the first time. when the prepared plate was placed in the box and the cloth lifted he leaped to his feet with a bound and attempted to leave the tent.

All attempts to reason with him failed. At last a photograph of a Cheyenne, taken some years ago, was shown him. He looked at it a moment, then went quietly back to his chair and sat there like a statue while his negative was taken. He explained that no Cheyenne warrior was a greater brave than

The gigantic Osages on the other hand, would not approach the tent. They said the camera robbed them of their good spirits.

The Kickapoos gave the same reason, and a photographer, just returned from their reservation, informed the writer that he was peremptorily ordered out of their country on that account.
The Indian is a profound believer in

the power of spirits for good or evil, takes care never to offend them. The Modocs have a curious custom, which affords a pertinent illustration of this fact. They are an exceedingly cleanly tribe and bathe frequently. But before they enter in water, or even look into it, they agitate the surface with toot or hand, in order that the good spirits may not see them and flee away.

The season's entertainments have been not ably free from annoyance by coughing. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup does this. Price 25 cents

TIMELY TOPICS.

The following figures, compiled from he returns of twenty-nine important railroads, show the average life in years of certain items of material and equip-

ment;				
Locomotives				16.9
Passenger cars	(4)4(4)6	6067806080	F0804040404040406040	13.8
Stock cars	- 500	A REPORTED	erimonistativa na na na	9.0
Freight cars				
Iron rails	Seek.			7.3
Steel rails	* * * * *			14.6
Oak ties				67
Pine ties				3.7
Hemlock Lies				5.4
Cedar ties		B. 8181.818	100000000000000000000000000000000000000	* · · · 4 · 7
Truss baidges	****	17758	CONTRACTOR O	9.2
Trestle bridges		61.000		7.0
Pile bridges				
Joint Instenings.				
Telegraph poles				
Fencing	41.4	*****		8.6

As showing the durability of timber, the fact is cited that the piles of a bridge built by the Roman Emperor Trojan were found, after having been driven some 1,600 years, to be petrified four inches, the rest of the wood being in its ordinary condition. The elm piles under the piers of London bridge have been in use more than 700 years, and are not yet materially decayed, and beneath oak, elm, beech and chestnut piles and planks were found in a state of perfect preservation, after having been there for 650 years. Again, while taking down the old walls of Tunbridge Castle, Kent, England, there was found in the middle of a thick stone wall a timber curb which had been enclosed for 700 years, and some timber of an old bridge was discovered while digging for the foundations of a house at Windsor which must have been placed there prior to the year 1396.

The Washington Post is of the opinion that "the report of the operations of the life-saving service deserves more attention and more emphatic commendation than it has yet received. It was only after long importunity and numberiess appeals from humanitarians that the government was induced to adopt a system of saving life and property along our perilous coast. The service has fully justified all that was ever claimed in its behalf, and is richly deserving of most hearty and liberal support. There is no duty requiring a rarer combina-tion of skill and courage than that of the heroic men who occupy the life-saving stations. As the telegraphic reports of the oft-recurring marine disasters have appeared in the newspapers, they have told how these men have gone to the rescue of sinking ships and stranded crews; have told the story in plain and business-like terms, and lew have thought of the courage manifested or the vast good accomplished. Yet there were 2,049 lives and \$1,445,086 worth of property saved by this institu-tion during the last fiscal year."

The reward offered by the American humane association for a cattle car that will enable railway companies to transport stock without cruelty, should stimulate inventors. The reward for an invention that will meet all the requirements is \$5,000. As cattle are now transported, one great cause of complaint is lack of water. Under existing arrangements the animals suffer, and to a degree that sometimes lessens their value. The huddling of numbers together is an evil, as in addition to the cramped quarters, which do not permit free movement, unruly or vicious ani mals sometimes wound and even kill others. The jolting of the cars also causes sores, which impair the value of the cattle. It is not likely that the reward offered will accomplish what the keenest-witted railway men and stock importers have failed to discover, but it may possibly be the means of suggesting methods that will at least mitigate the evils complained of. The man who can devise means by which cattle can be transported great distances without suffering as they do now, or without the loss now experienced, can make a handsome fortune. But to do that he must not require much more room than is occupied by a cattle car, nor must be increase the weight very much.

The protection of ships' bottoms from corrosion has proved a difficult probem to owners; but the fortuitous disorder euphorbiacea, common and luxuriant in tropical climates, preserves iron from rust, is likely to be usefully anplied to the preservation of those portions of ships below the water line, not only from corrosion but from fouling. It seems that during the survey of Natal, some two or three years ago, one of the officers found that when certain plants of the order named were cut during the learing, the knives were firmly coated with the abundant gum which exuded from them, and that the knives thus coated did not rust. In consequence, experiments with the gum in question ere afterwards made by Sir Andrew larke, who some two years ago had a sheet of iron coated with it immersed in the waters of the Chatham dockyard, where everything becomes rapidly foul. On being taken out it was found to be quite clean. The gum is intensely bitter ad poisonous, which prevents the adhesion of marine animals to any substance with which it may be covered, and as the plants supplying it are found in abundance on the sea side in low latitudes, even if this agent should prove only moderately efficacious it may prove of great service to the shipping interest.

