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"Do You Remember?"
If you listened to their talk, as they faltered
In their walk,
In the moonlight on the terrace, he and
she,
You would marvel much to hear,
This—"Do you remember, dear?"
Till I almost smiled outright for sympathy
Remember this or that; remember how they
sat,
Or danced, or talked, or quarreled—who
shall say?
It was still the self-same thing—
Old beads threaded on the string
Of the memories that came of yesterday.
Not the yesterday just done; but the one that
they began
When they woke the dreamy shadows up
again;
They found their silver hair;
They forgot the chill night air;
They forgot the years that wrought their
pining pain.
They are back again, I see, in their lovers.
Aren't they?
When the world was young and trusting—
speed the tale!
For the heart of love beats on
When the tree of youth is gone,
And the leaves of autumn rustle down the
gale.
—Rochester Democrat.

His Mother's Blessing.

There was the usual crowd at the depot. Some hurried hither and thither with satchels, bundles, shawls and all the other paraphernalia of the well-equipped traveler, not excepting the lunch baskets, which filled the mind of the beholder with a vague appetite as his vivid imagination pictured toothsome repasts of cold chicken, tongue, preserved sweetmeats, pies and the like, doled out in their dark recesses.
Noticeable among the passengers which filled the ladies' waiting-room and overflowed on the platform were a distinguished pair—noticeable anywhere, but more particularly here in this heterogeneous mass of human beings.
Some strong emotion held them both with its deep and earnest spell, but in the feeling while deeper, but at the same time under better control. They were few spectators more touching than the appearance of deep feeling with evident effort at strong and continued restraint.
The two persons were mother and son; the former a widow, clad in the simple weeds which modestly and sadly told the story of her bereavement, and required but little penetration to perceive that this was her only son and that her heart, sore perhaps from recent affliction, was altogether bound up in him. She was tall, slender, and easily and rather white brow, touched here and there by raven tresses, mingled with silver, and in the soft, dark eyes there shimmered, rather than shone, that expression of patient resignation, that serenity of heart which comes alone to those for whom affliction has been sacrificed; those who have learned in the midst of crushing sorrow the sublime meaning of those words: "To suffer and be strong."
Her son was a tall, slight and graceful youth of about eighteen summers, with the same clear honest eyes, and cheeks bronzed by the sun, but a forehead white as alabaster, surmounted by a waving mass of nut-brown curls, which defied the touch of the hairdresser's pruning scissors, and showed here and there a rebellious lock, as irrepressible, alas! as the owner, the irresolute curves of whose scarlet lips betrayed him an easy dupe, to those who cared to lead him astray.
The preparations grew more hurried as the hour for starting approached.
A middle-aged gentleman, portly and good-natured, made his appearance, and seeing our travelers, exclaimed heartily: "How d'ye do, Mrs. Balfour; how are you, Fred? Are you going on this train?"
"I am going to try my fortune in Colorado, Mr. Lawson."
"And your mother?" he said, turning to her.
"She remains here for the present."
"I thought perhaps it would be better for him to leave home for awhile, especially as he has an uncle there who has often urged me to send him, and has already pictured a bright future for him there," said the lady, in clear, sweet tones, though it was with an effort she kept back the tears.
"Quite right," responded Mr. Lawson; "it will make a man of him to depend on himself. I've no doubt it will be quite lonely for you, madam, for a while at least."
"I do not take my own feelings into consideration, I assure you, sir, else I should feel that there are better opportunities in the West for a young man who has to make his own fortune, and there are surely no openings for him here. We have tested that pretty thoroughly," she added, with a sigh.
The presence of a third party at this last interview between mother and son was felt to be a relief, for, when the heart-strings are about to be shattered, the untold agony is inexpressible and much utterance is felt to be a pang. The trio hurried the time in conversation on unimportant and trivial topics until the bell rang. Then the pale mother, clasping her treasure once more in her embrace, and secretly and without ostentation placing a plain gold ring on his finger, while with trembling lips she invoked a silent blessing on his young head, bade him good-bye and saw the swiftly-moving train bear him out of sight.
A year had passed, and with it had brought many changes. Surrounded by the temptations which in a strange and distant city, are so apt to lead young men astray, Frederick soon became an

