

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

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XIII. NO. 7.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., MAY 5, 1880.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (1 inch), one insertion	\$1.00
One Square " " " " " " " "	3 00
One Square " " " " " " " "	10 00
Two Squares, one year	15 00
Quarter Col. " " " " " " " "	50 00
Half " " " " " " " "	100 00

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

Miss Schilhood.
 (BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEADER YAWCON")
 The children were not in bed;
 All looked out for the night;
 I saw mine pipe der mantle off,
 And by der fire-side light
 I think about when I was young—
 Off noddy, who was best—
 And how at night-like the Hans—
 She tucked me up in bed.
 I could not see mine father too,
 And how he used to say,
 "Poor boy, you bet a hard old row
 In his, 'n' little boy!"
 And my mother for it was true
 You might not later say,
 While smoking to a mine faxon hair
 And tucking me in bed.
 Der old folks, I'd like a dream
 To sleep of them like that,
 Greeting me with "oh! talk" now,
 And hat two children too.
 We often then, more as never was,
 Each (each) curls head,
 And they might be, oh! oh! oh!
 And tucks them in their bed.
 No! then, sometimes, when I feel plus
 And all things lonesome seem,
 I wish I was dot boy again,
 And die with a dream.
 I want to kiss mine mother's nose,
 And when mine brother was said,
 To let her father take me up
 And tuck me in mine bed.
 —Harper's Magazine.

MISS MAHONEY'S LACE.

They were having a very good time at the farm, as pleasant a party of gay girls graduates as could well be put together, when Miss Mahoney arrived upon the scene of action, and her appearance was certainly like a wet blanket on all pleasure.

The farm was on a mountain-side, high up in air; all below it a great expanse of lesser hills, mellowed in distance, and vapors till they looked like the waves of a purple sea, with now and then mighty rainbows spanning them; and all above it the lofty tops of hills, whose woods here feathered off upon the morning sky, and whose crests there jutted sharply in the stars at night. The air was full of the song of birds, the rustle of leaves, the hum of bees and the rushing of waterfalls, and it seemed to the happy young things that they were somewhere above the world—in an ideal region from which no voice could summon them. But for all that, a sharp voice called when Miss Mahoney was heard at the door, and the cruel common world burst in behind her.

She came in the noon stage, and she brought such tons of luggage! That had to come on another. What did she mean to do with it at the farm, where linen lawn was full dress? And she had a collie dog, and a huge cage with a magpie in it, and the magpie chattered like the confusion of tongues. Miss Mahoney stopped at the door, opened the cage, and let the magpie go. "Come back at call," said she to Mrs. Pierson, "our handiwork, who hardly looked with kindness on the bird of evil. He likes to have his liberty and make his nest, and so I let him have it all the summer—city life so confining. And Laddie keeps an eye on him." But we all embraced "Laddie" at once, as he put up his pretty nose and tender brown eyes to our faces, and the collie became the best friend of all the young girls that day, particularly of the prettier ones, for he had quite a taste in beauty; he seemed to know that there was not a gallant about the place, and he might be except to the whole party if he would, and he presently attached himself so pertinaciously to Adele Montrose that Jane Hunt said she should have to show him Phillip's picture next, and tell Laddie that Phillip was coming in a month.

Miss Mahoney came down to tea in regal array. No such garments had ever been seen at the farm as her purple striped velvet gowns, with their satin under-stuff. As for her string of pearls, perhaps they were only Roman; but if they were real, they were worth more than the farm; and then the lace gloves which she knotted up round her throat as they sat on the piazza looking at the sunset more underneath than above them. "As if it had been Shetland wool," said Jane, "when it was priceless Brussels net."

"But she has oceans of lace," said Miss Meyer. "I opened her door by mistake as she was unpacking, and there it was, some in boxes and trays, and some over chairs. What with laces and jewels, the room looked like the milk way."

"She'll think we are a set of barbarians," said Adele, with her quick blush. "I wish hardly so much as a tucker."

"And we shall think her a vulgar paragon, bringing such things to such a place," said Jane.