Some one has figured up that when a man says his wife is worth her weight in gold, and she weighs 120 pounds, she is worth just \$30,000. A fat wife, weighing 3t0 pounds, would be worth \$90,000, according to this calculation, but 120 pounds of wife is worth more to a man unless he intends to exhibit her in a side-show to a circus. - Norristown Herald.

"Now lay in your coal," says an exchange. Not if we know ourself!

Christmas Carol. Pile on the Christmas logs Higher and higher; Cheerily, cheerily

Crackles the fire. Now let the bells ring out, Merrily, merrily; Now let the children shout Cheerily, cheerily.

Let no harsh voices sound Drearily, drearily; Let naught but joy abound Merrily, merrily.

Now let home voices sound Brimtul of meaning; Now let bright eyes abound, Radiantly beaming. Let not a note be heard

Breathing of sorrow; Let not a soul bring here Care for the morrow.

Pile on the Christmas logs Higher and higher; Cheerily, cheerily Crackles the fire.

Herald of future bliss Joyously dawning; Hail to thee, bail to thee, Bright Christmas morning.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is hard to fool castor oil-tha is it is hard to take it in .- Wheeling

Some enemy of a Minnesota saw-mill owner drove spikes into the logs so that \$500 worth of saws were spoiled. Astor owns three thousand four hun-

dred dwelling houses in New York city. This is besides stores and other build-A series of lawsuits about an iron bolt, valued at ten cents, has already

cost the litigants \$500, at Plain City, Paradoxical as it may appear, it is nevertheless true than when a blind

man crosses the ocean he goes to sea .-Waterloo Observer. Victor Hugo predicts that in the twentieth century, war, capital punish-ment, monarchy, dogmas and frontiers

will all disappear. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that when you purchase fish by the pound the scales are always thrown in.—McKean Miner.

One of the largest of the dry goods stores of Paris was visited in one day recently by 64,920 persons, and the money taken amounted to 1,135,372 francs, eighty centimes. There were sold 420,-000 francs worth of silk, 7,000 francs worth of umbrellas, 54,000 francs worth of artificial flowers, and 25,000 france worth of fichus.

It is suggested that celluloid might be used in the manufacture of false teeth. It is capable of high polish, it is hard without brittleness, and is not exorbitantly high in price. There is one objection, to be sure-its inflammability. The person with celluloid teeth would have to be very careful never to give utterance to hot words, or even to talk too glibly, lest the frictional heat should set his teeth off one after another. The result would be appalling. But perhaps this very objection would prove to be the greatest recommendation the celluloid could have.

A Strange Case.' Transfusion of blood, albeit now

quite common medical operation, is always an interesting experiment. San Francisco surgeon has recently had a singular experience in dealing with colored patients. An aged negro was at the point of death, and his life was saved by this operation, about eight ounces of blood being taken from his wife's arm. Soon after the operation the patient was enabled to take some brandy and milk in the tiniest doses, and he soon began to mend, and in three weeks was quite well again. But the sequel was the strangest part of the whole affair. As soon as the husband had recovered sufficiently to walk about the house the woman was taken sick, covery that the juice of plants of the and finally the same doctor was called again. He visited the woman, who said her appetite was bad; she could not sleep, and her illness was troubling her so that she could do nothing but lounge about the house and neglect her work. The doctor left her, first prescribing a tonic and directing her to take of nourishing food, and then dismissed the case from his mind, supposing that she had recovered under his prescription. A few days ago he was again called to visit the woman, who received him in a mysterious manner. Her form nac grown thinner since his last visit, and he also remarked the distressed expression of her face. She took him aside and whispered to him that she could not rest day or night, and that she had tound the reason why. "I tell you. found the reason why. "I tell you doctor, its that blood of mine the old man is carrying about inside of him: and, doctor, when that old man comes back, I want you to give me my blood back." The doctor seeing that the woman would not be appeased unless he complied with her request, promised to return the next day, first informing her of the dangers of the operation, and that it was resorted to only in the most urgent cases. She would hear of no ex-planations, but demanded that the operation be gone through with. It was accordingly done the next day, the doctor taking from the man about half an ounce of blood and transfusing it into the woman's veins. After the operation the woman brightened up perceptibly. saying, "I'll be all right now, doctor." And that the operation did prove a suc cess was fully demonstrated by the sick woman, who began to work a few hours afterward, declaring that the "doctor was a wonderful man, and now that she'd got her own blood back again she was all right."