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ads and was cured in one month.'
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N. Y. BEWSPAPER UNION 148 & 150 Worth St., N. Y. Grandfather Snow.

Grandfather Snow came down, one day, And what do you think? And what do you think? He's as old as the hills, but his heart is gay, And over the country he sped away.

His hair was as white as a cotton ball ; And what do you think? And what do you think? He gayly pranced over the highest wall, For his dear old legs weren't stiff at all.

Wherever he went he raised a breeze; And what do you think? And what do you think? He climbed to the tops of the tallest trees, As cool and nimble as ever you please !

A train went thundering over the ground, And what do you think? And what do you think? Old Granther after it went with a bound-Sly old fellow! he made no sound.

He caught the cars, and he held on tight; And what do you think? And what do you think? The train had to stop in the road all night,

And couldn't go on till broad daylight! Old as he was, he stayed out late to And what do you think? And what do you think? He sat on the posts of the door-yard gate, And danced on the fence at a high old rate!

But the children cheered for Grandfather still And what do you think? And what do you think?

He spread himself out on the top of a hill, And they all coasted down on his back with a

He was none too old for a grand go-bang! And what do you think And what do you think? To the tops of the highest roofs he sprang, And down on the people he slid with a whang!

He had no manners, 'tis sad to say ! And what do you think? And what do you think? For a chap like him to get in the way, And trip up people by night and day? But his heart was white and pure within;

Now what do you think? Now what do you think? To be glad and jolly is never a sin, For a long-faced Granther I care not a pin.

We none of us know what we should do: Now what do you think? Now what do you think? If we only came down for a month or two, And couldn't stay here the whole year through -Catherine S. Halberg.

OUR TROUBLES.

Jack and I had been married a year before we went to housekeeping. People say that the first year of married life is the most trying. All I can say is that we did not find it so. We never had a word of serious difference so long as we boarded, but almost as soon as we were settled in our tiny, pretty house, our troubles began.

Jack and I have never been quite able to decide when our unpleasantness commenced. He puts the date of it in June, when Lettice Green went to Europe, and left me her canaries as a parting gift -two of the loveliest little yellow and green darlings that ever were seen. That is quite absurd, though. The real trouble began a month later, when he himself brought home the great, clumsy, blundering Newfoundland pup, which was the pest of the house for many a long

It wasn't so bad at first. Jack only laughed when he saw the canaries, and said: "Why, Madge, little woman, you'll have your hands full now, if you never did before."

"Nonsense!" I said; "it's nothing to take care of a pair of birds." But Jack only laughed

Such darlings as those birds were! I can't say that they ever learned to know me-not really, you know. They fluttered just as much and were just as hard to catch the last day that I let them out of their cage as they were the first. That was one of the things that Jack objected to-my letting them out of their cage, I mean. Jack wrote, you see-for the press, I meen—and the back parlor, which was also his study, was the only place where I could keep the birds.

"Really, Madge," said Jack one day, 'I wish you could find some other place to keep those birds, or else I wish on would not let them out of their cage. Their favorite promenade is my desk, and I never can find a paper that I want after they have been rooting about

"But, Jack," I said, "they must have their morning fly, poor little dears, and I have always let them have it while you are taking your constitutional, so that they need not disturb you. If you would rather have me let them out while

you're at home, though— "Thanks, not any," said Jack. "It's had enough to see the results, without disturbed toward morning. having them flopping down bodily upon my head. Never mind. I'll be careful leave my inkstand uncovered, and they'll be drinking the ink some day,

and that will be the end of them." "Jack, you are very unkind," I said; but Jack only laughed, and went out of the room. I was always careful to see | Uncle Philip's room is directly over my

home his dog. I never shall forget that day. He knows that I never could bear | trouble?" dogs. I am afraid of them, horribly afraid, and I never thought he would be

of my poor little wits.

worth having.

Then the thing rushed at me, with its teeth shining, and its eyes glaring, and before I knew it, the two big hairy paws were on my shoulders, and the frightful face close against mine.

"Jack!" I screamed-"oh, Jack! take him off, or I shall die." Jack laughed, and caught the creature

by his collar and pulled him away. "Why, bless your heart, Madge!" he said, "the dog won't hurt you. He is only a pup-nine months old to a dayand as full of affection as he can stick. He only wanted to make friends with

"But I don't want to be made friends with in that fashion," I said, as well as I could speak for crying.