"She's not a nouveau riche, at any rate," answered Miss Meyer. "For she isn't rich at all. Mrs. Pierson knows about her. She inherited all her fine things from some relation or other, and has only enough money to live on; and when she wants to do something extravagant, like coming to the mountains, for instance, she sells a pearl or a bit of lace."

Miss Mahoney, of course, became an object of study to the girls, and was always accompanied in her progress by some awe and more ridicule—the former as the possessor of finer things than they saw or heard of, the latter as a woman past forty, tall and angular and ugly and ignorant, and appearing as if she were a young girl.

"I wonder how she came by Laddie?" said Adele, one day.

"She gave a (we) for him," said Miss

Meyer, laughing, "so as to have something to protect her other jewels. I'm sure it's no wonder how she came by Jack. That magpie will drive us all out of the house yet."

"See him now," said Jane Hunt, "on the limb of that hollow oak. Doesn't he look like a (tomb) himself?"

"There certainly is something demonic about Jack," said Adele. "He came tapping at my window last night, and when I saw those eyes of his they made me shiver so—"

"He was after the cakes in your closet."

"Do you suppose he was?" she asked, as she was going off with Laddie.

"They didn't any of them suppose so, for all the animals about the place seemed to have a fondness for Adele, cows and horses, cats and doves; even the wood birds had a way of flying low round the charming head as she called them. Some said it was her beauty, for she was the loveliest little brown-haired, blue-eyed, white-browed, damask-checked piece of flesh and blood one could imagine; others said it was her gentle ways; and the rest fancied it was some weakness to nature in her, or some secret attraction like that of the Indian snake-charmer."

"That is the same way she tamed Jack's brother, Phil," said Lucia.

"Every one knows that Phil was the haughtiest and most high-strung man in existence, and rather despised women. And now he just adores the ground she walks on."

"As for me," said Miss Meyer, "I should be afraid that that sort of love was a glamour, and would break up some day."

"There's no danger of Phil's love for Adele breaking up," said Jane. "And how she does worship him! She never mentions his name, but she writes to him every day—and she even saves the scraps of his writing on newspaper envelopes—she does indeed, girls!"

"Dear me! I wouldn't want to care so much for any one," said Miss Meyer.

"I don't know anybody that's more likely to," cried Lucia. "When you do fall in love, Maria Meyer—"

"Don't you concern yourself, young lady, about me," said Miss Meyer, sharply, walking off to give Laddie a biscuit, which was at once stolen by Jack, Laddie being engrossed in a fine romp with Adele. "They say she used to care for Phil herself," whispered Lucia to her neighbor, and then they fell to comparing their tattling and crocheting, and getting out patterns, and Miss Mahoney joined them.

Miss Mahoney's morning toilettes were as extraordinarily severe as her afternoon ones were extraordinarily superb. "Oh, Miss Mahoney!" cried one of the girls one morning. "If we had your laces, we shouldn't have to do tating."

"We hear you have such lovely lace," said Maria Meyer, with her grand air.

"I have some very pretty pieces," said Miss Mahoney. "Our family is an old Irish family, and I am the last of it, and so in one direction and another I have fallen heir to a good deal."

"And I suppose you know all about lace?" said Lucia.

"I know all about my lace. Some of it is quite nice. As pretty pieces," repeated Miss Mahoney. "Of their size, some could see in America."

"What if you had a grand opening at some time, and let us see them all?" asked Lucia.

"Why, with the greatest pleasure, any time—now, if you say so." And of course the girls all said so, and sprung to their feet at once.

"Oh, is she going to show us her laces?" cried Adele, dancing up with Laddie barking and jumping round Jack, who had perched on her shoulder.

"How lovely of you, Miss Mahoney!" she followed with the rest.

"The said Miss Mahoney, when she had opened her boxes, "is Venice point."

"It doesn't look any different from tating," said Maria Meyer.

