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The Battle of Life. Go forth to the battle of life, my boy, Go while it is called to-day, For the years go out and the years come in, Regardless of those who may lose or win, Of those who may work or play. And the troops march steadily on, my boy, To the army gone before; You may hear the sound of their falling feet, Going down to the river, where two worlds meet; They go to return no more. There is a place for you in the ranks, my boy, And duty, too, assigned; Step into the front with a cheerful face, A quick or another may take your place And you may be left behind. There is work to be done by the way, my boy, That you never can tread again; Work for the lowliest, lowliest man— Work for the plow, plane, spade and pen— Work for the hands and the brain. The serpent will follow your steps, my boy, To lay for your feet a snare; And pleasure sits in her airy bowers, With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers, Enwreathing her golden hair. Temptations will walk by the way, my boy, Temptations without and within; And spirits of evil, with robes as fair As those which the angels in heaven might wear Will lure you to deadly sin. Then put on the armor of God, my boy, In the beautiful days of youth; Put on the helmet and breast-plate and shield And the sword that the fullest arm may wield In the cause of right and truth. And go the battle of life, my boy, With the peace of the gospel shod, And before high heaven do the best you can For the great reward and the good of man, For the kingdom and crown of God.

AGAINST HER WILL.

"Oh, mother! mother!" said Adelaide Fairfax; and such a wailing, woful moan would have penetrated any heart but a heart of stone; but it made no impression upon the one it was intended to meet. "Adelaide, you disgust me, you make me ashamed of you," said her mother. "What more do you want? He is rich." "Yes," said Adelaide; "but—" "He is a favorite," interrupted her mother. "He is courted by the first families in the neighborhood. He could marry the richest girl in our circle—" "Oh, if he only would!" said Adelaide; "if he only would!" "Silence, girl!" exclaimed her mother. "There is neither shame nor spirit in your pretended aversion to one of the noblest men ever created. Oh, you may shudder! Neither your tears nor prayers will move me in the least. Do you think I am blind? Do you think I do not know the very secret reason why you so oppose my dearest wish? Do you think your stolen visits to the old stone house have not been traced? Shameless girl! It is my duty to see you well settled in life before you are quite lost to honor and decency." "No, no, no, mother, you cannot say that," returned Adelaide; "or if you can, you shall not. I am your child—your only child. Up to this time have I ever failed in duty to you? Have I not given you all the reverence, all the obedience, all the affection a child could bestow upon a parent? I tell you, mother, this is a case of life and death—for sin is death—death to the heart, that, reckless and tortured, leaps blindly into the chasm of crime." "Have you done?" said her mother. "Let me speak while the spell is on me," replied Adelaide. "You know love William Beckett; you knew it years ago. You encouraged it, you gave it your sanction, you used all your woman's arts to aid in its progress—and why? Then he was rolling in wealth, was courted, feted, petted as Grantly Thornby is now. His father speculated wildly, failed, and in his ruin involved the ruin of his only son. Still you played your cards cautiously and well. You pitied him, you pitied me; you trusted matters were not so desperate, after all; but you took good care to remove me far away from his influence, thinking that in separating us personally you could separate our hearts. It was not possible—they had grown into one. Parted they might be, but not divided in thought, act or deed." "You romantic simpleton!" exclaimed her mother. "Don't dare deliver any more of this ridiculous twaddle in my presence! So surely as the sun rises, so surely shall you be the wife of Grantly Thornby!" "Then on your head be the sin, if sin should come! On your head be the strife, and strife, and darkness, which I see looming in the far distant future! On your head, then, be the crime of a broken heart, a hopeless life! I warn you—oh, I warn you, mother! If I have not your hardness of heart, I have a portion of your determination; and never shall Grantly Thornby mold me to his detestable liking. I will be his wife because I cannot help myself; but the hand that blights my life shall not blight my love; so tell my husband that to be!" Pale and exhausted, Adelaide Fairfax sank down on the sofa, from which but a moment before she had risen in her indignant scorn. Her mother, a coarse-looking woman, dressed in the extreme of vulgar, costly taste, and loaded with jewelry, sat opposite her, her eyes fairly blazing with wrath and scorn. To be defied by her own child, the child who until that day had been all meekness, all obedience! A bombshell entering the apartment