What a nuisance that dog 'was no one pup can imagine. Now it was one of the best table-cloths, not only pulled off, but torn into rags; or my lace set-Aunt Clarice's wedding present—which had been laid out to bleach, had disappeared bodily, all but a fluttering end which hung out of Hero's mouth as he careered about the yard; or it was one of Jack's dress boots chewed to a pulp, and grave enough Master Jack looked that time. I only wished his belongings had suffered oftener; but unluckily he took precions good care to keep them out of the way.

Jack and I were poor enough, but we had rich relations. Jack had an uncle, Mr. Philip Phelps, and I an aunt, Clarice Vaughan, both of whom had declared their intention of leaving us their things are sitting, and they need con- How shall we ever get him out, for respective heirs. Aunt Clarice was a childless widow, and Uncle Philip a bachelor. Both of them were peculiar in their way, and full of whims and "fads." We had never been able to entertain them hitherto, but as soon as we them had promised us a visit. It was time for Uncle Philip's arrival soon after hough, and has taken board in Nintht Jack brought home that wretched dog. street for a few weeks." Uncle Philip had always seemed very fond of me, and I resolved to appeal to him privately to induce Jack to banish the horrid thing from the house.

Uncle Philip was stout and rubicund, with a bald pink head fringed with white hair, and a laughing blue eye-two of them, in fact. Unluckily for my private plans, he took most kindly to Hero from the first; and as I watched the softening of his eye over the pup's clumsy gambols, I realized that any attempt to influence him as I desired would be utterly in vain. We were all collected in the back parlor on the night of his arrival, he sitting in a large easy-chair in the window. He was just giving us a graphic description of a recent visit to New Mexico, when he started, and clapciaculation.

"I thought you told me you had no mosquitoes here," he said, with a puz-

Neither had we, as Jack and I both assured him, and after a moment he took up the thread of his narrative. Crack! another slap at his bald head, and another break in his tale. Crack! crack!

What do you mean by denying mosquitoes?" he cried, indignanty. "I know that mosquitoes and malaria are two things that the inhabitants of a swamp will never confess to; but I thought that you two were above such

Our earnest, "But, indeed, dear uncle," was suddenly interrupted by a sudden flutter of wings, and a douche of cold water exactly on the center of Uncle Philip's head. Jack sprang to his feet.

"It's those beastly birds, Madge," he said. "They've been chucking their seeds at Uncle Philip, and now they've finished up with a shower-bath. Taking their bath in their drinking-cup, too, the little brutes! It's too bad,]

Uncle Philip was silent, but his face, as he glared at the cage overhead, was a study. I apologized, eagerly, abjectly, and, I hoped, to some purpose. Then we adjourned to the front parlor, and

finished the evening quietly. Uncle Philip was up bright and early the next morning. I was surprised to find him in the dining-room when I went down, before the bell rang, to see that the table was properly set. Hero was beside him, blinking up with his great stupid eyes, one big paw laid upon Uncle Philip's knee, and his red tongue lolling out idiotically. Uncle Philip greeted me affectionately, though, I fancied, with rather an air of constraint.

"Did you sleep well, Uncle Philip?" I asked. Uncle Philip hesitated.

"It was quiet enough most of the

"Not used to the city noises?" I asked; but Jack, who had come in behind me, laughed.

"Nonsense, Madge!" he said. "You forget that Uncle Philip lives in Chicago, which is not exactly country. It was all those birds of yours again. that the inkstand was covered after that, though.

It was soon after that that he brought such a confounded racket. Now confess, Uncle Philip, was not that the

"Why, Jack!" I said, half-crying. 'It is too bad of you. The little dar-

"Oh, pray don't disturb your arrange-Then the thing rushed at me, with its great red mouth wide open, and its white Philip, rather grimly. "No doubt I shall get used to it in the course of

Just here Hero made a diversion by an unexpected and successful spring at the chop on Jack's plate, with which he vanished through the back door, while Uncle Philip and Jack laughed and applauded. Uncle Philip stayed with us less than

a week, growing daily more silent and testy. When, on the fifth day, he announced his intention of leaving us, I could not feel deeply grieved; but Jack

"It is all very well for you," he said. "Uncle Philip is no relation of yours, and you have no old claims of affection Jack laughed, and caressed me, and and kinship pulling at you. It is not apologized; but it was then that our troubles began, for all that. left, and to have him driven out of his who has not brought up a Newfoundland nephew's house by those ridiculous pets pup can imagine. Now it was one of of yours—well, it's hard, and no mis-

"Nonsense, Jack! The birds have nothing to do with it," I said; but Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"All right," he said; "but a man of Uncle Philip's age and habits can't stand being wakened at daylight every morning, and disturbed at all hours of the day and night besides."