easy prey to more than one vice. His uncle was immersed in business cares, and, having no children of his own, was no inclined to scrutinize the actions of his nephew. Besides, most of his derelictions from the path of rectitude took place out of business hours, when the old man was "sleeping the sleep of the just," leaving his ward to do the same if he chose. As Fred was for the most part attentive to his mercantile duties, and his uncle over-indulgent (for the former was really a lovable and prepossessing youth), he took it for granted that all was as well as could be expected, and if not why, boys will be boys, he asserted to himself with a chuckle of amused satisfaction. When some of his male friends told him that his nephew was "cutting rather a wide swath," his good-humored countenance would cloud up for a while, and then he would say: "Oh, he will turn out all right. Sowing his wild oats, you know. Blood will tell," and mention other proverbs which can often be made to point many inferior jests and strengthen many a weak argument.
But there was one sentinel that kept watch and wary over the fatherless boy. Night and night, while the pale stars looked down with their solemn, serious eyes, the anxious mother knelt by her couch, and the name of the distant, wayward, but beloved one, was borne aloft on the pinions of those pure and holy orisons which enter into the court of heaven and plead with strange and unearthly sweetness there.
Time passed and the letters which had at first been regular, affectionate and satisfactory, were few and brief, and there was a notable lack of information about his duties, pursuits and pleasures, in great contrast to the confidential communications of the past. A deep anxiety took possession of her, when after a long delay she wrote a letter of inquiry to his uncle, to which she received a reply rather evasive, yet cheerful enough for any but the argus-eye of maternal affection. Deeming herself perhaps too solicitous and prone to look on the dark side of events on account of past vicissitudes, she waited with what patience and resignation she could command for further particulars concerning the success of his business ventures. It had been her intention when he left her to join him as soon as circumstances would permit, and now she hastened her preparations with greater rapidity as weeks passed and she heard nothing save a few brief lines informing her that he was well. As the time of departure drew near a strange presentiment of evil seemed to settle down upon her spirits, and a deep gloom as of approaching danger filled her aching heart.

It was night in Denver. In one of those gilded haunts of vice so numerous and popular in that Western city, the sound of drunken revels could be heard. The waning moon shed a soft, mild luster on the almost deserted street, for the night was far advanced, and the fresh breeze of approaching morning began to make itself felt in the atmosphere without; but within, the fetid fumes of liquor, tobacco and artificial light, together with the stifling warmth, offered a nauseous contrast and proved a sickening pabulum for lungs expanded and braced by draughts of the purer evening air of heaven. And if the contrast was distinct in this respect, how much greater, alas! was it, considered in a mental and moral aspect? Within the dice table, the glasses clinked, and the fierce faces and sombrero hats; Chinese, smooth and oily, with outward stupidity, concealing deep cunning and artifice, and American youths, coarse and debased by habit, association and lack of restraining self-respect.
Amid this mass of human debris, near one of the card-tables, his face flushed with intoxication, his hand trembling with nervous eagerness, and his form carelessly attired, sat Frederick Balfour. How like a fair flower amid weeds he looked, in spite of his haggard face, the graceful air so natural still lingered in his little movements and on the brow and mouth, once so fondly imprinted with a mother's parting kiss, dwelt a shadowy expression of sadness, as if his guardian angel, bidding farewell, had fanned him with her departing pinions and left the feeble perfume of her holy presence on his guilt-stained brow.
The play was at its height when a quarrel arose among the men; the intense eager look of the players were exchanged for those of malice, hatred, murder! In the dark, wicked faces gleamed a deadly light, as Frederick, with youthful pertinacity and abandon, headed them not, and by continuous contradictions added fuel to the dangerous flame.
He had no more money to stake, and foiled in their expectations, they made threats, both loud and deep, and boldly accused him of fraud and even theft. At this juncture, the eye of one of his adversaries fell upon the ring which still adorned his hand and glittered like a talismanic guard against evil and destruction. Its intrinsic value was little calculated to awaken the cupidity of any observer, but to a grasping mind the sight of gold, however insignificant, is in itself a temptation.
"Stake the ring," the Mexican roughly exclaimed.
"Yes, the ring," stupidly echoed his companions, who were more incited than himself and were ready to greet any brutal jest with oaths and applause.
Frederick looked at his mother's parting gift and as he impulsively drew it from his finger, the inscription which he had once read with such deep emo-

