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Begging.

Battling with hunger How many we meet, Footsore and trozen. Wand'ring the street; Weary and dreary, Pleading for bread, Houseless and starving-No rest for the head; Cold-cold-nothing to eat, Ragged and shivering, Wand'ring the street.

Battling with hunger, Wearisome-sad, From morn until eve Scarce " a bite" to be had; The outlook all gloom. Trudging through snow, In misery creeping, Onward they go,

Cold-cold-nothing to eat; Wretched and hungry, Wand'ring the street.

Battling with hunger, Battling for bread, Battling for bare life, Wishing life sped; Hearts sadly aching, Hard in their pain, Groveling in gutter, Begging again. Cold-cold-wretched and sad; All slone in the world,

Scarce " a bite ' to be had. Battling with hunger, Hard is their fate, Pleading and tramping Early and late; Oh, list the prayer Of the wandering poor,

And don't thrust the beggar Away from your door. Cold-cold-out in the rain, To eke out a living Bogsing again.

OUR HAUNTED HOUSE.

"Do buy the house, Charlie; I am not a: all atraid of ghosts!"

My husband leans against the wormeaten fence and looks thoughtfully at the dull, old-fashioned house, with its shutters flapping from broken hinges, its porches overgrown with vines, its gar-den full of rank weeds, and the river

"It is very cheap, Amy," he says, at length. "They only charge me for the land, and nominally nothing for the house. But can you endure living in such a deserted place, and I the city all day? Why, all sorts of noises can be heard here day and night, and I have heard good, intelligent people, with con-sciences, say they had seen the spirit of a man, with a little child in her arms, walking all about these grounds at evening. Nobody else would dare buy it. Why, it has had no tenants for a year. I fear it will frighten away your friends, and that you yourself will have to succumb to the spirit-influence of the

He stops, seeing the expression on my face. I can bear anything better than the allusion to spirit-influence, or to the belief of the progressionists. Charlie is a good business man; but he has read a great many scientific works written by men who thought they were very wise on the subject of spiritualism; and he has investigated, or, rather, invested a great deal in the same. He has pro-gressed to such an extent that he can sometimes hear raps on the headboard, and feel cold shivers down his back, in mosquito-time he often feels pinches from unseen soirit-fingers.

I do not like to read scientific books' and during the short time we have been married, I have employed my time, instead, in practicing waltzes, making pies and embroidering baby-clothes. Still, Charl'e worships me. I believe it is God's unseen law of recompense that there should always be some one to adore, even a women with freckles, wide mouth and a figure like a Dutch doll.

At all events, my will is always law; so Charlie takes his knife and cuts away the rose brambles that have thrown their arms across the front door, and together we enter the vacant echoing rooms. The cellings are dim with vails of cobwebs, the spiders run up the walls at our approach. The house has a ruin-ous, moldy smell, but it does not oppress The house has a ruinme as it does Charlie. A)ready in my mind's eye I see what it will be like, cleaned and sired, with open windows and cheerful furniture.

I ran through the house, exclaiming "What a beautiful wide hall!—this room facing the south shall be our sitting room. I will rout all the ghosts with sunshine. See those hollyhocks smiling over that picket fence, and those summer pears all rotting on the ground -what a shame!--and all those rosebushes choked in the long grass!" Charlie shakes his head

"If you had heard all I have about this house, you would be in no haste to live here. You know the Widow Woolson's daughter that has been missing from town a year, and supposed to be murdered? Well, Geoffry Clare was passing here one night, only last weekand you know, whatever else he will do, he won't lie—and he told me he saw Grace Woolson's face as plain as day over that garden fence.

