## The forest Bepublican.

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a communications.

In the Orchard. Mollow lies the sunshine on the orchard slopes and meadows,

On nooks of purple asters and the tints of leafy bills:

The soft warm haze is tender with a palpitating splendor,

And a fresh, delicious odor all the dozing valley fills.

Colors like a prairie in the glory of its blossoms Gleam amid the grasses where the luscious fruitage lies,

And in their cony places on the boughs, with tempting laces,

Peop and nestle myriad apples, like hirds o many dyes.

Golden, grean and russet, and warm with | stantly !"

nearly blashes, Basking, the ellent noon upon their perches mong the leaves-

How they glow like royal roses, where the loving sun reposes,

How they fall from their own int..ess on the crisp autumpal eves.

Oh, apples, tragrant apples, piled high beside the presses,

And heaped in wain and basket 'neath the broad-branched, mossy trees,

Can we tairly call him sober-the splendid, rich October-

Pouring out his sweets and beauty in such Invish gifts as these?

Children frolicking and leasting on the ripeness to the core-

Monarchs of the orchard kingdom, with every tree a throus-

What are spring days for your praises, on wood-paths, or

To these provinces of sweetness which, by right of love, ye own?

saily may the aged ponder life's decays and

. obanges; But youth sees no dark omen as the mellow

apples fall. shildren keep your gladness; may you have no more of sadness

while, romping in the orchards, you are kings and queens of all !

# STRUGGLE WITH FATE.

The story is told, in San Jose, that one ming in August, some three years a stranger made his appearance in t dity, and shortly thereafter created breeze in society circles. He had indered aimlessly about the streets for o or three days, speaking to no one, ng for nothing. He was a young and might have been considered ully handsome if his clothes had good; but they were old, and faded, threadbare. These could be no threadbare. aking the fact that he was an adturer, who had succeeded in finding y disappointment and poverty. s tall and straight, and had a distinshed look. On the evening of about the third day was accosted on San Fernando street y a man exceedingly drunk. This man as called "Tarantu'a Joe," but some the boys persisted in addressing him "Tarantula Juice "-not a very in propriate appellation, but one which vas indignantly resented by Joe, who was a fighter from Tuolumne, and who among his numerous other oasted. exploits, that in early days he had fremently rolled a barrel of whisky fifty niles a day, and taken a drink every time the bung turned up. "Hello, stranger! 'he said to the seedy ung man. Joe was everybody's friend, but had a strange way of show -. ing his friendship when he was drunk

and a well arranged plan. They parted heard that it was considered a dangerous late. " Sir !'

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"I requested merely\_"" "Who are you?" How dare you?"

"I am simply a gentleman. "But you have made a mistake. don't know you.

They were standing on Santa Clara treet. She spoke in rather a lond tone, street. and the stranger betrayed a little ner-vousness and dread that the passers-by

might interfere. have not intimated," he said, 'that I am so fortunate as to be known

by you. It was the very desire to know you that impelled me—" "I don't understand you, sir. I'll call an officer unless you leave me in-

"Such language humiliates me exccedingly, madam. Ac ept my hum-blest apologies for having caused you any uneasiness or fright. The street is thronged, and any one would protect you against an indignity at my hands. I beg you to waitjust a moment, that I may explain myself." "But to be seen standing in the street

conversing with a man of your-yourappearance!

"Madam, if my face is crimson at that remark, it is merely evidence of a weakness that I am unable to conquercall it pride, if you please. I regret that my poverty obtrudes itself, obscuring everything else."

A look of pity appeared in the girl's eyes, and, although she evinced in her attitude of impatience a strong desire to be left alone, her original feelings of fear and repugnance gradually melted under the firm, deliberate, polished, gentle-manly bearing of the man. The stranger exhibited a kindly, patient dignity that would have made a California girl, with a spark of adventure and romance, think twice before she rejected his advances

summarily. "That is true, sir," she said, "I have no doubt. But that is no reason that I shouldn't put an end to this interview by saying, once for all, I decline your escort.

Her tongue uttered these words. Her eyes said: "I dare you to try me a little further." He heard the words, but saw the look. She felt the superiority of this man's will. She turned to leave, scornfully. He promptly stepped to her side Of course she was greatly angered at this persistent impertinence, and, turning upon him with flashing eyes, she said :

' I thought I had said enough, sir. to put a gentleman on his honor. You place me in false position. Your im-partience is extremely distasteful to me. Please leave me."

