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Hearts and Homes.

[A poem by William Winter, read at the banquet given to Oliver Wandell Holmes in Boston in honor of his seventieth birth-

If that glad song had ebbed away, Which, rippling on through smiles and tears, Has bathed with showers of diamond spray The rosy fields of seventy years-If that sweet voice were hushed to-day,

At first we thought him but a jest, A ray of laughter, quick to fade; We did not dream how richly bleat In his pure life our lives were ninde; Till soon the sureole shone, confest, Upon his crest.

What should we say?

When violets rade the roses blow; When laughter dies the passions wake; His royal song, that slept below, Like Arthor's aword beneath the lake, Long sings has flashed its flery glow O'er all we know.

That song has poured its saw od light On crimson flags in treedom's van, And blessed their serried ranks, who fight Life's battle here for truth and man-An oridamme, to cheer the right Through darkest night!

That song has fleeked with rosy gold The salls that tade o'er fancy's sen; Reinmed the storied days of old; Presuged the glorious life to be; And many a sorrowing heart consoled, In grief untside

When, shattered on the lottiest steep The statesman's glory ever lound, That heart, an like the boundless deep, Broker in the deep no heart can bound, How did his dirge of sorrow weep

O'er Webster's Sleep! How sweetgrafid his spirit pour The strains that make the tear-drops start, When, on this black New England shere,

With Para's hurn and Erin's heart, " With thoughts of Moore! The shamrook, green on Liffey's side,

The lichen menth New England snows, White daises of the fields of Clyde, Twined ardent round old Albion's rose, Bloon, in his verse, as blooms the bride, With love and prido.

The silken trees, the mantling vine, Red roses, summer's whispering leaves. The lips shut kiss, the hands that twine, heart that loves, the heart that grieve Then lound a deathless shrine

Ah, well! that voice can charm us yet, And still that shining tide of song, Beneath a sun not soon to set, In golden music flows along; With daw of jey our eyes are wet— Not or regret.

. For, still as normes the testal day, In many a temple, far and near, The words that all have longed to say, The woods that all are proud to hear, Fall from his lips, with conquering sway, Orgrave, or guy. To Hara and Mo

No moment this for passion's heat, Nor mine the voice to give it scope, When love and lame and beauty meet To crown their memory and their hope! I cast white lilies, cool and sweet, Hero, at his lest.

True bard, true soul, true man, true friend! Ah, gently on that reverend head Yesnows of wintry age descend, Ye shadows of mortal night be shed! Peace guide and guard him to the end, And God defend

EVELYN'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Ralph Grantley's face had been buried in his hands, but a sharp rat-tat caused

him to look up. The door of his room opening, gave admittance to a spare, dapper little man, dressed in an iron-gray suit, and with fron-gray hair and whiskers, who with a basty how deposited his bat, umbrella, and a little black bag upon a

"Mr. Grantley, I presume?" he said, bowing again, and bustling across the room with a quick, uneven step.
"That is my name!" replied Ralph,

fixing his haggard eyes upon the newcomer. "May I ask the husiness which brings you here?"

"Certainly, my dear sir! My name is Bowles, of the firm of Clark, Standish & Bowles, solicitors, Clement's Inn. 1 im pleased to make your acquaintance. Mr. Grantley, and beg to wish you a happy—a very happy New Year!"

"Have you come here to mack me?"
asked the young man, with elenched hands and flushed cheeks.

Dear me, no! Certainly not!"

"Then you are not acquainted with my circumstances!"
Well-really-I-a-"

"Then if you are," continued Ralph, fiercely, "what is it but a mockery to wish 'a happy New Year' to a beggar like myself—bankrupt alike in purse and-expectations? My dear sir, I-"

"Your business relates to money, of

hy, yes; I-" "I guessed as much. Well, then, let me tell you it is vain to press me for payment. I have no money-no effects-no present means of obtaining even a bare livelihood. My grandfather, to whose inheritance I am lawful heir, has died. sir-died and left me not one farthing, but devised the whole of the estate to a Istant relative, of whose very name I and as yet in Ignorance.

"Yes, I knew that. I—" "Oh. you knew that!" interrupted Raiph, vehemently. "Perhaps you know, too, for what reason I have been disinherited?"

