The Lorest Republican.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY

J. T. WENE

OPPICE IN ROSINSON & BONNER'S BUILDING ELM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

TERMS, \$1.50 YEAR.

No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all paris of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

The Foxest Republican.

VOL. XIV. NO. 7.

TIONESTA, PA., MAY 11, 1881.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

One Square " one; Two Squares, one year Quarter Col. Hair " " 15 0g 30 00 Legal notices at established rates.

one month - - 3 00 three months - 6 00

one year - -

Rates of Advertising. One Square (Linch,) one insertion - 21

Marriage and death notices, gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Job work. Cash on Delivery.

Work and Wait.

A husbandman who many years Had plowed his fields and sown in tears, Grew weary with his doubts and fears.

"I tall in vain! These rocks and sands Will yie d no harvest to my hands; The best seeds rot in barron lands.

"My drooping vine is withering; No promised grapes its blossoms bring; No birds among its branchessing.

"My flock is dying on the plain; The heavens are brass-they yield no rain; The earth is iron-I toil in vain !"

While yet he spake a breath had stirred His drooping vine, like wing of bird, And from its leaves a voice he heard:

"The germs and fruits of life must be Forever hid in mystery, Yet none can toil in vain for me.

A mightier hand, more skilled than thine, Must hang the cluster of the vine, And make the fields with harvest shine.

"Man can but work; God can create; But they who work, and watch and wait, Have their reward, though it come late.

"Look up to heaven! behold and hear The clouds and thunderings in thine car-An answer to thy doubts and fear," He looked, and lo! a cloud-draped car,

With trailing smoke and flames afar, Was rushing to a distant star. And every thirsty flock and plain Was rising up to meet the rain

That came to clothe the fields with grain.

NABBY'S HUSBAND

A knock at the 'squire's door.

An eager "come in" from the 'squire, to whom any outside diversion is an inestimable boon, he having just reached that uncomfortable stage of masculine convalescence when life becomes a burby's narrative came to a particular of the convalence of the den not only to the so-called "patient" himself but also to those unlucky feminine relatives whose duty it is to officiate as his "ministering angels."

Mary, the servant, came in. " Please, Mr. Hosley, there's a woman downstairs who says she must see you. She's been here to see you before since you were sick, and 'now she won' take

no for an answer." Show her right up. Mary," said the free bely, brightening up visibly The the war horse who scents the battle afar off. Not all the cozy comforts of his surroundings, the "Sleepy-Hollowhis surroundings, the "Sleepy-Hollow-ness" of his chair, the pleasant pictures the weak one of the two? That doesn't on the wall, the wood fire which now, strike me as good Bible doctrine, Nabby. that the wintry twilight was settling We that are strong ought to bear the and flashed all over the room in rosy ahadows, could not reconcile the 'squire to his enforced seclusion. Secretly he pined for his dingy old den of an office, and chafed at the doctor's restrictions, which as yet forbade all thoughts of business. But now the moral police force, represented by his wife and daughter, being luckily off duty, there was nothing to prevent this probable

"Show her up, Mary," and the squire cheerfully straightened himself 'squire cheerfully straightened himself it, it wasn't the pantaloons he was and assumed as much of legal dignity after. He wanted to see if you wouldn't as dressing-gown and slippers permit-

Mary disappeared. Presently the door opened again. "Why, Nabby," said the 'squire, "is it you? How do you "Yes, 'squire it's me," said Nabby,

dropping down with a heavy sigh into the chair, "and I don't do very well." Nabby was a short, squarely-built woman of fifty, with considerable gray in the coarse, black hair drawn stiffly and uncompromisingly back under a bonnet about fifty years out of date. She had sharp, black eyes, and a resolute, go-ahead manner. Evidently a hard-working woman; yet in looking at her you could not help the conviction that something more than hard work had plowed the deep wrinkles which ran across her forehead, and threatened to lift her eyebrows up to her hair. Nabby had lived with the 'squire's mother fifteen years-from the time when Mrs. Hosley took her in, a ten-yearold orphan, who was, as the good old lady sometimes expressed it, "more the steady and reliable hand-maiden who finally, with every one's good wishes, married young Josiah Could, and set up in the world for herself. Old Mrs Hosley had long since gone to her reward, but her family still kept up a friendly interest in Nabby and her fortunes, the 'squire in particular being for her "guide, philosopher and friend" in all the emergencies of life.

"Why, what's the matter now, Nab-by?" said the 'squire, good-naturedly. "Are you sick?"

