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Rates of Advertising.

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In 1780.

In Seventeen-Hundred-Eighty They sat by household fires, And talked of matters weighty, Our granddads and our sires; They talked of matters weighty, While broad the blaze uprolled, Beside their hearths in 'Eighty, That time of awful cold. The hard frost figured grimly Along the window glass— How large the old-time chimney! How wide the fireplace was! The solid coals dropped under, The brass andirons gl'wed, The fore-stick fell asunder, Deep rits the back-log showed. They talked of wives and widows, Of woes that war revealed, While round the walls the shadows Of British armies wheeled; They talked of Earl Cornwallis, Of Britain and her might; Their cause their only solace, Their only strength the right. They told of insults wanted, And guessed with forward view, At what Sir Henry Clinton, With opening spring, would do. They named each friendly nation— France, Holland, even Spain, And gathered consolation From Stony Point and Wayne. With retrospective fervor, They talked of Charlestown Neck, Of Gates by Hudson river, And Arnold at Quebec. R. calling men and places, And battles lost or won, They breathed with ardent here The name of Washington. They talked of gloom impending, They spoke of doubtful stars, Of hopeless men contending With red-coats reigning. And thus with matters weighty, Things past or things to come, Each household hearth in 'Eighty Was stirred as by the drum. The warrior cold stood sentry, At windows and at doors; The sitting snow found entry, And streaked the sanded floors. But ever with the knitting, Or with the open book, Went thought to Clinton fitting, Or Howe of Sandy Hook.

Youths Companion.

\$100,000.

AND THE THREE MARRIAGES CAUSED THEREBY.

"My mind is made up, mother," said young Dr. Delancey, "so let us enjoy our breakfast and not spoil our digestion by thinking of the old eccentricities of the with him, but must dispose of his fortune in this idiotic manner." "But, my dear Arthur," remonstrated Mrs. Delancey, "one hundred thousand dollars is too large a sum to refuse without much consideration." "I know that, mother mine, but still I refuse it, or rather refuse to accept it with the condition attached to it. I prefer to choose my own wife." "Is there no alternative?" "None." "What are the exact words of the letter?" "These," answered Arthur, taking up a ponderous letter which had been lying on the table, and reading from it: "My dear sir—Now that the estate of the late Tobias Queerby is settled, it becomes my duty to inform you that he had imposed a condition upon his bequest to you. He bequeaths to you property to the value of one hundred thousand dollars, on condition that you marry Miss Fidelia Fairfax within two years after his death. The same amount has been bequeathed to Miss Fairfax, and I have this day notified her that the same condition is attached to her share of the estate. This condition was not mentioned in the will, as it would not have been recognized as valid by the courts. You need not obey his request unless you wish, and your legacy will remain unaffected, but he charges you and her, as you are upright and honorable, not to enjoy his hard-earned wealth unless you do as he desired. I enclose a copy of the letter to me asking me to acquaint you with his desires, by which you will see to what charitable societies he wished you to give the money he left you in case you do not yield to the conditions imposed, and in case you decide to act as a man of honor. I am, sir, yours, etc., Greenfield Kent, attorney for the estate of Tobias Queerby." "There!" cried Arthur. "is not that a terrible condition to impose? Of course I am a man of honor and I must—yes, must give up this fortune." "But one hundred thousand dollars, Arthur, is—"

fax married, and daughters generally resemble their mothers, you know." "Undoubtedly she is a nice young lady, mother, as society ladies are. I dare say she can rattle off the first conjugation in French, recite Tennyson by the hour, lead a German, tell just which corner of her card to turn down for a call of condolence or a party call, rave about majolica and the art decorative, give the points of a pug, yawn interestingly behind a fan, extol the opera, write marvellous poems, each one with an Envoi and, in short, be a credit to her family and the seminary where she was graduated. I can see her now," continued Arthur, shaking his yellow curls and laughing. "She considers me as her property, but hates me because she feels sure of me. 'Yes,' she says, to her confidante (chums no longer exist, they have been massacred by confidantes and bad French). 'I suppose I'll have to marry him, the practical wretch.' 