No: but-" "Then I will tell-you. Nearly three years ago I was made a dupe of by a gang of villains, who, profiting by my ignorance of the world, fiseced me and ignorance of the world, fleeces me and involved me in some gambling transactions in which my conduct was made to bear a worse construction than it deserved. My grandfather came forward, and by paying down a large sum of money effected my deliverance. It was my first folly—it has been my last. In spite of all, however, I have never been forgiven. He declared while he had power to help it his property should never fall into a gambler's hands. As time went on I thought that my conduct would diminish his resentment; but it was a vain hope. He has died, I tell you, and not left me one single farthing!"

thing!"
Raiph spoke with so much bitterness
and fury that Mr. Bowles began to feel
somewhat alarmed.

"Calm yourself, my dear sir," he said, in most persuasive tones. "Calm yourself, and listen to me. It is a tural that under the circumstances you should feel a good deal annoyed."

"Annoyed!" echoed Ralph. "I tell you that I am almost penniless, and heavy in debt, and yet in the face of all this you wish me a happy New Year!"

"I do wish it, Mr. Grantley, in spits of the difficulties of your position; though when I uttered the words I little thought what a storm I was about to

thought what a storm I was about to bring down upon myself."
"Pardon me!" said Ralph, "I am haif mad, I think! Tell me your business and begone!" "One moment," said the lawyer.
"You think I come to behalf of your

ereditors?" "Undoubtedly."
"That, then, is a mistake of yours.
I am here about money it is true, but it is for the purpose of paying—not receiving!

Ralph looked at him in amazement.

"You are surprised, no doubt—but listen: As you have correctly enough stated, your lately deceased and much-lamented grandparent bequeathed the whole of his property, real and personal, to his sister's granddaughter, Miss Evelyn Donington."

"I did not know the name, nor did I wish. What has it to do with me.

wish. What has it to do with me,

"Bowles."
"Mr. Bowles, then, I ask what has this to do with me?"
"You will know directly. It is roughly estimated that the whole of the property left by the deceased would realize in round numbers a hundred thousand pounds. It appears that you and Miss Donington are the only surviving relatives—no one else has any viving relatives—no one else has any claim. Miss Donington—who is, I should tell you, our client—knowing all this, and feeling the injustice of the will which deprives you of everything, has contrary to our advice, you under-stand-insisted upon having a deed of

gift drawn up."

"A deed of gift?"

"Yes, hear me out. With a spirit of romantic generosity and Quixotic equity, which seems to me ridiculous, she insists upon taking only one-half of the inheritance—the other molety she gives to you, as being rightfully your

"Can it be possible?" "You may well doubt the evidence of your senses, but you can readily con-vince yourself of the reality of the whole transaction, for the sum of fifty thousand pounds has been this morning paid into your bankers' hands and placed to your

Stunned and bewildered by these un-expected tidings, Ralph could do nothing but glare incredulously at Mr. Bowles, who, rising from his seat, took from the little black bag a parchment document, which he spread out upon the table.
"Here," he sain, "here is the deed of gift, by virtue of which half of your

grandfathers's property is yours."
"No-no!" said Ralph, amazed at such an extraordinary instance of gener-osity, "I cannot-I will not-permit such a sacrifice to be made on my behalf!

"Tut-tut- the deed is done, and cannot be undone-or rather will not, I am certain. Miss Donington says that fifty thousand pounds is an ample fortune for anyone—and especially one in her position."

Her position, what was that?"
From her earliest years a struggling
When she recived the news of her good fortune, she held the situation of nursery governess."

"Nursery governess!-then she is young?"
"Yes; you might have guessed that.
It is only the young who can be actuated by such generous impulses as these."

'She must have a noble spirit," said Raiph, much affected.

"And yet," said Mr. Bowles, "she disclaims all idea of having done anything ex raordinary. She declares she is only performing a simple act of instinct."

"Heaven bless her!" exclaimed Ralph. "But she shall see that my generosity can equal hers. I could never forgive myself if I consented to such a sacri-

You cannot refuse. She has taken the power out of your hands. alone has the power to cancel this bood."

"Give it to me, then!"
"Certainly—it is yours."
"And now the address of this Miss
Donington?"

She is at the Hall. In accordance with our advice, but against her inclinations, she has gone down there and taken

formal possession."
"Then," said Ralph, shaking the law-yer by the hand, "I am off by the next

It was fast growing dark when Ralph Grantley, having inquired for Miss Donington, was shown into the drawingclearing and strengthening the voice. roum at his grandfather's residence-a

aubstantial, red-bricked mamion, known simply in the vicinity as "The Hall."

