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#### In Harvest Day.

Thro' Farmer Gale' wide fields I passed Just yesterove; My week of holiday was spent, And idly on the stile I leant, Taking my leave

Of all the fair and smiling plain, Wood, vale and hill, And all the homely household band, (The warm grasp of each kindly hand Bides with me still);

And I was sad. The stricken grain Around me lay: I could but think of silent glade-Of buds and blossoms lowly laid

The harvest day. " And this is all !" I sadly said "These withered leaves-This gathered grain! Spring's hours of bliss And summer's glory turn to this-Some yellow sheaves!"

Then Farmer Gale-tuat good old man, So simply wise Who overheard, and quickly turned, Said, while a spark of anger burned In his gray eyes:

" Lad; thou art town-bred, knowing naught Whereof thou pratest! For, be the flower as fair as May, The fruit it yields in harvest day Is still the greatest!

"And thou-thy spring shall quickly pass; Fast fall the leaves From life's frail tree. In harvest day See that before thy Lord thou lay Some yellow sheaves."

He went his way; I mine; and now I hear the flow Ot busy life in crowded street-Of eager voices, hurrying feet, hat come and go

Yet e'en while flashing factory looms My hands engage, I see that far-off upland plain-Its long, long rows of gathered grain, Its rustic sage.

And hear them say: "Let pleasures fair, And passions vain. And youthful follies, fade and die; But all good deeds, pure thoughts and high,

Like golden grain, "Be gathered still." Blest barvest store That only grows In hearts besprinkled with the blood That evermore—a sacred flood—

Lord, when thou callest, when this world My spirit leaves, Then to thy feet, oh, let me come, Bringing, in joyful harvest-home,

From Calvary flows!

Some yellow sheaves! -Sunday Magazine.

## MY FIRST LAWSUIT.

"How is trade, Aunt Lucy?" I inquired, with the air of one perpetrating a pleasantry.

The person addressed was slow to take my remark in the spirit in which it was offered. Trade with her was a solemn reality.

"Things is a goin' off," she replied, seriously. "Slow. But they goes." Two or three other colored persons present chuckled, however. To them, as to me, there existed an incongruity between the notions of Aunt Lucy and

Aunt Lucy was unusually old and un-usually black. Her blackness was set off by her white turban and white kerchief she wore about her neck. She was heavily made, with a delightful chubby face, and a delightful, cordial, chuckling way of speaking. Only a severe attack of rheumatism would dampen her chronic cheerfulness, and imbue the tones of her voice with a touch of melancholy.

It had been my own idea to set her up in trade, with the expenditure of a dollar or so, in the first place, on needles and thread, and tapes and pins, and so on; afterward, as these wares found a be more useful in advertising her place amendment. I, for my part, presented of business than lucrative. I had been him with an old coat, on the underunable to buy them for less than a penny apiece, and they sold the world over for a penny, it appeared.

'I can make ginger cakes an' sugar cakes fust rate," suggests the old wo-

man presently.
"That will be the way, then," I say, clutching at the bright idea—"the very thing. I'll give you the money to buy some flour and sugar and molasses, and you'll make the cakes and then we'll see what the profit will be,

Aunt Lucy chuckles delightedly. She has an active soul, despite her ninetyeight years. Yes, ninety-eight? She insists that this is her age.

"Have you had your roof mended ?" I inquire, having already left the money

with her for that purpose. 'Can't git de man ter come. bin a-terrifyin' an' a-abotherin' ob my Isaiah ter git de man ter come-hain't I Isaiah ?" as at that juncture, a tall slouchy young man entered, who did not seem likely to be terrified by feeble

old Aunt Lucy He pulled a front lock in courtesy to me, and grinned. "I has went, an went," he averred; "an' he promises iterated. Seems like he don't care. I myself entertain doubts of Isaiah's zeal as a Mercury. I say, persuasively, "I wish you would see to it Isaiah." Then I make my adieux.

number of guests, and is especially selves. I was glad to know also that drunk in his ole mudder's shop all de receated cramps, and for three hours napkin about the roll to keep it in popular since she has kept shop, and Isaiah would have an able counselor; time? No, car, sez I. Cotch Isaiah was not able to stand.

nailed, against which articles of mer-chandise have been placed, including various penny toys, which have been found a profitable investment, as their value is a fictitious one.