So said her tongue. Her eyes said: "You haven't got the nerve to go any further." He said (as by this time they

were walking slowly along): "You misconstrue me entirely. Let me explain my motives, that you may understand my apparent rudeness. I am a stranger; I have no friends here. I have been unfortunate. There was such a kind, womanly, sympathetic expression in your face-please don't turn He away. Thank you. Apart from the consideration that you should have an esc. rt over the Guadalupe bridge-" "You know where I live, then, it seems?"

place. They were both terrible liars. His name was Hardy; hers, Sc

The Forest Republican.

TIONESTA, PA., OCT. 20, 1880.

phronia. Her father's name was Morris. He was a rich, kind-hearted gentleman, who had a mansion on the Alameda. As the two passed the postoffice cor-ner, a pair of bleared eyes winked quietly. and a couple of lips grinned sardonically. They belonged to Tarantula Joe.

As soon as the couple got under the shadow of the wall of Notre Dame, Hardy placed Sophronia's arm within his own. She did not object. He entertained her marvelously well. His knowledge of the world was extensive, and his education good. She began to think he was an angel in disguise.

At the east end of the bridge there stood a bill board. When the two passed this, and were well on the bridge, a shadowy form, scarcely perceptible in the darkness, emerged from behind this board and crept noiselessly after them. This sneaking person carried a club in his hand. Stepping rapidly behind Hardy, he raised his deadly weapon and brought it down with a heavy blow on the young man's head. There was a dull, crashing thud, and Hardy sank with a groan. There was a slight con-traction of the muscles, a gurgle, and all

was quiet. The girl heard the blow, and saw her

defender stretched at her feet. She was instantly rendered powerless and speechless by a sickening terror. Immediately a powerful and brutal hand closed upon her throat, stopping her breath, Other shadows emerged from the darkness, a dozen strong hands seized her, and before she had time to offer a resistance that would have been useless, a gag was thrust into her mouth, half choking her. So intently had the highwaymen been

engaged in rendering the girl helpless and robbing her of her jewelry, that they did not perceive Hardy stagger to his feet. He was dazed and uncertain. The blood poured down his face and saturated his shirt. A glance at the struggling forms brought him slowly to his senses.

"Has she any money?" demanded a gruff voice.

"I can't find any."

"Take those rings off her fingers, How she struggles! Isn't that a watch? Snail on to it. Pull out those earrings -quick!" "I can't-don't know how they are

fastened !"

" Tear 'em out, then-you; and hurry up!'

At the moment when the robber grasped the earring to pull it rudely through the tender flesh, a heavy club descended crashing upon his shoulder. Hardy was awake. He had seized the club, which had dropped upon the bridge, and was wielding it with a merciless desperation that only the protec-tion of so precious a charge could have inspired. The robbers turned upon him

"Perhaps not," he said, bitterly. This made her thoroughly determined to detain him. She had a strong will, but his was a stronger. She became angry; then she bit her lips in the dark,

and implored him to remain. He declined, in a respectful, kindly

"Well, then," she said, "where do you live?" "Nowhere."

Please tell me." "Will you let me know to-morrow?"

"I don't know.' "Please do.'

"Perhaps. Good-night." Here is a street-car.

Then she did a very foolish thing. She threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him. He,left, doubly a conqueror.

There was tremendous excitement over the affair. The police were in-formed as soon as the girl's father could hear the terrible story and reach the police station. The officers could find only a quantity of blood on the bridge, the body having been removed. Rigor-ous search for several days failed to reveal the identity of the robbers. Several arrests were made, and the strict-est vigilance maintained, but without avail.

Another mysterious development was the disappearance of Hardy. He could not be found. However, on the second day the old family physician of the Morris household came panting up the walk in great excitement, and exclaimed to the girl:

"I have found him!"

She turned pale with excitement and

"Where is he?" she asked, breath-

"Jump into my buggy, and I'll take you to him."

She did so. They found him in a small, dilapidated adobe house on Mar-ket street, with a Spanish family. He was delirious, and in a high fever. The girl sat down by the bed, took his hot hand in hers, and before the old doctor knew what was coming next, she commenced to cry. Then she kissed Hardy's hand.

