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Autumn Tokens. By the golden drowsy weather By the birds that fly together, Dark against the radiant sky, By the silence growing deeper, By the rustling of the reaper, Pleasant days are drawing nigh. By the vagrant wayside brier, Flings its tangle of leaves, By the forest's motley line, Royal oak and maple splendid, Holding stately court, attended As for pageant rich and fine, By the asters, incense bringing, By the morning-glories swinging, And the spiky fragrance shed From the grape, whose purple cluster Captive holds the vivid luster Of the summer's latest fled. Pleasant days are coming nearer, Days when hells will seem the dearest That its circle, smaller grown, In its happy talk and laughter, Or its sighs, low stealing after, Narrows to its own. Births, for music, work and study Then will glow the hearth-flame ruddy, What though wild the wino may blow; Always there is golden weather Where true hearts are met together, Though without be storm and snow. All the autumn's wondrous shading, Ripened hues, and gentle fading, All the birds that southward fly, Speak to us with sign and token, Sweet in words we hear unspoken, Pleasant days are drawing nigh. -Harper's Bazar.

MERTON'S VENGEANCE.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

The game Margaret Merton, and widow of the late Sir Philip, lived in stately retirement at Oaklands Park, and had lived there a far longer time than she cared to remember. She had been for nineteen years an utterly solitary woman, save on rare occasions, when she admitted certain near relatives to the honors of a short visit. The only near relations which she had were a nephew and two nieces - George, Ellen and Margaret. Lady Merton had a son somewhere about the world, but she had neither seen nor heard from him directly for nearly twenty long years. Richard Merton was, and always had been, an eccentric young man. At the distant date of which we speak he was a very good-looking, hearty, willful youth of nearly five-and-twenty. He had been to college, had traveled, and seen his wild oats broadcast. He then returned to O-glands Park, and joined in the festivities of Christmas, the dowager mistress of the house gathering round her many friends to do honor to his long wished for but unexpected return. Sir Richard Merton was very kind and polite to all collected together. A very fine collection it was, with many wise men and beautiful women. But soon Sir Richard Merton had eyes for no one save for Edith Lechmere, the daughter of a wealthy baronet, who had only one other child, the son who was to succeed him in his family estate and honors. Both he and his pretty wife, a woman of tender heart saw with complacency Richard Merton, the best man in the county, looking with admiration on their beloved daughter. Lady Margaret Merton liked the girl as a girl, but she could not approve of her as the future mistress of O-glands Park. The day after the festival, Sir Richard, at breakfast, indicated an intention of calling on the Lechmeres to pay his respects. His mother looked keenly at him as he spoke. "I hope you have not been struck by that Lechmere girl, Edith," she said, eagerly. "Why not?" he asked, rather sharply. "She is, indeed, a most charming creature." "Because it would be a most injudicious and unfortunate selection," she answered. "May I ask why?" was the rather quick rejoinder; "the reason why, mother mine?" "Because, though amiable, she is exceedingly delicate. Her health is anything but satisfactory. Walking is a great exertion to her, while horse exercise is out of the question," she went on. "Such a girl is not a fit person to be the mother of the Mertons. We have always been on a stalwart and comely race. No puny children ever endangered our direct succession." "And yet I believe," said Richard, rather hardly, "that I lost two brothers and a sister-my only one-because of their delicacy." Lady Merton turned very pale. This was a severe subject with her, and one that pained her even now to think of. "Those deaths were accidents," she said, in a half mournful, half angry tone. "It is because I would guard against any more such contingencies that I would have you guided by reason in your choice." "I shall be guided solely by love and affection in my choice of a wife," was his calm and haughty reply, and then dropped the subject. After breakfast the baronet dressed suitably to the season, and then started for Lechmere Hall on horseback. He was most cheerfully and hospitably welcomed by the baronet and his wife, while Edith received him with shy satisfaction. Richard Merton was not a young man for any young lady to treat with anything else but attention. Handsome, highly accomplished, brilliant in conversation, a great traveler, he was also an admirable talker. Edith laughed at his sallies in her

