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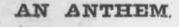
As We Grow Old.

# As we grow old our yesterdays Seem very dim and distant; We grope, as though in darkened ways, Through all that is existent; Yet far-off days shine bright and clear With suns that long have faded, And faces dead seem strangely near To those that life has shaded.

As we grow old our tears are low For friends most lately taken, But fall-as falls the summer dow From roses lightly shaken -When some chance word or idle strain, The chords of memory sweeping, Unlock the floodgates of our pain For those who taught us weeping.

As we grow old our smiles are rare To those who greet us daily, Or, it some living Inces wear The looks that beemed so gayly, From eyes long closed-and we should smile In answer to their wooing, Tis but the past that shines the while Our power to smile renewing.

As we grow old our dreams at night Are never of the morrow; They come with vanished pleasure bright, Or dark with olden sorrow; And when we wake the names we say Are not of any mortals, But of those in some long dead day Passed through hie's sunset portals. -Christian at Work.



"We twain once well in shnner, What will the mad gods do For hate, with me, I wonder, Or what with love for you ?"

She struck the chords with a firm hand. Her spiendid voice rang out on the dramatic words with a power that gave them new meaning; then ceasing as suddenly as she had begun, she swept away from the piano, at which she had been standing, and threw herself on a low sofa near by. Her companion watched her closely.

"No personal application, as the minister used to say, ch. Isabel?" he asked, with a half smile. "If so, you minister used to say, eh. Isabel?" he asked, with a half smile. "If so, you would be obliged to reverse the last lines. The mad gods hate me, I am

sure." "If those whom they love die young." she replied after a little pause, "you may consider yourself fortunate, I suppose. But, really, isn't it foolish in you

abundant black hair was twisted simply around her head and without ornament. She wore a soft trailing dress of black lace, fastened at the throat with a small pearl cross. Her beautiful arms were bare. She had removed her gloves, and on one hand the count's ring sparkled. It was a magnificent jewel, an heirloom in the Turroni family, and recognized

by more than one of her audience. "I wonder Turroni allows her to sing any more," began Mrs. Livingston, who could never remain long quiet; "but she insists upon it. She has often declared to me that music was her life-all she had on earth; but I should think the count's devotion would change all that. How very pale she is to-night, and her dress-very few women could dress in that style and not suffer for it. But I really think it is more becoming to her than any color or-"

The first notes of the music proved an effective check to the monotonous flow of Mrs. Livingston's conversation, greatly to the relief of Mrs. Kinnard, her hostess, a fussy little woman, overanxious about the success of the first musicale she had ever given.

Isabel Vavasseur never sang better than to that small, appreciative audience of her own country-people; but in the last piece on the programme, as she glanced to one side of the room, she glanced to one side of the room, she stopped short, her eyes fixed, her face ghastly in its pallor. The orchestra played on. She threw out her hand as if to steady herself, then reeled, and would have fallen had not some one caught and held her. Then she was drawn back out of sight of her curious and sympathetic audience.

In a moment she was herself again. Harrison King was holding a goblet to her lips

"How came you here?" she asked, as she slowly drank every drop of the water.

"I met Kinnaid just after leaving you," he answered. "He told me that it was at his house you were to sing, and told me I was welcome if I chose to come. So I came, of ccurse. I was horrified at your fainting just now."

"Oh, it was nothing," she replied. lightly, speaking to those who had gathered round her, "it has happened several times lately, and given my physicians a very gratifying chance to say, 'I told you so.' I've been singing too con-stantly, that is all. I am so sorry, Mrs. Kinnard," she added, turning to that lady.

It was not long before she was on her way back to the hotel, Harrison King beside her in the carriage.

"It's an ill wind, etc.," Isabel," he id, as he lef sitting-room, "but I suppose this will be really the very last time. I am going on to Rome to-morrow. Good-night and good-bye," and he turned away without another word. Her fingers ached with the pressure of his upon them. She passed her hand over her face as if bewildered, then, as as her eyes fell upon a glove he had dropped, she picked it up with an inarticulate cry, kissed the senseless thing with a passion no words could express and throwing herself down upon a couch near which she had been standing. buried her head in the cushions in a convulsion of hysterical, miserable weeping. "Isabel!"