Aunt Lucy lives in an alley within another alley, It being a circuitous route, Milly, one of the old woman's daughters—Lucy's family is numerous, and universally down on their luck—escorts me back to the highway, con-

versing. "Mother was well brought up," she responds to some words of praise of mine. "De white ladies as raised her treated her well, an' she shows it. Mother can't behave no odder way. De good manners will come out. An' she's

"It's a pity that between you all you are not able to make your mother thoroughly comfortable in her old age," I say, slowly. In fact this view of the subject has frequently presented itself to my mind before.

"We are all so pore," was Milly's excuse. "An' I has, what's more, such bad feelin's inside. Sometimes I don't hardly expec' to see one day cotch an-

In truth, now that I took a good look at her, she was little more than skin and bones.

"It's de misery in my head," she explained. It generally is this particuar form of misery with colored people, I have found. Poor soul! poor souls!— weak in body and mind and spirit Milly and such as she are hardly able to take care of themselves, let a lone

I was in a hurry—who of us is at all times free from the clutches of this fa-miliar fiend of our overcrowded age? still, something in Milly's expression made me say, "I am sorry you are so badly off. Is your husband out of work?"

"Bless you, madam, he don't do nuffin for me now. I had him goin' on nine years, but he done lef' me now. I has nuffin but de chillun, an' nubbudy wants dem dese days." And there was actual y in her tones an apparent regret that boys and girls had ceased to be val uable as chattels.

Under these circumstances I aband-oned all hope that Milly might be able to contribute to her mother's necessi-ties. I even inscribed her name on my own mental tablets as an "object." I parted from her with feelings of depres ion all the more lively because her own nherited cheerfulness had not suc cumbed to the pressure of adverse circumstances. She was apparently on good terms with fate, and disposed to make the best of things.

On Isaiah, however, I looked with There seemed to be a naterner eyes. tural repulsion between himself and steady work. Odds and ends of work he would occasionally find to do; but he never secured a month's or even a week's employment. He came and went to my house on errands for his mother, always exasperatingly self-satisfied and good-natured. Perhaps a little whole-some discontent or discomfort would have spurred him to exertion. I employed him to cut the grass in our garden, and he really did it well, with such self-complacency, too, that one felt that grass-cutting was perhaps his congenia sphere. However, work must come to Isaiah; he would never go to look it up. He also did little odds and ends of gardening for me on this same occasion, conversing politely meanwhile. As, for

instance, in making the hay:
"In de country dey calls dis yar winnowin'. I worked at harvestin' onst in Prince George's. Harvestin' is good fur de nerves It eider increase 'em or decrease 'em. Mine decreased-no, I mean ter say dey increased." "They harvesting didn't agree with

"Oh, yes it did. It suited me fust rate. De nerves increased. I was as hearty as a buck."

"You look strong and well now," state. This occurs to me as a good opening for my favorite text. "Isaiah, state. I wish you could contrive to do more for your old mother."

"I does try, miss," he declares; "I does my best," tossing the grass picturesquely. "I tries hard."

Lucy had given me to understand that

Isaiah was the rakish and roving member of her family, addicted to singing ready market, she and I determined to about the streets at night, never going go into the confectionery line also, on a to church. I referred to these facts in small scale-penny cakes, penny sticks his personal history. Isaiah did not of candy; but these latter we found to deny them. But he made promises of