"Only," said Miss Mahoney, "as different as mist is from water. This is a bit of Spanish lace made in a convent. Here is a scrap of cardinal's lace; nobody but the cardinals at Rome have it. I don't know how my grandmother came into possession of this scrap—there used to be an archbishop in our family somewhere, but that's not a cardinal. These are all old French laces—Mrs. Pallesey never saw their equal. But they are a great deal of care. I often think that piece of Valenciennes costs me as much trouble as a child. These are Irish laces—they are like brook-frosts and blowing snow-drifts, somebody once told me. They don't make them now. See this piece of English point—old Devonshire point—"

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Adele, while the others were exclaiming over this and that. "Talk of snow-drifts!" and she took the Devonshire point in her hands; it was two or three yards of finger-deep edging in a couple of pieces caught together by a thread, of the most exquisitely delicate beauty both of texture and design—idealized foam wreaths on the fringes of some frosted pane spread on a spider's web. "How perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Adele again, and she wound it around her blushing face before the glass. "What a finish for a bridal toilette!" and then she held it up in her hands in the sunlight, and the magpie on her shoulder, cocking his head on this side and the other, looked more demonic than ever through the film of an end of it that lay over his shining black feathers. "You are exactly like one of those girls holding little banners that come dancing out of the loaves of temples in those Pompeian decorations of Phil's!" cried Jane.

"What a pity that you're not going to marry a rich man, Del, who could afford you Devonshire point and diamonds!" she added, the least atom maliciously. "Instead of a poor young architect!"

"If Adele would a duster round her she would look decorated," said Lucia.

"Most folks would," said Adele, taking off the lace soberly, and laying it down. "But I must confess that I

think lace is the most perfect thing made by hands; it always seems to me the nearest approach of man to works of nature, and I'd about as lief make lace as paint pictures." And then Miss Meyer began wrapping herself in a black lace mantle so precisely designed that the very dewdrops seemed to glisten on the poppy petals there; and presently all the other girls were masquerading in the precious things, while Miss Mahoney sat by complacently enjoying her magnificence.

"Now, my dears," said Miss Mahoney, as one by one they resigned their borrowed plumes, "you see I have nice things, if I don't wear them." And, satisfied with the exhibition, during the next week she put on nothing costlier than a nine-penny print.

"Well," said Adele, "it's just a pleasure to have them to look at."

Poor little Adele was the penniless orphan of penniless parents, and she taught drawing in a large school in Boston, where Phil had happened to see her and love her at first sight. Phil was coming before long now for his month's vacation, and she was only living by counting the hours. A little restless till then, the light talk of the girls seemed to her unmeaning chatter, in which she had small interest, and she used to wander off by herself, sketching on her little pocket-boards, or lying in the fern or under the shadows of the cliffs, with an unread book in her hand, by the hour together. O cupied with her own fancies, and with a drawing of the outlines of old World's End, it was not strange that she did not particularly notice the demeanor of the girls, or if she did observe them whispering with their heads together, that she should have thought it no more than the customary mischief and merrymaking.

She was standing alone one morning, just as the sun was drying the grass and moss on the top of Brezzy Bluff, behind her the great purple mountain, below her the dewy verdure of the hill sides; hawks were soaring and sweeping over her head in the marvelous blue of the stainless sky, and under her feet the tops of the woods were bowing and bending. It was not like daily life, she was saying to herself. "This wonderful hill country! It is just as if one had died, and were really approaching heaven." And in her white gown, with her bright brown hair floating out about her face in the wind that fanned so pure a color there, and with her luminous eyes borrowing the very color of the skies, she looked almost as if she were. As she stood there, rapt in reverie and happiness—the world was so beautiful, and Phil was coming any day now, and she had hardly any other thought—she did not notice Miss Mahoney, under a big umbrella, toiling up to meet her, till that individual was close upon her.

"I have followed you here, Miss Montrose," said she, suddenly, in her most rasping tones, "to save you any mortification before the other boarders, and to ask what you have done with my Devonshire point."

"With what?"

"With my Devonshire point?"

"What I have done with your Devonshire point? Why, Miss Mahoney, what do you mean?" she exclaimed, descending from her day-dreams.

"I mean what I say. My Devonshire point has disappeared. I have searched everywhere for it—so have two or three others—every box, every bag, every basket, every drawer. I have shaken every garment, have left no nook or corner neglected, and it is not to be found. You were the last person seen with it—the only one who appreciated it. What have you done with it?"