"Do not distress yourself about me, child. I am an old man and have been a selfish one. But I thought I could

make you happy." She slipped from her finger the jewel she had worn there for the past few months and laid it in his hand, touching it gently with her lips as she did so. It was indeed the end. At that same hour Harrison King

was reading a letter which he had received that morning, and laid aside in-differently, though it was from the woman to whom he was betrothed. One paragraph ran thus:

"Since I have been in New York I have heard glowing accounts of Isabel Vavasseur's successes. Probably you will hear her sing while you are in Florence. Perhaps you can also learn something of a Count Turroni, who is said to be immensely wealthy and very fond of Isabel. His son is here in New York-left Florence a year ago on account of a quarrel with his father, and now threatens terrific things in case the count marries Isabel, as there is some talk of his doing. Young Turroni is one of the handsomest and most fas-cinating men I ever met. New York promises to be very gay after the closof Lent;" etc., etc.

He did not finish the letter, throwing

it aside as if it wearied him. He did not go to Rome the next day, as he had intended. He heard accident-ally of a special service, which had been for the coming Easter Sunday, at which Isabel Vavasseur was to sing, and he waited for a week. She did not watched her while he listened to the familiar words: "I know that my Re-deemer liveth!" as if she had already bassed into the spiritual life, leaving to him the darkness and despair of this. The white-hair Count Turroni, who sat near by, prayed in his heart that in some way the peace which she had lost might be restored to her.

He was in Rome the next day, leaving it at once for Naples, and going from thence on a hastily planned trip of in-definite length to the Holy Land, in company with some friends, young and restless Americans, who, with unlimited money and leisure, were, like himself, roaming listlessly about. He made no arrangements for letters to reach him, though he wrote home regularly as in duty bound, and in the months before he returned to Paris & large amount of correspondence had accumulated at his banker's. He was totally unprepared for the first news that met him, the defalcation and flight of his business partner. There were references in the American papers to his own mysterious absence from the country, for so long a time; unmistakable hints, at least, of his own complicity in the fraud. Two things were made very plain to him,

course you know; but if I could believe I had ever had a little place in your heart, "I would make my life more tolerable"

London a piece of freehold property in Park lane, Mayfair, covering 2,100 square feet, for \$62,500. This is at the "You have had it all," she replied. "I found it out in Florence before it was too late."

square feet, for \$62,500. This is at the rate of \$1,250,000 per acre, and shows the value of land in London. The Drexel purchase of the corner of Wall and Broad streets, in New York city, a few years ago, was \$250,000 in gold for 675 square feet, or at the rate of \$21,000,000 per acre. Gold was then at twelve per cent. premium, and the price paid was the highest ever given in any part of the world. "Too late!" he repeated, and the yords were a half groan. "It is too words were a half groan. "It is too late, Isabel, for any happiness for me." A long silence fell between them as they walked on. She was first to break it, and her lips were very white before she spoke. "I should tell you Harry, what is true

-that my love is stronger than your sense of disgrace and poverty; that I any part of the world. can only be happy—" Her voice broke. She clung to him with a sort of despair. His hand closed softly over hers that trembled on It is estimated that 50,000 men and women are employed in Philadelphia in the manufacture of clothing, and

20.000,000 suits are made every year. his arm.

Cutting machines are gradually finding their way into all of the large manufac-turing establishments of the city. The machines have a capacity for cutting nearly 1,800 garments in a day of twelve "Isabel, with your help I believe ] can be a man again.

The warm spring sun dazzled the eyes of those who faced it on the avenue, else they could not have failed to notice hours, or about equal to the combined results of the labor of eight men. Butthat in these two faces, as they passed, was a joy born not altogether of the divine significance of Easter day, but of human and happy love as well.

### Pork Making.

A correspondent of the London Miller describes his visit to a Chicago pork packing establishment as follows :

tonhole machines are used turns out 100 suits ready for wear inside of twelve The place where I was to witness the prosecution of one of the greatest of the hours. industries of the latter city was Union stock yard, where I arrived by street the ailantus tree, which forms such a large class of the shade trees of New car at 9:05 A. M., and was introduced to one of the pig killing establishments. The animals to be operated upon are driven up an incline, for which, if they York city. The poisonous quality of its blossoms has long been known, causing suspected to what fate it was the introthe air to be not only extremely unduction, they would have no inclina-tion. This leads to a large pen, from pleasant, but unhealthy, during the blossoming period. It is ascertained by examination that many of these trees, which they are driven into a smaller one, where a man is placed for the purto all external appearance vigorous and healthy, are in the interior entirely pose of slipping a chain on one of the hind legs of the unsuspicious porkers, which are hauled to a position whence rotten. This accounts for the well known fact that during our violent wind storms the aliantus is generally the first tree to fall by the fury of the storm. The safety of the passers-by seems to require the removal of such trees. they slide to the sticker, who dispatches them while hanging. The stuck pig is then passed on to a man who unhitches the leg, and the animal falls into the scalding tank, which holds twenty at a time, and three men are then engaged stirring the carcasses up with long poles, so that the bristles which are to lar statement of the production of wheat in the countries of the world. Accordbe removed are acted upon by the scald-ing water. At the end of the tank there is a sort of scoop which the pigs slide into, and are lifted out of the water to a