His heart throbbed strangely as he tound himself in the old familiar room. Years had clapsed since last he crossed the threshold, yet all things in and about the spacious apartment had undergone so little change that he could almost fancy he had not been absent many

A servant entering with lights dis-turbed his meditations, and immediately afterward there was a soft rustle of allk and crepe, and the helress stood before

He bowed deeply, but Miss Donington was less ceremonious in her greeting. Advancing quickly with her hand outstretched, she said, gently and sweetly:

"It is kind of you, indeed, Mr. Grant-

ley, to come so soon—very kind, feared almost that you would cherist some hursh feelings toward me for having—though quite anknowingly—de prived you of your grandfather's inheritance, that you would shun me always. The thought gave me the keenest pain, and I am glad—so glad to find my fears unfounded! We are the sole living representatives of one family, and for that reason only we ought surely to be good to be a sole in the sole in

Reiph and taken her lifted in his, and he retained it while she spoke. His pulses throubed as he gazed upon the lovely face before him, and her voice, as she made that carnest appeal, was so full of the sweetest music that he felt he could be content to listen to its tones

"I have come—" began Ralph; but his companion noting the praveness of his voice, hastened to interrupt him.

"Before you say anything more," she urged, gently, "give me the assurance that you bear no enmits toward me. Promise me that you will be briends."

"Would it be possible for any one to say nay to such a request" asked Ralph, enchanted by the amountainer and many

enchanted by the appearance and man-ner of the believe. Believe me, my dearest wish is that we may be triends

always."
Tears of joy rose to her eyes; but her face grew sadder as Ralph went on:
"There is one condition in our bond of friendship," he said, drawing forth the deed of gift while he spoke. "I am deeply touched by the rare generosity of spirit which prompted you to offer me one-half your fortune, and I shall thank you for it and bless you all my life; but I have come to give you this deed back, and to assure you that under no circumstances can I consent to the sacrifice you wish to make."

"you will allow me to offer you some refreshment, and invite you to accept the shelter of the Hall for to-night. There is no train back to town until to-

morrow morning."
Ralph hesitated. He was determined not to avail himself of her generosity; while she, on her side, was equally re-solved that as a mere act of justice the fortune should be divided. But Ralph feared, with good reason, that if he re-mained and listened to her arguments and entreaties, his resolution might waveror be overturned; ltogether, "Cousin Ralph!" she said, fixing her

dark eyes full upon him, "you will stay at the Hall to-night, will you not? It is so lonely here in this great house with only Mrs. Bates-an old friend of my mother's—to talk to. Let us occupy ourselves this evening with speaking of the future, for you know you have promised that we shall be friends.

that for good or evil Evelyn Donington might have missed his way. The other would influence all his future. Her rejected the idea, but during a slight generous offer to divide the fortune had cessation of the storm the first sportsnaturally produced a deep effect upon man insisted that he could see the figure him, and before the evening was over of a man behind them. A loud shout this feeling had developed into a warmer was sent up and repeated again and one. Charmed by her grace and beauty—subjugated by her winning ways—Rasph for the first time knew what it

The next morning, when he stood in the hall, wishing his beautiful cousin good-bye, it was clear that her influence had not been sufficient to cause him to change his determination. It had brought about some kind of compromise; for holding both her hands in his, and gazing ardently into her face, he said, in tender accents:

"Do not doubt me, dear cousin—do not imagine this is any passing fancy. Love is a plant of quick growth, Evelyu, and you have only to be seen to be ioved by every one—how much the more, then, by me? Remember our compact—that for the present nothing more is to be said about the division of the property—that you will let me see you and speak to you very—very often—that at the end of six months I shall come forward to accept the deed of gift. but upon the condition that when I take it I shall take the giver, too-that you will then fix the day when you will make my happiness complete by becom-ing my wife!"

