The forest Republican.

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Poems of the Week.

SUNDAY. Lie still and rest, in that serene repose That on this holy morning comes to those Who have been buried with the cares that make

The and heart weary and the tired heart ache. Lie still and rest. God's day of all is best.

MONDAY?

Awake! arise! Cast off thy drewsy dreams Red in the east, behold the morning gleams. "As Monday goes, so goes the week," dames

Refreshed, relieved, use well the initial day; And seet thy neighbor Already seeks his labor.

TUESDAY.

Another morning's banners are unfurled-Another day looks smiling on the world; It beholds new laurels for thy soul to win; Mar not its grace by slothfulness or sin, Nor sad, away

Sond it to yesterday.

WEDNESDAY Hall-way onto the end-the week's high noon. The morning hours do speed away so soon And when the ncon is reached, however

bright, Instinctively we look toward the night. The glow is lost

Once the meridian crost.

THURSDAY. So well the week has sped, hast thous triend Go spend an hour in converse. It will lead New beauty to thy labors and thy life To pause a little sometimes in the strife. Toil soon seems rude That has no interInde.

FRIDAY.

F om feasts abstain; be temperate, and pray; Fast if then will; and yet, throughout the day,

Neglect no labor and no duty shirk; Not many hours are left thee for thy work-And it were meet .

Toat all should be complete.

SATURDAY. Now with the almost finished task make haste;

So near the night, thon hast no time to waste. Post up accounts, and let thy soul's eyes look For flaws and errors in life's ledger-book.

When labors cease, How sweet the sense of peace!

- Ella Wheeler, in Chicago Tribune.

A NIGHT IN AN AVALANCHE.

Contrar l arrangements and ex-

It was a wonderfully beautiful valley | trousers and masks, and the men with was to asrend to Bleiberg. There are no finer mountain prospects anywhere. It seems to me sometimes that all the ornamental work of the creation has been expended on Switzerland and the Tyrol,

Usually, when in the mountains, I ride outside with the driver, or up in the imperial, perched like a leather bon-net on the top of the vehicle. I deter-mined fully to do so at this time. How capricious is the mind of man, I

reflected, on entering the little station, and seeing a young lady in a velvet jacket and gray kids buy inside coupe No. 1 for Bleiberg. In a minute and a half I had changed my mind, and was the owner of coupe ticket No. 2.

I helped my traveling companion to her seat, fixed my own precious baggage into the box hehind, and then proceeded, naturally enough, to occupy in-side seat No. 2. There was but one passenger besides myself. In twenty minutes the two occupants of that mountain diligence were tolerably acquainted.

We spoke, of course, in German. We spoke, of course, in German. What struck us both as very singular, however, was the great similarity of our German pronunciation. Miss Shel-ton-Miss Margot Shelton, to be more explicit—for I had seen her name on the ticket as I passed it to the conductorwas perfectly certain I was not a Swiss. much less an Austrian, and I was equally confident my fair companion was not a native to the Alps. Her German bore too strong an accent for that. I after ward learned she had thought my own a little curious. Once, just for the sport of the thing, I shouted something to the driver in English. How aston-ished I was to hear Miss Shelton add to it a phrase as English as my own! We held breath to explain, and in almost no time at all discovered that we were both Americans, Strange discoveries folowed-they always do. Miss Shelton's father had been a volunteer captain in our army, and I myself had been within a rifle-shot of him when he fell at Vicksburg.

Her mother, a native of Bleiberg, took this only daughter and returned to her old home, stopping at the solicitations of friends, first for months, and now it had been years. In a moment I recalled what had been puzzling me for an hour. I had seen the name Shelton before mewhere.

Who was pensioner 1004 but Elsie Shelton—why had I not thought of that?—wife of Captrin Shelton, killed at Vicksburg in June, 1863. How ex-tremely singular! we both exclaimed. Mrs. Elsie Shelton, I was soon informed, was not remarked was not remarried.