"You must—you must be dreaming, Miss Mahoney," said Adele. "What in the world should I do with your lace?"

"Finish a bridal toilette with it, perhaps," said Miss Mahoney.

"Do you mean—is it possible you can mean—"

"Miss Montrose, I mean that somebody has taken my lace, and that to be plain, suspicion points to you, and that I am giving you a chance to restore it to me before I call in an officer. For doubtless, since you could do such a thing, you know the value of that lace."

"Am I talking to a crazy woman?" cried Adele.

"No," said Miss Mahoney. "But I am talking to a thief."

For a moment Adele was dumb. Then the full meaning of the accusation smote her, and her anger flashed up like a flame. "How did it happen," she broke forth, "that so dreadful, so contemptible woman came under the same roof with me! Leave me—leave me this instant! I refuse ever to speak to you again."

You will speak to the officers of the law, then," said Miss Mahoney, using her umbrella like a tipstaff. "The people at the house have but guessed that I suspected you. Now I shall speak at once to Mrs. Pierson and the other boarders, and tell them my certainty. I never dreamed that coming into a country farmhouse I was coming into a den of thieves." And she was as good as her word.

Adele herself hurried down the mountain, slipping and scrambling and rolling. But fast as she went in her indignation, Miss Mahoney's long legs had gone faster; and as she drew near the house, she saw that the usual gay morning parties on the piazzas were absent, and she presently understood, by the sound of the loud forgetful tones that came through the open window, that the loss of the Devonshire lace was under discussion.

"Mr. Phillip Hunt will learn," Miss Meyer was saying, "that before one marries a beauty it is best to see whether or not she is a kleptomaniac."

"Kleptofidsticks!" cried Miss Mahoney. "A thief's a thief. Rich or poor. She has my lace, or she hasn't. If she has, she's a thief, and four strong walls will hold her before nightfall, and save the lace of other people."

It seemed to Adele that she was certainly going mad herself. She walked in among them and stood looking about

her, white as ashes, and with blazing eyes. "Is there any one here capable of believing such a frightful thing as this woman's words?" she exclaimed.

"Miss Montrose!" cried Mrs. Pierson—"Miss Montrose, don't you be a mite troubled. There's nobody believes her. We'd trust her, all of us, with untold gold."

"I don't know," said Maria Meyer then, slowly and very white herself. "But I feel it my duty to say that passing Miss Montrose's door the other morning, I saw what looked very much like a long strip of lace fluttering at her window."

"Maria Meyer!" cried Lucia. "I would far sooner believe you told a falsehood—"

"Thank you," said Miss Meyer, with a scarlet face. "But your belief will not end the matter." And just then every one's glance followed in the direction of her own, and they saw the tall figure of a dark young man in the doorway. "What is all this?" cried a cheery voice. And at that Adele turned too. "Oh, Phillip! Phillip!" she shrieked, holding out her arms. "Save me, save me, save me from this dreadful woman!" In another moment the dark young man's arms were about Adele, and he was possessing himself of the state of the case.

And so, because Miss Montrose admired your lace, you dare to make such an accusation!" he exclaimed, turning on Miss Mahoney, and his face almost gray with wrath.

"I make no unsupported accusation," said Miss Mahoney. "Miss Meyer has seen the lace in Miss Montrose's room—"

"Oh, you don't believe it, Phillip?" cried Adele, in an agonized tone.

"Believe it! Not if all the—"

Just at that time so furious a barking rose without from Laddie, that Mrs. Pierson, who at any other time would not have minded it, now, with all her nerves fluttering, ran to see what was the matter, and in another moment her cry and call rang out so wild and loud that, by natural instinct half the people in the room had followed her—to see Laddie, who had tread the cat in the branches of the old dead oak under Adele's window, himself powerless in the grasp of Jack, who had descended from his frequent perch in those branches, and planting himself firmly on Laddie's shoulders, had proceeded to tear out his hair by handfuls. At the approach of Laddie's reinforcement, though, in the shape of Mrs. Pierson, Jack extricated his claws, screaming and fluttering back; and following his flight with their eyes, they all saw what Mrs. Pierson had seen—the end of something delicately white and fibrous peeping from the moss and lichens in the crevice of the hollow tree.

