#### TERMS, \$1.50 A YEAR.

No Subscriptions received for a sherter 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. 14.

TIONESTA, PA., JUNE 23, 1880.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

One Square (1 inch,) one insertion - \$1
One Square '' one month - 3
One Square '' three months - 6
One Square '' one year - 10
Two Squares, one year - 15
Quarter Col. '' - 30
Half '' - 50
One '' '' - 100 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.

Rates of Advertising.

Our Ships at Sea.

How many of us have ships at sea, Freighted with wishes, and hopes, and fears Tossing about on the waves, while we Linger and wait on the shore for years, Gazing afar through the distance dim sighing, will ever our ships come in? egnt them away with laughter and song,

The decks were white, and the sails were The Imgrant breezes bore them along, The sen was calm and the skies were blue,

And we thought as we watched them sail away

Of the joy they would bring us some future

Long have we watched beside the shore To eatch the gleam of a coming sail, But we only hear the breakers' roar

Or the awcoping night wind's dismal wail, Till our cheeks grow pale, and our eyes grow And we sadly sigh, will they ever come in?

Oh! poor sad heart, with its burden of cares, Its sims defeated, its worthless life That has garnered only the thorns and the

That is seared and torn in the pititul strife Afar on the beavenly golden shore Thy ships are anchored for ever more.

## An Idea in Decorative Art.

"It's perfectly useless; the thing is my bete noire-don't laugh, Elsie, I'm not joking. If there is any such thing as 'the contrariness of inanimate objects,' then of all inanimate objects that hideous black mantelpiece is the

most contrary."
Pretty Mrs. Van Schenck threw herself back in ler chair, gazing with mingled wrath and disgust at the object of her animadversion, a high wooden man-telpiece, painted black, and diversified with various dull yellow streaks and spots, fondly supposed by housekeepers thirty years ago to be a most faithful indication of marble. Fastened across a portion of the front, and from thence trailing to the floor, hung a strip of mummy cloth richly embroidered with a garland of poppies, but looking sadly out of keeping, cepending from the high narrow shelf it was intended to

"Now just look there, Elsie! Ove and again I have tried to cover, drape, alter that detestable mante piece, and each at empt has proved a more wretched failure than the last one. I've blistered my fingers knotting macrame lace, hamn gred my thumbs till they were black and blue trying al sorts of devices suggested by all sorts of ceed this time, and perhaps if the bor-der had been twice as deep it might have looked passably; but that narrow strip half way between floor and celling is periectly ridiculous. Grace Alston gave me the pattern. It was lovely on ber modern mantelpiece. How stupid n me not to think of making it wider! I believe the thing is bewitched.

Here she paused to take breath, and meeting her sister's merry eyes, burst into a ringing laugh.

"It does seem absurd to rail so, but the whole room is spoiled, and it would

be so pretty but for that frightful old mantlepiece.

"I am sure it is lovely as it is. Nothing can spoil the beautiful oak floor and wainscot," replied Elsie Horton, glancing around the spacious apartment of oblong shape, lighted by four large windows, two on the southern side, overlooking the sparkling waters of Long Island Sound, and two facing the west, where a dense pine wood at days-shut in the view and gave an impression of great seclusion.

The first glimpse of the room revealed the fact that the pretty hostess worshiped at the shrine of decorative art, though good taste fortunately excluded the horrors of scrap vases, bedaubed drain-pipes, and spatterwork tidies. Nay, at this moment, brightly illumined by the flood of sunlight pouring through the southern windows, the apartment might have given an artist a suggestion for a most charming interior. The floor and richly carved wainscot were of polished oak, almost black with age handsome Persian rugs lay scattered here and there; soft muslin draperies shaded the windows; bits of rare old china made spots of bright color on bracket and table; an easel supported a fine old painting; Kensington art work appeared in screens and chair coverings; and a quaint spindle-legged table, nearly a century old, stood in one

Fit subjects, too, for any artist's brush were the occupants of the room. Mrs. Van Schenck, dark-eyed, darkhaired, and slightly flushed with exertion and wrath, formed exactly the right contrast to her sister Elsie's blonde beauty, as the latter leaned carelessly back in a large easy-chair, her white draperies, relieved by knots of blue ribbons, sweeping over the dark, polished baken floor, and her violet eyes sparkling with amusement at her companion's vivacious tirade.

