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\$500 REWARD

Over a Million of Prof. Guilmette's FRENCH KIDNEY PADS

Have already been sold in this country and in France; every one of which has given a perfect satisfaction and has performed cures every time when used according to directions.

We now say to the afflicted and doubting ones that we will pay the above reward for a single case of

LAME BACK

That the Pad falls to cure. This Great Remedy will positively and permanently cure Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Inflammation and Retention of the Urine, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, Nervous Weakness, and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and Urinary Organs, whether contracted by private disease or otherwise.

L. D. DEB, if you are suffering from Female Weakness, Leucorrhoea, or any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder or Urinary Organs,

YOU CAN BE CURED! Without swallowing nauseous medicines, by simply wearing

PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD,

WHICH CURES BY ABSORPTION.

Ask your dealer for Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad, and take no other. If he has none, send \$2 and you will receive the same by return mail.

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Judge Bhoehann, Lawyer, Toledo, O., says: One of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads cured me of Lumbago in three weeks' time. My case had been given up by the best doctors as incurable. During all this time I suffered untold agony and paid out large sums of money."

George Vetter, J. P., Toledo, O., says: "I suffered for three years with Sciatica and Kidney Disease, and often had to go about on crutches. I was entirely and permanently cured after wearing Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad four weeks."

John N. C. Scott, Sylvania, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer for 16 years with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. For weeks at a time was unable to get out of bed; dozens of doctors and medicines, but they gave me only temporary relief. I wore two of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads six weeks, and I am now as well as ever cured."

Helen Jerome, Toledo, O., says: "For several years I have been confined, a great part of the time, by my bed with Leucorrhoea and Female Weakness. I wore one of Guilmette's French Kidney Pads and was cured in one month."

W. Green, Wholesale Grocer, Findlay, Mo., writes: "I suffered 25 years with lame back in three weeks was permanently cured by wearing one of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads."

F. Keessling, M. D., Druggist, Logansport, Ind., when sending in an order for Kidney Pads, writes: "I wore one of the first pads and received more benefit from it than anything I ever used; in fact the Pads are better general satisfaction than any Kidney remedy we ever sold."

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Containing an Index of Diseases, which gives the Symptoms, Cause, and the Best Treatment of each. A Table giving all the principal drugs used for the Horse, with the ordinary dose, effects, and antidote when a poison. A Table with an Engraving of the Horse's Teeth at different ages with Rules for telling the age. A valuable collection of Receipts and much other valuable information.

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N. Y. NEWSPAPER UNION,

147 N. Worth St., N. Y.

"I Jones undertakes to pull my ears," said a loud-mouthed fellow on a street corner, "he'll just have his hands full." The crowd looked at the man's ears and smiled.

Guided. Up the long, slippery slopes we toil and strain Amid the ice and snow, Untrodden heights above us to attain, Untrodden depths below; To let and danger to the right, All wearily we go. Great and beautiful the blue crevasse Yawns close beside the way, The avalanches topple o'er the pass, Their cold, white torrents stay Only a moment ere they plunge To rend and whelm and slay. Each following each, we mount, as we are led, Up the long, steep incline; Our Guide walks calm and fearless at the head, On the long, faltering line, And shows the narrow path where safety is By word and look and sign. Marking His footsteps, treading where He trod Close following on His track, We cannot faint or fall or miss the road, Though deep the snows, and black The precipices yawn, and rough and steep The forward path and back. Intent on Him, we do not mark or see These hard things by the way. It is enough that we are led, and He Whose guidance we obey Has gone before and knows how hard it is; What He has done we may. Above the mists we catch a faint, far shine And glimpses heavenly fair Shine through and seem to beckon as we climb— How distant, bright they are! Dear Guide, lead on! We do not ask or rest Would God that we were there! —Susan Coolidge.