And Evelyn looked up with a bright smile on her lips and a pleased look in her eyes, that showed—short as had been her acquaintance with Ralph Grantley—he was already far from indifferent to her.

lay up a dollar to save his life. - Detroit At a recent concert at was the subject of remark that in what fine "voice" the singers were; in commending his good judgment the leader will pardon us for whispering that he always recommends Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for

Lincoln's Assassination.

to a Troy (N. Y.) paper: Among the news items in your paper of Thursday last appeared a statement that William Withers, Jr., leader of the orchestra at Ford's theater on the occasion of the assassination of President Lincoln, impeded the progress of Booth across the stage after the fatal shot. This is a mistake; no one was on the stage before the scenes. When Booth jumped from the box at the time, the murdered president still sat in his chair. James Keene stood still sat in his chair. Janea Keene stood in the right entrance, about to come on the stage at the commencement of the scene, and Booth, as he passed her, rudely pushed her aside with the hand that held a knife. The knife caught in the sleeve of her dress and out it. Booth hastened on to the door in the rear of the theater; and Miss Keene, who had recognized him, rushed to the footlights with both hands above her head, and, with all her dramatic power in voice with both hands above her head, and, with all her dramatic power in voice and action, cried: "It's John Wilkes Booth! Kill him! kill him!" Until then not a man or woman in the audience had moved. All thought that the firing of the pistol was a part of the play, and the appearance of Booth at the edge of the box, the jumping to the stage, and the screaming of Mrs. Lincoln had the effect of palsy on the people, and no one stirred until Booth had disappeared. Then there was a rush for the stage, and the first one to reach it was William Flood, a master's mate in the navy, and attached to the United States steamer Primrose. He climbed the scroll work Princose. He climbed the scroll work on the face of the box, assisted by Miss Harris, of Albany, who was with the president's party, and litted Mr. Lincoin from the chair, and laid him down on the door with his head on Flood's knee, and resting on his hand. A search was made for the wound, which was not found until Mr. Flood, feeling a dampness on his hand removed it and found ness on his hand, removed it and found nearly a teaspoonful of the great man's brain, that had issued from the wound, in his palm. Mr. Flood now has the particles of brain preserved in alcohol. The stage was crowded with an excited multitude searching for the assassin, and from twenty different points over the balustrade of the gallery dangled ropes with a hangman's noose, and, above the confusion and cries, voices from the gallery shouted: "Bring *him here! Bring him here!" Booth was beyond their reach, however. The mardered President was removed, and ten minutes after the theater was empty and the after the theater was empty and the lights out. These are facts known to

rate," she added, as he shook his head, had a narrow escape from death and sustained injuries from which he has not yet fully recovered. The party were hunting wild geese on the Platte river, two miles from a farmer's house where they made their headquarters, and were on a sand bar in the middle of the stream, which at that point is about a mile wide. General Crook was concealed behind a "blind" and one of his friends was behind another. Suddenly the wind began to increase in violence, accompanied by snow, and the cold grew more intense. In a few infinites the party were in the midst of a prairie "blizzard." General Crook shot a "blizzard." General Crook shot a goose and in attempting to get it lost his hat. In following it he dropped through an ice hole. The water fortunately was not deep, but it thoroughly chilled him. He recovered his hat and remarked that he was cold and numb

and would return to the house. who could resist such tender words started, shaping their course by the and pleading looks? Certainly not river's course. One remarked that he Ralph, for he was already conscious felt uneasy about Crook, who, he feared. rejected the idea, but during a slight again. Finally Crook's figure was recognized as he came staggering up, and it was discovered that he was well nigh chilled to death. His ears and feet were frozen, his neck was covered with ice and he was unable to speak aloud. His comrades helped him to the house and for two or three days he was unable to proceed further, his friends remaining with him. He had become confused, and traveling in circles had fallen into the river a second time, when he discovered his mistake and rapidly retraced his steps, but none too soon to save his life. Crook has always prided himself being able to endure severe storms without any protection but an overcoat and in many winter campaigns has set his men rare examples of endurance. But for his friends, however, he would have tested his physical powers once too

The Harvests of the World.