"Yes, I am," said Nabby, emphatically, with a snap of her black eyes. "I'm sick to death of Josiah. I can't stan' it any longer, and I've come to talk with you about gettin' a divorce. You see he's been a growin' worse and it to myself pretty much because I was ashamed on't, and then kep' hopin' he'd do better. I've talked an'talked to him and said and done everything a woman could, but it seemed as if the more I

talked the worse he grew. The 'squire looked at Nabby's rather sharp, hard face, and perhaps was hardly so surprised as Nabby expected that Josiah had not been reformed by the "talking to he had undoubtedly re-

"He grew more and more shiftless

around the kitchen fire, half boozy. If there's anybody I hate," burst out Nabby, "it's a man forever settin' round the house under foot. And there I was hey-hole, and finally succeeded in una-takin' in washin' and a-slaving early locking the door, and felt her way and late to be kinder decent and fore- through the little entry. handed, and him no better than a dead man on my hands, so far as helping any was concerned. And so I told him, and shut-up house. Every person of time and again. He worked just about enough to keep himself in drink. He knew he couldn't get any of my money them, a sense of possible ghostly hands courage failing, he lingered in dubious for that. But I stood it all till about a fortnight ago. I'd been working hard all day helping Miss Barber clean house, and it seemed as if every bone in my her;" but nevertheless a cheerful tale body ached, I was so tired. I came along home, thinking how good my cup of tea would taste. Then first thing I see when I opened the kitchen door was the blackness of the corners and the old Hank Slater settin' there in my ockin' chair. He and Josiah were both runk as—hogs," said Nabby, slander-ng an innocent animal in her haste for

in' with such a seum of the earth as

a simile.

sez I: "Get out out of this house, Josiah Gould, and don't ever let me see your face inside on't again."

"Sez he, meek as Moses: 'Where shall I go to, Nabby?'
"Sez I, 'I don't care where you go to, so long's you don't come near me.

I've always been a respectable woman, and I don't want none of Hank Slater's "Well?" queried the 'squire, as Nab-

by's narrative came to a pause.
"Well," said Nabby, in a rather subdued tone, "he went off. And he hasn't come back. And I want a divorce." "Now, Nabby," remonstrated the old squire, "you don't want a divorce. I

know you better than that. You are not the woman to give Josiah up and let him go to the bad without a struggle. You feel a little vexed with him now, and I don't blame you. It's hard—very hard. But you know you took him 'for better, for worse.' Do you think, yourself, it's quite right to break your contract because it proves the worst for youple e ourselves, you know.

"Well, I dunno," said Nabby, twisting the corner of her shawl, dubiously, "I hadn't thought on't in that light, I must say. It's so aggravatin' to have such a man for a husband. Besides, I

"Hasn't he been back at all?" "Why, yes, he came back once for a pair of pantaloons. But I didn't take no notice of him."

"Now, Nabby, you may depend upon relent. If he comes again be a little pleasant to him, and I'll warrant he will stay. Give him another chance, Josiah isn't the worst fellow in Nabby. the world, by any means. He has his redeeming traits, after all. I believe he will do better if you will try to help him. You know Josiah is one that bears encouragement, Nabby."

"Well, 'squire, I'll think it over. Anyhow, I'm obleeged to you. You talk so—sorter comfortin' to a body. Your mother's own son; just the same good heart. Would you be able to eat some of my cheese, 'squire?"

"Try me and see, Nabby," said the 'squire, smilingly, not impervious to Nabby's compliments. Nabby made her exit just as Mrs. Hosley rushed in full of wifely indignation that the 'squire ha i been allowed to see a "client.

Nabby's home was over at the "Corne s," three miles from the village. She wa lked rapidly along in the fast thicken ng darkness, with the steady, strong gait becoming the self-reliant woman that she was. Yet even her unimaginaplague than profit," until she grew into tive nature was not proof against the depressing influence of the chilly, raw November evening. The wind whistled through the bare tree branches, which creaked and grouned mournfully, and waved wildly in the dim light overhead. The wind seemed to cherish a special spite against Nabby. It blew her bonnet off and her hair into her eyes, strugevery step. Finally it began to send spiteful dashes of cold rain drops in her face—rain that seemed to gled madly with her for her shawl, took

"Josiah used to come after me with an umbrella when I was caught out in herself in his place," and realized how the rain," thought Nabby. "He was always real kind and good to me after nature to resist, unaided, the temptation all. I duno's he ever gave me a cross worse now for a good while. I've kept word in his life, even when he's been effort.

> Here the driving sleety rain, and piercing wind pounced down upon Nabby with renewed fierceness, hustling her madly in flendish glee. "An awful night to be homeless,

Nabby," something seemed to say. "I don't care," said Nabby to herself, beginning to feel cross again, and generally ill-used as she grew wetter and colder. "It serves him right. He's made his bed and he can lie in it."