I checked him suddenly again. I have never had but this one secret from my husband, that three years before I met forgotten me for pretty Grace Woolson, who had afterward disappeared so mysteriously that no trace of her could found, although Ler mother and Geoffry

had searched for her many months. I think I loved him no longer, and sometimes :hanked God for taking my future out of my unskillful hands, yet the mention of his name always made

enough to buy such a home as we might have chosen, within a week he had paid the small sum required for the haunted house, and we had moved into it, bag and baggage. I liked the place, which was neither town nor country, but was embowered among its trees, just at the terminal of the revenuents. just at the terminus of the pavements,

just at the terminus of the pavements, wilh such a grand old garden and such glimpses of wood and water. The first thing I did was to open all the windows wide, and let in the summer's sun.

Martha Ann, my one servant, cleaned away the mold and cobwebs, and fresh paint and paper changed the rooms as if by magic.

Charlie left his scientific researches after business hours and pruned the

after business hours and pruned the trees, cut the grass, trimmed the ragged vines, rehung the shutters, and made a small paradise out of the reclaimed

When all was completed, there was no place for ghosts in those wide, sunny rooms. My bedroom was the pleasantest room of all, facing the east, and looking out upon the pear trees, and looking out upon the pear trees, the hollyhocks and the river. Pink had been my color when a girl, so I took a fancy my room should be all pink. The dull drab paper, with green vines wandering about and clutching simlessly at nothing all. nothing all over it, was changed for a delicate pink and white. The carpet was pink and white, the color under the cheap muslin pillow shams was pink, the lace curtains hung over pink shades, and were looped back with pink ribbons, making as a whole too rose-hued

a bower for any specter to fancy.

I believe I was as entirely happy, after getting settled that first week, as any one could be who had lived in rented houses all her life, and owned one of her own for the first time.

I had but one distaste for the place, and that we for the basement, which, covered with clinging vines, was rotten underneath. It had formerly been a cellar-kitchen, but was now fallen into disuse, and full of refuse piles of lumber, old cans and unused rubbish. The heavy vines grown over the broken bricks had made it a damp and noisome place, and I never cared to explore it, or to put it to any use, except the portion directly under the trapdoor going down from the kitchen. I had Martha Ann clean away a space here, and fill a cupboard with canned fruit, vegetables,

I grew to have a dread of this dark and cheerless cellar, and never came out of it without shivering, though I would not own it even to myself. .

It had scarcely been my receptacle for fruit a day before I began to miss things

heard the wailing of a y ung child several times; but I would have died rather than own this to my husband. " Martha Ann," said I, one day, com-

ing up in great haste from the cellar, "do glosts like pickled figs?"
"I am sure I don't know, ma'am!" Martha Ann's eyes are as wide, as innocent and unqualling as ever.

Well, you know that jar of pickled figs my cousin sent me from California, that I was saving till mother came to visit me? Well, they are two-thirds gone, as well as that pie that was laid away expressly for Charlie! What am

I am angry and excited. Martha Ann says nothing, as usual, but I see her tears are quietly falling over the dish-apron she is hemming. I am rather relieved the day after when she asks me for a month's vacation to visit her sick grandmother. I do not like to accuse her of theft, and I would like to be alone to ferret out this mystery. I have fresh bolts put on the cellar-doors, and the chinks in the bricks filled in. The trap-door I keep fastened down with heavy weights, still the depredations go on-pies, cakes, ice-cream left in the freezers, cream off the milk, a portion of every available thing is missing from

day to day. I am too proud to confide in Charlie, but my life is getting to be a burden. One bright September day I sit down in the kitchen in tears, with my feet in the oven, and would fain cover my head with my apron, like Affery Flintwinch in "Little Dorrit," to shut out the faint wails of some child that I am sure are

coming from the cellar. Martha Ann will not be home for two weeks; I am tired out and discouraged; Charlie will be home in half an hour to a five o'clock dinner, and the spirits have eaten all the cold roast and tarts that I have laid away for that especial

I shall be forced to tell him that for my hardihood in making him buy this haunted house, he is destined to go on half-rations generally, I think with a sob, when I hear a faint step below and see the trap-door slowly rising, and the blanched face and thin shoulders of a woman, with a skeleton child in her

arms, coming into view.