"I like to listen to you, Kate," she aid at last. "It seems like the dear old times before you were married to hear you set off on one of those Don Quixote tilts against windmills. Now, in the name of common-sense, let me ask why, instead of blistering your fingers and hammering your thumbs, you didn't have the mantelpiece taken down, and another one put in its place? You could have had something carved just to match this beautiful old wain-

"My dear, that highly sensible suggestion strongly reminds me of Marie antoinette's equally pertinent query:

mantelpiece carved to match the wainscot would cost a pretty penny, I asflowers on the panels, connected by drooping wreaths-exqui-itely done, too. And they split it up, and burned it for kindling-wood, the Goths and Vandals, when this 'new and elegant'

monstrosity took its place."
"But couldn't you have the lovely
Dutch tiled mantelpiece in the diningroom moved here at very little expense?"

"Ah, my dear, don't pride yourself on striking out a brilliant idea. Did not I suggest that to Harry long ago? No, indeed, he won't have this hideous thing removed, because it was his uncle's dying wish that it should be kept here. I can't blame him either, dear fellow. O'd Mr. Van Schenck, with all his eccentricities, was very kind to him, and in his will left him his whole fortune, but the wretches who murdered him took everything, stocks, bonds, and all-it was one of his peculiarities to keep his property in a portable form—and the will was doubtless among them. The law gave Harry the house-

"Tell me all about it, Kate," inter-rupted Elsie. "You know I only had the bare facts while I was abroad, none of the particulars, and the three days I spent at home before coming down to

"Were filled with descriptions of travel, displaying your finery, etc. Yes, know. There isn't really very much to tell; but, 'to begin at the beginning,' I'll inform you how my bete noire came to be the banc of my life. It seems that thirty years ago old Mr. Van Schenck— hen a rich bachelor of fifty—fell desperately in love with a beautiful girl, whose father he had befriended. She engaged herself to him, and he began to remodel the house to suit her taste— fancy the taste that would destroy a lovely carved oak mantelpiece to make way for that monster!-when an old lover appeared on the scene; and she, probably fearing that her father would orce her to keep her promise, ran away with him. It was a terrible blow to Mr. Van Schenck, an excessively proud man. He stopped the repairs just where they were, dismissed all his servants xcept one old woman, and, in spite of he entreaties of all his friends and relaives, persisted in living alone up to the day of his murder. This was the room he always occupied. The bed stood in that corner, facing the mantelpiece. The murderers entered by one of the western windows, and had doubtless been hiding in the wood, watching their opportunity. His eccentricities were well known in the neighborhood, and he was reputed to be immensely rich. Only a week before Harry had been here, represented the danger, and begged him to have at least a trusty manservant on the place. He obstantly refused, and the next news we had was a summons to his death-bed. My husband reached here a few minutes before

was a deep gash in the throat. The old man seemed terribly anxious to tell him something, and made a motion of writing on the coverlet, but his strength was failing, the room growing dark, and Harry could not understand. At last, struggling to a sitting position in bed he pointed to the mantelpiece, gasped 'Kept, kept,' then the blood gushed from the wound in his throat, and he sank back on the pillows—dead."
"Horrible! horrible!" cried Elsie Poor old man, how he must have

dusk, and found his unclestill alive, but

unable to speak-the principal wound

loved the girl, to think, even on his death-bed, of preserving the one thing she had given him time to prepare in his home for her sake! Doesn't it lend the ugly old mantelpiece a touch of no great distance from the house-a romance? No wonder Harry won't huge old mansion dating from colonial a low it to be removed! I should feel as if it were sacrilege."

> ' I don't want it removed either," re plied Kate, slowly. "But"-with sudden animation-"how I : hould like to cover it up, every inch of it!"