UNAVAILABLE TALENTS. My wife and I looked at each other in blank despair. We are such lively people that it is very seldom we are both blue at once, but this time we had good sufficient reason. We had come to our last dollar. We had no certainty of getting any more money, and we were too honest to wish to be in debt. This was an extraordinary position for us, as we were considered by all who knew us to be such uncommonly talented people. I was always told in college that if I would apply myself I might easily stand first in my class, though in point of fact I stood somewhere in the twenties, I believe. I have since sometimes wondered if application may not be itself a separate talent, instead of being within the reach of all, as is often supposed. My wife was always the life of my company. She was as pretty and trim a woman as you would wish to see, and she sang ballads with really wonderful expression. I never saw a woman who appreciated a joke so quickly, and in amateur theatricals she was irresistible. Her talents went even further than this. She read poetry so beautifully that everybody cried; and on the other hand, she was so fond of mathematics that she studied conic sections one winter by herself, "for fun." We were both versatile, we were both lively, we were both mercurial. Now, however, we had no money, and very little flour in the house. My wife had made a nice Johnny-cake for the delectation of the children at supper, and they had gone to bed content, and were now peacefully sleeping. Meantime it became absolutely necessary for us to face our fate. I was a lawyer. I chose that profession, not from any innate sympathy with it, but because I could not be a clergyman, and would not be a physician. Of course I began to practice in the city; for though there seemed to be no opening there, I liked to live in the city. You know the theater, and music, and books, and pictures, and society, can hardly be had in the country. If I had been less talented—a mere cloth-hopper—I could have gone without the refinement of life and been happy. As it was, it did not once occur to me that I could live in the country. I need not say my practice amounted to nothing. Those who have tried the same experiment know that some years elapse before a maintenance can be counted upon. However, I lived meanwhile on a modest legacy which had descended to me from an aunt, and married a wife. Florence had no money and no experience of housekeeping; but I hope I should not marry as I would select a servant. We got on beautifully in spite of the quicksand which already present themselves to the reader's mind. In the first place we had no end to good times together, so our life was a success so far, and I knew we were so happy that we made everybody around us happy too. And we lived within our means, small as they were. We would have liked a million, and I really think we could have spent it profitably; still we were not extravagant, and both of us were honorable and conscientious. We were at peace with all the world, and considered ourselves noble in character and talented in mind. Unfortunately the failure of the bank in which my legacy was invested changed the aspect of things. We smiled at first, because we thought we should respect ourselves more if we were brave. And our friends said we bore it charmingly. "But of course it is not as if you had not your practice." This was very well, but privately we knew that the practice would hardly keep us in boots and shoes; and then I had practiced long enough now to find out I hated it. I was not meant for a lawyer, and, to speak after the manner of the Methodists, it would have been "instilling a false hope" to suppose I ever should succeed. It seemed imperative that I should look to some other source for an income. I had written a play for the "Grecian Club," to which we belonged, the year before, which had been received with prolonged applause; but now, when I wrote another, and offered it to the manager, he declined

with thanks. I had also written vers de societe which had been pronounced by good critics as witty as Holmes'; but when I sent them to the manager, I received a neat printed circular saying that, "owing to the overcrowded state of the market," they could not accept anything more at present, but urging me to believe that "want of literary merit" had nothing whatever to do with their rejection.

Florence, getting desperate, advertised for private pupils in mathematics; but she was the only one who appeared was bent on studying logarithms which she had found so tedious when a schoolgirl that she had skipped them altogether. This was too bad, for she is really a splendid mathematician, as far as the principles go, and that is the reason probably she hates eternal figuring so much.

With her music the contrary is true. She knows nothing about the theory, but her practice is exquisite; so of course she cannot give lessons. She sews very well, I believe—at least we are all kept neat and whole—and she has good taste; but she says her stitches will not bear examination, and if she tried to sew better, she should work so slowly that she could not earn her salt. Her housekeeping is very pleasant, I know; but we have a hundred little idiosyncrasies which would make taking boarders impossible, even if it were not intolerable, so we have never seriously considered that question.

It will probably be thought cold-blooded in me to speak in this way of my wife's earning anything, especially when now we are both so blue. She had everything to do for the children and for me; and, in fact, I did not mean she should do anything, but she was always pondering the matter, and in some dark moments I gave in a little myself. I thought I would commit suicide, and let her support the children!