> standing that he was only to wear it to church. He had pleaded his deficient toilet as an excuse for his neglect of religious observances. Not longer than a week after that our town was startled by a murder com mitted on the street at night, the victim. an overbearing, quarrelsome youth of the white race, who yet elicited in his death the sympathies of the whole community, so unprovoked and dastardly was the way of his end. His murderers were traced immediately, and identi-fied beyond reasonable doubt. Alas,

the same Isaiah-Isaiah Carroll-of whom I have written above! I went to see Aunt Lucy directly, and found her plunged in grief. But she was confident of her boy's innocence. She bewailed the way of life which had had caused him to be identified with the class of men by whom the murder had doubtless been committed, "I always him so," she kept repeating.

one of those arrested on suspicion was

wud come ob it." I followed the evidence carefully. The feeling of the public was dead against the suspected murderers from the start. I, who had my misgivings as to Isaiah, at-least was glad that the universal The room contained half a dozen charity of the law gave the wretched persons beside Lucy. She has always a prisoners the chance to defend them-

prisoners was to prove for themselves an alibi. Observe that no one had seen the murder committed. The fact that the three men accused of the crime had been traced from point to point through the neighborhood, and on the night of the murder, furnished the original grounds of arrest. Isaiah, it was shown by the prosecution, had always been hand in glove with the two other prisoners, Smith and Quinby. It struck me, on reading the evidence, that it implicated the others far more conclusively than Isaiah. But it was shown that the basis of the control of the contr that he had been standing about the street corners on the morning of the murder with the two others accused; and it was also shown that for the last six months they had been an inseparable trio. Isaiah had, beyond dispute, been a companion of thieves—if not worse. In spite of all which I believed he

could clear himself. Poor old Aunt Lucy did not see him through the trial. She could only mourn for him and pray for him. Poor old Lucy!

The day when I had ascertained that Isaiah would be questioned, I myself, against all my previous habits, went down to the court-house. It was quite a pitiful sight when Isaiah, confronted by a badgering lawyer in sight lawyer.

by a badgering lawyer, infinitely more anxious to win his case than that the right should prevail, was placed on the stand. He was attired in his best clothes, and he stood nervously twirling his hat in his hand, as I had seen him do on the occasion of our last meet-ing, when I had bethought me to advise him as to his moral and spiritual states. He had evidently been coached by his lawyer, and he was prepared to go through the examination as to his whereabouts on the day of the murder with circumstantial precision. He accomplished his lesson thoroughly. His honest air and heavy, well-meaning ex-pression were all in his favor. My spirits revived. He appeared to me to have told a plain, unvarnished tale enough. I did not recognize any of the names or places he mentioned; he did not bring in those relatives of his with whom I was acquainted—Milly, Lucy— but there was an air of heavy, dull verisimilitude over his whole narration.

Then the cross-examination began. Isaiah had accounted for himself on every hour of the day of the tragedy up to ten o'clock at night, the murder hav-ing been at seven. He stood his ground quite well at first, when he was called on to repeat his statement, but on the redirect examination he suddenly broke down. I can remember having been in such a state of mind myself, when everything around me has all at once become a blank. Isaiah looked around him helplessly. It suddenly came over him that he had been betrayed by his own carelessness in giving an account to his lawyer of the day before the murder! He had been coached on that. His dull, dependent intellect refused to think and plan for itself on the spur of the moment. He was too bewildered and confused to remember. The prosecuting lawyer taunted him. The prisoner's lawyer tried to encourage him. But his only answer was: "I don't see

whar I am, sir; I's lost myself." There was a ripple of unfeeling merriment through the court-room. Isaiah's previous statement passes for an un-mitigated lie. I sit cold and stern. I catch Isaiah's eye and its look of stolid discomfiture. I believe in him.

At the same time-and this makes my fears for him all the stronger—I believe it possible that the testimony of the other prisoners may have been a tissue of falsehood. However, there is nothing more to be done. Isaiah has played the part assigned him in this day's programme. I ascertain this, and

leave. I went straight to his old mother's I found her occupied in patching a pair of trousers for one of her grandsons. She was very quiet and down-hearted I led the conversation gradually to the subject of Isaiah. She put down her work, and wiped away a tear or two.