tion, met his fevered gaze—"God bless you."
"With what a thrill of anguish he read the words, and the unconsciously little shining circlet seemed a sad and silent monitor, pointing him toward the scenes of happiness and innocence now so far in the distance and from which his all too willing feet had sadly strayed.
"I will not, I cannot," he answered, hoarsely, as with pale and averted face and trembling hands he replaced the loving token on his finger.
"Then, by—, I'll make you!" yelled the ruffian, and seizing him by the throat he made a ferocious lunge with a stiletto.
The parties in and around the saloon had by this time gathered near, and excitement deep and intense prevailed. No one heeded the fact that a carriage, with a lady robed in deep mourning for its only occupant, had halted near the door, as a boy rushed in and called to his companions without: "Balfour's getting 'out by Mexican Joe!"
At the sound of the name the lady in the vehicle called to the driver to permit her to alight, and trembling with terror and agonized suspense, she found her way into the saloon, where a crowd was rapidly collecting. With nervous haste she threaded her way into the room from which the noise of strife proceeded, the gamins making way for her in silent wonder as she advanced. And well they might gaze at her in startled surprise. Such a face and presence were never seen in the purlieus of that region before save to pass by in a public conveyance, perhaps, and then as rapidly as possible, as if to avoid contamination with the coarser elements of the degraded resort.
Tall, stately, with streaming eyes and quivering lips, her black robes sweeping behind her as she walked, she entered and saw her son just as he reeled from the blow inflicted by the cruel knife of his vindictive foe. His glance, full of terror, despair and agony in that dreadful moment, saw and recognized her, and his bleeding form fell into her loving, faithful arms with the simultaneous exclamation: "Oh, mother!" and "My dear Frederick, my precious boy!" fell on the ears of the astonished multitude.
A bush of respectful sympathy moved those rugged hearts as quickly and carefully they assisted in removing the sufferer from the dreadful scene. Speedily summoning aid, the mother drove to the hotel with her cherished burden, once strong and athletic, now weaker and more frail than herself.
A physician was called in, and to her great relief the wounds, though dangerous, were not pronounced fatal. A faint hope still lingered, and with care and watchfulness he might survive. And need it be added that there would be no lack of affectionate care, when a devoted mother kept sleepless vigil beside the couch of her suffering, yet youthful and only son.

Reader, would you follow the fortunes of Frederick Balfour, go with me to a great city in the West, where the lapwing waves of a peaceful ocean caress the beautiful concave of the Golden Gate; where, amid the hum of business, the dreams of the most visionary are often a bright reality; where the fortunes, like the far-famed palace of Aladdin, rise in a night and gladden the surrounding plains with their splendor at the rising of the morning sun.
It is the holy Sabbath day, and as the voice of deep-toned bells, calling to cathedral and chapel, linger faintly on the air, the throngs of expectant and devout people hasten to the temple of worship. In one of these, the young minister takes his place behind the pulpit, and for a few moments bows his head in prayer.
In this vast assemblage there is one whose heart throbs with far deeper and grander joy than it ever pulsated before. There she sits. Her pale face has borrowed from excitement a faint tinge of youthful bloom; the clear dark eyes are true and earnest as of yore; and the slightly curling threads of hair which vouch her place for forehead so carelessly are now quite silvered, yet seeming to wear heaven's holiest benison nesting among their waves of snow.
The choir began their solemn anthem, "God is the refuge of his people," and as the deep, sonorous chords melt and mingle in the lofty temple, and then float away to heaven, a solemnity broods over the hearts and minds of the eager and expectant congregation.
The anthem finished, the minister rises. It is the same Frederick, charged more, perhaps, from within than without, for the frank, earnest eyes are still there, the scarlet lips, surmounted now by a brown moustache, the waving locks are brushed smoothly back except where here and there a wayward curl will steal from its restraint, and hint that boyhood was scarcely passed, though stern yet noble manhood, on the brow and in the heart, now reign supreme.
His voice, deep and musical, enchains and enrapt the hearers, as, filled with reverence, fervor and holy enthusiasm, he leads them in prayer, and points with unerring distinctness to the snares and pitfalls of the path once trodden by his own youthful feet, and with glowing zeal invites them to a fairer road, where blossom the flowers of purity and holiness, conducting the tired wayfarer to the refreshing haunts of wisdom, "whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

There's a girl in Kansas only nineteen years old who can knock a squirrel out of the tallest tree with her rifle, ride a kicking mustang, help "round up" a herd of cattle and ride down a jack rabbit, and yet, the local paper states in a tone of surprise and no little anxiety "she is not married."
It is hard to decide which season of the year is the least expensive. The plumber always commences when the ice man leaves off.
The fair is always well attended, especially if it be of the feminine gender.