Phillip, who had not followed, but had remained, hushing Adele's sobs, heard the voice that called him; and in less time than it takes to tell, he was in the crevice of that tree. "Whose magpie is this?" he cried, as well as he could be heard for Jack's scolding, sitting astride the branch, and beginning to pull out a long string, firmly quilted and felted in the hollow with hair and matted moss. "Here is his nest, which he has hidden away; and here" (he knew very well what it was)—"is this string of any consequence?"

"It is the lace! It is the lace!" cried Lucia.

"The lace!" echoed Jane. "And that is Adele's room just over the hollow. He got out with it from Miss Mahoney's room, and the wind fluttered this end into Adele's window while he was stowing it away; and that is what Maria Meyer saw, if she saw anything."

"Oh, my lace! my lace! It is ruined! It is almost ruined!" cried Miss Mahoney; and then she remembered Adele. "I am so sorry, Miss Montrose!" she said—"so sorry! Indeed I am! How can you overlook it?"

"I never can," sobbed Adele, trembling still in every fiber.

"You may just pack your trunks, Miss Mahoney, for the afternoon stage," said Mrs. Pierson. "I can't have—"

"And here's a comb," interrupted Phillip, still bringing out one thing after another—"yours, by its air and bringing up Mrs. Pierson. And a thimble, and a bow of ribbon, and a curl of yellow hair, and a stuffed humming-bird, and—what is this, Adele?" and he held up a gold chain and onyx locket.

"Oh, it is mine!" exclaimed Adele. "It is the one you gave me on my birthday. I couldn't imagine what had become of it."

"And you didn't make any outcry."

"Oh, I thought—I thought—I mean, I thought she never came honestly by so many things, and I was sure she had taken it to add to the others, and it didn't seem worth while to make any fuss. So after that I just locked my drawers."

"She?" cried Miss Mahoney, now recovering her lost breath. "She? Me?—A Mahoney? Is it I, you little—"

"Oh, yes!" replied Adele. "And I am so ashamed! And you never can forgive me."

"I never can," said Miss Mahoney. "But directly afterward she broke into a hearty laugh. "My dear Miss Adele," said she, "I can, and I do; and you must, and you shall. As for that bad woman, he deserves to have his neck wrung; and I'd do it—if indeed, then, I would—if I didn't need him to keep Laddie in subjection. Now I beg your pardon heartily, and everybody's, and I know you're going to grant it. The poor Devonshire point! that will take me weeks to restore, and I suppose it would have uncomfortable associations, too. But I've lots of old Irish lace just as delicate as that, and it will look just as well as the finish to a bridal toilette. And you mustn't feel hard. You see, we're quits; you thought as much of me. I'm a well-meaning old thing; and, perhaps Mrs. Pierson will let me stay, after all."—Harper's Bazar.

The "Arizona Diamonds."

A writer in the San Francisco Call revives the recollection of the famous and fabulous story of the Arizona diamond fields, and gives its origin in this wise: Several years ago the always large floating Bohemian population of San Francisco included Thomas Seymour, who will be remembered by many of the profession, and who was a kind of parasitic tramp, having successfully done "local itemizing" on every paper of every town west of the Rocky mountains. Seymour's knowledge of the topography of this slope was a most detailed one, and had been painfully acquired by always going afoot, but always of necessity and never of choice, from the place where his usefulness had just been exhausted to where he hoped to have it renewed. In San Francisco Seymour made his usually precarious living by writing specials for the Sunday edition of such papers as would buy them. By virtue of the common gulf of vagabondage Seymour had made the acquaintance in this city of one who was, when his energies set in any direction whatever, a mining prospector. "How do you newspaper fellows live?" once asked the prospector curiously of Seymour. "Come with me and I will show you," said Seymour, and he led the other to his meagerly furnished room. "Now, see. Here's a good two columns. I'll probably get \$12 for this. Listen," and Seymour subjected his friend to the fearful punishment of listening to an author reading his own manuscript. "Were you ever there, at that place described?" asked the miner, who had listened without an interruption to the full reading. "Well, I was never exactly there, but I've been near where that place is supposed to be, and it's a tough country."