It is obvious that now neither of us felt as sure of our elevated character or of our talents as before the legacy was lost, and we had at last arrived at the above-mentioned state of blank despair. "It is really too bad," said Florence, at last; "it would take so little to make us happy, and yet we can't have it."

"There is nothing under heaven to be done," said I, gloomily, "but for me to go as a day-laborer in a factory; and as I am unskilled, and very old for a beginner, I cannot earn enough to support the family, so I think, my dear, that you had better go into the same factory; that is, if we can find work, which I think doubtful in these times. And we will apprentice the children to the trade, so they will be better able to take care of themselves than we were when they grew up."

Florence made no reply to this remark, but shortly after began a short catechism.

"Van, are you aristocratic?" "No, not exactly," said I; "I like the things aristocratic people have, you know, but it is not for fear of losing caste that I object to the factory."

"I thought not," said Florence, complacently; "but of course you object to the grind, and so do I. Now the question is, what are the necessities of life to you?"

"Oh, yes," said I. "First, you and the children; second, a house that does not leak to cover us; third, corn cake and salt fish; fourth, a good fire in the winter; fifth, a warm woollen suit for each of us; sixth, some light active outdoor employment, which will not reduce my spirits to such a point that I can't enjoy your society when I have leisure to sit down in the evening."

"And you would like to keep a horse?" said Florence, contentedly.

"Why, yes," I said, rather surprised; "but since we have never kept one since we were married, it seems to me we might dispense with it now."

"Unless it came in the way of business," said Florence, calmly. "Now that I know what your real views of the necessities of life are, I have a plan which I had hesitated to propose before, thinking you might demand more." She unfolded a newspaper, and pointed to an advertisement.

FOR SALE.—The horse, cart and complete stock of a tin peddler. Excellent route. Business pays well. Sells only because family matters require a removal to the West. Terms easy. Address A. Wicks, Plainville.

I felt a spark of hope. "I suppose you are in fun, Florence," I said; "but I really think I should not hate this as much as anything else I see any prospect of trying. However it will probably amount to nothing."

It then appeared that it was several days since Florence had seen the notice, and she had taken pains to inquire into the matter before speaking to me. She knew some one in Plainville who had learned all the particulars. It really was true. The business was good, that is, of its kind. "Of course," our informant said, "it did not pay anything like the law; and we hoped he was right. The peddler really was going West, for he had money enough to live on, and his wife's health demanded change of climate. He would sell cheap, and let us pay in instalments, and we could rent his cottage for a very small sum."

I did seem providential. Riding about the country, even in a peddler's cart, had far more attractions for me than toiling in a factory. Besides, I had a secret assurance that I had no capacity for "toil," and I knew I could drive any horse in Plainville at least. Then the selling, my good looks (I believe I forgot to mention that before), my gentlemanly manners, my good-nature, my persuasive address, on which I had been complimented again and again, would all be of the utmost service to me in this business; and here I had been almost tearing my hair in my anguish at thinking that none of my powers were of the least avail in the bread-and-butter question.

And so we purchased the business by selling some of our furniture, and went to Plainville to live. I seriously believe that there is a niche for every one. Looking back on my time of despair, and

comparing it with my present, I am grateful that I can say that while I then thought I was so constituted that I could be neither useful nor happy in life, I now find that I have been endowed with abundant capacities for both usefulness and happiness, and that no talent I possess has failed of bearing some fruit. And Florence says the bearing thing about herself.

Let me elaborate: The cottage we lived in was not strictly beautiful, but it was comfortable, and in a pleasant place, with an orchard before it, and we raised creepers on trellises about it, and planted roses and flowering shrubs along the stone walls. It was a fresh, sweet place to live in, and the children had a lovely playground. At first Florence had no servant, and worked very hard, but she was young and well and strong, and she declared that she did not get so tired as she had often done in our old home with the thousand and one society duties from which she was exempt now. "And the balance in favor of this is," she added, "that now I get tired in accomplishing something."

I enjoyed my life even the first day, for, as nobody knew me, I had no loss of caste to fear, and it was amusing to me to see the puzzled faces of my customers, who seemed to feel that in some way I was not to the manner born, and were evidently pleased with my humble airs and graces.