quiet way, smiled at his quaint way of telling adventures, and was highly interested in his description of foreign courts. She thought him certainly a very accomplished, fine young English gentleman, but whether she would view him in the light her parents wished her to regard him was wholly another thing. But Sir Richard was not a hasty or ardent lover. He wished to do things as they should be done, according to rule and order, and was quite prepared to go through the ordinary process of courtship, the pleasant flower-clad lane which leads to matrimony. Edith met his attentions with gentle indifference, though she appeared always glad to see him, and apparently preferred him to all other open and more obvious suitors. The baronet and his wife looked on with smiling satisfaction, and already in their mind's eye saw their daughter Lady Merton, in one of the finest positions in the country. The time wore on, and the period came for the London season. Sir Richard had a town house, which was kept up in the old style. The young baronet was nothing if not hospitable, and liked to see his table groaning under what he called good old English fare-none of your French "kicks" and nonsense. Though he had traveled he was purely and simply English in his tastes. His mother prided herself on this, and continually drew his attention to how little Edith sympathized with his feelings. She was a dainty little bird, and loved the tempting delicacies which are offered by the learned cuisiniers of foreign parts. She was not partial to English customs, and cared not for any of the holiday frolics and dances. Now it happened that, apart from the physical objection, grounded on the future health of her grandchildren, Lady Merton was very fond of Edith; she was therefore a good deal with her, and they had many long interviews. Sir Richard looked upon these confidential meetings with some jealousy. Was his mother setting this beautiful girl against him? The young man was too proud and too haughty to inquire into details of these meetings, but he soon determined to bring matters to a climax. Matter-of-fact, rather stolid in his nature, Sir Richard was proportionately dogged and obstinate in his likings and dislikings. He loved Edith with a devotion which was made up of the ardent lover and the paternal protector. He looked upon Edith as a child who required to be petted, humored, and taken care of, to be treated tenderly, nurtured with care. At last, however, he came to the conclusion that he had hesitated long enough. He would propose, and have the matter settled. It was after a dance. Edith had been the belle of the evening, and, like many other delicate girls, was not going to be beaten in dancing. We have known young ladies to whom a mile walk was particularly obnoxious, dance eight or ten hours without complaining. Edith had been dancing with a certain young naval officer, a new eligible, a Lieutenant Spencer Baker, of excellent family and likely prospects, but still a totally unfit person to set himself up as the suitor for a rich baronet's daughter and heiress. But both her father and mother were playing cards, and she ventured to risk one dance. But when she concluded she happened to see that her mother was disengaged, and gave the lieutenant a hint to that effect. He at once walked away, and Edith strolled slowly to the conservatory, hoping that he might be able to follow her to this somewhat secluded retreat. She seated herself underneath an umbrageous palm tree. Her thoughts were far away. At this moment a firm, commanding step was heard, and she looked up anxiously. A faint flush covered her face. It was Sir Richard Merton advancing with considerable alacrity to meet her, and she had seated herself with other hopes and wishes. Edith got up a pleasant smile for her rather grave admirer, and he seated himself by her side with a very serious air. "Why have you deserted the ball-room?" he asked, in an earnest tone of voice. "Everybody is lost in surprise." "I was a little fatigued," she remarked. "I have danced a good deal this evening." "So I have observed," he went on, quietly; "perhaps more than is good for you." "I think not," she answered, in a laughing tone. "I am very fond of dancing; it does me good." "I am glad to hear it," he smilingly responded, "it shows that London dissipation does not affect your health." "Not more than most people," she said, thinking the remark rather an odd one for a lover to make. He said nothing in answer for one moment, reflecting deeply the while. At last he spoke out. "My dear Miss Lechmere," he said, kindly, "I have a very important communication to make to you. I had intended deferring it until the end of the season, but I see so many motes fluttering round the seductive light that I can defer my words no longer." "Pardon me," she exclaimed, in a frightened way, "but I do not understand." "My dear Miss Lechmere," he went on, kindly, yet loftily, "I had hoped you would. From the evening when first I saw you my attentions have been marked enough. My love has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength, until I can no longer keep my sentiments concealed. Edith Lechmere, will you be my beloved, my honored wife?" Edith looked at him in both surprise and alarm. "Really, Sir Richard," she said, in a tone, hesitating and doubting, "this is so very sudden." "Sudden?" exclaimed Sir Richard. "I had hoped not. My attentions were sufficiently obvious, I thought." "Not to me," she continued, in a faltering voice. "I knew you liked a