"I wud nebber lib troo it 'cept fur one ting," she said. "I feels so cole an' hungry an' mis'rable in my heart; an' den, sez I ter myself, ' Dere is a God, dere is a God,' an' I warms up, an' has enuff an' ter spare. It don't last, ter be sure, an' I has ter preach ter myself ober an' ober agen, but while it las' I feels so full ob de great I Am."

We talked over the trial. In fact, it had occurred to me that her memory might be called to the assistance of Isalah's. She checked off the days of the week of the murder, recalling the incidents of each one. Tuesday Isaiah had had a job of hauling to do; Wednesday—step by step she recalled the day, just as Isaiah had done for Thursday, up to 10 P. M., as he had described Thursday was the day of the murder. He had made rather more than usual on Wednesday, and had gone quite early on Thursday on the loat, which he al ways constitutionally believed he had earned after two days' work. Aunt Lucy took up her patching again at this stage. She shook her head and her voice fell The melancholy fact was that Isaiah had returned home early in the after-noon, so much under the influence of liquor that he had spent the rest of that day, that night and half the next day on a pallet in the corner of his old mother's room. I saw how it was directly. His brain had remained hopelessly bemuddled as to the incidents of that Thursday, and he had confused them with those of Wednesday. Had any one else seen him? I inquired, hopefully, remembering the slender stream of custom that, nevertheless, never quite fell off. In fact, Aunt Lucy named tell him his company wud be de ruin ob him. It war de singin', miss," she reiterated. "I allus knowed no good Isaiab lay there. As we spoke, one of these very persons happened in opportunely. I stated the position to her, and s e readily recalled its having been as Lucy related.

"I's been a-studyin' dis myself, miss, I has. Sez I, how kin dis yar Isaiah

thus established a kind of a neighbor-hood rendezvous. Her shop is in the window, across which slats have been but all that I could hear or read was against him. Carrol doin' sech a ting as dat! I seen him lyin' dar in dat ar corner arter dark. The line of defense chosen by all the Tursday, myself. Isaiah Carroll, what's Tursday, myself. Isaiah Carroll, what's more, wudn't hurt a fly. I knows de boy well. It are altogether different wid dem odder two. Quinby's wife, when she heerd he war arrested, she say herself, 'Dat husban' ob mine allays war a wuthless nigger.' But

Isaiah bore no sech character. Fortified with what I had heard, I proceeded to communicate with the lawyer who was undertaking to defend Isaiah Carroll. It happened that the name of this gentleman was familiar to me. I had seen him once or twice at croquet parties on our lawn. In response to a message I sent him through my brother, he presented himself at our house. I gathered directly that he was defending Isaiah from a sincere persua-sion of his innocence. "It seems he find seen me here," Mr. Ordway let fall, "when he was walking around in the garden. I recognized him on this hint as a protege of yours, and I made up my mind to get him off if I could. Now for the facts, if you please."

I gave them to him, waxing diffuse, I fear, according to my sex's failing. But he listened thoroughly. As he left, he said, with a little laugh, "Your championship makes me feel that I shouldn't mind being this poor fellow myself."

He had odd, resolute, searching eyes, which he fixed on mine as he spoke. His intent gaze gave me the strange feeling of only having just made his ac-

That is about all there is to tell of Isaiah Carroll. Mr. Ordway helped him to prove a clear alibi, although the delinquent had the grace to be sincerely mortified as to the manner of it. His old mother herself was put on the stand. She gave her testimony with distinctness, albeit with agitation. The prosecution dealt gently with her, even when she repeated twice that "Isaiah war allays a punctual boy "-meaning a boy to be relied upon in the long

I am proud to say that Isaiah never fell into bad company after this. The two other wretched men, his fellow-prisoners, were convicted of the murder, and sentenced to death. It was supposed that a third party was impli-cated, but the proof of this was never made clear.

What a long sigh of relief I drew when this narrow escape of my colored friend was all over! Mr. Ordway persisted in calling it our case. I was modest about it, however, and refused to divide the credit with him. I will tell as a secret, however, that this was not the last suit of Mr. Ordway's in which I have taken a warm and personal interest.—Harper's Bazar.