Elsie looked at her inquiringly.
"I'm half ashamed to tell you," continued Kate, lowering her voice, "but I believe I shall actually grow alraid of that thing unless 1 can find some way to change it. Of course it sounds silly enough to say so now, sitting here in this broad, bright sunlight; but it's quite another matter when the dusk comes stealing in, casting shadows in every corner, and the wind howls and shrieks around the old house. A week ago I sat yonder at one of the windows, watching for Harry, who was a little later than usual. It had been a gray, raw, chilly day, like a forerunner of November, with one of those dreary, moaning winds sighing through the trees that always do make me dismal, and I was troubled, too, about Harry's business. I can trust you, Elsie, I know of old, so I will tell you the whole story. He is on the brink of ruin. Hard times have sorely crippled the old firm into which he was admitted when he married me, and Mr. Van Schenck was to have advanced \$100,000 the week he died to carry them through to the first of January. Harry has always reproached himself for his carelessness in discussing the arrangements while walking with his uncle in the wood behind the house. He thinks the murderers may have overheard them, and killed the old man to obtain the money, for he was to have delivered it to him the day after the murder, and not a trace of that or any other property could be found. With this amount the firm would have been safe: now, it is very uncertain whether they can hold out. That's the reason, Elsie dear, why we are obliged to stay here this winter instead of going to We must either live on the New York. place or sell it-for since the murder nobody will rent it-and the old mansion has been in the family ever since Long Island was settled, so of course Harry won't part with it until the last cent is

gratify all our whims, and an oak old mantelpiece-don't laugh at me, Elsie! Just a week ago I sat here, thinking of Harry's troubled face when sure you. If only the original one had been left! Harry remembers it perfectly, and says people would rave over it now. Great clusters of fruits and suddenly I fancied I have not been suddenl ing shrick; the windows rattled violently, the whole house seemed to shake, and I heard, yes, I really did hear, the ringing, clinking sound of coins. The noise appeared to come from the mantelpiece. I glanced toward it, and oh! Elsie, every one of those horrible streaks and spots, instead of being a dull yellow, was the brightest crimson; they looked like fresh blood streaming from wounds.

"I would never have believed I could have been so frightened; if my hair didn't stand on end, it was only because my net held it too tight, and for one moment I fully expected to see the old man's ghost on the heart-stone, ready to protect the solitary memento of his love—for in my annoyance at my last failure to remodel it I had been heartily wishing it away. I sprang from my seat and flew out of the room. There in the hall stood Harry, who had been carried on in the train to the next station, and returned home by another way. Luckily it was too dark for him to see my white, scared face, and he instantly exclaimed: "Come quick, Kate, there is such a strange effect from the sunset light." We went down to the hall, and he threw the door wide open. I saw nothing but the same low gray clouds, the same wan gray atmosphere that had depressed my spirits all day

long. "'How strange!' he cried. 'Just as I reached the steps the clouds suddenly parted in the west, and a blood-red light illuminated everything; trees, walls, stones, were crimson in the glow. I rushed in to call you and now it has van shed as instantly as it came. But how pale you look, Kate! Are you il?? You may imagine that I felt heartily ashamed of my folly. And yet, scold myself as I may. I never can be at ease in this room when it begins to grow dusk. I always have a horrible fear of seeing those yellow spots and streaks suddenly tuen blood-red again. Of course it's absurd; nobody knows that better than I, but I can't help it."

Elsie sat looking thoughtfully at her isters's bugbear for a few moments, hen her blue eyes flashed with delight, and clapping her little hands like a child, she sprang from her chair, exciaiming, "I have it, Kate dear, I have it; just the very idea. We'll change the old mante piece completely without using anything but a little paint, and, moreover, not anger the old man's ghost by even driving a nail into the

beloved souvenir of his youth."
"Paint!" asked Kate. deubwully,
"I'm used to being helped out of difficulties by your bright ideas, Elsie, dear,
but I don't see how paint—"

"Don't you?" interrupted her sister, " Of course not, else it would be your idea, not mine. Listen quietly, then, to my superior wisdom"-drawing up her pretty figure with an air of mock dignity as she spoke—"and I'll elucidate. You remember the pair of Sorrento brackets I brought home, and which you admired so much yester-

"Yes; but what have they to do with my bugbear?" "Didn't you say the inlaid-work looked like painting?"