Can I believe my eyes? Yes, it is the shrunken, faced form of Grace Woolson, which I know in an instant, though the sunken eyes and claw-like hands and skeleton figure, make but a silhouette of the rosy, dimpled girl I remember.

I am not a nervous woman, and I have expected this ghost to appear so long, that I do not scream or faint away when she comes toward me, and the pathetic, drooping air with which she holds out the visionary baby, and then him I had fallen hopelessly in love with handsome Geoffry Clare. He had soon would make one feel tender and akin to even a hobgoblin.

'Oh, Amy," she gasped, "you are a good woman, and will you try and save my child's life? If it had not been dying I should have staid hidden always, but I knew you would help me if you could. I was sorry to take your figs and things, and would not if I could have kept from starving; but for mother's sake I have hidden in your sverybody. Price 25 cents.

As Charlie's only objections were on my account, and as we were not rich Geoffry Clare would find me if they

"It is his child, then?" I asked, not with any idle curiosity, but much as one would frame a question to fill a

"Yes," she said, simply.
"Well, I have not a word of blame for you. I nearly went crazy myself in love with him once, and had not God been very kind to me, I might have been as badly off as you. We will save

the baby if we can."

I have pulled her into a chair while I am talking, and am holding the baby's chilled feet to the fire, feeling its feeble pulse, and noticing how faint and gasping is its breath, and the clammy sweat on its temples, while Grace is talking with the zest of a man just out of prison, and longing to hear the sound of his

voice again. "When people missed me tirst, I had gone to the New York hospital, where I ran away with the baby as soon as I could walk, for fear I should be traced there; and knowing this house was said to be haunted, and people were afraid to come here, I made a bed in some packing-boxes behind the lumber, and so long as my money lasted, I used to go out at nights in my waterproof and buy things; but after you came I dared not leave, and the baby has been growing sick in the damp weather."

I pour her out a cup of strong tea, that

is steeping on the range, but she sits holding it in her hand, untasted, staring at me with her mild, faded eyes. "Oh, Amy, I am afraid to ask you, but how is my mother?—have you seen

"Yes, I saw her last week at prayer-meeting"—" and she looks like one who has been struck with death," I was going to say, but stopped, seeing Grace was quivering all over with fear and expectancy. I dared not tell her that her mother was now sick in bed, and that out of her life all hope had gone, with the loss of her only child, or how my heart had ached for the poor widow, out of whom fedd for one was not seen to be a seen as a seen of whom fedd for the poor widow, out of whom fedd for one or was not seen of whom fedd for one or was not seen of whom fedd for one or was not seen of whom fedd for one or was not seen of whom fedd for one or was not seen o of whose faded face even expectancy had vanished

"Come," said I, "the baby is warm now, let us go and lay it in the bed; and Charife and I are all alone, and you may rest assured no one shall know of your

I carry it to my own pink room as be ing the most retired, and it is with joy I hear Charlie's step on the stairs. He takes in the situation at a glance, and, being a practical druggist, and a better nurse and doctor than our little town affords, begins instantly to mix some medicine for the little sufferer.

He is tenderer than any woman to-ward anything little or weak, or needing care; so for two days he does not go to his office, but watches with Grace and fruit a day before I began to miss things in a most mysterious manner. Before I could realize it there would be a glass of jelly, a pie, a loaf of cake, a melon, or a plate of peaches gone. I could accuse no one but the ghosts and Martha Ann, and she had always heretofore been the soul of truth and honor.

Twice I fancied, when in the cellar, I had heard a sigh and a rustle of ghostly garments, and I could have sworn I beard the weiling of a x ung child will not believe that the little child she will not believe that the little child she has cherished through such awful days and nights of want and distress is really dead. She holds it in her arms all night, and in the morning we dress it in the dainty lace and linen robe of a harpier baby yet to come, who, too, alas! may never need the pretty finery. And Charlie digs a little grave under the pear tree, close to the sunny wall, where the eatchfly and sweet allyssum grow so rank, and lays the little creature tenderly under the September leaves and

> Poor thing, it would have been so pretty, had it had proper nourishment, and air to breathe, with its delicate features and pretty rings of soft hair. Grace follows us silently back to the door, and pausing on the step, lays her hand upon my arm, looks into my face beseechingly, saying:

> "I must go to mother now, if you will do me one last favor, Amy, and go with me."