ing to this authority the total average annual production in Europe is 1,298,-200,000 bushels; in the world, 1,702,260,-000. France leads Europe, with 286,-448,000; Russia is next, with 224,000,000; bench, where they are subjected to the then come Germany, Spain, Austro-Hungary, and Great Britain. The United States produces 422,000,000; Algeria, 25,200,000; Canada, Egypt and Australia, 16,800,000 each. This coun-iry produces nearly one-half of nearly all supplied by the world after France, Russia, Gormany and Spain are exscraping and shaving process by the active hands of a dozen men. They are then passed to a functionary by whom they are decapitated, after which they are cut open and disemboweled by other practitioners, the division of labor principle being carried out there to the letter. The custing up process follows Russia, the whole operation, taking less time than I have taken to describe it. A pig is killed and made ready for the market in a few minutes. At the Messrs. B. F. Murphy packing company they now employ 210 men, have a twenty-four horse-power engine and four fifty horse-power horizontal boilers, eleven lead tanks, eight feet by six, and three twenty-four feet by six. They kill 1,600 pigs a day, and in win-ter twice that number. After being cut up the pigs are salted and put in ice-

ness can be easily cut through. The

establishment where cutting and but-

A new grievance is brought against

A French publication contains a tabu-

TIMELY TOPICS.

4

How the Greenback is Made. There was recently sold at auction in

"All paper money," said a treasury officer in conversation with a *Chronicle* reporter a few days ago, "both legal tenders and national securities, is now engraved, printed and finished in the bureau of engraving and printing at Washington. Some years ago one-half the note was finished in New York by he Columbia Bank Note company, but that has been done away with for some time. Under an act of Congress a building has just been completed for the sole use of the bureau. Before moving into this they occupied a part of the treasury

department." "What about the process of making a greenback ?"

"The process of making a greenback and other government securities is this: The paper is first taken to the wetting division. There it is counted and damp-ened. It is then delivered to the plate printers, each sheet being charged to them. They again count it in the presence of their assistant, who is a lady, and give a receipt therefor, the assistant certifying that she witnessed the count. The receipts are taken to the wetting tonholes also can be worked by machin-ery at the rate of 180 per hour, while by hand it would take the same period to complete three holes. By the cutting machines folds of cloth forty-ply thick-the first impression, which is on the the first impression, which is on the back. This is done with a hand-press. Attached to all of these presses are registers, which keep count of each sheet of paper as it passes through, so it is impossible for the printer to secret any without being detected. The note then passes into the examining division, where it is counted while wet and then placed in a drying box. When per-lectly dry it is taken out and again counted, and the work examined by experts, all of whom are ladies. The sheets found defective in any way are canceled, and the perfect ones placed in a hydraulic press, where an immense pressure is given them. When taken out they are perfectly smooth. They are then sent back to the wetting di-vision, where they are again damp-ened." ened

"What is the next step in their manufacture?"

"Well, they are taken to the printing division, where they receive the second impression, which is the black part of the face, after which they are taken to the examining division, the dry box, the hydraulic press, and back again to the wetting division, the same as at first. They are taken from here the third time to the state printing division, where the third impression is received, which is the large red seal on the face. After this they are taken to the examining room, dried, pressed, counted and examined, the same as on both previous occasions. From here they are sent to the numbering division, where they receive the numbers that are seen on the upper right corner and left center. Both

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to say that, when your life is such a prosper us one? But those same ministers used sometimes to remark upon tempting Providence, Harry., I suppose you know what that means, or used to in the days when you heard ministers."

Upon my word, that time is too far off to be recalled easily," was the an-swer. Why didn't you finish the swer. Why didn't you finish the bng? I have a stronger taste for music than moralizing, as you know.