'Now, Arthur, you are not just; neither are you kind to speak of a girl you do not know, and have never seen,' said Mrs. Delancey. "By jove, mother!" cried Arthur, bringing his open hand down on the table with force sufficient to make the china and his mother jump simultaneously. "I have an idea." "What is it, my son?" asked the lady. "I see by this letter," explained the young physician, "that Miss Fairfax lives in Metrolville. Now, a train leaves here at eleven and reaches there at two. Jack Morton, my college chum, lives in Metrolville, and I'll go there, see him, and try to see Miss Fidelia Fairfax without being seen by her. If I like her looks I'll introduce myself, if not I'll come home, bid farewell to the fortune and settle down to bachelorhood and physics." "You forget that your cousin Uriah comes to-day and may be offended if you are not here," urged the widow. "Mother," returned Arthur, mock-earnestly, "if anything could drive me away from this comfortable home with more speed than my curiosity to see Miss Fairfax it would be the knowledge that that dry old book-worm, Cousin Uriah, was coming here to bore me with his learning and his praises of that blue-stocking, his idol Araminta, for whose hand he is too bashful to propose. He's a nice young fellow, but, oh, such a bore. That decides me, I go at eleven." And in the smoking train that left Opoliton at eleven o'clock bound for Metrolville sat Dr. Arthur Delancey puffing a cigar gravely. "Father," said Miss Fairfax, while presiding over a cunning little breakfast table in a cosy little dining-room in the most comfortable little house in the little city of Metrolville, "my mind is made up. I cannot take the money—I cannot marry a man at the order of another even if that other does offer me one hundred thousand dollars to do so." "Well, my dear Fidelia," returned Mr. Fairfax. "I do not feel competent to advise you further than bid you follow the dictates of your own heart. Still, my love, I would counsel you not to be hasty. Your dear mother were alive she would tell you in a moment what to do—I must say, though, Fidelia, that one hundred thousand dollars is—"

"Yes, pa, I know, one hundred thousand dollars is a great deal of money, but even that sum cannot tempt me to marry a man I do not love, have never seen in fact. Was a girl ever placed in such a humiliating position? I wish the eccentric old Mr. Tobias Queerby had been content to keep his eccentricity to himself. The idea! As if the friendship existed between you and Mr. Delancey and him gave him the right to dispose of the hands and hearts of his friends' children." "But you needn't marry him, you know, my dear," said Mr. Fairfax. "If I had not been so unfortunate the past few years I would say at once give up this fortune; but I cannot leave you such, my love, and I know what a comforting thing money is." "But I can't marry him, pa." "Well, Mr. Greenfield Kent, the attorney, says the condition is not legal." "But oh, pa, Mr. Queerby relied on my honor not to take the money without accepting the condition, and my honor makes the condition binding if the law does not," said Miss Fairfax decidedly. "Time, my dear," replied the gentleman; "yet this I must say, Fidelia, I have often heard your poor dear mother speak of Mr. Delancey, and always in terms of the highest praise, and, you know that as a general rule sons are like their fathers. I have no doubt he is a most estimable young man." "I have no doubt he is, pa. I dare say he can interlard his conversation with yards of Latin that he don't half understand, can write sonnets and triquets in a lady's album, can tell the best time of all the oarsmen and race horses, can play polo, can tell what kind of a coat ought to be worn on each day of the week, can say 'Very clever, bai jove,' as if he were a thorough man of the world, can tell what new play is going to be a success, can flirt with everybody and vow all the girls are breaking their poor hearts for him, can tell college yams all night and laugh loud at his own wit and, in short, prove himself an honor to society and Harvard college. I can see him now talking to his pal (there are no more classmates; pals and college slang murdered them long ago) and saying: 'Ooh, bai Jupitah, old felah, it's a doobed bore, ye know, but the poor little girl will break her heart if I don't marry her, and I suppose I will have to, bai Jove, yaas,' while all the time he hates me like poison." "Now, now, now, Dealie, my love!" cried Mr. Fairfax, "this is not right," yet he could not refrain from laughing. "You are unjust, unkind—you should not speak so of one you have never seen." "Oh, papa!" exclaimed Fidelia, suddenly clasping her hands and shaking her black curls merrily. "What, my dear?" asked the father. "I have an idea. The lawyer's letter says Mr. Fairfax lives in Opoliton. Now, Rena Lester lives there, and she's