The object of my journey was accom-plished. I might return home at once. I did not, however. Besides, Miss Shel-ton insisted that I should go on and visit pretty Bleiberg, her mother and herself. I was easily persuaded. Why had the consul's letters not been answered? I asked, as we made a turn

music and flags. It was a novel sight, as the long procession filed up the road and approached the house where we were waiting. The contrast of the bright colors of the costumes and flags with the green foliage and the greener grass at the road-sides; the comparative silence, disturbed only by the echoing of the notes of music from the lofty rocks; the seeming diminutiveness of everything-of the men, of the threadlike roads, of even the houses and trees, as seen under the shadow of the tower-

boys following at the sides, and all the villagers looking on. Suddenly the nusic ceased; there was an awful whiz-zing in the air; a cry of "Avalanehe!" "Avalanche!" and an instant roaring and cracking, as of falling forests. In ten short seconds an awful flood of snow, mangled trees, ice and stones passed the house like the swell of a mighty sea. Everything shook. The procession disappeared as if engulfed by an earthquake. Houses, right and left, tumbled over, and were buried in one single instant. The air, cooled for a moment, and again bot, was rent with the screams of the mangled. An awful catastrophe had befallen us; the wrath of the mountains was upon the village! For a moment we stood paralyzedspeechless.

My first impulse was to rush to the street, and to drag my companions with me; but there was no street. Even the garden had disappeared in a foam of snow and ice We thought of the back window at the embankment, but as we tore it open, a single glance toward the mountain told us the horror was but begun. "The forest!" we all shouted in a breath. It was gone, all gone, as if mown by a mighty reaper, and masses of other snow seemed ready to slide. The white brow of the mountain still gleamed in the sunshire, and seemed to laugh at the desolation. Another whizzing, a roar, and with our own eyes we saw the side of the mountain start. Instantly and together we sprang down the steps into the lower room. There was a roll of thunder, a mighty crash, and then all was darkness. We were buried alive beneath an avalanche.

What my first thoughts were I am anable to recall. I only remember our fearful cries for help; how we shouted separately, and then united on one word, crying together again and again, our only answer the silence of the grave. Every soul in the village, probably, had been killed, or, like ourselves, had been buried beneath the snow and ice of the mountain. It was only after we had exhausted ourselves with vain cries for help that we meditated on helping ourselves. We had not been injured. We remembered that we were in the little sitting-room down stairs, the windows only of which seemed broken in. and filled with snow, ice and stones.

TIMELY TOPICS. An idea of the condition of the United States navy is given by the report of the House naval committee, which says that of the 142 vessels of the navy forty-eight are not capable of firing a gun, eleven steamships are laid up for repairs and eight others are out of service, leaving only sixty-nine capable of doing naval The navy is also short in guns,

having only 250 pieces in the whole navy, of which less than forty are rifles, all the others being smooth bores, which are out of all comparison with the modern gun for effective service. stop there. Don't shave your customers. Don't talk with your mouth filled with food. And there is no call for your talking much under normal conditions. Keep your clothing well brushed. If you have no brush, tell you wife how you long for your mother's cookery, and you will have one instanter. It is somewhat hard to maintain a free reading-room in New York. The number of articles stolen from the

number of articles stolen from the Cooper Union is giving the managers a great deal of trouble. Not only are the ordinary books stolen, but it is found next to impossible to keep up the sup-ply of Bibles on the desks, as they are stolen as first as distributed. The brass rods that keep the papers in place are constantly stolen for the metal, and even the worthless rubber checks given at See that your collar button is secure before you leave home in the morning. Else you will find your choler rising before night. When talking, don't keep fumbling your face, as though you were fingering. musical instrument. Don't smoke in the presence of ladies. the worthless rubber checks given at the door are stolen instead of being given up as the person passes out. Two This does not apply to the meerschaum and brier pipes your lady friends have given you from time to time. Smoke in these ladies' presents as often as you years ago there were 2,000 checks, now there are but 450. Twenty-five hundred persons enter the free reading-room please. daily. Hereafter persons desiring to use Don't walk the streets with your cane this immense reading-room will be obliged to make application for admis-sion to the librarian. or umbrella thrust under your arm at right angles with your body. The policeman may take you for a cross and