Terrible Fight With a Monster Lizard.

The great country lying south of Mexico is rich in tropical verdure and animals. Winter is never known except in the cold winds called norther, that, during the so-called winter, come rushing down from the north, as it tells the natives that it is not continual summer everywhere.
The land flows with milk and honey, indeed; rich palms and other tropical trees grow in rich confusion; bunches of bananas and coconuts await the hand to pick them; a thick underbrush of tangled vines, wound around each other in the growth of ages, forms a jungle that few care to penetrate. For miles the land is covered with this carpet of vegetation, and the swamps and rivers are inhabited only by strange reptiles, birds and insects who prey upon one another in their struggle for existence.
The birds are the most beautiful in the world, and many of the insects have curious lights upon their backs that shine like gas-burners in the night. History tells us that when the Spaniards first saw them, they became alarmed, and thought they were the lights of a moving army. Poisonous snakes lurk under the broad leaves, and high lizards creep upon the overhanging boughs of trees.
One of these lizards—the iguana—is a hideous-looking object. The largest attain a length of ten or twelve feet; the skin is very tight, and covered with knobs or scales; under the mouth hangs a large pouch, over which the green, diamond-like eyes appear, shaded by a ridge of bone. Along the back, from the tip of the nose to the tail, is a continuous line of spurs or sharp spines; these, with a powerful mouth, five sharp teeth, long, cat-like claws and enormous strength to use them, constitute the make-up of this giant among lizards. Disgusting as they are, the natives use them for food.
Near the head of the river Chagres is a favorite place for them; very few white people ever venture there, and the first who did was witness to a terrible fight between a native and a lizard.
The man had been engaged as a guide, and, after a successful day's hunt, they were returning to their camp near the river when the black man stopped suddenly and pointed to a fallen tree. His companion looked, and soon saw an iguana's head peeping over the edge of a log that led into the river. His body was concealed, and he was evidently taking a siesta over the cool water.
The guide laid down his gun, and, taking a club, crept cautiously to him, and, aiming a blow, brought the club down on the lizard's head. No, indeed; the creature was too quick for him; but in its fright it missed its footing and fell into the water.
Without thinking, Quito—for such was the Indian's name—sprang after it, and the two together sank out of sight, and for a moment the splashing and spray hid them from view. A moment more and Quito's head came to the surface and the tail of the iguana, thrashing the water in a fierce way, and now they were out of sight again.
It was evident Quito had no idea the lizard was so large, for when they came up again he was engaged in a fierce struggle, the water being dyed with blood from which of them the white man, who was waiting for a chance to shoot, could not tell. At last, creeping out on the log, and looking down into the water, he beheld a fearful sight. The lizard, a perfect monster of about twelve feet in length, had fastened its claws into poor Quito, and was writhing and tearing him in a terrible manner.
The plucky negro had caught him by the tail and throat, and was trying to hold him off. It seemed only a matter of time who should drown first, when Quito struck bottom, and, giving himself a push, he rose to the surface again, still holding the lizard at arms-length.
As it came to the surface it buried its five knife-like claws in the man's face, slitting it in a terrible manner; but even then he held on with the tenacity of a bulldog. The observer on the bank crept out now as far as he could upon the log and called to Quito to catch the stick he held out, and he would pull him in.
After several trials he managed to reach it, and still holding the struggling monster, was hauled, bleeding and cut, ashore, where, with a terrible blow from the gun the reptile was killed. Quito was so weak from his exertions and loss of blood that he could not move. The creature had bitten him several times, and scarcely a spot on his body but had received a cut like that of a knife, telling the power of the terrible claws.
The monster was dragged to the camp, its skin taken off, and after Quito's recovery, and they had gone down to the coast, it was stuffed, and now adorns the collection of a well-known scientific institution.

Words of Encouragement.
Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your mind to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not if troubles come upon you. Keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one.
Troubles never last forever. The darkest day will pass away.
If the sun is going down look up to the stars; if the earth is dark keep your eye on heaven. With God's presence and God's promise, a man or child may be cheerful.
Never despair when a log's in the air. A sunny morning will come without warning.
Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a firewood that will end in smoke and darkness; but that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.
Something starting that will stay. When gold and silver fly away.
—Liverpool Mail.