I like to study human nature, and now I saw much of it at home and off its guard. This delighted me. Two rules I observed which made me respected and popular: first, I never entered a house unless I was invited; second, I never insisted that people should buy what they did not want. But I always had an excellent assortment of things, and any little novelty I might have I took pains should be seen at a glance, that it might recommend itself.

I am passionately fond of out-door air and scenery. I used to enjoy fast horses, but I have my dreamy side, and I hardly know anything more exquisite than to jog leisurely along the country roads at six o'clock on a May morning, when the birds are all bustling and the birds all singing, or to return quietly home in the late June twilight, just as the stars are coming out. I like to be out in a soft summer rain, too. There is enough to see and enjoy in the crisp autumn weather to reconcile me to the unwieldy cart I ride in. Even on runners it is not to be despised. I believe I like all winds and weathers. Then I used to give myself holidays, often in winter, when Florence and the children and I had no end of fun. Of course we helped Florence to do the housework first, and then had the day for pleasure.

From May to October I hardly ever went alone on my journey. Every pleasant day Florence, or one of the children, or all the family, went with me on our rounds. How exciting it was, and how happy we were! We took our dinner with us sometimes, and played we were gypsies, and camped out in the most enticing places in the beautiful woods.

If I had to go alone, I often took a book; sometimes I learned a poem, sometimes I even composed one, and I used to say the magazines which had disdained my contributions in the days when I desperately needed money, now often accepted my effusions with compliments.

In the evenings Florence and I sang duets, and popped corn, and read novels. As we had no social dignity to keep up, we felt at liberty to enjoy ourselves even better than in the law days, which is saying a great deal, for we always had such a good time then.

Then my business kept improving, so Florence could have a servant. Then we had more time for "laxa" than ever. We got acquainted with our neighbors. There was not a person of any literary pretension in town except the minister and doctor. This state of things had its advantages as well as its disadvantages, because it is pleasant to be Caesar even in a country village. Florence and I wrote a comedy for the Sons of Temperance, and performed in it with great applause. I suppose Shakespeare went to his grave without such recognition as I received. Florence sang in the choir, and I was the only person who had hardly been to church twice a year before began to go regularly. We formed a reading club of all the young people who showed a spark of promise, and they had a delightful time, and thought they were literary, and we had a delightful time, and the modest consciousness that we were great benefactors of our race.

Once a year we put on our best clothes and went to the city for a week, and went to the theater, opera, concerts and art galleries, and came home tired and happy, and convinced that in peddling was a healthier and happier life than it was possible to lead in the midst of such effete civilizations.

Let me be clearly understood. I did not continue the business when I had laid aside enough money to live upon without it. Meantime I can truly say I enjoyed it a thousand times better than I ever did the law, and to me at least it was a hundred times more lucrative, and I bless the day when my clever wife discovered a sphere in which all our odds and ends of talent would be available.—Harper's Bazar.

Butter at Forty Dollars a Pound.

Gilbooly strayed into De Smith's grocery yesterday, accompanied by his dog. Suddenly the grocer cried out, as if in great pain: "Your blame dog has eaten up two pounds of nice fresh country butter."

"Well, if it don't hurt the dog it's all right, but I want you to understand he is a valuable dog, and if he dies you will have to pay about \$40 a pound for that oleomargarine."—Galveston News.

After the death of Conrad Setz, at Monroe, Ala., this telegram was received from Ella Dorsey, his affianced wife: "Delay funeral two days. I will be ready for burial with him." She kept her word by committing suicide.

A Railway in the Rocky Mountains.