take you up. It is the habit in Scotland as in America to sell insurance tickets, with railroad tickets when the traveler de-sires them. The cost of these insur-ance tickets, good for one day, is but a penny, and the company agrees to pay a certain sum in case of death within the twenty-four house or or forever. The mouth is a very poor place to keep a knife. Apt to make it rusty. within the twenty-four hours, or a certain sum weekly in case of in jury. It is rather remarkable that there should not be a single insured person on that fated Dundee train, but so the insurance companies assert. This brings up a suggestion of improvement in the method of giving tickets for this pur-pose. There should be some method by which the friends of the deceased could find out whether or not he had Don't speak so loud that everybody's ears are outraged. It may injure your trachea.—Boston Transcript. been insured. Almost every one on the train that went into the Tay might have been insured, yet there is no way of find-ing it out. Many of the bodies have been swept out to sea and if they are ever found it is doubtful whether an insurance ticket on their persons would be

The autopsy of the remains of the woman who starved herself to death in Cincinnati did not reveal any materially iseased condition of the stomach. The fact that she lived for thirty days without using any nourishment whatever would justify the conclusion that persons possessed of strong will power, and having the hallucination or delusion that they are suffering with some organic disease or bodily disorder, may ive until the body is entirely consumed. This lady was possessed of great power of will, and she had a delusion that she had no stomach, and therefore made up her mind that she would not take food or drink, and continued in this condition until there was a general exhaustion of the nerve-centers and mental faculties, when she went quietly into a calm sleep and died without a struggle. The pathological condition of the passages leading to the stomach all being normal, with no obstruction, and all the organs in a healthy state ready to perform their various offices, would warrant the conclusion that this lady would have lived a great many years if she could have been induced to partake of sufficient nourishment to sustain life. An account of a case of clear grit, physical endurance and suffering from pain, which stands without a parallel,

decipherable.

Rates of Advertising.

One Sq	uare(timet	GUDIN	e inse	rtion	η -	81	
One Square		95		e mo			- 3	08
One Square			- 416	CE147 23	onth	811	- 6	00
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Two Squares,		one.	year	1	*		15	07
Quarter Col.		184		1.4	-	1.1	30	00
Half	- 44	44					-50	00
One	44	- 14	1.14	0.71	1		100	10

Logal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements col-lected quarterly. Temporary advertise ments must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

Just One Little Song, Love.

Come, sing that song I loved, love, When all life seemed one song;

For I am stricken now, love, My strong arm is not strong.

Then sing the song I loved, love, You know that one sweet song.

Aye, sing that one sweet song, love; Love, just that one sweet song. For life is none too long, love-

Oh, love is none too long. Then just one little song, love; Love, just one little song.

know you love the world, love: Nor would I deem you wrong. But, when above my grave, love, Next year the grass grows strong.

Then sing that song I loved, love; Love, just one little song.

No tears or sable garb, love; No sighs to break your song.

But when they bid you sing, love. And thrill the joyous throng, Then sing the song I loved, love;

Love, just one little song. - Joaquin Miller, in the Parisian.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Over 1,000 cheese factories are operated in New York State.

The Boston Post considers a judge's position a trying one. Arizona contains 73,000,000 acres of

Don't interrupt a person in his talk. The natural limit of man's life is threescore years and ten, and he can't go on land, 5,000,000 of which are surveyed.

The people of Germany smoke 85,000,-000 pounds of tobacco in their pipes every year.

A California paper says that it is now considered a well-settled point that the production of raisins in that State will Don't tuck your napkin under your shirt collar. The waiter may think you e made profitable.