and exploding at her feet could not have startled her more. However, she had gained one triumph—Adelaide had consented to become the wife of Grantly Thornby. Wild as Adelaide had spoken, she had no fear for the future. She knew the innate purity of her daughter's heart, and even had she doubted that the will and strength of Grantly Thornby was sufficient to protect his own and his wife's honor. The mother had scarcely left the room by one door, when another was opened giving admittance to a second party. It was in the person of a singularly handsome man, tall, stalwart in frame, with eyes large, burning and penetrating. The face was in keeping with the form, the features regular and well defined, the forehead broad and massive, the mouth—ay, there lay the reading of that strong man's nature—it seemed to say as plainly as words could have done, "my will is law." And so it was. Scarcely in all his life had he failed in accomplishing any object that seemed to his erratic nature worthy pursuit. And should he fail now, when the prize to be obtained was only a simple, stubborn girl? Not he. It was not so much for the affection he bore her, yet even there he had conceived a passion which he found it impossible to subdue; but she had defied him, mocked at him, laughed him to scorn. His blood was on fire to revenge the insult. She should love him yet. Only let him secure her to himself, only let her become his wife, away from the influence of her unforgiving mother, dependent upon him for society, affection and all the little attentions women so yearn for and need, and he defied fate itself to thwart him in his triumph. Adelaide, lost in sorrowful thought, did not hear the opening of the door, nor was she aware of his presence until a hand was laid lightly on her shoulder. She looked up bewildered, and for a moment a shriek was nearly bursting from her lips; but she was a brave girl, and returned his gaze with one almost as vivid and burning, until he found voice to speak. Strangely agitated was that strong, determined, fearless man of the world. He sat down by her side, taking her resistless hand in his own. "You have consented?" he at length asked. "You will be my wife?" "Consented—yes! Be your wife—yes!" Hard and cold indeed was the voice which uttered these few sentences. "And you will try to love me?" he asked. "I cannot—oh, I cannot," she replied; "you know it is impossible. Oh, why do you insist upon this dreadful union? What can I ever be to you, I who love another?" He bit his lip, but did not interrupt her. "Could any power bind my thoughts? Would they not follow him forever in his lonely pilgrimage? Are they not part and parcel of his existence? Think what it would be to live year after year, for death does not come at one's bidding, the companion of one whose heart, soul and existence was wrapped in that of another." "Stay, stay, Adelaide!" he cried, grasping both her hands. "Have mercy, if not on me, at least on yourself. Think what you are doing. You are scorning a love which, though mine, is pure as ever woman's—love I never knew I possessed until your beauty first dazzled my senses. I have been a reckless man—well, perhaps, a bad man—but you can mold me to your will; you can form a nature which is not all depraved into something worthy of woman's hand." "And yet I cannot love you," she replied. "There is no personal sacrifice I would not make for your sake," said he. "There is no deed of daring I would not accomplish, if such deed would give you a moment's happiness. I would toil night and day for your sake, if need be; watch over your comfort with the eye of a fond husband and a jealous lover. I would love you as woman never was loved; I would cherish you as never before woman was cherished. Oh, Adelaide, think what it is to cast away such a strength of affection as I offer you!" Grantly Thornby's face was of an ashen paleness; great drops of agony stood upon his brow, and his lip trembled with the intensity of his emotion. "Is there no hope?" he asked at length, finding Adelaide disinclined to continue the conversation. "None, alas, none!" she replied. Thornby passed his hand over his brow once or twice, as if trying to control some wild