### LIGHTNING'S FREAKS.

Queer Doings of the Thunderbolt about the World. Fred Langley was killed by lightning at Athens, Me., recently. He was six-

teen years of age. At Fulton, Ontario, Duncan Dawson was killed by a lightning stroke, and his sister-in-law was fatally injured.

A daughter of Daniel Kelly lives, but her mind is impaired, after a lightning stroke at her home near Spring Lick,

Ky., recently. An employee of the Lochiel iron works, Harrisburg, Pa., was struck by lightning, and one side of his body is

completely paralyzed. Three men were knocked down, and a horse belonging to Elihu Welis was killed instantly by lightning at Rush-

Leonard Falk, a farmer of Fayette county, Iowa, took a horseback ride. A storm coming up, he and his horse were killed by lightning.

Peter Leonard was instantly killed by lightning at Charles City, Iowa, and P. J. Leonard, of Floyd, in the same State, was killed on the same day.

While herding cattle, a boy named Isaacson was killed by lightning at Roland, Iowa, and at Kozta, Jefferson Simmons was killed during the same

Five people were killed and several saverely injured by lightning at Garrett City, Ind., in a drug store where they had taken refuge during a thunder

Frank Shupert, of Johnson county, Ohio, was instantly killed by lightning while sitting in his home by the window. The whole side of his house was

torn out. It was twenty feet from where a son of D. H. Owens, of New Era, Tex., took shelter from the storm, that the lightning shattered a tree, but the boy died from

Mrs. Barnes of Macomb, Ill., went to bed for safety during a severe thunder-Lightning struck the house and literally tore it to pieces. Although many were standing about Mrs. Barnes'

bed she alone was killed. A cyclone struck Tallett's Praicie, near Paris, Texas, and with it came severe thunder and lightning. William Rudesill was instantly killed and two young men were dangerously injured by thunderbolt.

Lightning rods did not save the First Methodist Church, of Altoona, Pa., for a thunderbolt doubled them up like reeds, knocked a hole eighteen inches in diameter in the first knee of the bell tower, and broke off one corner of the brick walls of the church.

In a negro cabin in Warrenton, Ga. sat a woman with an infant in her arms, and six children on the floor at her feet. Lightning struck the woman in the right temple, instantly killing her, but doing no injury to the child. mother, when discovered, sat with the babe quietly folded in her lifeless arms.

When lightning entered the home of which she was sitting. Three successive flashes passed over her head toward

#### FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Prosate Kitchen Rules Poetized. Veal cutlets dipped in egg and bread-crumb, Fry till you see a brownish red come.

Roast pork, sans apple-sauce, past doubt, Is Hamlet with the prince left out. Your mutton chops with paper cover, And make them amber-brown all over.

Broil lightly your beefsteak-to fry it Argues contempt for Christian diet. The cook deserves a hearty cuffing,

Who serves roast towls with tasteless stuffing. Egg sauce-few make it right, alas!is good with blue fish, or with bass.

Shad, stuffed and baked, is most delicious; Twould have electrified Apicius. Roasted in paste, a haunch of mutton Might make ascetics play the gluttop.

Farm and Garden Notes. An exchange says if hens get into the habit of eating their own eggs the surest remedy is to cut off their heads.

Cellars thoroughly treated with whitewash made yellow with copperas will not be considered desirable habitations for rats and mice.

A halfgill of soft soap and water, one part of soap to twelve of water, poured at the roots of cabbage plants, is recom-mended as sure death to white grubs.

Potatoes are frequently spoiled by being exposed to the sun too long after digging. They should only be opened to light and air long enough to dry them, and then stored away in as dark a place

The soil for a fodder crop should either be naturally rich or made so by manuring, or it will not pay to prepare it for any of these quick growing grains which have but little time in which to make their growth, and must get to a good size in order to be profitable.

An old gardener says, in the Detroit Tribune, with regard to cultivating onions, that if care is taken to draw away the earth gradually from the bulb until they are quite uncovered and only the fibrous roots are in the earth, you will never have scullions, but very large, sound onions.