English authorities state that, out of every five loaves of bread eaten in Eng-land in 1860, three must come from the Don't speak so low that you have to United States and Russia. e asked to repeat everything that you

A new steam hammer in the establishment of Messrs. Park Bros, & Co., Pitts-burg, weighing fifteen tons, and costing \$60,000, will, it is said, be the largest in he country.

Over \$22,000,000 was expended in New York city last year in the erection of new buildings, which is in excess of the amount expended for new buildings any year since 1871,

An official record, recently published, of the leading incidents in the nefarious career of one Mr. Anthony Matek, an Austrian thief of considerable renown The Smithsonian institute has sent a commission to the Pacific coast to make complete collection of all the fish found in the Cisleithan provinces of the Dual Realm, is not uninstructive. This per-severing but unfortunate pilferer has just attained the ripe age of sixty-eight, in the sea, lakes and rivers of California and the neighboring States and Territories.

thirty-four years and eight months of his existence having been spent in one or another imperial jail, while the monotony of his solitary confinement It is said that there is one cow for every four persons in this country, and if the wells and springs were to fail some of us would be put on short allowlimes b nce of milk and cream. - Norrislown his receiving 16,600 stripes with rods and Herald. 370 blows with sticks. These latter The Suez canal receipts are reported castigations were imparted to him durto have decreased in 1878 \$323,200 from those of 1877, and 1879 showed a still greater falling off. About three-quarters f the vessels passing through are British. Professor: "Can you multiply con-rete numbers together?". The class all ancertain. Professor: "What will be the product of five apples multiplied by six poth des?" Pt-'l (triumphantly): Hash. "aind words can never die." How oitterly does a man realize that terrible truth when he sees all the kindest words ie ever saw in his life glaring at him from his published letters in a breach of promise suit .- Hawkeye. According to the developments of a awsuit in Buffalo, the business of manufacturing glucose is a very profitable one. It is alleged that the shares of the Buffalo grape sugar company, the original value of which was \$100 each. are now worth \$20,000 each, and it is said the concern makes from \$30,000 to \$40,060 per week. Although to-day there are as many beards in the House of Commons as in any assembly in the world, twenty-five years ago there was but one. It be-longed to Mr. Muntz, member from Birmingham, who did the public a service by persuading the government to adopt the perforating machine in the manufacture of postage stamps. Mr. Muntz shaved until he was forty, when his brother returned from Germany with a fine beard, which the M. P. de-ternined to emulate. "H. B.," the famous caricaturist, was soon at "the man with the beard," as every one called Muntz, and represented him in a cartoon as "a Brummagen M. P." In this portrait he carries a stout stick, which has special prominence, the reason being hat an irrepressible practical joker, the Marquis of Waterford, was supposed to nave laid a wager that he would shave Muntz; hence the cudgel to defend himself from disbarbament. Mr. Muntz. died, very wealthy, in 1857.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

Notes on Deportment.

Keep your nails pared, and keep paired yourself. Single-blessedness is an empty

Part your hair neatly. Part your for-

Toe out, not in. Especially if you are an employer, you would better turn out your feet than your hands.

Keep your face cleanly shaved, and

Never put your knife in your mouth.

Never say "I won't," even if it be your wont to feel that way.

have said. The second time of saying

a thing will frequently impress you with

Thirty-Four Years in Jail.

at different

would steal it.

ts flatness.

mockery.

une fairly.

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had reared me, I had not got further along in life than to a third class clerkship in the State department at Washington, and this only because I could write a fine hand, and make fancy capi tals, said my disappointed uncle.

believe uncle was thoroughly ashamed of my getting into the depart-ment at all. He would a hundred times over have preferred that I had been a farmer. But when the hard times came, and when the hard times got harder, and the old farm, going under a mortgage, was only rescued by my savings as a third-class clerk, uncle sank his shame in his gratitude, and my fancy writing was ridiculed no longer.