my schoolmate and she's been begging me to call on her. There's a train leaves at eleven and I'll go to-day. I'll contrive to see Mr. Arthur Delancey without being seen, and I'll judge by his looks whether I'll ask to be introduced. If I don't like him I'll throw the fortune to the hospitals and become an old maid, and make tea forever for my dear, stupid, loving darling pa. So make haste, pa, I must prepare for my journey." "But you are not going to-day, my dear," complained Mr. Fairfax. "You forget that your cousin Araminta is coming to-day to stop with us, and she might be offended if you were not here to receive her." "Pa, if anything could drive me from the house it would be the thought that I would have to listen to the dissertations of the learned Araminta and hear her prattle of that modest, unassuming girl, whoever she is. Araminta is a good enough body, pa, but she does weary me so. That decides me. I go to-day." In the drawing-room car of the train that left Metrolville at eleven o'clock, bound for Opoliton, sat Miss Fidelia Fairfax reading the latest novel. "Jack," said Arthur Delancey, tossing his hat on the table in Jack Merton's room and throwing himself on the lounge, "are you quite sure you were right about Mr. Fairfax's house being the seventh from this?" "Of course I am. I've often been there to see him and his daughter," answered Jack. "Ah, his daughter! I think I saw her at the window as I passed." "Undoubtedly you did; she sits there all day." "Lively girl she must be. Has she black hair and eyes?" "Yes?" "And she is—well, not pretty." "There you are wrong. She is pretty." "Jack, old fellow, you always had queer ideas of female beauty. Why she looks like a school marm. Is she one of the cultured, clever sort?" "She is a very clever girl." "She is, eh. Then I've seen her, no doubt." "That must have been her in the window, there is no other lady in the house." "Oh," muttered Arthur. "I'll run to the telegraph office. Jack, if you'll excuse me, and then I'll be at your service and we'll have a jolly night of it." That afternoon Mrs. Delancey received a telegraphic dispatch in the following words: "Have seen the 'condition.' Good-bye, fortune. I wouldn't have her for a million. I leave at eleven to-morrow morning." "Ask pa, doctor," said black-eyes. "Araminta," said Uriah, "this meeting is suspicious. I—I—will you—will you—" "I understand you, Uriah. Take me," returned the angular one, and they again shook hands feebly. Two months later, at Mr. Fairfax's cosy little house, the guests were assembled to witness the wedding ceremonies of two couples. They were Arthur and Fidelia and Uriah and Araminta. After they had been happily united and congratulated, Mr. Fairfax, who was consoling Mrs. Delancey for the loss of her son, said: "My dear Mrs. Delancey, you are a comfortable sort of woman and I am a comfortable sort of man. I have been made to-night a father to your son and a mother to my daughter. Do you know of any just cause and impediment in the way of our becoming, ahem—" It appearing that she did not, the services of the minister were again put in requisition, and the old folks were not the least happy of the party. The Hartford Courant, referring to the annual statement of the Aetna Life Insurance Company, says: "It shows the continued prosperity of that exceptionally well managed and strong institution. No life company in the country, as to the solid character of its assets and investments, can make a more convincing statement. It is to be particularly observed in this fresh announcement of the condition of the company that during the past year the assets have been increased \$513,391.17, while the surplus above all liabilities has added the sum of \$330,838.09. The receipts for interest alone have been \$1,856,710.46, and this amount has paid all death losses and the running expenses, and left a balance over of \$64,129.07. A few words in this general way cover the case for the Aetna as well as columns of commendations. It is a model company in its financial standing." In deepening a river in the neighborhood of Norwoking, says the Timber Trades Journal, in order to make it accessible for ships of heavier draught, among several objects of interest brought up from the bottom, eight oak trees were found at a depth of seven feet under the old bottom. The bark was almost decayed, and when it was taken off the wood was found to be hard and black, resembling ebony. The trees are supposed to have been lying in the earth 800 years. The trees have been sold to a firm of joiners, who intend using them for cabinet work. Old Nickelpinch's grandson called his attention to a bird the other day. "That's no bird," began the old man. "Why, yes, it is, grandpa," interrupted the boy. "don't you see it pick up the crumbs at the door." "That's no bird," repeated Nickelpinch, when the youngest again yelled, "I say it is a bird, and I'll leave it to grandpa if it isn't." "That snow bird," calmly remarked grandpa, "is the first one I have seen this season." The public are cautioned to ask for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and take no other. Price 25 cents.