The old man took her home, and she came twice a day to see him, oringing her father or mother, and always taking some delicacy, and doing whatever a kind and generous heart could suggest. Gradually he recovered, and as soon as he could be moved he was taken to her home. There he became entirely well. By his patience and gentleness he won the hearts of every one-except the

girl's. Hers was won already. Time slipped away. Hardy was established in business by the grateful father. Poor old Tarantula Joe, who, unacccuntably, seemed to be a great avorite with the young man, was allowed to sit in the kitchen on the night of the wedding of Sophronia Morris to

thing! I wish he had beaten you half to death! Ha! ha! ha! So you wouldn't come into the house because you had no wounds, eb?" 'Precisely."

"And after you did get that thrashing you turned it to account by getting our doctor, I suppose ""

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" That's the idea. She laughed a while, somewhat hys-terically, and got up and slapped him, and then threw her arms around his

neck and kissed him. "What did you tell me for, youfraud !"

"Because Tarantula Joe wanted to put on too much style, and was black-mailing me outrageously."-Sin Francisco Argonaul.

The Dog Mania. The mania for dogs broke out in the

United States only after the fashion had been set abroad, and, though it is a recent one, it has raged more violently and affected a greater number of people than is the case in Europe. There the fashion was confined to childless dowagers, whose time hung heavily upon their hands and whose disinclination to take trouble and care upon their shoul-ders led them to adopt dogs instead of babies. No other class abroad has taken up the fashion any more than they have the false curls and wrinkles of the rich dames, and the women of younger years and matronly duties thought no more of possessing themselves of a pug or a Skye terrier than of disowning their babies. But, says the Brooklyn Eagle, when the feshion reached New York, it was not considered a special one, and all the weak-headed women who could pay \$50 for a canine pet did so, and those who could give more were correspondingly happy. Women with children, as well as those without, secured dogs and gave them their time and companionship. It is not unusual for the dogs to be taken out to drive when the babes are left at home, and the justification which women find in this proceeding is that dogs are no trouble; children are. Dogs are congenia', asking no questions hard to answer, and having no intuitions impossible to blind. Therefore do women, it is to be presumed, find companionship in dogs, and spend money on them. Dog doctors are doing a thriving business in New York and other places, and not a few grown-up men and women are earning good pay and living

in comfort, their only occupation being the care of dogs. Some of the ultra-fashionable dress their dogs in the livery A mechanic who picked up a piece of hot metal by mistake let go of it so quickly as to throw his shoulder out of worn by their servants, and the care of the mantles and the costly collars is not joint. This is the fastest time on record. less than the wardrobes of the children. Women support a dog at an expense that would educate a child, and feel happy in being so stylish. They do not tween a child of royal birth and a young amb is that the first is tended in splenuccessarily love the animals, but are dor and the other is splendid 'n tender." ready to be martyrs to the demands of If you can get one towel out of one fashion. Weak-minded and silly, they think it an evidence of refinement to keep a pet dog, and, further, the more attention they can bestow on it the more they are remarked and envied. The happiest woman in Philadelphia's chief seaside resort this season has for her small dog a colored valet, whose duties were by no means light. His business was to take Master Sniff into the water to give it baths of just the prescribed duration, to rub it and roll it in blankets. teed it with specially prepared food, and then amuse it. Can anybody imagine any contract more gigantic than amvsinga toy dog?

#### Rates of Advertising.

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### A Tale of Two Buckets.

Two backets in an ancient well got tall ing once together,

And after sundry wise remarks-no doubt about the weather-

"Look here," quoth one, " this life we lead I don't exactlylike; For-do you mind ?-however full we both

come up the well,

We go down empty-always shall, for aught that I can tell."

That's true," the other said; "but thenthe way it looks to me--

However empty we go down, we come up full you see."

Wise little buckets! If we each would look at life that way,

Would dwarf its ills and magnify its blossings day by day,

The world would be a happier place, since we should all decide

Only the buckets full to count, and let tho empty slide.

#### HUMOROUS.

Holds its sown-Good land. The crysis in Spain-That little baby daughter.