Potash dissolved in water, or lye from wood ashes, is a good wash for the trunks and large limbs of fruit trees. Whitewash should not be used, as it closes the pores of the bark, which should be kept open in order to insure a healthy tree. Potash or lye answers every purpose which whitewash would, with none of its objections.

The ox-eye daisy is a very fashionable flower in the city, but a vile pest to the farmer. It is propagated by the seed, and may be destroyed by mowing be-fore the seed is formed. Two or three seasons may be required to subdue it, but it is a standing reproach to any farmer to have his fields overrun with

The advantages of spreading manure from the wagon as it is drawn out are a saving of labor, and a more even distribution of the double salts (ammonia, potash, phosphates, etc.) in the soil by rain. If the manure is heaped on the field, and gets a heavy rain before spreading, the ground under the heaps receives an undue share of the best part of the manure, which not unfrequently renders these spots barren for a season

The farmer who always takes particular pains to put up his produce in neat attractive packages, and never mixes the second with the first quality, will have to spend but little time to find good men ready to buy all his products, and pay him a fair price; but he who mixes three qualities together, and tries to sell them as first quality, will always be troubled to find buyers, and usually have to sell at low prices.

Formerly it was considered best to let grass stand until the seed was full grown, before cutting, but of late years it has become almost the universal custom to cut when most of the grass is in full bloom. The advantages claimed for early cutting are: First, better hay, which is more readily eaten by cattle second, less injury to the grass roots third, a better chance for a second

QUICK CAKE.—Beat one cupful of powdered sugar and one tablespoonful of butter to a cream, and one wellbeaten egg, two-thirds of a cupful of sweet milk, with half a teaspoon of soda, one and half cupfuls of flour, with one teaspoonful of cream tartar. Flavor with lemon. Bake in a brick-shaped

INDIAN SUET PUDDING .- One-half pound suct, chopped fine, one cup moasses, one pint milk, one egg, meal to make a very thin batter, one teaspoon ground cloves, one teaspoon ground cinnamon, one teaspoon salt, a little nutmeg, a few currants or chopped raisins. Boil or steam three hours. Sauce.

VEAL HASH .- Take a teacup of boiling water in a saucepan, stir in an even teaspoon flour wet in a tablespoon cold water, and let it boil five minutes; add one-half teaspoon black pepper, as much salt, and two tablespoons butter, and let it keep hot, but not boil. Chop the veal fine, and mix with it half as much stale bread crumbs. Put it it in a pan and pour the gravy on it, then let it simmer ten minutes. Serve this on buttered tonst.

ROLL JELLY CARE.-Sift two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar with two cups of flour (measured after sifting.) Dissolve one teaspoon of soda in three tablespoons of hot water. Beat six eggs, whites and yolks separately. Add two cups of sugar to |the yolks, put in Mrs. William Young, of Hornellsville, half the flour, then the soda, the bal-N. Y., it was through an open door in ance of the flour and the whites of the eggs. Bake in a thin, even sheet in a large dripping-pan; when done turn on to a molding beard, spread with jelly hab cut dis yar white gemman tre pieces, when he is a lyin', so ter speak, muscular action. The woman suffered and roll up without delay. Wrap a