"But it is time for moralizing." "Since when?" he asked. "Oh. I am not good at specifications. Since-since you came from Illinois, and found me here in Florence. And there's a reason in Illinois why you shouldn't be here now. And we both know it, Harry."

The voice was gentle, but beyond a slightly persuasive tone, as devoid of any emotion as her face looked at that bment. She clasped her hands in her lap, and the diamond she wore on one flashed in the candlelight with a bril-liant red glow. His eye caught it.

'And another, equally good, in Florence, you might say," he retorted. see it on your inger, Florence and Illi-nois," with a half laugh, "heaven and hell?"

"Yes, yes, I understand, and you would be glad to have me leave one for the other. I'm getting tiresome, and was a little slow in finding it out in filinois, Isabel," with a curious change in his voice-" in Illinois I did not so utterly fail in pleasing you. But you did not \* wear the court's diamond then?

She smiled up at him.

"I sing to-night, you know." "I did not know. Is there any night when you do not sing?"

"A few, and those I have given you, Harry," she answered, rising as she spoke. He rose, too, standing close beside her.

"I have a bad temper. You remember it, of course, Isabel, in Illinois, and he tried to laugh, but without suc-- Cess

"The count is coming back to-morrow." "To-morrow!"

"So it is good-bye this time, not good-night only. I've been glad to see you after all these years.

'And between us and these years there is a great gulf fixed," he interrupted, with bitterness. "There's been an awful mistake, somewhere, Isabel. Thank God no one need suffer for it but myself;" and he was gone while the words were upon his lips,

"Isabel Vavasseur is the finest American singer we have had among us for a long time.

So, declared Mrs. Livingston, the American banker's wife, and a self-constituted authority on all art subjects among the American residents in Florence.

"But I supposed she was French." remarked a lady on her right; " her name is French, certainly."

"Yes, her father was French, but she was born in one of our Western states-Indiana or Illinois. I think she told me -I don't remember which. Here she is now," and conversation quieted as the singer entered.

She was French in style as in name, a very brillant woman. The great flashing eyes were peculiarly lustrous. Her gently on her bowed head.

She sprang upright at the sound of her name. It was the count's voice close beside her. "Forgive me," he said, humbly, ex-

tending his hand. "I came ten min utes ago. They told me you sang to night, and I waited for you. I did not wish to interrupt you or your friend, but I waited too long, perhaps.

He was a very handsome old man His hair was quite white, though the face was young and one which would always remain so.

She calmed herself with an effort Lacing the room a few times before she could trust herself to speak.

"The friend who has just left me is from American, from my old home. He has been in Florence two weeks. He has been to see me every day since he came.

"Yes," he said, as she paused a mo-nent, "that is right, Isabel. I am not ment, jealous like my countrymen. I could never question anything that you might

do, or any friend you might receive." He had seated himself on the couch she had occupied. She stopped sud-denly in her restless walk up and down the room, and bending, kissed his forehead with a strange, yearning fendness. He looked up in surprise. Any demonstration was rare from her.

"You are so kind to me, Count Turroni-you always have been.

She seated herself beside him and dropped her head upon her bands as she talked

" I have always been honest with you. When I promised to marry you I told you I did not love you. That was true. It was true also that I believed I might in time care more for you. I cannot deceive myself or you in that way any longer. I love the man who has just left me, better than my life. The unexpected sight of him to-night was more than I could bear. I fainted at a mere glance at his face. Think of it And I the woman you have always thought so strong and cold. Doesn't it surprise you?"

And he knew this?" the count asked in a low tone No, no! He never did, he never will

He thinks me as cold as you do. And in America is the woman he is engaged to marry You have known him long?"

"Since my childhood, and it was the miserable misunderstanding whiel

separated us that sent me here-to find if I could, in another country and an-other life the peace I had lost in my

own. Forgive me, if you can, Count Turroni. You do not deserve this." This then is the end?"

She had broken again into a low, servous sobbing. He laid his hand nervous sobbing.

that he was a poor man once more, and a disgraced one in his own country. There were several letters from his affianced. He noticed as he glanced them over, that they all bore dates preceeding the disastrous business failure, all but one which had reached Paris two days before. He read with interest every word of that.

"I have wanted for a long time to hear from you. Of course your silence confirms my expectation that you would consider your changed circumstances sufficient reason for sundering the tie between us. In a few days I am to be married to Manlius Turroni, and return with him to Florence. His father, who is anxious for a reconciliation, has sent for him, and you will be glad to know that we have every prospect of happiness before us. Please accept my sincere sympathy for your misfortunes, and believe me always your friend.