Still, it was weary work, reading and copying endless dispatches of the chief clerk to our consuls in Europe, and all that without any apparent hope of ever becoming chief clerk myself. One day I was copying a dispatch of the secretary to the consul at Z --- . It was to the effect that from that day on he would, in accordance with his request, be al lowed \$1,000 a year for clerk hire.

"He will want a clerk, then, of course," I said to myself, "and if I could secure the situation, I might be happy still." I didn't want promotion so much as I wanted a change. That evening the dispatch of the department, copied in my best hand, left for Europe, accompanied by a private note of my own to the consul. As a specimen of my writing, I referred to the inclosed dispatch, and informed the learned consul that I could speak the German language, having learned it evenings during my stay Washington. Perhaps the last remark, and not my fine writing, settled the business. Clerks who can speak foreign languages are in demand with our consuls.

In six weeks from that day I had peeped into the great cities of London, Paris and Brussels, and was now standing at the clerk's desk of the American consulate at Z-

The business was not burdensome. With the office open but five hours a day, we were happy. I had beautiful times-so did the consul.

Among the Washington letters last winter was one from our worthy commissioner of pensions, asking the consul to investigate and furnish evidence that certain widows and minor daughters of United States pensioners living in his district had not married, and thus forfeited their claim to further aid from the government.

All the certificates, except 1,004, were indorsed, and ready to be returned. "This pensioner," said the consul to his chief clerk one morning, "is proba-bly either dead or married, and I am determined to find out which. It is not so wonderfully far from here to the village of Bleiberg, and if you have an inclination you may take the next train and go there. Come back by Saturday, and, of course, make the expenses as trifling as you can.

I had long wished for a stroll of some sort into the magnificent valleys of the informed that it was carnival-day in Carinthian Alps, and here seemed my opportunity.

was twenty-five miles still from Bleiberg when I transferred my hand

n the road. "Ok," said Miss Shelton, "mother and I were both coming next in the road. week to Z-, to visit a relative there. and so she proposed answering in person. Besides she is not so poor that she cares dreadfully whether Uncle Sam stops the ten dollars or so a month

or not.' By noon the church steeple of Bleiburg was in sight, and in an hour the driver blew a shrill note or so on his horn, the villagers hastened to the windows of the houses as our four panting ponies passed on a rallop, and the little old postmaster lifted his blue cap, and gave us a salute all round. Mrs. Shelton was living with a friend, then ab-sent, in a substantial two-story stone house not far from the post.

"'Tt is is Mr .----." said Miss Shelton, laughing, as she presented me to her "a real American; and, just mother, think, he has come to ask, mamma, if you are married." The good-looking, embarrassed little widow soon unraveled the nonsense with which Miss Margot was seeking to overwhelm us, and I was welcomed not only as an American, but as one who had been at Vicksburg.

When the dinner was over I strolled out through one of the loveliest situated villages of the Alps. The view down the valley we had just ascended was enchanting. Behind the pretty town, and edged by a green meadow sloping up-ward, was a forest of tall dark firs, and above this an alp, angling up the side of a steep mountain, known to all tourists as the Rigi of the Kernthal.

It was only the 25th of February, but the sun seemed as warm as in midsummer. The grass, so wonderfully green, was high enough for pasture, and violets and duises peeped out everywhere.

It was "dangerously warm, in fact." muttered the little postmaster in the blue cap, as I handed him a letter to post to the consul at Z----, saying everything was well, but I couldn't possibly be back on Saturday-" dangerously warm, because there had not been so much snow on the mountains in fifty years as now, and already people began to hear of avalanches falling out of ason

Bleiberg, however, is safe enough, I thought to myself, as I glanced up the sides of the old peak where, sure enough, there were oceans of snow and ice glistening in the sunshine. But it was a mile away, and between pretty Bleiberg and it swept, like a dark veil, the forest of tall fir trees.

"I don't like it-it's too warm-and there's no telling," continued my would-be pessimist of a postmaster. "I haven't lived in those regions well nigh to fifty years for nothing. Snowing all winter, and hot sun and daisies in February, aren't natural. It means avalanches to somebody somewhere.