The Moniteur Belge publishes the folous countries: Belgium, yield below the average; Austria-Hungary, moderate harvest, no export of grain this year; Russis, pretty good harvest, exports of grain will be between 3,500,000 and 5,000,000 ars.; Germany, satisfactory harvest; in Prussia and Wurtemburg up to the average and in Saxony and Bavaria considerably beyond it; Italy, bad harvest; Spain, tolerably good; ten days.
Switzerland, average harvest; Turkey, harvest generally good; Holland, harvest only middling; France, the harvest will be 15 per cent, below the average, sending it to blink his eyes all over this The fashion of putting 650 buttons down the back of the dress has disapprared, but they now use 1,300 hooks and eyes on the front, and a man can't ted States, good harvest, estimated at 489,062,500 qrs.; which, after deducting the 240,625,000 qrs. required for home consumption and seed, leaves 168,437. 500 pre for expertation to Europe.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Silas Owens sends the following letter The tenant-farmers of England, according to a member of Parliament, will be satisfied with nothing less than:
1. Better representation. 2. Security 1. Better representation. 2. Security for capital. 3. Freedom of cultivation Liberty to dispose of produce to best advantage.
 Abolition of distraint.
 Reform of the game laws.
 Legitimate share in county government; 8. Fair apportionment of local burdens

A story comes from Nemebah county, Mo., that one David Meisenthaler was killed there by a meteor or aerolite. He was driving cattle from the field when the meteor descended obliquely through a tall maple, cutting the limbs as clean as if it had been a cannon ball. It struck near the shoulder, passing through his body obliquely and burying itself two feet in the earth. The meteor is composed of iron pyrites, round and rough, about the size of a common patent bucket our landle ter store sales

The movement to recognize the ster-ling qualities of Adam, by the erection of a monument at Elmira, N.Y., is booming. The Free Press of that city contains a report of a meeting held there to perfect arrangements for the desired testimonial. The Free Press says: "A committee of three was appointed to correspond with eminent sculptors, with a view of getting designs suggestions and estimates upon the cost of the memorial, according to a plan which at the meeting had been generally preferred. The matter of the location of the work was informally discussed, and several sites, any of which would be favorable, were named. The work un-dertaken will be carnestly and zealously pushed until the design of the projectors shall be an accomplished fact."

The foolish n an who told his son that wine is made of grapes was, as every one knows, very far from the truth. Still people have been of the opinion that American home-made wine, at least, was manufactured from grapes. It seems that in this also they are mistaken. The Sandusky (Ohio) Register, in its annual review of the vineyard production of Northern Ohio, says that of the million and a half gallons of wine that was made there this season, less than a million gallons of grape juice was used. It adds that dealers make no secret of the fact that they use spirits secret of the fact that they use spirits, sugar and water largely in the produc-tion of wine, and chaim that this is done, not so much to make money as to suit the taste of their patrons, who prefer the adulterated product to the pure article.

pointed stud of an inch in length. With securely over the worst possible road, also shod in the same way. When the horse comes to the stable, the pointed in, so that no damage can happen to the horse and the screw holes are prevented from filling. When the horse is going out, the only thing required is simply to remove the button and screw in the pointed stud.

Professor Willard, in a speech at the New York dairy fair, deprecated the present tendency of furmers to extravagance-'planos, fine clothes and \$12 kld slices." Commenting upon the professor's speech, the New York Graphic remarks: "Now, farmers have as much right to the refinements of life as any other class of people. The inference from this perpetual preaching of com-omy to the farmer is that he must live in a very plain house, dress in very plain elothes, abjure all ornamentation, and live down to a level which borders on squalor. If this advice is good for the farmer it should be equally good for merchant, lawyer or doctor. Sauce for the goose is sauce for the male bird also. All of life is not embraced in pork and eablage, pictureless rooms, or a house without piano, tasty furniture or books. Are certain favored occupations to be the only ones to enjoy the luxuries of life? Refinement is not extravagance. The American farmer is by this excessive economy to be converted into an The piano has its mission in the farmers' parlor as well as in that of the Fifth avenue. Indeed it is all the more needed to relieve the isolation of the country home. If farming cannot bring the rea very poor business."

Getting Even With the P. M. G. Ever since the late order of the Postmaster-General came out, a certain citizen of Detroit has been pondering on how to get even with the old chap. Yesterday he struck the idea. He enowing estimate of the harvest in vari- tered the postoffice with a letter, or rather an envelope, containing only blank paper. He wrote the address on the upper left-hand corner, upset the envelope and wrote the town, put the county on the lower left corner, and the State where the stamp goes. Then he stuck the stamp in the center of the envelope, and below it requested to have the letter returned to him after

and it will be necessary to import has get to blink his eyes all over this 5 000,000 qrs. England, bad harvest—will require about 24,000,000 qrs of wheat more than she has grown; Uni
wheat more

He said her hair was dyed, and when she indignantly exclaimed, "Tis false!" he said he presumed so.—Bos on Post.