Harrison King laughed outright, then stood up and shook himself like a man from whom an incubus is lifted. He was sure she had received his letters. If it suited her purpose to pretend to the contrary, it was better for them both. A few hours later he was on his way back to America.

. . . 1.00

"I know that my Redeemer liveth !" The triumphant words rang out over the hushed congregation in a voice which brought a smothered ejaculation to Harrison King's lips, and he raised his eves to see the face of the woman who had sung them a year before, on another Easter, when he felt that for him the world had died. He had wandered into the great city church, glad of anything to divert his thoughts, for though Sun-day had come to be the only day of leisure in his hard-working life, it brought no rest for the soul or body. He had not yet wiped out the disgrace that stained his name, or in any measure grown reconciled with the inevitable. But Isabel-what did it mean?

He waited for her at the foot of the stairs with dogged determination to find out what he most wished to know. He would at least allow himself that much gratification.

She came down slowly, apparently paying no heed to the attentive and voluble tenor at her side, and they met ace to face. " Harry

" Isabel!"

The tenor withdrew with a profound bow, and scarcely conscious of what he Harrison King drew her hand did. within his arm, and they passed into the street together. "Is it Isabel Vavasseur?" he asked

"Certainly; and you did not know I was in America ""

I did not. And the count?" "Is in Florence; happy, I hope, in

his children."

Their eyes met, and they both laughed "He forgave me that I could not

marry him.

You could not?" "I did not love him," she said

slowly, in a low voice. "Isabel," he exclaimed with a sud

den impulse, his heart giving a great bound, "once I thought you cared a Was I wrong? Now, ittle for me. that we are both free, I will ask you that. I will ask nothing more," he hurried on. "I am aruined man, as of

houses. I also visited one of the cattle-killing establishments, where the work 01 slaughter is conducted with equal dispatch, the mode of killing being the eutting of the spinal cord at the back of the head by means of a steel pointed spear sharpened somewhat like a drill, he animal falling instantaneously and without a struggle. Every part and product of the animals, I may mention, s utilized, nothing here being allowed to go to waste.

# A Heap of Trouble,

passed Americus with a backwoodsman whose house contained only two rooms. The family, however, consisted of twenty-one, though, owing to a dance in the neighborhood, only seventeen of the children were at home. The minister spent the night with the father and seven sons in one room, while the old lady and ten daughters occupied the other. In the morning a junior member of the family, in response to an applicaion for a washbowh brought him an old rusty tin pan, and after the face toilet was complete, hunted up about seven teeth of an old tucking comb for him to arrange his hair with. During the progress of this important ceremony the following conversation between the

Mister, do you wash every mornin'?'

And comb your hair, too?"

"Well, don't it look to you some times like you is a heap of trouble to yourself?"-Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

depth of from 3,000 to more than 3,450 fathoms; so that the elevation of the ocean's bottom required to make these depths dry land would bring up between them a mountain range from 9,000 to 15,000 feet in height. The higher points of this sunken ridge now forms the islands of the Azores.

Curious are the means of self-defense with which animals and insects are provided. A butterfly, when apprehending danger, never lights on a green tree or shrub but flies into a clump of dead leaves, where it so adjusts its wings on a twigs, as to look exactly like a shiveled leaf, and defies discovery by its foe.

Although the theory of the contagiousness of consumption has not been widely accepted, experiments have shown that the disease may be produced in the lower animals by moculation with tuberculous matter.

Germany and Spain are excluded. The principal exporting coun-tries are given as the United States, 84,000,000 to 148,000,000 bushels; Russia, 42,000.000 to 47,000,000, and six others aggregating 33,000,000 to 46,000,-000. Principal importing countries, Great Britain, 98,000,000 to 129,000,000, and four other European countries ag gregating 28,000,000 to 39,000,000 Great Britain thus appears from these figures to take about one-half of what other countries have to sell.

# Humboldt and the Lunatic.

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied," and a quaint anecdote, culled from Humboldt's "Wanderjahre," aptly demonstrates how readily even so keen an observer as the great German traveler may mistake a genius for a lunatic. During one of his many sojourns in Paris, Humboldt, who took a deep interest in the mysteries of mental aberration, conceived a desire to converse intimately with some incurable maniac, and requested one of his scientific friends, an eminent mad-dootor, to give him the opportunity of meeting one of his more remarkable patients.