Charlie hurries off for a down-town car to his office, and Grace and I walk down the quiet street toward her mother's little cottage. None of the people who meet us recognize in the slender figure, clad in my new drab walking suit with my gypsy turban and long veil, the Grace Woolson of a year I tremble on nearing the house, for I see the windows are open wide, and two or three are watching by a bed where Grace's mother lies breathing faintly and mosning at intervals. I see Grace fly up the garden-walk and stop, with clasped hands and bent head on the threshold, and I hear her mother's faint voice saying to the woman who is fan-

Do not trouble yourself about me; I shall never be well again, and nothing can cure me now but a sight of my

I see Grace grope forward. I hear her calling, "Mother, mother!" I see those two poor women in each other's arms, and I turn away blinded with tears.

And Grace's mother did not die, but eems entirely happy with her lost darling all to herself again once more, the color coming slowly back into her whitened cheeks, and life getting back into its old grooves. Her return was a nine days' wonder to our gossiping town; but the little grave under the pear-trees tel's no tales, and though she will never be exactly the same pretty, blooming Grace Woolson again, yet this aftermath of her life is something to be thankful for, in its great content and peacefulness.—Emma N. Bayley.

"What do you think of my new shoes, dear?" said she the other even-ing after tea. "Oh! immense, my dear, perfectly immense," said he, without looking up from his paper. Then she began to cry and said she thought if he thought her feet were so dreadfully large he needn't tell her of it .- Bosto

The popular prejudice against proprietary remedies has long since been conquered by the marvelous success of such a remedy as Dr. Bull's Cough Syrap. Used averywhere by

TIMELY TOPICS.

The fees which physicians may charge in Prussia for their services is regulated by law, and according to the most re-cent ordinance, the charge for the first visit to a sick person is fixed at two marks (twenty-five cents standing for a mark), and one mark for each subsequent visit; where, however, several persons belonging to the same family and dwelling in the same house have to be treated at the same time, then, for the second and each succeeding person, only the half of these fees respectively is to be charged—the same rule is to apply to boarding schools and similar institutions, also to prisons. When there is a consultation of several physicians about the treatment of a sick person, including their personal visits, each physician is to receive for the first consultation live marks, and three marks for each subsequent similar consultation. On the occasion of the first visit to the physician's residence for his medical advice, one mark and a half. For the administration of chloroform, etc., when necessary for the treatment of the pa-tient, three marks.

Over twenty thousand car-loads of live and dressed poultry are carried into New York city yearly, and \$5,500,000 dozens of eggs go to the same market. According to the best estimates, the United States produces nine thousand million of eggs annually. This is a nice little item for the consideration of those who call objects basis. eration of those who call chicken business-egg raising-a small thing. A common pin is a very little thing, but a paper of pins is worth setting a price on; while the manufacture of pins like the production of eggs, is an industry worth the attention of men of ability and the investment of capital.

Professor Otto Bollinger, of the University of Munich, read a paper recently on artificial tuberculosis as induced by the use of the milk of tuberculosis cows. He endeavored to demonstrate that the milk of such animals has a contagious influence and repro-duces the disease in other animals. Seeing the enormous mortality from consumption, Professor Bollinger believes it to be of the utmost importance to urge upon all classes, and particularly upon farmers, the absolute necessity of taking every possible means of stamping out the disease among cattle.