"Well, then, here is my idea, my brand-new, bright idea, ever so much easier to carry out than my wise sister's blistering of fingers and hammering of thumbs. You see the long narrow panel over the hearth?"

"And the two oblong panels, one on ach side, and the little square panels above them?" "Well, what in the world have they

to do with Sorrento brackets?"
"Wait a minute. You see, too, how very deeply sunken they are in the woodwork, much deeper than I should think necessary, but just the thing for my idea. I'll get very thin pieces of wood to fit over them exactly, paint lovely garlands of poppies, corn-flowers and wheat on the long paneis, charming little bouquets on the square ones, then you can have the rest of the wood ebonized, and I assure you your bugbear' will be far from the least pretty thing in your drawing-room. Where's your yard-measure, Kate?" and in a second her white fingers were deftly taking the dimensions of the

various panels. "The system of modern humbug had begun thirty years ago, Kate. This mantelpiece isn't half so substantial as the work put into the old mansion a century before. Why, the central panel is really shaky; the wood has warped, I suppose; perhaps it rattled a little the other evening, and your lively imagination made you fancy you heard the

chink of money. "Perhaps so. I'm ready to admit anything in sheer gratitude for being delivered from the sight of those horrible streaks and splashes. You're a jewel of a sister, Elsie, and Harrydear old fellow !-will be as delighted as I am. I know he has been on the point of telling me to have it taken away a dozen times; then the recollec-tion of his uncle's last words stopped him. I wouldn't have had it demolished, much as it has tormented me, but your idea will make a complete transforma-Yes, it will be lovely. I can see

it in 'my mind's eye 'already " And you shall see it in reality in ten days. I shal begin as soon as I get home to-morrow, and work like a Trojan to deliver you from your ghostly visions. Such a funny thing for you to be superstitious. Kate."

Mrs. Van Schenck to Miss Elsie Hor-

"Oh, Elsie, my darling, I am the hap piest little woman in the world, and all through your 'idea.' Let me try whether I can tell the story intelligibly, 'Why, if the poor people can't get bread, don't they eat cake?' You forget that we're not rich enough to am more than ever anxious to alter the and master, like the king in Mother tians in China.

Goose's rhymes, is 'counting out his money.' I really feel giddy with the sudden plunge from dread of approaching ruin to the possession of wealth beyond our dreams; and just here let me assert that I really did hear the chink of money that ghostly afternoon.

"Harry brought the box of panels down from the city, and after dinner I pretended I could not wait till to-morrow to try their effect, and begged him to open it. I really only did so to divert his thoughts from his business cares; he ooked so white and sad, poor fellow, that I had little interest enough even in ing, however, that a marriage has been laying my ghost. He hesitated a mo-ment, then said: 'I have something to tell you, Kate; but it can wait till we have seen Elsie's pretty work.' And added under his breath, but I caught the words: 'Trouble will come to her soon enough, poor child. "We easily wrenched off the lid, and