thought. "Enough, enough," said he. "No kindness will win, no devotion move you. You will be my wife, no earthly power can prevent that. You will hear no more of a love which has been met with scorn. If you think it degrading to be loved by me, I cannot help it—I would not help it if I could. I have told you I never loved woman before; my life has been too busy, my thoughts too much absorbed in the pursuit of happiness; but it is past; be at ease, for it is the last time I ever intrude my unwelcome, my mad passion of love upon your notice." He wrung her hand, and would have left the room, but Adelaide detained him. "You say truly," said she; "no earthly power can prevent my being your wife. I know my duty. You will trust to my honor, you will feel that however my mind may be filled with another's image, my life will be pure and sacred to you as if the union of our hands had been as well a union of our hearts. You will remember this?" He pressed her hands and turned quickly away. Adelaide caught one glance of his face as he left the room, and saw what she never thought to have seen—the glittering of tears in his eyes not used to melting softness. Her heart pained her for having caused even a moment's suffering. How mortified he must have been. She thought, "to have been so decidedly rejected." But how could she help it? She had looked for no such tender, passionate appeal to her feelings; hitherto his wooings had been in bitter, burning

words—words speaking more of a desire to triumph over her will than her affection. She was beginning to pity him, and pity leads onward to love. Had he been no suitor for her hand she would long ago have admired him. His indomitable power of character, his rock-like determination, his strong, unconquerable will, were merits which under other circumstances could not have failed in striking her woman's eye. Women like strength in a man far more than beauty—it appeals to their dependence; and no greater contact could possibly be made than existed between the persons of Grantly Thornby and William Beckett. The first, muscular in person, some would say almost to roughness; but that could never be, Mr. Thornby was a gentleman, and what would have seemed heavy and unweirding in some, sat upon him with a glance which only a well-bred man of the world could acquire. The other, effeminate to the last degree—pretty, soft, womanly features; soft, white, wavy hair, tender blue eyes; light hair, lying in little rings around a forehead which looked as if the sun had never shone upon it; a delicate, slender frame, tapering off with a foot that Cinderella might have envied, and you have the picture of William Beckett. Adelaide was thinking of it now, and contrasting it with the sturdy form, the bold features, the large piercing eyes of Grantly Thornby. She was thinking, too, she wished William had a little more manliness about him—at least enough to make some exertion for a livelihood. She looked very pretty sitting upon the sofa in deep thought, her fair hair falling in waves over her shoulders, her dimpled chin resting in her small white palm, her eyes full of gentle, tender light, awakened there by her woman's pity for an unloved man. Sweet Adelaide! her thoughts were taking a strangely foreign shape, when the entrance of her mother aroused all the antagonism of her nature, and sent her antagonistic images flying to the four winds of heaven. "Well!" said that amiable lady, looking steadily at Adelaide. "You have succeeded," said Adelaide; "I have given my word, and now let me have peace. I've no more to do with it. Make whatever arrangements you please, let the sacrifice be complete, only give me peace." The mother turned to reply, but Adelaide had left the room. It was now in the middle of July, and it was settled that they were to be married in the coming October. That golden month of the year, that golden month of no regret, nor in fact seemed to take the smallest interest in the progress of affairs. Mr. Thornby was constant in his visits, but no common acquaintance could have been more reserved or respectful. No word of love ever passed his lips, no pressure of hand denoted his claim upon that little property, yet even Adelaide could not help noticing that his face in growing graver was also growing paler; still her nature revolted against the enormity of forcing her into a marriage repugnant to her feelings. Had he been in love with any one else, no hand would have been sooner outstretched in sympathy and condolence. As it was, she pitied him, and really began to exert herself to banish something of the gloom which surrounded his life. "It wasn't his fault," she would