society, but-but you know that Lady Merton has other views for you." "What my mother's matrimonial notions with regard to myself may be," he coldly replied, "I neither know nor care. I am a grown man; my choice is made without regard to the opinions of others. Your parents, I believe, highly approve my wishes. I only demand your sanction to speak to them at once." "Oh, Sir Richard," she cried, "this is indeed so very sudden. I am so young. Give me one whole day for reflection." "Certainly, Miss Lechmere," with a kindly smile. "This is Monday-I shall make a morning call upon Wednesday. I presume I shall have the felicity of seeing you?" "I see no reason to doubt it," responded the young lady, who then allowed herself to be conducted back to the ballroom, when Sir Richard claimed a promised dance. Because it was conventional and the custom, Sir Richard danced; not that he liked the practice or approved of it, but in manner society such a formula would have raised to great a storm upon his devoted head, and he never ventured to expound it. He danced, therefore, under protest, and only when it appeared impossible to avoid it. Conversation was his taste and his forte, but in the case of Edith Lechmere he utterly broke through his rule, and danced as often as the elasticity of her programme would allow him so to do. On the present occasion he was unusually tender, condescending, and attentive. Edith remarked his manner, and was very silent and thoughtful. She could not but admire his intellect, and his magnificent physical beauty. Still, he seemed almost too much of a god for her. He was a man to be more worshipped than loved-at all events, such was her girlish opinion. Still, it was the wish of her parents, she knew, and what was poor she to do. With a deep sigh she abandoned herself to the stream of fate, determined to be guided by the force of events, whatever they might be. Next day Sir Richard Merton made many calls, and returned only to a five o'clock tea. He was due to a dinner party, and required time to dress before going out. As he went up to the door, Miss Lechmere came out, looking very serious and thoughtful. Sir Richard shook hands, and handed her to her carriage with great politeness and tenderness. That she should have called upon his mother was by no means singular, but he neither liked her looks, nor the fact occurring on the eve of his intended proposal. It was, of course, a natural event, but still it preyed upon his mind, and by the light of subsequent events, appeared very strange and significant. Going up stairs Sir Richard found his mother alone, and in a very serious mood. "Good-afternoon," he quietly observed. "Miss Lechmere has just left you?" "Yes," said the cold rejoinder; "she came to spend an hour and have a chat with me." "Indeed! Did the young lady intimate anything of my intention to visit her in a formal way?" he asked. "She alluded to the matter," was the cold and grave answer, "but I am not here to divulge young ladies' secrets." And she handed him a fresh cup of tea, which he drank almost in silence, then went slowly upstairs, and dressed for dinner. He said no more of his mother that day, nor did he the next morning. In consequence of a headache, said her maid, she did not come down to breakfast. About twelve, Sir Richard Merton, who was in too great a hurry to be bound by exact conventional rules, called on Sir Arthur and Lady Lechmere, who exchanged satisfied glances, and eagerly welcomed him to their house. After a few words the young baronet spoke. "I suppose," he said, with something of hesitation in his manner, "you will not be very much surprised to hear that I have come to demand an interview with your daughter-in fact, to offer her my hand and fortune, as I have already given her all my love?" "Proud, indeed," said Sir Arthur, clasping the hand of the other. "Have you mentioned anything as yet to Edith-Miss Lechmere?" "I said a little the other evening," frankly responded the baronet, "but Miss Lechmere seemed agitated, and asked for time, until to-day." "Oh!" said the elder baronet. "I did notice a little change in her manner at breakfast. She appeared somewhat flurried and agitated. Dear girl! I will ring for her." A maid came and at once hurried off to summon Miss Lechmere to her father's presence. She returned after some minutes in a very agitated state, and declared that Miss Lechmere was nowhere to be found. The father turned crimson, the mother was pale and agitated, the young baronet cold, stiff and haughty. "Did any one see her go out?" asked the elder gentleman, in a tone of suppressed passion. At this moment Edith's own maid, her personal attendant, appeared on the scene. She held a dainty little note in her hand, which she handed to Sir Arthur. The baronet opened the letter furiously, and read it, waving the servants to leave the room. He glanced at the beginning, and then read aloud: "DEAR FATHER AND MAMMA: Sir Richard Merton is coming this morning to ask for my hand and hand. I do admire him very much, like him almost as much as any man I know, except one, but I cannot be his wife. I am sure I am not suited to him. Lady Merton knows it well. As I am afraid you would wish me to accept your good friend and neighbor, I have thought it better to render the union impossible. Before you receive this I shall be married very suddenly, and then read aloud: "Sudden?" exclaimed Sir Richard. "I had hoped not. My attentions were sufficiently obvious, I thought." "Not to me," she continued, in a faltering voice. "I knew you liked a