Stocking the fire department-Pur-

Sweetness long drawn out- The music

How many men there are who, like

A book on "Domestic Economy" has

been published which costs \$9. Pica-

After all, marriage is but a confidence game. When the confidence is gone the

The fellow who picked up the hot penny originated the remark: "All is not

We are told that the doctors are daily

the timber on 200,000 acres of wood-

discovering new diseases. Let's abolish the profession.-Boston Post.

land is annually cut away to furnish cross-ties for the railroads of the United

The man who sighs, "How soon we are forgotten," has only to leave a hotel

without paying his bill to find how sadly

"The difference," said the cook, "be-

corn, turn white when they pop.

hasing hose.

game is up.

States.

cold that glitters.

mistaken he is.

of an accordeon.

the meek-looking stranger. The stranger attempted to pass insult. on, but Joe stopped him.

"See here, young feller, do yer know that yer a-tackiin' the wust man in this town? An' I'm on the fight bigger'n a Yer mis'rable fraud, Pllwolf.

But he never did. He thought a brick my mother's that I could not resist the had struck him, but it was only the stranger's fist that had laid him out on the sidewalk. If there was one thing was the man who knocked him down. he scrambled laboriously to his feet.

ager, who had done the square thing, epinion, by not following up his in Jos who nevertheless assumed a posture so aggressive that Joe became aware of gloomy possibilities. So he began to

temporize. "Can't yer take a joke?" he said, holding out his hand, which the stranger grasped. Joe eyed him in absorbed ad-

miration. "Who'd 'n' thought," he said. "thet a slim spider like you-beggin' adon fer callin' yer a spider, which yer ain't a spider-could 'a' let out so strong?" And with his left hand he falt the stranger's right arm, gauging muscle, "Quicker'n a grizzly, too," he addeu

So they immediately became fast friends. Then they became very communicative. The stranger told how he had such a run of bad luck that the world seemed dreary, and there was nothing to live for. Joe spoke words of encouraging consolation; and as a last mitted that she had been conquered, by and purely conventional expedient, urged the stranger to marry some rich girl and settle down. Joe explained how easily it could be done. His friend had brains, good manners, nerve and good looks-all the necessary requisites for doing "the correct thing." The stranger was modest on that score, but Jos chung to the proposition, saying 

"Certainly; and your name also." "And you are a stranger here?" "Absolutely." " Absolutely.

There was such a delicate little compliment concealed in this that she was flattered.

" I was saying." he continued, " that, apart from that necessary consideration. I did not think it would be wrong, or that I was lacking in respect, to speak to you, to he a few moments with you, and then leave you forever. I put it to you, as a reasonable, sensible woman, whether or not I appear to do anything in violation of a man's proper regard for things that should be handled tenderly "What yer prowiin' round here in that and sacredly. I am separated from hang-dog style for, a-skeerin' people?" every face and scene that has heretofore "It's none of your business," replied made life pleasant. I am a stranger in strange country, and it is with shame Joe was not the man to brook such an I admit that the appearance I make precludes my entry into society congenial to my tastes. I am lonely and desolate, hungering for a kindly look, and it is only desperation on that account that forces me to approach you. And then, your face reminds me so strikingly of

> desire to hear your voice also." The fellow was a born diplomat. The

girl was about eighteen or twenty years that Joe respected above all others, it of age. Of course she was handsome, and had a sweet face. The young man had the bearing of a polished, though breath considerably shortened, he unfortunate, gentleman; proud, but with a pride tinctured with sorrow and loneliness; calm, slow, erect and possessed of that ability to look steadily and unadvantage while Joe was down, but dauntedly into the eyes of a womanthat has more weight as expressing power and superiority than all other things combined. The girl was touched with pity and spurred by a desire for an

adventure " I really don't know what to do," she

said. "I don't believe," replied the stranger, that a woman with as much strength and character as I see in your face would naturally lay much stress on conventionalities as would those of shallower feeling.

During this time they had advanced a few steps. The girl looked at the ground, confused. The man at her side was evidently a gentleman. He was in distress, was reminded by her of his mother, had no friends -perhaps was in want. Poor fellow! But what would her friends think of such an escapade? Nevertheless, after hesitating a moment, she ad-

saying: "[11] grant your strange request, sir, though I'm afraid I'm doing wrong.

It is somewhat singular that, at that particular moment, it did not occur to her that the street cars passed over the terrible Guadalupe bridge. Furthermore, nobody was ever known to require an escort over it. After introducing

five in number.