A correspondent of the Denver Times, describing the extension of the Denver and Rio Grande railway from Conejos westward toward the San Juan country, gives these picturesque bits. He says: "For miles the railway curved among the hills, keeping sight of the plains and catching frequent glimpses of the village. Its innumerable windings along the brows of the hills seemed, in mere wantonness, as loth to abandon so beautiful a region. Almost imperceptibly the foothills changed into mountains and the valleys deepened into canons, and winding around the point of one of the mountains it found itself overlooking the picturesque valley or canon of Los Pinos creek. Eastward was the rounded summit of the great mountain of San Antonio; over the nearest height could be seen the top of Sierra Blanca, canopied with perpetual clouds; in front were castellated crags, art-like monuments and stupendous precipices. Having allured the railway into their awful fastnesses, the mountains seemed determined to baffle its further progress. But it was a strong-hearted railway, and although a little giddy, it got through with the stream, it cuts its way through the crags and among the monuments and bears onward for miles up the valley. A projecting point, too high for a cut and too abrupt for a curve, was overcome by a tunnel. The tracklayers are now busy at work laying down the steel rail at a point a few miles beyond this tunnel. The grade is nearly completed for many miles further. From the present end of the track for the next four or five miles along the grade, the scenery is unsurpassed by any railroad scenery in North America. Engineers who have traversed every mile of mountain railroad in the Union, assert that it is the finest they have seen. Perched on the dizzy mountain side, at an altitude of 9,500 feet above the sea—greater than that of Veta pass—1,000 feet above the valley, with battlemented crags rising 500 or 600 feet above, the beholder is enraptured with the view. At one point the canon narrows into an awful gorge, apparently but a few yards wide and nearly 1,000 feet in depth, between almost perpendicular walls of granite. Here a high point of granite is to be tunneled, and in this tunnel the rock-men are at work drilling and blasting in to complete the passage, which is now open to pedestrians. The frequent explosions of the blasts echo and re-echo among the mountains until they die away in the distance. Looking down the valley from the tunnel, the scene is one never to be forgotten. The lofty precipices, the distant heights, the fantastic monuments, the contrast of the rugged crags and the graceful curves of the silvery stream beneath them, the dark green pines interspersed with poplar groves, bright yellow in their autumn foliage, that crown the neighboring summits—height, depth, distance and color—combine to constitute a landscape that is destined to be painted by thousands of artists, reproduced again and again by photographers, and to adorn the walls of innumerable parlors and galleries of art. Beyond the tunnel for a mile or more the scene is even more picturesque, though of less extent. The traveler looks down into the gorge and sees the stream plunging in a succession of snow-white cascades through narrow cuts between the perpendicular rocks.

One of the Sights of Munich.

A correspondent of the New York Mail writes: The Bavaria is one of the sights of Munich, and a most interesting one, too. It is an enormous bronze statue of a female figure holding a wreath, and is typical of the glory of the kingdom of Bavaria. It is erected on a natural terrace which exists in the suburbs of Munich, whereon, at the giddy height of thirty or forty feet, a number of beer and music gardens are placed, commanding the only view of the city which can be had, save from the little park on the other side of the Isar. The Bavaria statue is so very large that eight or nine people can crowd into its head, the inner side of the nose being a favorite seat. Looking out of the little peep-holes, the upraised arm, a few feet distant, proves to be about the size of a chimney of a North river steamboat. The figure has a sort of chignon at the back of the head, the interior of which contains a copper plate inscribed with a brief history of the state.

Behind the Bavaria is a corridor or pavilion in classical style, containing busts of numerous German celebrities and of a great many more who are celebrities no longer. Painters, preachers, architects, musicians, diplomats are all represented in this marble group. Jelly, Hans Sachs, Orlandi di Lassan (whose house in an old street is marked by a commemorative slab), Holbein, Cranach, Durer, Gluck and others are among the number, the latest addition being the artist Cornelius. In front of the Bavaria, and extending from it to the houses of the city, is a wide plain or common, whereon fetes and races are held.

Death in the Electric Lamp.

It seems as though great improvements in the way of lighting are attended with peril to life, whatever the medium employed. Kerosene numbers its victims by thousands, and the light of the future—electricity—has already caused the loss of two lives abroad by careless handling. In Manchester, England, a person inadvertently touched the exposed connection, and diverted the current through his body. On the czar of Russia's yacht Livadia a similar accident occurred to a sailor who was hanging an electric light in the fore-room. He grasped a brass rod which runs around it and at the same time allowed one of the connecting wires to swing against his body, thus sending the powerful current through it with instantaneous death as the result. With the rapid increase of electric lights in his country, the above record will show that they should not be handled by the inexperienced.—American Mechanist.