"If Miss Fairfax was only like her!" was Arthur's first thought. Her injury proved to be but a sprained ankle, and laughing merrily at her former fears she accepted the arm of the physician and permitted him to almost carry her to the hotel. He supported her to the hotel parlor and insisted on giving the black-eyed patient his personal attention, a compliment she did not seem loth to accept. Some time was lost in sending for medicine, and over an hour had passed before the surgeon had bandaged the patient's foot. He was standing leaning on the mantel-piece under the influence of the black eyes, and she seemed content to say nothing but quietly admire the doctor's golden curls and frank blue eyes, when the hall-boy, who had received several large gratuities from the doctor for having run for medicines, and who was, therefore, his friend for life, rushed into the parlor, saying: "Some one sent telegrams to Opoliton and Metrolville, saying there'd been a fearful accident, and saying nothing about no lives being lost. So two trains have come in, one from each place, full of people looking after relatives, and there are visitors for both of you." Scarcely had he finished when through the broad doorway of the parlor ran four people. They were Mrs. Delancey, on the arm of a fair-haired little man, and Mr. Fairfax dragging in a very tall and very black haired and angry young lady. "Fidelia, Fairfax, by jove!" cried Arthur, as he saw the angular lady. "Oh, my Mr. Delancey!" screamed the black-eyed patient, as she saw the fair haired little man. "My son!" cried Mrs. Delancey, embracing the doctor. "Fidelia, Fidelia, my daughter!" roared Mr. Fairfax, embracing the black-eyed patient. "Mr. Uriah!" softly murmured the angular lady, crossing to the little man. "Miss Araminta!" squeaked the little man and he shook hands feebly with the angular lady. "And you are really Miss Fairfax?" said Arthur to his black-eyed patient. "I'm so glad." "And you're Mr. Delancey," said Fidelia; "I'm so glad," and then she blushed. "My dear Miss Fairfax," said Arthur, then, bluntly, "may I hope that we may both retain our hundred thousand dollars?" "Do you mean retain it with honor?" she asked, blushing again. "Yes. Don't you think it would be a shame to destroy the calculations of that good old soul, Queerby, who is now no more? Don't you think we ought to do as he wished us to?" "Ask pa, doctor," said black-eyes. "Araminta," said Uriah, "this meeting is suspicious. I—I—will you—will you—" "I understand you, Uriah. Take me," returned the angular one, and they again shook hands feebly. Two months later, at Mr. Fairfax's cosy little house, the guests were assembled to witness the wedding ceremonies of two couples. They were Arthur and Fidelia and Uriah and Araminta. After they had been happily united and congratulated, Mr. Fairfax, who was consoling Mrs. Delancey for the loss of her son, said: "My dear Mrs. Delancey, you are a comfortable sort of woman and I am a comfortable sort of man. I have been made to-night a father to your son and a mother to my daughter. Do you know of any just cause and impediment in the way of our becoming, ahem—" It appearing that she did not, the services of the minister were again put in requisition, and the old folks were not the least happy of the party. 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TIMELY TOPICS. Preliminary arrangements have been made for a new American Arctic expedition, under the direction of Dr. Emil Bessel, late chief of the scientific staff of the Polaris. The expedition will be fitted out by private enterprise. It will sail for the North next year, via Jones' sound, where the vessel intends to establish a meteorological station to cooperate with those of the international congress. At this station a yacht will be left to maintain communication, while a powerful steamer will push as far north as possible. A short time since an item went rounds of the press to the effect that W. J. Chappelle, a show agent, who, eighteen years ago, befriended a young Irish girl, had received \$500 from the girl, who it seems had married a wealthy Californian. The item went on to say that the money was sent to pay Chappelle's expenses to California only, and the inference was that he would be made a rich man by the grateful Irish girl of years past. People who read the item with a tinge of envy toward Chappelle and regret that they had allowed a number of golden opportunities to cast bread upon the waters to pass by unheeded, thinking perhaps if they had been a little more liberal they might now be reaping their reward—people of this sort will no doubt be pleased to learn that