"What put it into your head to spin such a yarn as that? There's no truth in it."

"Anything is true that you can't prove to be false. How can one prove that it ain't true?"

The miner dropped his head in his hands, thought long and intently without moving, notwithstanding Seymour's growing impatience to get back to the beer cellar from which they had issued. "Finally, the prospector asked abruptly: "What's the most a paper'll give for that rookbook?"

"Oh, \$10 or \$15 at the outside."

"Does anybody else know about that yarn?"

"Not a person," said the miner, after another pause. "I know something about that country, too. There ain't no stones there, that's a fact; but that whooper you have there is a pearl itself, if you only knew it. I'll give you \$25 for it, and if you keep your mouth mum on it I will make that story pay you better than all the yarns you ever spun in your life." Seymour gladly made the sale, and soon lost sight of his friend, and in succeeding literary inventions that which he had sold, not for publication, had long been forgotten, when, individually, he was astounded at the announcement of the discovery of the great Arizona diamond fields, in almost the identical spot where he had located in a newspaper fiction a field of precious stones. That announcement was one that startled the whole civilized world. Seymour followed the successively-announced facts with the intense interest of one who believed that his own genius had been prophetic.

Then came the even more startling fact of the diamond field was the crudest, most barefaced and most enormous "plant" that had ever been made in Pacific coast mining. The prospector, whom Seymour never saw again, was not one to forget his promises, for Seymour received an unsigned letter, presumably from him, and inclosing a certified check for \$1,800, and which reads as follows: "Do you think I have improved on your story? I think so. It has made a great deal more than two columns, and as it was very interesting, I inclose what I hope you will think fair pay for it. When you invent another equally good diamond field or a gold mine, or anything of that sort, please hunt me up, as I will give the story point, and it will be for the interest of both of us." Seymour was so startled that it was long after the diamond plant had lost its interest that it was generally known that it was founded on the invention of a Bohemian and that it was only accidental that its interest was not the ephemeral one of the publication of a surprising story in a newspaper.

The Old-Time Fara.

Where giant hills a sheltered vale unfold,
 An old-time farm lies resting out of sight,
 The red-tiled homestead peeping toward
 The light.
 Amid a grove of oaks, huge-boughed and old;
 And lilies, through quaint tenderness grown
 bold,
 Run riot o'er the place in silent night,
 And crimson sunset flashes now to-night
 Flash all their grays and yellows into gold.
 Here changea come not, nor a stranger's face;
 The winds indeed seem linked unto the place,
 And bring no news of what the world's
 about;
 And as I pass along in strange surprise
 The very horses in the stalls look out
 And gaze at me with a dimly wondering eyes.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A cat's mouth is like a free show, open to wait.—Boston Post.

New York is gaining on Paris in the manufacture of fine confectionery.

All the laborers engaged on the St. Gotthard tunnel received a commemorative medal on its completion.

A farmer, when flagellating two of his unruly boys, was asked what he was doing. "Thrusting wild oats," was the reply.

Fishes go in schools. And it is asserted, by persons with piscatorial tendencies, that some play "hooky."—Yonkers Statesman.

The poetical language of the Orient differs vastly from the plain, commonplace brusqueness of our own land. For instance, when the Persian meets a friend he says: "Thy visits are as rare as fine days." But when an American woman sees a caller coming up the front walk she remarks: "There! if there ain't that everlasting Smith woman again!" It is a big difference in form, at least.—Rockland Courier.

A South American Curiosity.