one. "Curses light on him and her. Ungrateful wretch-no money of mine does she ever have. Then she will see what it is to marry a beggar." "I will retire," said Sir Richard, in a tone of deep disappointment, not unaccompanied by anger. "I think Miss Lechmere might have been more frank with me." "No, the hypocritical hussy," continued her father, purple with passion. "I hope she may live to repent. But she is no child of mine. May the malediction of-" "Hush," said the mother, in an agonized voice; "curse not your only daughter! Poor child! She will be the most deeply punished. She has chosen poverty and exile, for Lieutenant Spencer Baker has, I know, been ordered to Canada." "Ah!" cried the elder baronet. "But what further he intended to say was cut short by the leave-taking of his young friend. Sir Richard Merton went out in a towering passion. He had one idea. This great disappointment in his life was due to his mother. It was to her absurd prejudice against the delicate young girl that had induced her refusal; of this he had not the shadow of a doubt. His mind was made up. He went to his club, and sent for his man, to whom he gave rapid orders. "Pack up everything," he said, in a cold, iron tone, "and bring them to Wright's hotel. I am off to the Continent for some time. Give this letter to my mother." That letter Lady Merton read with pallid cheeks and tearful eyes: "MOTHER: You have caused me to be rejected by the girl I love, on the absurd principle that she was in delicate health. Actuated by fear of your judgment, she has eloped and made a silly marriage. You can forgive yourself-I never can. I leave England. It is impossible to say whether I shall ever return or not. Oakland is yours as long as you live. My interest in it has ceased forevermore. RICHARD MERTON." Nothing more, nothing less. That evening the young baronet left London, and to the time when we refer to Lady Merton was alone at Oaklands Park. Twenty years had elapsed, and she has neither seen nor heard from her son. It wants now a week to Christmas. From habit and custom Lady Merton will have Christmas festivities as in the old time. George Merton is there, the heir apparent, while Ellen and Margaret Denham, her sister's orphan children, are also present for a visit. It is morning, and breakfast is just over, when a railway fly rattles up the avenue, and a loud knock is heard at the door. The mistress of the house can see without moving from her seat. A young lady, fashionably attired, alights with a maid and ascends the steps. "Who can it be?" asks Lady Merton, rising from the table, in a slightly agitated way. "I cannot recollect any other guest who was invited." "Some self-elected visitor," says George, with a frown. He is very jealous of any one getting into his aunt's good graces. The butler enters with a letter. He looks very scared and puzzled. "Miss Merton to see her grandmother," he says, in a rather alarmed tone. George Merton grew ghastly pale. There is, then, direct heir? "Show her in," gasped the lady, sinking into a chair, around which the three stand, her nephew and two nieces. There enters a tall, slight girl, who advances with somewhat of shyness to where the dowager is seated. "My grandmother, I presume?" she said, in the sweetest of sweet voices. "Yes, my dear," is the answer, "for I can seat one you are Merton." "Will you read this letter?" she continued, taking it from the hand of the butler. Lady Merton adjusts her spectacles, and reads, while the other takes a seat: "LADY MERTON: My husband, your son, has gone on an expedition to Africa. I have reason to believe he has either been killed or wounded. I am about to start in search of him. My son Richard is at school. I think it only right to send my daughter and namesake to your care until my return. Yours, LUCY MERTON." "I am very glad you have come," said the old lady, tearfully and kindly. "These are your cousins. I will order your room. Be seated by the fire while I do so." The introductions were made, the seat accepted, and the order given at once. Imagine the amazement of all when they knew that the young mistress of Oaklands Park had come home, while there was also a son in existence. Then the old line was not to die out, but live. Lady Merton herself attended the girl to her room, and was delighted with her. She asked about her father. She knew but little of him, having been at school, while her parent went round and about the world bent on perilous adventures. She had seen him occasionally, however, and knew he was tall, handsome and bearded-also very kind. Her mother she had seen much of for the last year. She was the kindest of parents-a noble, handsome woman. Two days later came a startling telegram. "Sir Richard has reached home. He is very ill. Doctor has advised his removal to his native air. I shall be at Oaklands Park with him on Christmas eve. LUCY." How the mother's heart bounded within her at this announcement. At last she would again behold her son, and surely he would forgive her after all these long years of absence! True, Edith Lechmere, now Lady Spencer Baker, was a pretty dame of forty, with a fine, healthy frame and plenty of children, but then as Sir Richard was happy, surely he would forget all the unfortunate past?