A boy five years old fell into the East river in New York. A large crowd gathered round, but no one dared to go to the boy's assistance, and he would have been drowned had not a bootblack, who was polishing a man's boots near by, left his customer and jumping into by, left his customer and jumping into the river pulled the boy out upon a raft of logs. The mother of the rescued boy offered his preserver \$2, but the latter, seeing that she was a poor woman, good-humoredly declined the gift. The name of this brave lad is John Higgins. s a regular attendant at night school and the principal of the school, as well as his teacher, speak highly of him. John will yet make his mark in the

In France a marriage is invalid without the actual and formally recorded consent of the parents or their representatives, and even a man of full age who wishes to marry and cannot obtain his father's consent is compelled to serve him three times with a notice calling on him to show cause why the marriage should not be permitted. After three such ser-vices and on proof of full age, the marriage is allowed. These provisions render claudestine marriages impossible. A male eloper would not only have his marriage set aside, but would be severely punished for abduction

Australia threatens to become a serious competitor with the United States in the new business of supplying England with fresh meat. About thirty tons of fresh meat preserved by a new process, which keeps the air around the meat at a low temperature, have been brought to London from Australia in the Strahleven and landed in excellent condition. A correspondent of the London Times, who has eaten a dinner off a joint of this meat and pronounces it, "prime, fat, ox beef," says it can be delivered on board in Australia for 2d. a pound and sold in London for 2d. more, or, say, with profit allowed, for 5d. (10 cents) a pound. most any quantity is procurable, there being in Australia 7,509,000 cattle and 61,000,000 sheep. In New York one can-not buy "prime, fat, ox beef" for ten cents a pound; for good joints one must pay twice that price.

Chair Boarders.

A reporter for one of the St. Louis papers called upon Mr. Griswold, one of the proprietors of the Lindell hotel, to get some facts and figures upon that interesting class of people known as itchair boarders." He discovered that fifty per cent. of the people who gather in the rotunda of a hotel never spend a cent, and are yet an actual expense to a proprietor. The "why and wherefore" was given with much research. Mr. Griswold, the proprietor, furthermore furnished the information that 300,000 sheets of note paper and envelopes were distributed annually to patrons and "chair boarders" and also some 100,000 blotters; and although the stationery was bought in job lots, cheap, it nevertheless amounted to \$1,000 per annum. Mr. Griswold-said that they would even have nerve enough to ask for postage stamps, but that they were not kept in the office, but were on sale at the news-The reception of mail at the house for outsiders was also something wonderful

An Illinois school mistress was unable to chastise the biggest girl pupil and called in a young school trustee to assist her. The trustee found that the offender was his own sweetheart, but his sense of duty triumphed over his love, and he whipped the girl. Not only did this result in losing him a sweetheart, but her father sued him for damages and got a verdict for \$50.

Lives of Two Very Old Women.

A recent letter from Newburg, N. Y.

to a New York paper says: Eather Yates, the Amazon of Plattekill, Ulster county, died a few days ago at her home, near Breakneck hill, on the mountains, in that town. She was born in the town of Plattekill in 1788, and resided there until the day of her death. Physically she was more like a man than a woman; her shoulders being broad and well developed. She acquired little or no education. She is credited with having been self reliant and asking no favors from any one. During the winter season Mrs. Yates cut cordwood on the mountain, and, in the language of one of the natives, "it took a good man to swing an axe alongside of her." several occasions she cut as much as three cords of wood in one day, in addition to performing the household duties in her home after sunset. In the summer time this remarkable woman cut grain for the Plattekill farmers, and was rated as "a good hand." She cultivated a small garden-patch of her own, the product of which she sold principally in this city. She carried her garden truck in two large baskets. Farmers, while driving to ship their hay on the boats, would offer her a ride, and her invariable small reason. and her invariable reply was: "I am in a hurry; take you all day to get there." She could easily outwalk any team with a load behind them. Six years ago a horse while passing her home on Break-neck, fell and became fast in the harness. The driver and several other men could not succeed in getting the animal loose. Mrs. Yates lifted the horse up boldily, but in so doing fractured her leg. The bone never set. Her spirit, however, was not curbed, even if she was an octogenarian and a cripple. Though suffer-ing much pain, her daily employment consisted in chopping up kindling wood on a block while she sat in a chair in front of her house. A short time previous to her death her general health began failing, but she retained her faculties to the last. Prior to the accident she never was sick a day in her life. Mrs. Yates was buried from the Plattekill Methodist Episcopal church, of which denomination she was an ad-herent. Mrs. Yates was married twice. She leaves no family.