#### Concerning Spiders. The natural historian of the Loudon

Telegraph, who writes many entertain-

ing articles on beasts, birds, and fishes. discourses as follows on spiders: A "mouse-eating" spider, which has recently been added to the Zoological society's collection, can only be justified in existing if we consider it to be a supreme effort by nature in the direction of the hideous. It can stretch itself out to several inches, is as black as a bear and as hairy, and as ugly as a nightmare. Nature constantly makes these efforts to teach us how horrible she can be when she likes; but she slips her horrors at us only one by one, and at long intervals, so that the general impression of her tenderness and grace may not be too roughly shocked. Her miracles of beauty are well known, for she places them conspicuously in the front, scattering butterflies lavishly all over the world, giving her painted favorites, the birds, wings to carry them into the notice of men, and, generally, making her prettiest creatures the commonest. She can, however, work miracles in ugliness also; but these she hides away from sight, so that men may come upon them as a sur-prise, and thus gradually learn to appre-ciate the full extent of her powers. While the horse adds a beauty to every road and pasture of the world, the hippopotamus conceals its monstrosity in swamps and river rushes far from human haunts. Birds of delightful song and dainty plumage brighten every garden and grove; but the hairy apteryx creeps about at night in New Zealand wastes, and the dodo, a practical joke rather than a bird, never waddled be-yond the limits of a single island. The harmless and pretty grass snake and green itzards are common all over Europe; but the loathesome cerastes is concealed in Nubian deserts, and the iguana hides itself in the leafy wilderness of the Brazils. In clear, common water we find the shapely trout and handsome perch; but only in the slime of the ocean bed lies the sea devil. Thus, all through nature—beasts, birds, reptiles and fishes
—we find the ugly things made a secret of and the pretty ones displayed; but in insects nature, to work to the same kind end, uses another means, for she makes all of the common kinds so small that their hideousness is not apparent, and, where size is necessary, puts them out of sight, either under desert sands or tropical undergrowth, or at the bottom of ponds and running steams. It is fortunate that she does so, for, taking the spiders alone, if they were of large size, they would mock the majesty of man's high birth, despise his bulwarks and unpeople earth. What conceivable system of de-

fenses, for instance, could avail hu-manity against a creation of spiders as They would float across sea in the diving-bells which they know hew to make so well, and swing themselves across rivers as they now do across garden paths. Leaping miles at each jump, they could in a night, traverse incredible distances, and waking in the morning a whole village might find itself inextricably woven up in a fog of web, every door, gate, and chimney enveloped in a suffocating cobweb of glutinous ropes, while the grim twilight was made terrible by the stealthy motions of a multitude of blood-thirsty spiders. The monsters would pounce upon the human beings one by one; swathe them in murderous meshes, and sling them up to their tunnel roofs like naughty boys in a row in an ogre's larder. We need not follow the fancy further, for it is evident from even this hint of dreadful possibilities what might be imagined if stiders were as big as sheep, and still remained spiders in character and habits. Yet even if they changed their temper with their bulk, and when they became as big also as harmless as sheep, their presence would be almost too horrible to be borne. Their existence would argue the presence among us of such flies as we should have to attack with shotguns, and grasshoppers which we should course with grayhounds. Our rivers would swarm with dragon flies that would buffet boats' crews with the wings of swans, our trees be munched up like lettuces by anaconda caterpillars, and wood lice go about in the bigness of tortoises. Existence such circumstances would under be intolerable, and the necessity of spiders to keep down the insect packs and herds that would otherwise trample and jostle us out of Great Britain would only increase the horrors of our condition. The mouse-eating spider in Regent's park has fortunately been invited to come among us only as a guest, and not by any means to naturalize himself here, for his appearance and habits are abundantly sufficient to make us prefer his continuing to remain in the Brazils. He is, it seems, "at home" in Bahia, and there disports himself by jumping upon the backs of mice and little birds, in imitation of his companion, the jaguar, sucking out all their blood and then playing with their empty skins. As a substitution for the common or domestic cat, which, in these days of cats' meat men and careless cooks has considerably lost its appetite for mice, and thinks it too much trouble to catch sparrows, the great spider might, perhaps, be usefully ac-climatized. But what household would submit with any complacency to the domestication of such a creature? As it is, chairs prove hardly high enough when the average British spider, which can sit on a three-penny bit, and is afraid of an able-bodied blue-bottle, comes near a petticoat; and, if they were any bigger, we should have to keep ladders in every room for the ladies of the household, to escape to the roof. The ordinary housemaid, who never could abide spiders." would go about her occupation with a drawn sword, and scullery-maids plead for the last consolations of religion before entering the cellars.

M. E. Church, of Greensburg, Ind , was struck by lightning, but the frescoing

was ruined.