I had almost forgotten that, as I left the house of my fair entertainers, I was the village, and that at three o'clock I must be on hand to see the procession. It was already after three, and I hurried back to be offered a good place to see valise and myself from a second-class railway car into a first-class mountain diligence, the from a second-class mountain diligence. The first-class mountain the second class from, at the upper chamber window of Miss Margot, where, joined by her mother, we awaited the boys in striped second class from a s

The stairway was also filled with snow and the debris of crushed walls. Above us all was desolution.

The furniture in the room seemed all in its proper place. We could move about, but it was becoming terribly cold, and we felt the sleepy chill, that dreadful precursor of death by freezing, overcoming us. Once we were certain we heard voices above us, and again we shouted to try to tell them we were still alive. We listened; the voices were gone-we were abandoned to our fate. For hours we had alternately shouted and listened, until we sank down in de-

spair. It must have been midnight when, in our gropings about the little chamber, our hands came on a wax eandle. In a few moments we had light-light to die by

Hours went by. I don't know whether we were sleeping or freezing, when I started at hearing a voice cry, "A light! a light!" I sprang to my feet, and again the voice cried, "A light!" In ten minutes three half-frozen, half-insane human beings were lifted from the grave into the gray light of the morning. A hundred noble souls had labored the long night through, seeking the buried. Every man and woman, from every village in the whole valley, had hurried to the scene, and was straining every nerve to rescue those to whom life might still be clinging. We were among the last taken from the snow and rocss, which had lain upon us thirty he continued on his way, and feet in depth. Did those brave rescuers wonder that we knelt to them and Rockland he discovered that his wound kissed the hems of their ragged gar- was a serious one and required the ments?

Beautiful Bleiberg is no more. Half physician at Lac Vieux Desert, he reof those whom we saw dancing along in the procession of the carnival, in the bright sunshine, sloep among the violets on the hill-side. The snow and the ice and the black bowlders from the mountain, and the dark fir-trees, still lie, in this summer of 1879, in one mass in the valley. We all left as soon as we could mayel. I went home to Z-

My chief has resigned, and I am now acting consul in his place. Should the Senate confirm all the new appoint. ments, I expect to remain as consul. Miss Shelton thinks also of remaining, home at the consulate on the outside of other one, which was frozen. For sevthe door.

One word and I am done. Mrs. Shel ton has lost a part of her pension-so much of it as was allowed for a miner daughter. I have so reported it to the commissioner at Washington.—Harper's Monthly.

Henry Nelson, of New Orleans, is ninety-eight-"too old to be fooled with." he says. But some boys amused themselves by tormenting him, until he shot off the arm of one of them.

Mrs. Harris was ill, at Mitchell, Ind. and deliriously insisted on getting out of bed. The husband tried by persuasion to keep her quiet, and then losing his patience, killed her with an axe.

Spring brings the blossoms. Autumn brings the fruit-and also colds, etc., for which noth-ing superior to Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has ever been offered to the public. It always

comes from Ontonagon county, Mich. The story runs that a woodman named James Irwin left Rockland for his forest home at Lac Vieux Desert, on snow shoes over an untraveled road through the woods, which was covered with two or three feet of snow. A short distance out he stopped to build a fire, and while engaged in chopping some fuel he cut one of his feet. Failing to appreciate at worse. the time the extent of his injury,

when out about twenty-five miles from offices of a surgeon, and as there was no traced his steps toward Rockland where he could get one. His foot rapidly got worse, so that he could not bear his weight on it. Alone, on an unbroken trail or road, heavy with snow, with a crippled and painful foot, his horrible position can be imagined. It was a case of life or death with Irwin, so falling on his knees he commenced crawling on "all fours " and after thirty-six days he was found within three miles of Rockland, having crawled twenty-two miles in a most deplorable condition, and barely life enough left to stir. The wounded foot had to be cut off, and it was thought he would lose the eral days he had dothing to eat. A man who would undertake to accomplish what Irwin did was not turned out of

The sultan has ten servants whose special duty is to unfold the carpets for im when he is going to pray, ten to take care of his pipes and cigarettes, two to dress his royal hair and twenty to attend to his most noble clean shirts. There are a multitude of other attendants, about the palace; indeed, it is stated that 800 families and about 4,060 persons live at his majesty's expense. He is an extravagant housekeeper; the annual expenditures of the palace are mentioned as nearly \$14,000,000.

a common mould.