"I don't disturb him," I said. "You do," said Jack. "You spend your whole time prancing up and down stairs, opening and shutting the window much or too little air.'

"But Jack," I said "the poor little stant care. You wouldn't have me let them die, would you?"

"I'd have you consider the comfort of human beings before that of animals," said Jack. "However, the thing is done now. Nothing would induce Uncle were settled in our own house each of Philip to spend another night here. He has business to attend to in the city,

I was sorry that Jack was vexed, of course, but I really could not feel very unhappy at losing a guest so utterly Aunt Clarice had written to ask when it would be convenient for us to receive her, and she could now come as soon as she felt inclined.

female bird, lying dead upon the floor. fused to chain him, or even to keep him My first idea was that it was a mean in the yard or cellar, as I implored him piece of vengeance upon Jack's part, and I taxed him with it, but he denied it indignantly. "I'm not such a brute as you seem took their share now." to think, Madge," he said. "I don't

my desk, too, by Jove! A clear case of poetic justice.

alone caused the catastrophe. I buried tend a firm confidence in her fondness my little pet mournfully, and thought and admiration for him. At all events, Jack put his veto upon any such proceeding.

from under it; if she entered a room "But, Jack," I said," "Bijon will die of loneliness." Hero bounced at her from behind the "Let him," said Jack, savagely, and door; nay, he even secreted himself

that was all. Well, Bijou didn't die of loneliness. On the contrary, after reflecting on the situation for a few days, he plucked up contact of his cold nose and his warm heart, and launched himself into such a wet tongue. After she had twice aroused torrent of rollicking song that Jack was the whole household by her wild shricks melancholy sight of the nestful of cold little blueish speekled eggs seemed to dash his gayety in the least. To tell the truth, I was slightly disgusted (though I would have died before I would have told Jack so), for, try as I might, I could not persuade myself that that triumphant, rollicking, gurgling him out for me, so I have decided to song bore the slightest resemblance to a turn myself out for him. I am not wail of despair.

We saw Uncle Philip tolerably often, though he no longer staid with us. noticed, however, that he could with difficulty be persuaded to enter the back tat," when he heard of Aunt Clarice's parlor. Even the sound of Bijou's departure. He laughed still more when, inging, which penetrated the closed on comparing notes, we found that she loors, made him start and wince in a and Uncle Philip were inhabitants of the manner which was simply absurd, though same boarding-house in Ninth street—a he never said anything.

We were in daily expectation of Aunt Clarice's arrival, the date of which was not quite certain, as she was staying with friends who continually urged her to When I asked him his reason for such prolong her visit. After the day for her coming to us had been three times fixed night," he said, "but I was somewhat and as often postponed, I made up my mind not to expect her until I saw her. Consequently I had dismissed all thoughts of her from my mind.

I was sitting at my sewing one morning when Jane came up to tell me that a lady was in the parlor, who declined to send up her name.

An agent, no doubt," I said. "I wish you had asked her business, Jane. But no matter; I must go down soon, to shut up Bijou, in any case." So I sewed on tranquilly until I had

finished the piece of work on which I was engaged, and then ran down-stairs, humming a blithe little tune as I went. I never finished that tune, though; for so cruel as to bring one of the great lings couldn't disturb anybody with the first thing my eyes fell upon in the blundering things home to scare me out their singing, and you know there is hall was Aunt Clarice. Yes, Aunt Clarnot another window in the house where | ice, sitting demurely in the hall chair, "Here, Madge," he said, as he came they can hang. Uncle Philip's is the but with no very demure expression

in, leading the thing. "As you are so only other east room, and they must upon her face. On the contrary, it was fond of pets, I have brought you one have the morning sun." Clarice upon whom I looked-an Aunt Clarice who appeared equally divided between tears and indignation, and who met my astonished gaze with one full of wrathful meaning.