think, "after all, he couldn't help it, poor fellow, and as I am to be his wife, I may as well try to be agreeable." From that day the scene changed at the dwelling of Mrs. Fairfax. It was an old rambling country mansion in which they resided, and Mr. Thornby's estate joined theirs. Flowers grew all about in the greatest profusion, and there was a large sheet of water just upon the verge of the wood where the lazy water lilies lay with their white leaves all the long summer. To this spot Adelaide and Mr. Thornby made a daily pilgrimage. Adelaide never discovered what an amiable companion her betrothed was; she rather liked leaning upon his arm and looking up into his brilliant eyes while he explained to her some of the wonders of nature spread before them. He spoke too, of travels made in foreign lands; of famous cities and monuments of the past; of the wonders of architecture, of art, of paintings and statues, which she only knew from prints, but which she had not seen herself—and which in his descriptions rose in her imagination far higher than the power of the graver's art could make them. He pictured to her Venice with its silent streets and funeral-like gondolas, its glorious palaces and churches, its Bridge of Sighs, its secret crimes and jealousies. He spoke too of Rome and what it was, of its walls and ruins, of its monuments and churches; of Milan and of Florence, of the golden Arno and orange groves, of the treasures of literature and art within the walls of the Pitti palace. Adelaide was sensible enough when the romance she had gathered from books was not too powerful for her. She began to compare the glowing, fascinating descriptions which he knew so well how to relate, with the silly, whining sentimentality of her former lover, and for that matter lover still, for she would have flushed with indignation had any one suggested the idea of her having trusted to him for her first love. She never dreamed of such an atrocity. She liked Mr. Thornby, because he was so kind to her, so careful over her, so considerate for her comfort, but never, no never could her heart wander from its allegiance to its first love. And she was sincere in this belief. She went, indeed, so far that once when she met William Beckett, she told him that had he been a man of mind sufficient to bear up under the misfortunes which oppressed him, had he risen up under adversity and carved his way in the world as other men had done, she would have left all, in defiance of restraint, and shared his fortune whether for good or bad. But it would be rushing in the face of Providence to saddle a man with a wife and the re-

sponsibilities of a family when he had not sufficient energy to support himself; to all of which he only winned like a child, and accused her of turning against him because he was poor. October was fast approaching. The orchards were golden with their luscious fruit; the forest trees were all tinted with autumn brown, while over all was that dreamy, hazy, delicious air which seems redolent with general joy of the season. You would scarcely have known Adelaide again, so wondrously had she changed. The gladness of her heart seemed to have come out upon her face, making it radiant with beauty and bloom. No longer did she sit passively looking on upon the progressing of bridal appointments. Her betrothed was large-hearted as he was large-brained. He insisted upon furnishing the trousseau, and made a trip to town for that purpose. Be sure there was nothing forgotten that could please the eye or gratify the taste. How long to Adelaide seemed the days of his absence. She would not have believed she could have missed him so much. Did she love him? Oh, never; yet she was not sorry to have him love her. To be sure he had not spoken upon the subject since that fatal morning on which she was so incensed with the persecution of her mother. She almost wished he would, that she might take back some of those cruel words, and tell him how much she loved him, and how different she had found him to what people described him. She was sorry she could not love him as a wife should love a husband, but perhaps the time would come when her mind would change. At present she must be true to William, from whom she was parted forever, and whose woe-begone face would haunt her while she lived. Yet spite of these sentimental thoughts she was quite angry with herself that she could not feel more real sympathy for her broken-hearted lover. At length Mr. Thornby arrived, Adelaide meeting him at the crossroads, where she knew he would take a short cut across the farm. One single grain of encouragement from him and she would have