A note was received at the New York World office recently, reading: "Come and see a remarkable curiosity at the Aquarium." The reporter who answered this call walked along through straw and was just about to put his feet down into what appeared to be a bundle of old hay when the proprietor observed: "That's the curiosity—don't step on it." The hay began to move with much deliberation, and there was slowly elevated a long, wide fan, which went to the rear to serve as a tail. "That animal," said its proprietor, Charles Reiche, "is an ant-bear." The bear rose on its legs, showing a wonderfully elongated and narrow head. It is thickly covered with long coarse hair, which on the tail is half-way between the filaments of a heavy plume and the sticks of a fan. The tail is used by the bear with commendable ingenuity as a blanket, being for that purpose brought around a half-circle and spread just sufficiently to entirely cover the body. Besides serving as a cover for warmth it hides the animal. Hunters not accustomed to the forests of Brazil which the ant-bear inhabits step on it without knowing that it is a curiosity. The color is brown washed with gray on the head and face, and interspersed with pure white hairs on the head and hinder limbs. The throat is very black, and a long, triangular, black mark crosses the animal from the throat, passing obliquely over the shoulders. Measuring from the tip of the snout to the end of the tail, the bear is just a trifle more than six feet in length. The head alone is one and one-half and the tail two feet long. The bear has four toes on the fore-feet and five on the hinder feet. The claws on the fore-feet are extremely long and curved and of no use in walking. They are used as a means of defence against stronger animals. If they once are implanted in the flesh of a human being, the wound is not to prove fatal. They are apt also not to come out, so that the dying man can kill the bear if he desires to. The bear has four toes that the safest way is to wind its snake-like head round the body of its foe. Its hug is particularly powerful. The bear turned its claws inward upon a thick, round palm, and walked on the outer edge of the fore-feet in a lazy, awkward manner to a box two feet away. The only indication of intelligence it displayed was in scrapping away the straw for a bed. It cannot walk long. The bear came from Para by the schooner Thomas Williams. Its owner, Mr. Reiche, has had a standing offer for the last ten years to the captains sailing from New York to Brazil to pay a good sum for a live ant-bear, and this animal is the only one ever brought to the United States. Captain Edwards secured it while it was sleeping, which it is very capable of. Mr. Reiche is negotiating to sell it to the German Zoological garden company in Berlin for \$2,500. He says that no zoological garden in the world possesses a live ant-bear. The London garden could keep one for only a week. It died in the garden.

Mr. Reiche feeds the bear with extremely finely-scraped beef mixed with eggs and sugar. Every morning, particularly if he has seen Mayne Reid with proper diligence, remembers the picture of the ant-bear sweeping up a thousand live ants with a tongue nearly two feet long. This tongue, which is covered with saliva, is a most effective ant trap. Mr. Reiche fed the bear while the World was present. At first it did not take kindly to the change of diet, and a basin of ant eggs soaked in lukewarm water was brought. The bear ate half of the meat by lapping up the eggs much the same as dogs eat. Turning to the dish of scraped meat it placed the tip of its long tongue on the plate and returned it to its mouth without partaking of the food. The bear then stood upon her feet, and leaning its head down vertically spread its tongue over the straw and made a shrill noise like a tin whistle and hobbled back to its bed, and manners.

Robinson Crusoe's Land.

Boys and girls, as well as "children of a larger growth" will be interested in the tidings that Robinson Crusoe's island, which has recently been rented of the Chilean government by one Herr Von Rodt, the son of a Protestant pastor at Berlin. Von Rodt's career has been a somewhat adventurous one, and he would appear in every respect a worthy successor of Juan Fernandez, the original castaway rechristened by Defoe in his immortal fiction. In his twenty-first year Von Rodt entered the Austrian service as a lieutenant of cuirassiers, fought gallantly in the 1866 campaign, was so severely wounded at Nachod that he was compelled to quit the army, and settled down on a small pension in Paris after the peace of Nikolobour. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out he volunteered into a French line regiment and distinguished himself by conspicuous valor during the fierce fight at Champigny. In 1871 he emigrated to Chile; where he engaged in business successfully that he was enabled a short time ago to purchase a steamer and carry over a small colony of agriculturists and stockmen to his island, of which he had obtained a long lease from the republic. There he raises cattle and vegetables wherewith to supply the whaling ships with fresh provisions, and governs his subjects in a truly Crusonian manner, serving out their rations in person, and exercising a patriarchal control over their morals and manners.