"Dear Aunt Clarice!" I cried. "Who ever dreamed of seeing you to-day? Why in the world didn't you go into the parlor, even if Jane hadn't sense enough to take you there? That girl's blunders are really beyond anything."
"Don't scold the girl," said Aunt Cla-

rice, grimly: "it's not her fault. She took me in there fast enough; but if people will turn their parlors into menageries they can hardly expect their friends to stay in them.'

Menageries! Dear Aunt Clarice." I cried, "I never thought you would mind poor Bijou too. You're as bad as Uncle

Aunt Clarice turned slightly red. "If that's your idea of a bijou," she said," I have no more to say;" and she began to gather up her belongings as if she meditated instant flight.

"But dear Aunt Clarice," I cried,
"don't be so frightened! I was just going to shut him up, for he has been out
quite long enough" ("I should think so"
said Aunt Clarice). "But I never knew
that you minded birds so much."

"Birds!" said Aunt Clarice, with an indescribable intonation. "But I do mind birds very much - such birds as this; birds that walk on four legs and wag their tails and make grabs at your

"Aunt Clarice," I cried, "it's Hero, that you mean—Jack's great, horrid dog. just below his room, because you fancy Do you mean to say that he is in the that those blessed birds are dying of too parlor? Oh dear! what shall I do? Jack says that there is no harm in him, but he always dances and grins at us so. neither Jane nor I dare touch him?"

Aunt Clarice had relaxed slightly when she found that I had nothing to do with Hero's presence in the parlor, and now she began to laugh.

Don't trouble yourself about getting him out," she said. "He is safe enough there, for I shut the door upon him. He kept quiet until Jane had gone, but as soon as I was left quite alone and unprotected, he floundered out from under the very sofa that I was sitting upon, and 'danced and grinned' at me, until I unfeeling and inconsiderate. Besides, fairly took to my heels. Now I'll go upstairs and take my things off."

Jack only laughed when I complained to him of Hero's escapade, said that as my pet had the run of his study it was It was the very day after Uncle only fair that his should have the run of Philip left that I found Jou-jou, the the rest of the house. He positively reto do, if only on Aunt Clarice's account. "No, no," he said, "my relations have

had their turn; it is time that yours Of course when Hero had once found like the birds, but I wouldn't hurt a his way upstairs, there was an end of feather of their tails. Look here, everything. Nothing would induce him ped his hand to his head, with a sudden though," as he poked out with the to stay down after that. It is my belief point of his penknife something that that he had found out some way of had lodged in the beak. "Here is worming himself through keyholes, for what did the mischief. Stolen from no amount of locking and barring would keep him out. The worst of it was he took a violent liking to Aunt Clarice. It was a tiny bit of red wafer which | Or rather I am inclined to think that he held out for me to examine, and of he found her irresistibly teasable, course I had to acknowledge that it had and was deep and artful enough to preof bringing another to replace her, but wherever Aunt Clarice was, Hero was sure to be somewhere near. If she sat down upon a sofa Hero wriggled out

> more frantic than ever. Not even the at these uncanny visits, Aunt Clarice mildly but firmly announced her determination. "My dear Madge," she said, "I am very fond of you; I am fond of Jack, too; but really a man who keeps such a wild beast about his house is fit only for Bedlam. I can't expect you to turn

> > quite ready to go home yet, so I have

under her bed at night, for the ex-

press purpose of coming out in the

small hours and wakening her by the

shall be quite comfortable." Jack only laughed, and said, "Tit for curious coincidence, certainly, but not worth going into hysterics about. It really seemed as if Jack would never get over it. Every now and then, during the whole evening, he would suddenly throw himself back, kick up his heels in the most undignified manner, and roar. behavior, he would say only, "Uncle Philip and Aunt Clarice!—ho! ho! ho!" And for days the mention of either name would bring a most absurd and diabolical grin to his face, which was a hand-

It was rather curious, I thought, that since Aunt Clarice had left us so abruptly we had seen nothing either of her or of Uncle Philip, although more than a week had passed. Aunt Clarice was always out-or so the servants said when I called; and as for her, she had never once crossed our threshold since

some enough one in general.

that unlucky day. I was just expressing my feelings upon the subject to Jack, with Bijou hopping labout the carpet at my feet, when the door-bell rang, and Jane brought in the morning's mail. There

was only one letter, and that I saw in a moment to be from Aunt Clarice.
"High time, I think!" I said, as I tore it open. Then, in another mo-

ment, and with a shriek, "Jack, look

This is what Jack looked at:

"MY DEAR MADGE-I have not seen you for the last week because I was trying to make up my minds whether or not to be an old fool, and in such cases the fewer witnesses one has, the better. I've decided at last, whether for better or for worse, remains to be seen. Perhaps you know that Jack's Uncle Philip Phelps and I are old friends, and meeting-now and all- Well, the long and short of it is that we have made up our minds to be married.