A few days later he received an invitation from the specialist in question to supper, and on his arrival at his friend's house found two strange gentlemen awaiting him, neither of whom was formally presented to him by his Amphilryon. One was an elderly gentleman, of grave demeanor, dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion, by no means talkative, and manifestly devoted to the pleasures of the table. The other was a comparatively young man, extremely excitable in manner, with long dis heveled hair, ill-made clothes, and so exuberantly voluble that he all but monopolized the conversation throughout the evening, although Humboldt himself was one of the most loquacious men alive. The wild-looking person displayed extraordinary versatility and restlessness in his talk, which teemed with paradoxes, and dealt with an infinite variety of subjects. Humboldt listened to his brilliant ramblings with absorbing interest, and upon taking eave of his host at a late hour of the night, expressed his gratitude for the psychological experience afforded him, observing that "the madman had amused him beyond all measure." "How is that?" exclaimed the doctor; "you scarcely exchanged a word with him all the evening." "I mean, of course." rejoined Humboldt, "that excitable young man." "You are altogether mistaken; the madman was that uiet, decorous old gentleman." " And who, then, was the person I took to be demented "" "That person, my good friend, was M. Honore de Balzae, the celebrated novelist!"

Mr. Ismay has made the circuit of the earth in seventy-five days, traveling at the rate of 330 miles a day, touching at Suez, Singapore, Hong Kong, Canton, Shanghai Yokohama, San Francisco and New York.

Two men rode up on harnessed horses to a circus ticket wagon at Leadville. hitched the beasts to it, and dashed off with the vehicle, in which were the treasurer and \$1,500. The showmen gave quick chase, and regained the treasure, but the robbers escaped.

legal tender and national bank notes are printed on sheets, and there are always four notes on each. After being numbered the legal tender notes are taken to another room, where the margin is trimmed from the paper and the notes separated. This is all done by machinery. After being separated they are again counted and placed in packages of one thousand notes each. This is also done by ladies, who are experts. One lady, Mrs. Silver, will count one thousand notes in five minutes. This is the final count. They are then ready for delivery to the parties authorized to receive them. The national bank notes are not separated, but are sent to the banks that issued them in sheets of four each, so that they may be the more readily signed. The rules governing the bureau of engraving and printing are very strict. In fact during working hours the employees are treated more like prisoners than they are like ladies or gentlemen. From one thousand to fifteen hundred persons are employed there, the ladies ou numbering the gen tlemen considerably."-St. Louis Chrom

## A Burning Mountain.

The Panama Star and Herald says: We learn that the cruption of the Fuego, the largest volcano in Guatemala, was preceded by earthquakes of considerable violence, the theater of whose operations was contined to the country surrounding the volcano, within a radius of some twenty or thirty miles. In Antigua, Amatitlan, Palin, Petapa and several other points, the shocks were of such violence as to occasion serious alarm among the inhabitants, and caused hem to abandon their houses for several hours. With the beginning of the explosion, however, the earthquake period ended, and the people in the streets of the various pueblos were able to witness in tranquility the splendid appearance of the burning mountain. During the morning of the day succeeding the day of the cruption the pueblos on the Costa Grande, to the northward of the voleano, were shrouded in gloom, and for some time after sunrise people in offices were compelled to employ arti-ficial light to carry on their labors. Ashes and dust fell in great quantities at many miles' distance, and people who were at too great distances from the volcano to witness the explosion were for some time in doubt as to their origin.

## A Wonderful Spring.

There is an immense spring over on he West Dolores, about six miles from Rico, just across from the head of Horse gulch and near the base of Calico peak. hat has an ebb and flow that is quite singular. The basin is about twentyfive feet in diameter and in the morning is always full of water, but in the evening it is perfectly dry and empty. The water is cold and apparently of good quality, and the basin gradually fills to overflowing when it as slowly recedes, effervescing violently all the time. The discovery was made by a prospector who passed it in the morning when full (the basin was full, we mean), and on return-ing at night it was empty. He watched it with the result mentioned above. It is exciting considerable curiosity in that region .- Rico (Col.) News.

A popular Macon minister recently the night thirty miles below two took place:

"I do.

"Yes."

The results of soundings over the bed of the Atlantic have made clear, it i believed, the existence through the middle of the ocean, extending from north to south, of a sunken ridge, often less than 1,000 tathoms from the surface. while on either side the water has a