Quick as a cat, and before they could recover from the surprise of an attack by a man who, to all appearances, had been killed, he felled another with a heavy blow upon the head. The remaining four rushed upon him before he had time to raise the bludgeon again, overpowered him, and bore him down. The club was wrenched from his grasp after a desperate struggle, and laid with deadening blows and with terrible effect upon his face and breast.

One of the ruffians drew a knife to plunge it into Hardy's breast, but the young man struck it from his hand, seized it, and drove it into the throat of the nearest robber. This man fell with a gurgling noise, strangling with blood. Hardy struck about him wildly with the knife, and the robbers sprang away to escape the cruel steel.

But soon a strong blow with the clenched hand upon his arm caused his weapon to drop from his grasp. The two men closed, and a determined struggle ensued for the possession of the knife. The others darted to seize it, when a kick in the face from Hardy's boot stretched one of them full length upon the bridge.

The contest on both sides was desperate. It was no longer robbery, but murder. The girl attempted to render her brave companion some assistance, but she was brutally thrust against the railing.

By a dexterous kick Hardy succeeded in sending the knife flying off the bridge; and immediately thereafter, having pushed his assailant against the outer railing, suddenly picked him up and thrust him headlong into the mud be-neath. It was a fall of fifteen or twenty feet

The remaining robbers, evidently discouraged at the determination and immense strength of Hardy, and disgusted with an enterprise that had already cost them so dear, were easily put to flight by a knife that Hardy whipped from his pocket.

He was master of the field, A dead body remained.

quickly removed the gag from the He mouth of the almost fainting girl. He restored to her what jewelry the robbers had dropped. The blood covered his

face "You are seriously hurt," she said, as oon as she could recover her speech. "It is nothing," he replied, wiping the

blood from his face. Nevertheless, he walked unsteadily

as they proceeded, and at length was compelled to stagger against a fence, lean upon it for support. Every and noble and generous feeling in the girl' heart was aroused. There was no longer any ceremony between them. She put her hand caressingly on his face. Then

ay. They stopped before the gate. "Come in," she said; "this shall be she added, somewhat embara sed, "You are a hero." "Thank you. I must go. Good-night."

night."

John Hardy brilliant affair, by th way.

> A few months ago Hardy was reading the morning paper, when a bright ray of sunshine came in through the door. It was Hardy's wife, the happiest and proudest woman on the Alameda. 'My dear," he said, "have we lived

happy these two years?" "Why, John-what a question!"

" And you have never regretted the persistence of a seedy stranger on Santa

Clara street two years and a half ago?" "I regret nothing, John, and you know it. I didn't know what life was

until I met you. But, oh! that was a terrible night, wasn't it, John?" " Awful!" he ejaculated, with a broad

look of mischief in his eyes. "What makes you look that way

John? You are so provoking?" "I am a villain, dear

"What do you mean?"

"Do you remember the robbers?"

"I think I do! They nearly killed rou !

"They were friends of mine, dear." "John!" she exclaimed, stunned.

"Absolutely true. Old Tarantula Joe and I put up the job, so that I could clean 'em out, become a hero, and then

marry you. She stared at him, astonished, shocked

and incredulous. "John!"

"It's a fact," he said, laughing, as he saw her anger rising.

She was utterly stupefied. Then quick light came into her eyes. She knew he was joking.

"You are fooling me, John. You know that horrid club nearly killed you

"It was made of paper," he explained, still laughing.

A gloom again stole into her face, but it was immediately dispelled by another recollection.

"But your face was really bloody." "Joe got that for me at the slaughterhouse.

She was thoroughly puzzled, not knowing what to think.

"But, John, those were real hurts on your head and face. I saw them my-There, now !" self.

"Yes; and can't you imagine how I received them?" She thought she had cornered him but the look of confidence in his face

disheartened her. "Well, how, then?" she asked, petu-

lant and despairing.

"You remember the fellow I pitched into the mud ?"

Yes-well, what?"

"When I went back to join the boys and have a good laugh over the affair, and to report progress, this fellow me with blood. Soon he regained his strength and they continued on their way. They stopped before the art their is a rurk for spoiling his me to pitch him over. That it a little too strong; but I couldn't re-sist the temptation. Tarantula Joe said

Heroism of Lighthouse Keepers.