"That is all at present from "Your attached aunt,

"CLARICE VAUGHAN." "P.S.-If Master Jack and you hadn't seen fit to turn your house into a menagerie, it would't have happened. A mutual hatret of pets was our first bond of union."

I was crying by the time Jack had finished the letter, and even he looked grave, though there was a most exasperating twinkle in his eye.

"Good-bye to on r fortunes," little

woman," he said. "Oh, Jack! Jack!" I cried. "And to think it was all the doing of that hateful dog !"

"Not at all," said Jack; "my dog hadn't half as much to do with it as your birds. If they hadn't driven Uncle Philip out of the house, there would have been no room in it for Aunt Clarice, and in that case they might never have met again."

"Nonsense!" I cried, indignantly.
"If it hadn't been for the dog, Aunt Clarice would have been here safe and sound at this minute. I've a great mind

to poison him.' Jack suddenly grew very stern. "If you do, I'll wring the neck of your miserable bird," he said.

I had never seen Jack look so angry, nor anything like so angry, before, and for one minute I stopped short in absolute terror; then— But before I could speak there was a hasty scuffle on the stairs, and Hero in person rushed into the room. Bijou lifted his head and fluttered his wings, but he was too late. In another instant Hero had pounced upon the tempting plaything. There was a strangled squeak, an agonized gasp, and poor Bijou had disappeared bodily down the gaping red throat, and Here was on his back, kicking convulsively, while I rushed screaming from

Of course Jack and I "embraced with tears," after the double tragedy. Neither of us could accuse the other, you see, for if his pet had killed mine, mine had proved equally fatal to his. Then and there we forswore all future division of interests, whether in the shape of pets

or anything else. Uncle Philip and Aunt Clarice Phelps proved to be the most cheerful and contented of elderly couples. It seems that it is an old love affair. Jack knew of it all along, which was the reason of his profane laughter when he found that they had established themselves in the same house. They were engaged when both were young, but quarreled. Aunt Clarice married Mr. Vaughan out of pique, while Uncle Philip remained a onchelor for her sweet sake.

We are thoroughly reconciled now, and stranger things have happened than that we should be their heirs after all .-Harper's Bazar.

A Sure Cure.

Some twenty years ago, when Queen Victoria visited Paris, the prefect of the Seine intrusted the preparations and decorations for the reception to a wellknown architect. On the momentous day the official

thanked the architect warmly for the talent and energy he had so conspicuously displayed, and the architect was inspired to ask as his recompense the honor of presentation to the queen. "Impossible, my dear fellow, with such a beard as that," was the reply,

"but shave yourself like a Christian and taken board for a few weeks where I I'll be only too glad." All day long the architect wavered between desire for the honor and devotion to his hair, but at the last moment desire got the upper hand, and

he submitted himself to the barber. At the Hotel de Ville he stuck close to the prefect; the queen swept in, the presentations were made-not including the architect-the queen swept out and

all was over. "Why didn't you keep your promise?" asked the architect, in savage de-

"Promise? What promise, sir?" replied the prefect, haughtily. "To present me to her majesty."
"What!" exclaimed the traitor, "was that you? Bless my soul, my dear fellow, you see you made such a guy of

yourself by shaving off your beard that I

never recognized you!"

Women as Bank Clerks. Women have been employed as clerks in the Stockholm Enskilda bank, Stockholm, Sweden, for sixteen years, and A.

O. Wallenberg, a director, writes: Since the fourth of July, 1864, sixteen young ladies have been engaged in the bank. Of these there are still in the service of the bank, eight; married and left, five; advanced to more remunerative positions in other institutions, two; dismissed for inaptitude, one. Of those remaining, three are cashiers on their own responsibility, one is assistant to the keeper of the head ledger, and four hold inferior