As Ward of Moore's Branch, Kan., is cutting his teeth. This is the third crop. Ass is 103.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Early Breakfast for Fowls.
In keeping fowls remember that the morning meal with them is the most important one of the day. They are cold and hungry; and for that reason need some kind of warm, cooked food. Fowls will eat almost anything if it is served up right. Boiled potatoes, turnips, carrots, anything in the vegetable line, mixed with cornmeal, oatmeal, or bran and shorts, seasoned with pepper and salt, and fed warm, will suit them. Feed a few handfuls of wheat screenings at noon, and at night give them a liberal feed of some kind of whole grain.
Sowing Rye Among Corn.
One mode of getting green food for cattle and sheep in early spring is to sow rye in corn stubble early enough to get a good fall growth. What feed is thus grown is as nutritious as ordinary pasture or roots, and costs nothing except for seed and cultivating under. Really the feed costs nothing, for in sowing the rye many weeds are destroyed, a new surface is turned up, and the weed seeds which sprout perish in the winter. This alone is ample pay for labor and seed. There is a further advantage in having the soil covered during the winter instead of being naked, as it otherwise would be. Rye sown now will give considerable feed for sheep and cattle this fall, and more yet in the spring before plowing. This spring feed is especially valuable for ewes with lambs after the ground has settled. As we are likely to lose our clover, I fear, for a term of years, something must be found to partially take its place. Drilled corn and millet may be substituted as winter feed, but they are not available for late fall or early spring.—Correspondence of Country Gentleman.

Food for Calves.
The cause of calves scouring is a change in their food too wide and sudden. Animals but a few days old can bear but a little change in their food. They will be easily killed by a variation which an adult would bear with impunity. Calves, like infants, are too often made sick by a change of one cow's milk for that of another. The food of calves may be modified almost indefinitely, but it must be varied gradually. When they get more age they will bear change better. When taken from the cow, feed first the mother's milk warm. The difference between sucking and feeding is change enough to begin with. In a few days a little skim milk may be substituted for new milk as a part of its mess, but it should be warm as the new milk. By degrees the skim milk may be increased, if it is fed warm, till the new milk entirely drops out, and no scouring or other ill effects will follow. In the same way, whey sweet and warm may be substituted for skim milk, or a little well-cooked meal, or what is better, a little oil-meal may be gradually worked in as a substitute for milk and the change will not be materially felt. If P. W. C. will bear in mind that the essential points in feeding young calves are warm food and slow changes, he will not only stop the mortality in his herd but he can have thrifty animals growing up on other food than new milk, by using milk to start with. Sweet whey in moderate quantity is good in connection with grass. It would be found an improvement that would more than pay cost and trouble to dissolve a little oil-meal in it.—New York Tribune.

Household Hints.

The yolk of an egg binds the crust much better than the white. Apply to the edges with a brush.
Old potatoes may be freshened up by plunging them into cold water before cooking them.
Never wash raisins that are to be used in sweet dishes. It will make the pudding heavy. To clean them wipe in a dry towel.
In boiling dumplings of any kind put them into the water one at a time. If they are put in together they will mix with each other.
Cutlets and steaks may be fried as well as broiled, but they must be put in hot butter or lard. The grease is hot enough when it throws off a blackish smoke.
There is a greenness in onions and potatoes that renders them hard to digest. For health's sake put them in warm water for an hour before cooking.

The Lord's Prayer.

As indicating the changes which the English language has undergone during the last six centuries, some old English forms of the Lord's prayer possess a curious interest.
A. D. 1255.
"Fader ure in heune, halewede beoth thi neune, cumte thi kuniche thi wille beoth idne in heune and in. The euerigh naw bried gif us thilk dawe. And wozif ure dettes as vi vorziten ure dettours. And lene us nouht into temptation, but dolyver us of yvel. Amen."
A. D. 1300.
"Fadir our in Hevene, Halewyd by thi name, thy kingdom come. Thy wille be done as in hevene and in erthe. Nure ureche dayes bred gif us to-day. And forgive us our dettes as we forgive our dettours. And lene us not into temptation. Bote delyvere us of yvel. Amen."
A. D. 1583.
"Ovr father which art in heauen, sanctified be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heauen in earth also. Grue vs to-day our super substantial bread. And lead us not into temptation. But deliuer us from evil. Amen."
A. D. 1611.
"Our father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliuer vs from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory for ever. Amen."

DIVORCES.