flung herself into his arms; but he merely took her hand, placed it under his arm, and proceeded leisurely to the house. Adelaide was chilled by this singular coolness; she was prepared to give him so kind a reception, and had even taken the pains to walk half a mile for the pleasure of seeing him a few moments sooner. It was not kind of him, to say the least. Then came over her with a great crash, "Suppose he does not love me?" Such a possibility had never before occurred to her. What, after all those protestations, to overcome it at last! The blood seemed to stagnate in her veins; she could not move if her life depended upon it. Mr. Thornby felt the sudden trembling of her hand and paused in his walk to learn the cause. Adelaide was pale and trembling, but it was only for a moment; she laughingly assured him it was customary with her, the result of fatigue. The bridal array had arrived before them, and was already spread out upon sofas, chairs and tables. It was a splendid trousseau. Robes of such beautiful fabric that it seemed dangerous to touch them, lay in juxtaposition with jewels which an empress might envy. Jewels gleamed from their crimson cases like stars, while lying upon the bridal veil, itself not more pure, was a coronet of pearls of the rarest quality. Ah, Mr. Thornby had shown his taste as well as his liberality. After allowing Mrs. Fairfax due time to admire them he explained to her that he wished for a moment to speak apart with Adelaide. "My poor girl," said he, when they were alone, "did you think I would take the advantage of circumstances to wed an unloving wife? Did you think I was monster enough to drag you to the altar, and force you to take upon your pure lips an unholy vow?" Adelaide looked up into his face bewildered, but she did not reply. "I confess," he continued, "there was a time when my mad passion and your obstinacy almost turned my brain, when my heart grew dark, and I felt capable of almost any wickedness to secure to myself my priceless treasure—my peerless Adelaide. That time has passed. I have seen you trying hard to conquer that feeling against me, trying to like me and amuse me, and make some amends for what you knew I must be suffering. I determined you should have your reward. It was hard to give you up, for, as I told you then, I loved you as never before man loved woman; but your sweetness and patience have triumphed. There is your bridal paraphernalia, here the deed of an estate settled upon yourself and children, and now I resign you to your younger and earlier lover, and may he make you as happy as I would have tried to do." "Resign—not your wife—marry William Beckett! Oh, you cannot mean it, you would not be so cruel!" exclaimed Adelaide, who had sprung up impatient of all restraint, and thrown herself all her feet. The eyes of Mr. Thornby burned with a triumphant fire, but he merely clasped her two hands, looking down into her frightened face. "I will not leave you!" she cried, "you shall not cast me off. I do love you; I never knew how much till now; I am not ashamed to own it. I am proud of it. I am ashamed of that childish folly which passed for love. As you love me, so I love you, with all the strength, power and force of my being. I will be your wife, and so being will devote the rest of my life to your happiness." Mr. Thornby waited to hear no more, but, taking her in his arms, folded her to his breast, which was ever after to be her home. Another week and they were married, and Adelaide says it may be that men have second loves, but she is very sure women never love but once. So much for her romance.

THE MYSTERY OF FIRES. Some Remarkable Cases of Spontaneous Combustion. A remarkable article from the pen of Professor Weissman appears in the latest issue of Siebold & Kolliker's "Zeitschrift," published in Leipzig. The savant deals with the interesting topic of spontaneous combustion, and suggests a theory to account for the disastrous and extensive forest fires that almost yearly work such havoc with the sylvan forests of America. Professor Weissman is of the opinion that some dewdrops clinging to the leaf of a tree or plant, acts as a double convex lens, and brings the sun's rays to a focus on some dry, inflammable substance, which must be at the exact distance from the dewdrop lens as to correspond with its sphere of curvature. Many a hundred fires every year remain unexplained, even after the most painstaking and exhaustive investigation. "Among all the wonderful phenomena which chemistry presents to us," writes Professor Weissman, "there are few more remarkable than those of the spontaneous combustion of bodies, animate and