Harry really seemed to forget his wor-

ries a moment while admiring the lovely garlands and bouquets. I'm so glad you chose morning-glories for the little square panels. I never saw anything so perfect as the way you have grouped the buds and blossoms. The mantelpiece had been painted dead black, as you suggested, so we set to work at once, put in the side panels, then the little square panels above them—they fitted exactly—and after gazing at the effect a moment, tried to slip the center panel into its place. It seemed a little tight, and one end sank lower than the other. 'Will it stand a blow, Kate?' asked Harry. 'I must crowd this side down a little more to make it even.' I wrapped the ham-mer carefully in flannel, and gave it to him, saying: 'First try pushing; it will never do to bruise the paint.' He will never do to bruise the paint.' He did so, and suddenly shouted: 'Stand back, Kate, the whole mantelpiece is giving way.' Before the words had left his lips his end of the panel vanished; mine, which I had been holding to steady, swung straight out into the room, and such a clinking and rattling echoed in my ears, as a perfect Danae's shower of gold pieces came rolling down the hearth-rug, glittering and flashing in the lamplight, while we stood en-veloped in a cloud of dust, staring into what looked like a huge blac' hole. After a few minutes the shower stopped, and we began to look about us. On the hearth with the money lay some dusty papers, bonds and stocks, Harry said, and inside the black hole were bugs of gold coins, one of which had burst open, more papers, and among them the missing will. Imagine our astonishment, our delight! I can hardly believe it now. . It seems like a fairy tale. And, oh! the relief of Harry! He had been trying all dinner time to -ummon up courage to teil me that the firm was hot elessly involved, and would be decared bankrupt to-morrow; every resource was exhausted. Think of it, Elsie; a few days more and the house would have been sold. the property lost to us forever. What he property lost to us a narrow escape. Blessings on decorative art! I have been laughing and crying by turns for the last hour, and Harry hasn't behaved much morsensibly. We've had a war-dance around my poor old bugbear. Such a simpleton as I was to fancy all sorts of ghostly horrors, and run away when the dear ugly old thing rattled its secret in my ears with every gust of wind that blew! It shall never be taken away and split up for firewood now, that's certain. What nonsense am writing! Never mind; I've felt little inclination for nonsense during the ast few months. I have a right to indulge myself in it now. Poor Mr. Van Schenck! He tried so hard to tell Harry the secret. He had had a safe for silver built in the wall when the mantelpiece was put up, and afterward used it for his valuables. A spring hidden in the central panel opened it. I wonder you did not find it when you were taking the measure and spoke of it being shaky. Do you remember? Harry has finished 'counting out his money,' and authoritatively orders me to bed, saying it is long past midnight, and no proper hour for anybody but ghosts to be abroad; so, unless I mea my letter to be like Tennyson's brook, and 'go on forever,' I am to close it at once. Like a good wife, I obey. I am too happy to be anything but dutiful. Shall I confess that took a base advantage of the opporunity, and asked my liege lord a short time ago what he thought of my 'hobby -as he calls decorative art-now. \*Ris answer I need not record; suffice it to say it was perfectly satisfactory. Good-night, my darling. I can't find words to express my gratitude, but if a pair of

your idea - Another warning from Harry; now I really must stop. "Your loving sister, KATE." -Harper's Bazar.

## A Perfect Home.

solitaire diamond earrings as bright as

The most perfect home I ever saw was a fittle house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. thousand dollars served as a year's living for father, mother and three childien. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relations with the children were the most beautiful I have ever seen; even the dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do good work for the souls by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of the house involuntarily looked into her face for the key-note of the day, and it always rang clear. From the rose bud or clover leaf, which in spite of her bard house work she always found time to put beside our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to read in the evening there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife and home-maker. If to her quick brain, loving heart and exquisite face had been added the appliances of wealth and enlargements of wide culture, hers would have been ab-solutely the ideal home. As it was, it was the best I have ever seen .- Helen

There are now about 200,000 Chris-

# FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Parisian Marriages.

The Parisian, an American paper published in Paris, says: Our lady readers will perhaps be interested to know how a grand marriage is arranged at Paris. The preliminaries are gener-ally arranged between the two families with the help of the notaries; less often the marriage is more romantic and springs purely from love, in which case the traditional steps of courtship and marriage are much modified. Supposrecognized as advisable between the two families the first thing to do is to arrange an interview between the young folks. For this purpose some neutral ground is generally chosen-a reception at a friend's house, a concert, a ball and the theaters. The opera is preferred by the world of fashion; the opera comique is popular with the bourgeoise and the provincials. The young man sits in the orchestra and the young girl dressed in her best, is placed in front of a box. Between the acts the young man pays a visit to the box and is presented. The next day he pays a visit to the father and makes a formal demand of the young lady's hand. If it is accepted, he begins to pay court to the young girl. Every day, a: this stage of proceedings, the young man is admitted to the house of his future wife as if he were one of

the family.

He is called by his Christian name.