the whole affair was a grand hoax played upon the showman. He thinks Wambold, the New York minstrel, is at the bottom of it. The Kentucky house of representatives has passed a bill to punish theft by a male with corporal punishment by stripes, not exceeding thirty-nine, or by imprisonment, in the discretion of the jury. The American Israelite, in noticing this act of the Kentucky house, gives the origin of the thirty-nine, or forty less one, lashes. It says: "The thirty-nine lashes are taken from the Rabbinical code, which modified the forty lashes in the law of Moses to thirty-nine, because he who received that punishment is called in Scripture Rasha, 'a wicked man,' and the rabbis legislated that none in Israel should be branded as a Rasha for the commission of one crime of that category; therefore, they would not inflict the full punishment of the law on any culprit, and changed the forty lashes to thirty-nine." Theft under the Mosaic law was not punished by stripes; a fine, or loss of liberty until the fine was paid by the culprit's labor, was the punishment for theft according to Moses. The evidence taken before the court of inquiry into the Tay bridge disaster brought out nothing of any importance, except the fact that one of the officials on the south side of the bridge noticed sparks issuing from the train through-out nearly the whole distance between the south side of the bridge and the high girders. These sparks appear to have been due to the great pressure of the wind grinding the train against the rails on the eastern side of the bridge. One of the guards gave evidence to having witnessed the same thing on a previous occasion, when a very strong west wind was blowing, and the train having so alarmed him that thinking an axle was broken, he put on the brakes. At the point, too, where the catastrophe occurred, the rails were broken out on the eastern side, as though torn up by the excessive pressure of the train from their place. For the rest, nothing has been discovered, nor is now likely to be discovered, as to the character of the disaster, except that one witness living to the west of the bridge, but above it, declared that he saw a girder give way and fall into the river before the train came up. In Belgium the flying of pigeons has become a national pastime. In no country on the globe is the raising of carrier pigeons carried on to the degree of perfection that it is there. And in no country goes the raising of pigeons and the transporting of them for racing purposes form such an item of importance to the government as it does there. Here are some figures which seem incredible, but which are vouched for as official. The pigeon fanciers of Belgium paid \$3000 to the Belgian government as a freight for transporting pigeons last year alone. It is claimed that 1,500,000 pigeons were taken from Belgium into France—the former country being too small for the starting of any important races within its own bounds—during 1879. The greatest race of recent years was that of last year, from Rome to Brussels, a distance of 900 miles. Eleven hundred birds were entered and less than two hundred ever returned. The rest were lost one way or another. Four of these birds, singularly enough, got to Philadelphia. They were picked up at sea by an Italian vessel, the Clara Picken, bound for that port, a short distance off the island of Majorca, in the Mediterranean, 400 miles from the land, so tired that they alighted on the vessel and were caught while asleep. These birds had their owner's marks stamped on their feathers. The comparative force of gunpowder and dynamite was discussed by two miners at Yunka, Cal. They agreed, as a test, to explode certain quantities of the substances under two planks, the friend of gunpowder to stand on the dynamite plank and the friend of dynamite on the other. The trial was made in the presence of an interested crowd of spectators. It resulted in a broken leg for the man who was intended to feet into the air by the dynamite, and uncounted bruises for the one whom the gunpowder threw against the trunk of a tree. It is better to be unknown than to have a pedigree that is too much for us; and it is better to be a peck to be bobbed than to have one too big to spread osh Billings. The Engine. Into the gloom of the deep, dark night, With panting breath and a startled scream, Swift as a bird in sudden flight Darts this creature of steel and steam. A wail dangers are lurking nigh, Rocks and chasms are near the track, But straight by the light of its great white eye It speeds thro' the shadows, dense and black. Terrible thoughts and fierce desires Trouble its mad