inanimate, which emit flames, and are sometimes entirely consumed by internal fire." Among the substances verified charcoal is one of the most remarkable. "A load of charcoal was delivered in an outhouse of a clergyman in Leipzig, and showed no signs of taking fire till the door by accident was left open, when the wind blew sprinklings of snow on the charcoal. The rapid absorption of oxygen from the melting snow caused the charcoal to ignite, and as the day was windy the whole range of building were burned to ashes." In this connection, a fruitful and unsuspected source of fire suggests itself to those of our American housekeepers who burn wood as fuel and who store the ashes in boxes or barrels. The accidental disturbing of such ashes, even after years, will cause them to ignite, provided the air is damp or foggy. The phosphorus of potash from decayed wood renders wood ashes highly inflammable, and mysterious cellar fires in the rural districts are, no doubt, in some cases caused by this extraordinary form of spontaneous combustion. Professor Weissman himself had the unfortunate experience of being burned out of house and home on a wild winter night some three years since, and he has since diligently collected facts about spontaneous combustion. It appears that he had been having his house painted, and one night the painters, as their manner is, left their working pants, their pots and their brushes on the asphaltum floor of the cellar. They had previously, with a bunch of rags, removed from their hands, with spirits of turpentine, the paint with which they were soiled. The ball of rags took fire, the pants and paint pots followed suit, and the house was burned to the ground. In the carriage factory of Messrs. Eaton & Gilbert, Troy, N. Y., a drop of linseed oil fell into an open paper of an ace of burning down the whole great factory. In several instances oilcloth in large rolls has taken fire in damp, muggy weather. An instance of this also occurs in American fire experience. A planter in Virginia sent his servant to Fredericksburg for a roll of oilcloth. It was a warm day and the wagon was open. During the journey home it began to rain, and the roll of oilcloth took fire on the road. Another instance of the kind is supplied by Philadelphia during the war. An order from the war department in Washington for knapsacks for a regiment was filled in the city of brotherly love. The sacks were all finished and collected, and counted over and left in a pile in the paint shop, about ten o'clock on Saturday night, so as to be sent to Washington by cars early on Monday morning. On entering the paint shop before daylight on Monday morning no knapsacks were to be found. In their place was nothing but a heap of smoldering ashes! Newly pressed hay frequently ignites, as do also oatmeal and cornmeal barrels. During the famine in Ireland in 1847-48 a vessel was dispatched from New York with a cargo of cornmeal for the relief of the sufferers. In discharging the bags from the vessel the last three were found to be on fire. The American Journal of Science gives a remarkable instance of the spontaneous combustion of wood. A Mr. Adam Reigart, two years previous to the occurrence, received a piece of wood, supposed to be cedar, detached from a large piece dug up thirty-nine feet below the surface, near Lancaster, Pa. The piece weighed a few ounces, and it was broken in two and laid up on a white pine shingle in Mr. Reigart's counting-room. About four days before the discovery of the fire he had occasion to wipe the dust from the shelf and from the piece of cedar with a wet cloth. Three days afterward it was discovered that the piece of wood had ignited, and combustion was proceeding so rapidly that in a few minutes the shelf would have been on fire. Probably another prolific source of our forest fires is to be sought in the quality of decayed wood, not only to spontaneous combustion, but from the direct rays of the sun. At Winchester, Conn., some years since, some workmen, about 2 P. M., on August 5, discovered smoke arising from a barren upland. The sun was excessively hot at the time. When they went to seek the origin of the smoke, they found that the remains of an old decayed hemlock log had burst into a blaze and was burning fiercely. Professor Weissman relates several well-authenticated cases in which bulbous vessels, hyacinth glasses, wine decanters on shelves, by receiving the direct rays of the sun from an open window, have caused serious conflagrations. In the township of Boscawon, Merrimac county, N. H., it is related a shelf was set fire in a hotel by means of a pear-shaped decanter containing gin.