The day after the "accordailles," or his acceptation by the family, he presents his future wife with a ring, always the same one pearl or two pearls mounted with two diamonds. You may see these rings by the score in the jewelers' shops. Every day, too, he sends a bouquet of flowers. Nowadays these bouquets are splendid and cost a small fortune, for it is the custom to envelop them with lace, which is sometimes replaced by watered ribbon, on which the name of the young girl is embroidered. In aristocratic families the first person to whom the marriage is announced is the pope, who sends his benediction by telegraph, on the day of the ceremony at the church. The mother, accompanied by her daughter, visits her friends in order to inform them of the mother than the mother to inform the mother than the mother th happy news. In Madam de Sevigne's days a young girl's wedding trousseau contained only three dresses. In the year of grace, 1880, a wedding trousseau in high life is a very grand affair, and comprises twelve dresses, all made up with stockings, shoes, sun shades and hats to match. The trousseau, together with the linen, is worth from 20,000 to 50,000 francs In the trousseau of the Princess Isabella de Groy, the wife of the Archduke Frederick of Austria, all the linen is counted by the gross. There are twelve dozens of everything.

Summer Dresses. Leaders of fashion, with their craving for variety, are already protesting against the use of figured fabrics to suc an extent that Paris dressmakers send to the modistes here dresses of plain surface and solid color. This is espe-cially noted in the use of sewing-silk grenadines in preference to brocaded ones, and of plain Surah silk instead of figured silk, also in the attempt to revive taffeta, which is always plain and lustrous. The most elegant black dresses this season are of the plain sewing-silk grenadines, trimmed elaborately with black lace in which gilt threads are thickly interwoven, or else with open trimmings entirely of jet, or perhaps with fine embroidery done on grenadine for flounces and panels. Spanish laces over colors, especially red or yellow, are also used for trimming black grenadines. The square-meshed canvas grenadines is liked for parts of dresses that are completed by Surah, or, if figures are not objected to, by very rich brocaded grenadines that have smooth ground of satin luster, with large, open-worked figures. The plain canvas grenadine in such combinations is used for three or four narrow plaited frills at the foot, and these are sewed directly on the black silk skirt used for the foundation. There are then pyramids of such plaitings up each side, or only up the front. Folded plaitings of the plain grenadine are then laid like a diagonal scarf across the front and sides above this is the apron of brocade, and the hooped drapery of the back is also brocade. Rows of jetted fringe laid on knife-plaitings that pass up the sides or front add to the rich effect. Another caprice is that of lining the waist of black grenadine dresses with red or yellow silk, and omitting it in the skirt. This gives a touch of color, and makes the difference between waists and skirts that are now so popular. A very narrow plaiting of red Surah should be set under the lowest row of black plaiting around the skirt of such dresses, the sash belt may also be lined with red, and there may be one or two large ro-settes of black with gay lining set on the sides. - Harper's Bazar.

### Rain.

Rain is the moisture of the atmosphere condensed into drops large enough to fall with perceptible velocity to the earth. The water thus precipitated is quite pure, except in so far as it absorbs a slight quantity of air, carbonic acid and ammonia from the atmosphere The formation of rain is in general a continuation of the processes of the formation of clouds, dew and fog. deposition of moisture depends upon the cooling of the atmosphere, but concerning the precise process by which that cooling is affected erroneous views have been widely entertained. In general it may be said that the temperature of a given mass of warm moist air is lowered in the ordinary course of atmospheric phenomena by one or other of the following four processes: 1. By radiation to the cold sky. 2. By radiation to neighboring masses of cold air or the cold ground. 3. By mixture with cooler sir. 4. By the absorption of heat in the expansion of ascending The fourth of the above processes is doubtless by far the most efficient of all in lowering the temperature and producing rain.

#### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The boy with the gold watch wants to know what time it is twice as aften as the boy with the silver chronometer. It is said that there are one hundred different ways of cooking onions, but unfortunately there is only one way of smelling them.

A gentleman who was asked for his marriage certificate quietly took his hat off and pointed to his bald head. The evidence was conclusive.