He came, and the forgiveness was accorded. He had recently met Sir Spencer Baker, and his wife, long since reconciled to the family, and found that his mother had not influenced the girl in the least, but that she had acted on the impulse of the moment, and under the guidance of her simple and devoted affections. She had come to call on Lady Merton tearfully to rescind her determination, after exacting a promise of secrecy, and then she left to meet her lover. Sir Richard, we have said, came home on Christmas eve, and all was happy. He was sufficiently well to dine with the family on New Year's day. At the dinner were present Sir Arthur Lechmere, his lady, Sir Spencer and Lady Baker. They were the best of friends, and before many months the eldest son of the runaway lovers was affianced to Lucy. And so ended Richard Merton's very foolish revenge. Cow Nature. That cows acknowledge individuality among themselves is evident from the fact that in every herd there is sure to be one master cow who domineers over all the rest. Watch the thirsty herd going to drink at a pool on a sultry summer day, and you will see the master cow enter first, unopposed by the others, who, should the pool be a small one, will not presume to join her in it, but will wait patiently on the bank till she leaves the water, even though she may choose to remain there, swishing her tail at the flies and enjoying the cool bath for her legs, for some time after she has finished quenching her thirst. To the human spectator it would seem that she is selfishly and needlessly prolonging the thirst of her friends; but they do not resent her self-indulgence, nor attempt to hurry her, but only humbly wait till it shall be her pleasure to make room for them to go and drink. For is not she their undisputed chief, and shall not a chief have privileges? A contributor to an English journal tells the following story of the "top boss" in his herd, named Dulax: She is neither the biggest, nor the strongest, nor the longest horned of the party, and how she has acquired her supremacy we know not, but we imagine that it must be through sheer force of character and will. We one day had an opportunity of watching her lead her companions to a place of mischief, which they all quite evidently knew to be against the laws of their human superiors, and therefore to be done on the sly, if possible. The cows were in a field adjoining a rickyard, and in the rickyard was an out-house, wherein some mangels were stored. The field was separated from the rickyard by a hedge, in which was a hurdle; and twice in one day had the cows broken through the gap, got at their beloved mangels, and been driven out again ignominiously. Undaunted by this, they made a third attack, and we happened to arrive just in time to see it done. While the men who had driven them back to the field were still near, the cows all pretended to be grazing in tranquility as though no higher ambition than grass had ever entered their innocent minds. But no sooner did the coast appear to be clear, than off set Dulax toward the hurdle, with a quick and resolute step, shaking her head with a most defiant and jaunty air as she walked. Instantly every other cow left off eating, and followed her, all evidently perfectly aware of what she meant to do. Sticking her horns skillfully under a bar of the hurdle, and heaving up her head to extract the hurdle from the ground, she very soon managed to remove the obstacle, and then proceeded triumphantly to the mangels, with all her companions at her heels. Now, in this case, Dulax seems to have used some reasoning power; for there was no attempt made to batter down the gate by brute force, and she had discovered the necessity of lifting it upward. She has a talent for opening gates with easy fastenings which is rather troublesome, putting her horns in and working head about until she gets the fastenings undone. And in this, also, she seems to show reason or observation, for else how would she know which part of the gate to strike? Points on Pins. A lover of statistics has just made an interesting calculation of the number of pins made daily. Birmingham holds the first rank, turning out 37,000,000 every day; London and Dublin, 17,000,000; or for Great Britain and Ireland, 50,000,000. France produces 20,000,000; Holland and Germany about 10,000,000 each. For all Europe, 80,000,000 daily must be about the number manufactured. This would make 29,200,000,000 yearly, a product representing in value \$2,300,000. In the United States we make over 51,000,000 of pins daily, or over 18,000,000 a year, which makes 18 for every inhabitant. Fifty years ago a man could make fourteen pins a minute, to-day he can make 14,000 a minute, thanks to improved machinery. But despite this enormous production, and though pins never break and rarely wear out, we are constantly hearing the question, "Can you lend me a pin?" and how very often it happens that not a pin can be found in a party of a half dozen or more. Pins disappear, then, almost 181,000,000 daily! Estimating the entire population of the globe at 2,000,000,000, each person, man, woman and child, loses less than one pin a day-in the United States somewhat more than one pin a day for each inhabitant. But as more than one-half the population consists of children or savages who use very few or no pins, we may set down the loss for each adult at about two and a half a day. On the whole, then, we are rather economical in the matter of pins, and where the pins go to is not so great a mystery as many suppose. How time changes, exclaims an exchange. In the good Old Testament days it was considered a miracle for an ass to speak, and now nothing short of a miracle will keep one quiet.