A few years ago, when an unprece-dentedly cold night left a little skim of ice on the pools in Jerusalem, the Arabs declared that it was a miracle by which water had been turned to glass.

ing his term of army service. Military regulations opposed themselves, it ems, in a violent and arbitrary manner to his confirmed habit of seeking unconsidered trifles in his comrades' pockets; and vengeful martinets, deaf to his plea that "congenial eccentricity covers a multitude of sins," decreed no fewer than six several times that he should "run the gauntlet." The fact that he has survived those terrible ordeals bears convincing testimony to the vigor of his constitution. The value of the articlestolen by him is appraised in the official register of his adventures and mishaps as not amounting in all to 300 florins, or less than \$150. His last sentence but one-eight years' imprisonment with hard labor, which he had worked out only a few weeks ago—was incurred for the annexation of the Austrian equivalent to eighty cents. No sooner was he free than he publicly relieved a lady of her purse, containing sixty cents. For this imprudent feat he has just been condemned to another six years of penal servitude, making up a total ta e of forty years and eight months' laborious sectusion for the acquisition of an amount copresenting an income for that period of about \$3.75 per annum! The strictest honesty could hardly have paid him

A Depraved Small Boy.

A fearful example of criminal preocity is afforded by a case which reently came before the assize court of St. Peter, in Martinique. A boy named Emilien Dema, aged eleven, was accused of deliberately murdering Paul Sarpon, ehild of three and a half years. The following extracts from Dema's examination will show the horrifying coldbloodedness with which he admitted the commission of the crime. On being asked how he despatched his victim he answered: "I killed him intentionally. got him to come and play with me. He followed me and we played together at first, and then I led him near the edge of a cliff, and pushed him over. I next jumped down after him, beat and kicked him, bit him in the neck and finished him off with a stone." Wishing, as he said, to assure himself of having really ' finished off" Sarpon, this young monstor stated that he then dragged the body into a pool of water and effectually prevented any return of life by placing a heavy stone on the head. The presi dent of the court inquired of Denna why he had taken the child's life, to which he replied : "Because I hated him for hav-ing me punished by my mother." On a question being put as to whether he felt no regret or pity on seeing the murdered boy struggling in the agonies of death, the prisoner, who seemed greatly surprised at such a query, answered decid-edly, "No," and added, on being further interrogated, that not even the fear of the police would have deterred him, as his desire was to "kill Paul." The child criminal, who had given his evidence throughout most impassively,

displayed no feeling of any kind on being sentenced to the maximum punishment of twenty years' imprisonment in a house of correction.—Galignani's Messenger.

Ninety and Nine.

On the Aletusch glacier I saw trange, beautiful sight - the parable of the ninety and nine reacted to the letter. One day we were making our way with ice-axe and alpen stock down the gla-cier, when we observed a flock of sheep following their shepherds over the intriente windings between crevices, and passing from the pastures on the one side of the glacier to the pastures on the other. The flock had numbered two hundred all toid, but on the way one of them had got lost. One of the shep-hards, in his German patois, appealed to us if we had seen it. Fortunately one of us had a field glass; with its aid we discovered the lost sheep in a tangle of brushwood on the mountain side. It was beautiful to see how the shepherd, without a word, left his hundred and ninety-nine sheep on the glacier waste knowing they would stand there perfectly still and sale), and went clamber-ing back after the sheep until he found it; and he actually put it on his shoulder and returned rejoicing.

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