Any other transparent liquid would be, of course, equally dangerous if exposed to the sun. "That animal bodies are liable to spontaneous combustion," says Professor Weissman, "is a fact which was well known to the ancients. Many cases have been adduced as examples, and were no doubt merely cases of individuals who were highly susceptible to strong electrical excitation." A certain gentleman, known to the professor, on a cold, keen, winter night, retired to his chilly sleeping-room. He had worn silk stockings over woolen ones during the day. On undressing for bed, as he drew off his silk stockings, he heard a sharp, crackling noise, but paid no special attention to it. In the morning, on looking for his silk stockings, he found them consumed to ashes, without setting fire to the chair on which they were laid. Still more wonderful and awful is the assurance that the wife of Doctor Trellis, physician to the late Archbishop of Toledo, Spain, emitted inflammable perspiration of such a nature that when the ribbon she wore was taken from her and exposed to the cold air it instantly took fire, and flashed with sparks of fire like a lively "Roman candle." And Professor Hafmeister, in the "Berlin Transactions," 1876, records a case of the same nature respecting a peasant, whose linen took fire whether it was laid up in a box when wet, or hung up in the open air. A case of this kind recently occurred at the abattoir in Jersey City. During a spell of hot weather one of the workmen threw off his blue linen blouse, smoking with perspiration. It was hung on the outhouse. In a few minutes it burst into a coruscation of sparks and literally consumed itself. One of the most remarkable cases of spontaneous combustion on record is that of the Countess Cornelia Zangari and Bandi, of Cesena, Italy. This lady, who was in the sixtieth-second year of her age, retired to bed in her usual habit. Here she spent about three hours in familiar conversation with her maid, and in saying her prayers, and, having at last fallen asleep, the door of her chamber was shut. As her maid was not summoned at the usual hour, she went into the bedroom to wake her mistress, but receiving no answer she opened the window and saw her corpse on the floor in the most dreadful condition. At the distance of four feet from the bed there was a heap of ashes; part of the body was half burnt, the remaining portion being unburnt; most of the body was reduced to ashes. The air in the room was charged with floating soot (animal carbon). The bed was not injured. From an examination of all the circumstances of the case, it has been generally supposed that an internal combustion had taken place; that the lady had risen from her bed to cool herself, and that on the way to open the window, the combustion had overpowered her and consumed her body by a process in which no flame was produced which could ignite the furniture on the floor. Santa Fe. I used to think Fernandina was the sleepiest place in the world, but that was before I had seen Santa Fe. The drowsy old town, lying in a sandy valley inclosed on three sides by mountain walls, is built of adobes laid in one-story houses, and resembles an extensive brick-yard, with scattered sun-burnt kilns ready for the fire. The approach in midwinter, when snow, deep on the mountains, rests in ragged patches on the red soil of New Mexico, is to the last degree disagreeable, the traveler entering narrow streets which appear mere lanes. Yet, dirty and unkempt, it has the charm of foreign flavor, and like San Antonio, retains some portion of the grace which long lingers about, if indeed it ever forsakes, the spot where Spain has held rule for centuries, and the soft syllable of the Spanish tongue are yet heard. It was a primeval stronghold before the Spanish conquest, and a town of some importance to the white race when Pennsylvania was a wilderness and the first Dutch governor was slowly drilling the Knickerbocker ancestry in the difficult evolution of marching around the town pump. Once the capital and center of the Pueblo kingdom, it is rich in historic interest, and the archives of the territory, kept or rather neglected, in the leaky old Palacio del Gobernador, where I write, hold treasures well worth the seeking of student and antiquary. The building itself has a history full of pathos and stirring interest as the ancient fort of St. Augustine, and is older than that venerable pile. It had been the palace of the Pueblos immemorably before the holy name Santa Fe was given in honor of the Spanish conqueror; palace of the Mexicans after they broke away from the crown; and palace ever since its occupation by El Gringo. In the stormy scenes of the seventeenth century it witnessed several sieges; repeatedly lost and won, as the white man or the red held the victory. Who shall say how many and how dark the crimes hidden within these dreary earthen walls?—Atlantic Monthly. An American arrived one day at a little hotel in a French provincial town. Tired and dusty with travel, he demanded a room and plenty of water to wash with. "Water! We have not a drop," said the landlady. Muttering expressions of dissatisfaction he reached his room and immediately called, "Fire! fire! fire!" A dozen servants rushed upstairs and into his room, bearing in their hands vessels of all sorts filled with water with which to extinguish the flames. "Ah," said the guest, turning comically upon them, "you may leave the water. Thank you; that is all." The wages that sin bargain for with the sinner are life, pleasure and profit; but the wages it pays him are death, torment and destruction. To understand the falsehood and deceit of sin we must compare its promises and payments to gether.