heart many an hour, Where burn and smolder the hidden fires, Coupled over with night and power. It hates as a wild horse hates the rein, The narrow track by vale and hill; And shrieks with a cry of startled pain, And longs to follow its own wild will. Oh, what am I but an engine shod With muscle and flesh by the hand of God, Speeding on thro' the dense, dark night, Guided along by the soul's white light. Often and often my mad heart tires, And hates its way with litter hate, And longs to follow its own desires, And leave the end in the hands of fate. Oh, ponderous engine of steel and steam; Oh, human engine of flesh and bone— Follow the white light's certain beam— There lies safety, and there alone. The narrow track of fearless truth, Lit by the soul's great eye of light, Oh, passionate heart of restless youth, Alone will carry you thro' the night. —Ella Wheeler, in Inter-Ocean. ITEMS OF INTEREST. The next February with five Sundays in it will be 1820. Did you ever see a dog bark his shins? —Philadelphia Item. Londoners are to have sea-water pipes connected with their houses. Beaconsfield says: "When I want to read a novel I write one." A poor relation.—The crude effort of a story-writer. —American Punch. The Indians in the school at Carlisle, Pa., are taught military tactics. The English laws compel the velocipede riders to carry a headlight and a bell. Words are cheap, except when they are sent over the Atlantic cable. —Cincinnati Saturday Night. The aggregate salaries of the New York city school teachers for 1879 amounted to \$1,009,307. It is better to give than to receive, but the plan will never be very popular in this country. —New York Express. The Sultan of Turkey spends \$12,000,000 a year on himself, the eunuchs, sultans and courtiers that reside in his palace. An exchange wishes to know if sugar is extracted from dead beats. No, sir; dead beats have no "sugar." —Waterloo Observer. A man can buy a hat for one dollar. It takes from ten to fifteen for a woman to go comparatively bareheaded. —Valley Chronicle. Henry Smith, the famous razor strop man, of New York, was a heavy speculator, and lost in one day, a few years ago, \$60,000 by the fall in stocks. An Albany merchant recently shipped some goods by way of New York to London. The freight to New York was \$20.90, and from New York to London \$24. The distances are 150 miles and about 3,000 miles. If the theorist who avers that animals can resist temptation will experiment by poking his neighbor's big bull-dog in the ribs, he'll find that his theory, together with his trousers, will be torn in shreds. —Hackensack Republican. A French lad, aged ten years, recently ran away from his school in the village of Ravetot, and went to a neighbor's house where a wedding was being celebrated. The nuptial party made him drunk on wine, and told him to beware of his master's rod next day. This so frightened the youngster that he got a rope and hanged himself in the garden, where his body was found frozen the next morning. Yale has graduated 4 signers of the Declaration of Independence; 140 members of the United States House of Representatives; 44 United States Senators; 15 ambassadors to foreign courts; 16 cabinet officers, including Mr. Evarts; 16 lieutenant-governors and 29 governors of States; the lexicographers Webster and Worcester; 4 presidents of theological seminaries; 65 presidents of colleges, and 250 professors in colleges and professional schools. A \$1,000 Prize. The treasurer of the Franklin Institute has in his charge the sum of \$1,000, which has been deposited by Uriah A. Boyden, Esq., of Boston, to be awarded as a premium to any resident of North America or the West Indies islands who shall determine by experiment whether all rays of light and other physical rays are or are not transmitted with the same velocity. Each competitor will be required to transmit to the secretary of the institute before the first day of January next a memoir describing in detail the apparatus, mode of experimenting and the results. These memoirs will be submitted to three judges, to be appointed by the board of managers of the institute, and who are to be citizens of the United States, of competent scientific ability. Should the judges think proper they may require the experiments described in any of the memoirs to be repeated in their presence. Every memoir must be anonymous, but must contain some motto or sign by which it can be recognized or designated, and must also be accompanied by a sealed envelope, indorsed on the outside with the same motto or sign, and to contain the name and address of the author of the memoir. —Philadelphia Record.