Jack Frost's Song.

I ride on the wings of the northwest wind From my home in the frozen sens, Where I lie and rest with a quiet mind When blowsth the summer breeze.

filch the rainbow from out the skies And place it on maple leaves,

whisper the swallow, away he flies From his nest beneath the eaves.

I work in the dark of the blackest night, And paint pictures upon the pane; What though the sun in his moonday might

Dires them, I limn them again. draw, as I please, the tender spray Of tern, with its feathery grace, And if that dies out in the sun's warm ray

I put a pine in its place. But this is only my pleasant play While sunbeams lie and dream, For I clasp in my chilling clutch by day

The throat of the gurgling stream. still its mosic. I strip the trees Of their leaves, and kill the flowers. hash the hum of the bosy bees,

Who work during summer hours. I tumble the temes, and lift the grain From where it has in the soil, I pinch the poor on their way to gain Their bread by their daily toil.

But when spring day comes I change my mind,

For I am a fickle soul, so I mount on the wings of the southwest

And ride to the Arctic pole. -Truth.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A twelve-year old boy in Lawrence, Kansas, has been arrested six times for

The sum of \$26,000,000 bas been paid for mining properties in Leadville district since the middle of February,

There are 10,000 well-educated young men in Paris, who, for want of more lu-crative employment, accept twenty cents per day as copyists.

About the guiltiest-looking people in the world are a man accused of a crime of which he is innocent, and a newly-married couple trying to pass for veter-

The London Railway News says that the ordinary life of a locomotive is twenty years, and has no doubt it would live much longer it it didn't smoke so

Truth, crushed to earth, will rise sgain. But if it be crushed to earth, it lies. And if it lies, it cannot be truth. Therefore it cannot rise again.—Philadelphia Bulletin. In the poorhouse of Saginaw county shoes thus fitted, the horse can travel Mich, there was an old man who for

many years had been an employee of the never being known to slip under any Hudson Bay Company. Alene and mode of employment—draft horses being friendless, he hoped for a speedy termination of his wretched existence; but stand is unscrewed and a button screwed not depart. He grew to be 102 years of age, and then committed suicide in a pigsty at the almshouse.

Beggared by Law.

Recently an account was given of the death in the almshouse, at San Francisco, of William Thompson, an old man, who had been beggared by hw. He owned an estate valued, when he died, at \$400,000 or \$500,000, and he remained in undisturbed possession of it for thirteen years—from 1850 to 1863—when it was applying the property of the control of the years—from 1850 to 1863—when it was claimed by other parties under a Mexican grant patent. He naturally resisted the claim, and a tedious and expensive suit was the consequence, resulting in a decision for the plaintiffs. He began an action some time after for ejectment of the parties recovered indepent, and the the parties, recovered judgment, and the court—the fourth district—denied a new trial. The defendants then appealed from the order, and the supreme court finally reversed the judgment and remanded the case for a new trial, which was granted by the lower court, and the supreme court affirmed the order. The suit was continued from year to year, and Thompson had again appealed to the supreme court when he died. He had a fually been driven to his grave by near thirty years of law, than which nothing can be more worrying, wearing and crushing. He was known by sight American peasant. If people are educated up to the modern requirements it will follow, as a matter of course, that they will demand modern elegancies. him, though they did not say so, as a man steadily going to his doom. He is said to have grown paler and paler, thinner and thinner, poorer and poorer. more and more despondent and wretched, month after month, year after despondent year.

Consumption.

Physicians used to hold that a fatal assue must follow the development of inhercles on the lungs. So long as tubercular formations could be arrested. there was hope of a patient's recovery; but when these had planted themselves in the lung, their growth was inevitable and fatal. But nature is wiser than physicians, and teaches those who

study her ways valuable lessons. Careful dissection in recent years has brought to light many curious facts. Foremost among these is the certainty that consumption, in its tubercular form, is often cured. A series of post-mortem examinations, in an Edinburg hospital, disclosed the fact that the lungs of onethird of the patients who died after forty years of age, bore marks of tubercles, whose growth had been checked, and in

Parts of the lungs had even been de-stroyed, and the cavities filled by con-traction and adhesion of the walls. In ease. If consumption is carable, as these facts seem to indicate, serentific physicians will never rest till they have ascertained the most effective modes of

many cases, the disease wholly cured.