A Chinese Joss House. The following is from a lady's account of a visit made to the Chinese quarters in San Francisco: We next turned into one of their many Joss houses, where the worship of their hideous idols was in full swing. We ascended a dingy, dirty staircase and entered a large room on the first floor, which was furnished with gods and altars of all descriptions. Crowds of worshippers were passing to and fro, now in single file, now in battalions; some were smoking, some were conversing in their low, liquid language one with another. One jerked his head with a kind of familiar nod, which was meant for a reverential obeisance to one specially ugly deity. Another threw a stick into the air in front of the altar, and according to the way it pointed as it fell his prayer would be granted or not. "I do not know whether Joss was propitious, but his worshiper picked up the stick and retreated down-stairs. There was certainly no established set form in this religious business; but I suppose there must on occasions be some special ceremonials when priests are needed, for two or three of them, dressed in the fashion of stage hermits, came out from a little back room, stared at us and retreated, closing the door behind them. The worshippers passed in and out and to and fro among their gods with perfect nonchalance. There was neither reverence, nor superstitious awe, nor fanatical devotion visible among them. What came to be their favorite, judging from the number of the worshippers, was a huge monster like an immense painted wooden doll, with flaming vermilion cheeks, and round, black eyes starting from his head. He is dressed in wooden robes of gaudy, strongly-contrasted colors, and surrounded by all kinds of tinsel magnificence, in the way of gilt paper, artificial wreaths and fly-blown roses as large as cabbages, while standing before him on the altar is a bowl of ashes stink full of Joss sticks, some burned out, some still smoldering, the offering of later worshippers. The altar is of ivory, and is exquisitely carved and gilt. It illustrates the history of some great battle which was fought 2,000 years ago. It is protected, and so partly hidden, by a wire network. There are sundry other smaller altars and idols in the same room. Some are distorted limbs on the human form; others are grotesque representations of birds, beasts or reptiles held sacred by the Chinese; some are of bronze some of brass, some of painted wood. There are no seats, and the floor is thickly sprinkled with sawdust. The walls are hung with scarlet and blue paper prayers and gilt thanksgivings. Among these was an advertisement, which our guide translated to us. It was the offer of a reward, not for the discovery of a murderer, but a reward for the commission of a murder. Ah Fong and Wong Ah had routed the Anger of the great Joss, who promises to grant the prayers and take into special favor him who will put the obnoxious Ah Fong and Wong Ah out of the way, viz., the gods will favor him who commits the crimes, which are no crimes when the gods command their committing. Our guide informed us that the objectionable parties would assuredly "disappear," no one would know how, or when, or where. We passed from this large and most important chamber through a nest of dingy, dirty rooms, each presided over by a god or goddess more or less hideously grotesque, and lighted only by a tiny glass lamp, which hangs before every shrine, and is kept burning night and day. In one room was a curious dobe oven. We wondered whether it was used to bake Christians or purify the heathen, but we learned that it was used at certain seasons of the year, when Satan is symbolically burned, he being represented on the occasion by torn strips of red paper, which have been appropriately cured and sentenced by the priesthood. The smaller gods had fewer worshippers, and it was strange to observe that there was not a single woman among them. Perhaps, having no souls to save in the next world, they have grown weary of praying for the good things of this. In every room, great and small, there is a rough wooden structure like a very tall stool. Within it hangs a bell and above are used to rouse the drowsy gods from their slumbers, or to attract their attention when they have been too long forgetful of the desires of their devotees. Texas Sugar Lands. Within a zone or belt of eighty miles in width, skirting the gulf of Mexico, from Oyster creek, near Galveston, to the Rio Grande, there is, it is calculated, at least 6,000,000 acres of sugar lands that will mature five feet of cane by to-morrow. The quantity of molasses consumed in the United States during the year of 1876. These lands lie in beautiful plateaus from ten to forty feet above the ordinary stage of water in the streams that pass through them, and are not, as reported by some, low and marshy. The malarial diseases in this district, according to the statistical atlas of the census of 1870, averages only four per cent. of the deaths from all causes, while in Washington and vicinity the average of malarial diseases is seven and one-half per cent. There is no satisfactory reason why the United States should have a balance of trade against them on sugar and molasses alone of \$62,000,000 annually, when the whole supply can be produced from these lands.-The Southwest. Calvin Phipps, of Bedford, Ind., drank a gallon of whiskey every day for a month, and then died.