The Laws Concerning Them is Different in Different Countries.
AUSTRALIANS.—Divorces have never been sanctioned in Australia.
Jews.—In olden times the Jews had a discretionary power of divorcing their wives.
JAVANS.—If the wife be dissatisfied she can obtain a divorce by paying a certain sum.
THIBETANS.—Divorces are seldom allowed, unless with the consent of both parties, neither of whom can afterward remarry.
MOORS.—If the wife does not become the mother of a boy she may be divorced with the consent of the tribe, and she can marry again.
ARABSIANS.—No form of marriage is necessary. The connection may be dissolved and renewed as often as the parties think proper.
SIBERIANS.—If the man be dissatisfied with the most trifling acts of his wife, he tears her cap or veil from her head, and this constitutes a divorce.
COREANS.—The husband can divorce his wife or treasure, and leave her the charge of maintaining the children. If she proves unfaithful, he can put her to death.
SIAMESE.—The first wife may be divorced, not sold, as the others may be. She then may claim the first, third and fifth child, and the alternate children are yielded to the husband.
ARCTIC REGION.—When a man desires a divorce he leaves the house in anger, and does not return for several days. The wife understands the hint, packs her clothes and leaves.
RUSS AND TURKOMAN.—Among these people, if a wife asks her husband's permission to go out, and he says "Go," without adding "but come back again," she is divorced. Though both parties desire it, they cannot live together again without being remarried.
COCHIN CHINA.—If the parties choose to separate they break a pair of chopsticks or a copper coin in the presence of witnesses, by which action the union is dissolved. The husband must restore to the wife the property belonging to her prior to her marriage.
AMERICAN INDIANS.—Among some tribes the pieces of sticks given the witnesses of the marriage are broken as a sign of divorce. Usually new connections are formed without the old ones being dissolved. A man never divorces his wife if she has borne him sons.
TAKANS.—The husband may put away his partner and seek another when it pleases him, and the wife may do the same. It she be ill-treated, she complains to the magistrate, who, attended by the principal people, accompanies her to the house and pronounces a formal divorce.
CHINESE.—Divorces are allowed in all cases of criminality, mutual dislike, jealousy, incompatibility of temper, or too much loquacity on the part of the wife. The husband cannot send his wife until she leaves him, and becomes a slave to him by action of the law for desertion. A son is bound to divorce his wife if she displeases his parents.
CIRCISSIANS.—Two kinds of divorce are granted in Circassia—one total, the other provisional. When the first is allowed the parties can immediately marry again; where the second exists the couple agree to separate for a year, and if, at the expiration of that time, the husband does not send for his wife, her relations may command of him a total divorce.
GREGIANS.—A settlement was usually given to a wife at marriage for support in case of a divorce. The wife's portion was then restored to her, and the husband required to pay monthly interest for its use during the time he detained it from her. Usually the men could put their wives away on slight occasions. Even the fear of having too large a family sufficed. Divorces scarcely ever occur in modern Greece.
HINDOOS.—Either party for a slight cause may leave the other and marry. When both desire it there is not the least trouble. If a man calls his wife "mother," it is considered indelicate to live with her again. Among one tribe, the "Gores," if the wife be unfaithful, the husband cannot obtain a divorce unless he gives her all the property and children. A woman, on the contrary, may leave when she pleases, and marry another man, and convey to him the entire property of her former husband.

ROMANS.—In olden times a man might divorce his wife if she were unfaithful, if she counterfeited his private keys, or drank without his knowledge. They would divorce their wives when they pleased. Notwithstanding this, 591 years elapsed without one divorce. Afterward a law was passed allowing either sex to make the application. Divorces thence became frequent on the slightest pretences. Seneca says that some women no longer reckoned the year by the consols, but by the number of their husbands. St. Jerome speaks of a man who had buried twenty wives, and a woman who had buried twenty-two husbands. The Emperor Augustus endeavored to restrain the license by penalties.—Bench and Bar.

Indian Images.

Some of the Indians at Zuni, New Mexico, having been converted to Christianity, have no further use for the images before which they formerly bowed down. Two images have been taken from an old stone church near Zuni and sent to the Smithsonian institution. One represents a man and one a woman. Each is cut from a solid block of wood, with the exception of the shield, the arms and the wings, which are attached. The man image has lost his arms and wings, but wears his shield intact. Both images are so hideously ugly as to excite wonder that even New Mexican Indians could see their way clear to fall down and worship them. Both of them bear inscriptions which have not yet been translated from the queer language in which they are written.

The fisherman's wages may be called net proceeds.—Bench and Bar.