Mr. James G. Fair, of mining fame, is just now amusing himself in China. Thence he is going to India, Egypt and Europe, not forgetting the Emerald

Florida's orange yield will, it is esti-mated, increase over tenfold in the next four years, owing to the immense number of trees that will come into bearing within that time.

The production of cotton-seed oil in the United States has risen from 2,300,-000 gallons in 1873 to 7,800,000 in 1879; about one-third of the present product going to France to be sold as olive oil.

Take a bran new straw hat, drop it into the cylinder of a threshing ma-chine, and when it has been run out on to the straw stack by the carrier you have the latest style of ladies' hat. Waterloo Observer.

In Wichita, Kan., the city council has passed a law compelling householders to plant a certain number of trees before each place, and already 44,000 trees have been set out along the streets in obedience to the law.

The author of "Nancy Lee"-made \$8,000 by the song; the owners of "My Grandfather's Clock" netted \$11,500; the "Baby Mine" man counted up nearly \$7,000, and yet honest and frreproachable citizens are toiling away for \$2 a day.

Simultaneously, in the Audubon (Iowa) county clerk's office, one man applied for a copy of a decree of divorce from his former wife, and another man for a license to marry her. The former wished the latter joy, but sarcasm was detected in his tone

Intelligent servant to caller: "Will e kape still a minute while I look at ye? No. Missis hain't at home. She told me if a woman came with a wart on the end of a red nose to say she wasn't at home, and there's no mis takin' that wart."

A woman in New York accidentally went to church with two bonnets on her head—one stuck inside the other and the other women in the congregation almost died of envy. They thought it a new kind of bonnet, and too sweet for anything.

### The Deep Sea.

Some interesting results of recent deep sea explorations were concisely stated in a late lecture at the royal institution, London. Four-seventh, or nearly three-fourths of the surface of the earth, are covered by sea. The average depth of the ocean is, according to the latest calculations of Otto Krummell, about 1,877 fathoms, or somewhat over two miles. The greatest depth known to exist was discovered by the United States ship Tuscarora, near the Kurile islands, in Northeast Pacific. It is 4,655 fathoms, or about five and one-quarter miles. The highest mountain existing is of about the same height as the deepest sea is deep. Mount Everest is 4,833 fathems in height. So insignificant, however, is the total volume of land raised above sea level in proportion to the vast cavity occupied by the sea, that were this cavity emptied of its water, the whole of the land now above sea level could be shoveled into it twenty-two and a half times over before it would be filled up to the present sea level. Nevertheless, the depth of the oceans

great as it is, is as nothing in comparison with the vastness of their extent of surface. As Mr. Croll has said, the oceans in relation to their superficial area are as shallow as a sheet of water 100 yards in diameter and only an inch in depth. The sides of the ocean basins are not at all steep. They are mostly so little inclined that an ordinary locomotive engine could run up them in a straight line with ease. Their inclination is usually not more than three or four degrees or less. Around some oceanic islands the slope is greater. The steepest slope known is at Bermuda, where there is an inclination of nearly twenty degrees from the edge of the reel to 2,000 fathoms. There are no such things as mountains and valleys on the deep sea bottom. Animals cannot slip down against their will into the depths, but must move deliberately into them, and travel a long journey to reach them. The pressure exerted by the superincumbent water at great depths is so great as to be almost beyond conception. It amounts roughly to a ton on a square inch for every 1,000 fathoms of depth, about 166 times as much as the pressure to which people are subjected on land. At the greatest depths the pressure is about four tons and a half. Vast though this pressure is, it is, however, only about one-eighth of that which Professor Abel and Captain Noble have measured, as produced in their experiments on guppowder. The deep sea animals, being completely permeated by fluids, are probably no more conscious of pressure acting upon them than we, and, so long as they move slowly from one depth to another, are most likely unaffected by the consequent changes of pressure.

With regard to the temperature of the deep sea waters, the conditions which would affect animals are comparatively simple. Nearly all over the ocean the temperature at 500 fathoms is as low as forty degrees F., and this is the case even immediately under the equator in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Below 2,000 fathoms the temperature is never more than a few degrees above freezing point, excepting in the peculiar cases for land-locked seas, such as the Sulu sea.