It was a grand and heroic conception to build a lighthouse on the Eddystone but what shall be said of the men who first of all tried the experiment of dwelling in the horrible isolation of that storm-beaten edifice, cut off from the rest of the world, uncertain whether the building would stand the test of the storm, deafened by the roar of the waters which sometimes would shoot right over the lantern, or dash headlong against the lighthouse with fearful vioence, causing every part to vibrate as though the whole fabric were instantaneously going to pieces? It is recorded that only two men attended the lighthouse built by Rudyard, and that one of them was seized with sudden illness and died. It was in the roughest time of year, and although the survivor hoisted a signal of distress, no boat could reach the rock. What to do with the dead body he did not know. At first he thought he would throw it into

the sea, but he was hindered by the lear lest the triends of the deceased might charge him with the crime of murder. For a whole month the weather con-tinued boisterous, and for that whole month the solitary survivor kept the light all night now that his comradcould no longer share the duty, watch by watch, with him, and for that whole month he kept the body of the dead man, although it had fallen into horrible corruption Can any more terrible strait be conceived than that in which the brave fellow was placed? Yet we do not even know his name. All we know is that in almost every great work of public utility involving hazardous labor, if one or two men have come to the front and left their names for the admiration of posterity, there have al-ways been a hur 'red obscure heroes who have lived and died and left no sign, but without whose strong nerves and great hearts those works would never have been accomplished.

One of our wholesale dry goods houses has a new clerk, whose father from the country went in to see him the other day, and was surprised to learn that all the salesmen had nicknames. He asked the floor-walker why his son was called "Jury." "Oh," was the reply, "he is always sitting on cases."-New Yor Herald.

A boy at Beloit, Wis., pointed a shot-This was really so rich that the young off, of course, portions of the charge wile made the house ring with her striking the girls in their faces. While

now many tow get out of two yards? That depends altogether on how many there are on the clotnes line.

Some ingenious observer has discovered that there is a remarkable resemblance between a baby and wheat, since it is first cradled, then threshed, and unally becomes the flower of the family.

A young man on Main street says he is going to attempt the feat of going for y days without working. He says if his employers do not watch him, he thinks he can accomplish the task .--Rockland Courier.

A Hungarian officer named Szerkrem esky swam across the r'latten sea, a distance of twenty miles, in seventeen hours. The fact that his name followed atter him on a steam tug robs the feat of half its celat, as it were .- Norristonon Herald

" Can dogs find their way home from a long distance?" says an exchange. Is's according to the dog. If it's one you want to get rid of, he can find his way home from California. If it's a good one, he's apt to get lost if he goes around the corner.

"Any good shooting on your farm?" asked the hunter of the farmer. "Splendid," replied the agriculturist, " There's a lightning-rod man down in the clover meadow, a cloth peddler at the house, a book agent out in the barn and two tramps down in the stock yard. Climb right over the fence your man, load both barrels and sail in."-Hawkeye.

When you meet a young man who is smoking a cigar, it is your duty to stop him, and say: "Young man, that dgar contains acetic, formic, entyric, valeric and proprionic acids, prussicacid, creosote, carbolic acid, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, pyridine, virodine, picoline and rubidene, to say nothing of cabbagine and burdocic acid." He may stick to the cigar, but you have done your duty in the premises.

#### Hiding Money in Spain.

In old Spanish houses, says Temple Bar, there is generally a very cleveriycontrived secret receptacle for money, akin to the "secret drawer" of the English desk. Even now this secret cup board is much used, the Spanish idea of security being (an idea founded on bitter experience of many years) to cage the windows in iron bars, lock up the house at night in winter, look at the money, and then say, in security and self-congratulation:

"Why, I am very safe; all I love and all I need is contained within the four walls of my casa."

There is a vast deal of distrust of banks and government securities, and a great holding to the provero, "No friend save God, and a dollar in your pocket." And now with the middle class there is nc banking of money.

The bankers, to begin with, give no interest as a rule; and so, just as in gun at two little girls, with the inten-tion of scaring them. The weapon went the goldsmiths were the only bankers, so now, in Spain, the gentry constantly hoard their money in their own houses; not fatally injured, they are disfigured some put their jewelry and plate in the montes de piedad.

for life.