Catching Halibut.

The halibut season, says the Sea World, lasts from the middle of January to the first of December. At one time New London, Conn., was an important halibut port, thirty sail of vessels having been owned there at one time. By reason of the business not paying for a length of time, however, the fleet has gradually reduced by loss to ten vessels at the present time engaged in the catch. These are fine going schooners of fifty to sixty tons, and there are no better sea boats of sail or steam afloat. Their average cost was about \$9,000. They fish on George's Banks and the coast of Nova Scotia, a round voyage including the running of fares to New York, requiring a month. The more venturesome commanders sail in January, although it is considered dangerous to start thus early, and the more careful masters will not venture out till later. The service is a very perilous one, although no men or vessels have been lost from New London in two or three years. This good fortune cannot be counted on to continue, and the early mariners worry for their own lives in their hands. One master informs us that of the men who were in the fleet when he first engaged in it, all have perished on fishing trips. Three, and even four, vessels have been lost in a single year. There are various circumstances attending the loss of halibut men, the terrible storms which sweep the fishing grounds being a fearful element of destruction. Next to the peril by storm is the danger of being run down by passing vessels, during dark nights, or the impenetrable fogs, which cover the grounds like a wall during so many days in the year. The halibut catchers tell of wonderful escapes from destruction through this terrible agency, which constantly fill their lives with grave forebodings. The greatest danger is from the collision of European steamers as frequently the damage produced by sailing ships is not fatal. The fishermen, however, exercise a commendable degree of conservatism in this matter toward the steamers, availing that in general the steamship captains keep a sharp lookout when off the banks, and do all in their power to avoid collision. Often in the darkness and fog the tiny halibut vessels are not seen until they are almost upon them, when it requires time to change the sheer of their long hulls, and very many times the luckless halibutmen are run down and sunk beneath the waves.

Torture in Olden Times.

The torture of those days was studied as a science, though perhaps it had gained in diabolical refinement at the time that Damians was operated on before the beau monde of Paris for his attempt upon Louis the well-beloved. The scene in the sixteenth century was usually a gloomy underground chamber dimly lighted by torches or candles, and deadened by massive masonry against the escape of sound. The executioner was probably born in the scarlet, or had at all events served an apprenticeship to some master who had perpetuated the grim traditions of the craft. He and his aids had paid careful attention to the machinery; if the screws and the pulleys worked slowly and roughly, that was all the better, so long as they did not kill. A speedy release was too thing to be guarded against; and most horrible of all was the presence of the chirurgion. There he stood, in grave imperturbability, with hard, watchful eyes, or with the finger on the pulse of the patient, appropriately robed in his sad-colored garments, ready to interpose should tortured nature seem overstrained, or to awaken it when it had found relief in kindly oblivion. In the latter case he would apply himself with acids and essences to the revival of the mangled wreck of humanity, and rekindle the sparks of life by assiduous attentions, till the recovery was so satisfactory that the torture might be resumed. Occasionally the sufferer would make full confession; sometimes, having nothing to say that was worth hearing, he would groan out a tissue of incoherent falsehoods; not infrequently he would be firm to the end—greatly to the credit of his courage and his obstinacy. In the latter case, licensed inhumanity was recognized all over France, and abused—if abuse may be said to be possible—by the possessors of seigniorial rights, as well as by the provincial parliaments and governors. Remembering the traditions of cruelty and insensibility that had been multiplying themselves from time immemorial through the length and breadth of the land under the rule of harsh and irresponsible tyrants, we may have some conception of the revolting spirit that was claimed when the mob had broken loose and become masters in their turn.

Big Professional Incomes.

Sir Fitzroy Kelly, the late chief baron, enjoyed for fifteen years an average professional income of £25,000 (\$125,000), the largest income ever realized by an English lawyer except Lord Selborne, who, as Sir Roundell Palmer, before his elevation to the woolsack, realized for some years \$150,000 a year. The largest income made by a physician in England was by Sir Benjamin Bradle, who realized in one year \$65,000, of which \$25,000 was for one operation.