Two miles northeast of the house of

the "Amazon" resides one of the play-mates of her childhood, Mrs. Sallie Pressler. This lady is the oldest inhabi-tant of the town of Plattekill. In May next she will be 100 years old. She was born in the hamlet of Fostertown, Orange county, but has resided nearly all her life in Plattekill. Mrs. Pressler's eye-sight remains good, but her hearing is defective. Every day she performs man-ual labor about the house of her son, contrary to his wishes. The old lady, during the winter months, busies herself knitting stockings. Mrs. Pressler lives happily surrounded by her children and their children's children. She has a vast fund of historical reminiscences. The citizens of Plattekill and adjacent towns propose giving the old lady a banquet when she celebrates her cen-

The Stupid Boy. Never set a boy down for stupid be cause he does not make a figure at school. Many of the most gelebrated men who have ever lived have been set down by some conventional pedagogue as don-One of the greatest astronomers of the age was restored to his father by the village schoolmaster, with these encouraging words: "There's no use paying good money for his education. All ie wants to do is to lie on the grass on his back and stare at the sky. I'm afraid his mind is wrong." Scientific men have often been flogged for falling into brown studies over their books, and many an artist of the future has come to present grief for drawing all over his copy book and surreptitiously painting the pictures of his geography. Your genius, unless musical, seldom proves himself one in his childhood, and your smug and self-sufficient piece of precocity, who takes all the medals, and is the show scholar of the school, often ends by showing no talent for anything beyond a yard stick. Sir Walter Scott was called stupid as a child, and it was not considered to his credit that he was fond of "sich trash" as ballads, and could learn them by heart at any

At a Funny Lecture.

While I was lecturing at Washington saw a lady with an intelligent, pretty face, and bright, eloquent eyes, that were rarely lifted toward the speaker, and then only for a flash of time. They were bent upon her husband's hands almost constantly. Brilliant and accomplished, a f w years ago, she had gone down into the world of voiceless silence, and now all the music and all the speech that comes into her life comes through the tender devetion of her husband, and as I talked, I watched him telling off the lecture on his nimble fingers, while her eager eyes glanced from them to his sympathetic face. It was a pretty picture of devotion. They were so young to have this cloud shadow the morning skies of their lives, but as I glanced from the voiceless wife to her husband, I thought how beautifully the sunlight of his devotion was breaking through these clouds, and tinting even their afflictions with a tender radiance. This discipline of attending upon suffering is a good thing for a man. It rounds out his life; it develops his manlier, nobler qualities; it makes his heart brave and tender and strong as a woman's .- Burdette.

Wives are in great demand at the set-tlement of Four Lakes, Washington Territory, and one of the inducements held out to women emigrants is that they may elect a mayor and other officers from their own number.

It is said of Sir Isaac Newton's nephew, who was a clergyman, that he always refused a marriage fee, saying, with much pleasantry: "Go your way, poor children; I have done you mischief enough already without taking

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Nearly 300,000 persons are employed on British and Irish railroads.

The Lowell Sun avers that turning a grindstone will sharpen one's appetite. The wholesale oyster business of New York amounts to \$25,000,000 yearly. Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, lunches at noon on black bread and

From 8,000 to 10,000 pounds of oleo-nargarine are sold in Philadelphia

The Baroness Hirsch gave Adelina Patti 15,000 francs (\$3,000) for singing one song at her soiree.

Mount Vesuvius is troubled with eruptions, and they don't know what to do with the crater.—Picayuns. A tramp we saw last summer called his shoes "Corporations," because they had no soles.—Marathon Independent.

An Oregon man six feet tall married t woman only three feet in height. That is, she was just half of him, and, e course, his better half.

Dakota is clamorous to become a State. The newspapers of the Territory claim that it has a larger population now than either of the States of Oregon, Nevada or Florida.

For sleeplessness a high London authority recommends, instead of stimulants a breakfast cup of hot beef tea, made from half a teaspoonful of Liebig's extract. It allays brain excitement.

"Old Father Ellsbree," well-known in Ohio, entered the stall of his prize bull, at Lewis Center, the other day. When found he was dead, for one of the ani-mal's horns had been driven through his

A woman living near the foot of the Bive Ridge mountain, Georgia, caught four wild turkeys in a trap recently, and when she tried to get them out they attacked her so fiercely as to break one of her arms.

North and South Carolina and Tennessee are preparing to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the battle of King's mountain, the turning point in the revolutionary war in the South, which occurred October 7, 1780, and legitimately led to the final victory at Yorktown.

The uniform green color of the vege-table world is due to chlorophyll. This substance, however, exists only in mi-nute quantity in plants, the leaves of a large tree containing perhaps not more than 100 grains. It appears to be a di-rect product of the action of the sunlight upon vegetation, as it does not exist in plants kept in darkness. The changes in the color of leaves in autumn are supposed to be due to the oxidation of their chlorophyll.

Saturday Night in a Kansas Cattle Town. The duliness which had so weighed

upon us through the long, uneventful

afternoon was but a lull, we soon learned, and not a stagnation. With the first ap-proach of darkness, the lethargic town rubbed its eyes, so to speak, and leaped to its feet-and in a twinkling (it seemed ike an incantation, Eastman said) Grand avenue was a carnival of light and motion and music. The broad board sidewalks were crowded with promenaders; smiling groups passed in and out of the drinking saloons and gambling places; in every quarter glasses clinked and dice rattled (is there another sound in the world like that of shaken dice?); violins, flutes and cornets sent out eager, inviting strains of waltz and polka from a score or more establishments, and a brass band was playing patriotic airs in front of the theater, where, oddly enough, the crude morality of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" was about to be presented, "with the full strength of the company in the cast," Everywhere the cow-boys made themselves manifest, clad now in the soiled and dingy jeans of the trail, then in a suit of many buttoned corduroy, and again in affluence of broadcloth. silk hat, gloves, cane, and sometimes a clerical white necktic. And everywhere also stared and shone the Lone Star of Texas-for the cow-boy, wherever he may wander, never forgets to be a Texan, and never spends his money or lends his presence to a concern that does not in some way recognize the emblem of his native State; so you will see in towns like New Sharon general pandering to this sentiment, and lone stars abound of all sizes and hues, from the big disfiguring white one painted on the hotel front down to the little pink one stitched in silk on he cow-boy's shilling handkerchief. Barring these numerous stars, the rich lights, and the music, we missed sight of any special efforts to beguile or entrap passers-by-perhaps because we were not looking for them; nor was there for some hours a sound to reveal the spirit of coiled and utter vileness which the cheerful outside so well belied. It was, in the main, much the kind of scene one would be spt to conjecture for an Oriental holiday. But as the night sped on the festivities deepened, and the jovial aspect of the picture began to be touched and tinted with a subtle, rebuking something, which gradually disclosed the passion the crime, the depravity, that really vivified and swayed it all and made it infernal. The saloons became clamorous with profanity and ribald songs and laughter. There were no longer any promenaders on the sidewalks, save once in a while a single bleared and stagger-ing fellow, with a difficulty in his clumsy lips over some such thing as "The Girl] Left Behind Me." Doors were stealthily closed, window shutters slammed to with angrycreaks. And at length, as we looked and listened, the sharp, significant re-port of a pistol, with a shrick behind it, was borne toward us from a turbulent dancing hall to certify its tale of com-bat and probable homicide, and to be succeeded by a close but brief halt in the noisy quadrille -presumably for the removal of the victim. -Henry King, in