There is always something "uncanny" about going alone at night into a dark about to clutch them in the darkness. Nabby was a woman like Mrs. Edmund Sparkler, with "no nonsense about pantry door as she groped around the kitchen for a candle. Of course the fire had gone out.

"Two heads are better than one, if simile.

one is a sheep's head." Nabby might were one of Josiah's weaknesses, and have been heard muttering out in the Nabby knew it. my clean floors. The cookin' stove was crammed full of wood, roaring like all possessed. I wonder they hadn't burned ular utterance I suspect she was thinked the house up before I got there. And | ing what a good supply of kindlings they'd got my best teapot out to heat | Josiah always kept on hand for her, and some water, and the water'd all biled how much more comfortable it was in away and the bottom came out. But the | the old times, coming home to a house worst was to see my husband a consort- bright with light and warmth, and Jo-

siah's welcome.

that miserable, low-lived Hank Slater.

I tell you, 'squire, I was mad. I just hung that kitchen door wide open, and ration not unmingled with awe. He thought her a most wonderful woman. She was just as beautiful to him now as in the old courting-days, before the brightness and quickness of the black eyes had degenerated into sharpness; before the smiling mouth had acquired its hard, firmly-set expression; before one to praise and appreciate her cookthere were any wrinkles in the smooth forehead. People thought Nabby had done well in marrying Josiah Gould—a gone. In place of all the bitter sadness done well in marrying Josiah Gould-a pleasant, good-natured young fellow that every one liked, a young mechanic, not very rich yet, it is true; but with a good trade and such a wife as Nabby, there seemed to be nothing to prevent his figuring as "one of our first citi-

Anybody can be somebody in this country if he is only determined. But that was the difficulty with Josiah. He never was determined about anything. He fell into the habit of drinking because he lacked sufficient strength of will to avoid it. Then Nabby's sharp words and his own miserable sense of meanness and self-contempt, of utter discouragement and despair, drove him lower and lower into the slough of despond without effort or hope.

idence, whenever a poor, shiftless, good- it. down over the bit of gray sky, left vis-ible by the curtains heavy folds, danced ple courselves, you know." for-nothing man is sent out into our world, some active, go-ahead little world, some active, go-ahead little tow him along through and keep his head above water. It is for the best, of course. What would become of the poor fellow without her? At the same dunno's he'd come back if I wanted him time, she sometimes finds it a little hard.

> Nabby was ambitious and proudspirited, willing to work hard to save, to do her part-anxious to get on in the world and stand well among her neighbors. The fact gradually realized, that in her husband she had no support, only a drag and a burden, and finally a disgrace, had been a disappointment embittering her whole nature. To have a husband that no one respected, that even the boys around town called "Si Gould," was dreadful to Nabby. Perhaps it was hardly strange that she grew hard and bitter.

Meantime Nabby had succeeded in starting the fire, and, having changed her dress, sat down to dry her feet until the tea-kettle boiled. But even the ruddy light and warmth with which the kitchen now glowed could not send off the dreariness of the night. The rain tupped with ghostly finger tip upon the window-pane," and the wind howled and wailed around the house like the spirits of the lost pleading to be once more taken back into human life and warmth. Such a wind stirs in even the happiest heart a vague sense of loss, of I tell you what it is, Mrs. Hosley, we've change of all that goes to make up the got to make lowance for folks in this unsatisfactoriness of life. Dead sorrows creep forth from their graves on such cold nights, and stalk up and down the echoing chambers of the heart.

Nabby could not help wondering where Josiah was to-night. It was so lonely sitting there with no one to speak to, listening to the moaning wind, the creaking of the blinds, the loud ticking

of the clock.

The wind wailed and wailed, and indignation, and now she felt more sad | thin'. ace—rain that seemed to freeze as it appointments, the love turned into wrangling. She even thought of Josiah with pity. For the first time "she put impossible it was for one of his weak which would cost a stronger will an

"I'm afraid I've been a little too sharp with Josiah," thought she, "I've sorter took it for granted I was a saint and he was a sinner and scolded him right along down-hill. A nice saint I am! As proud and high-strung as Lucifer himself! Oh, dear!" sighed Nabby. "A pretty mess I've made of living! If we could go back and begin over again, seems to me things would go better.

Just then there was a faint noise, like the clicking of the door-latch. Nabby At the "Corners," light streaming out started and looked around. All was and good for nothing," continued Nabby, cheerfully into the night from other still again-no one visible. Yet Nabby best cough remedy ever introduced.

'till finally he didn't do much but sit homes made Nabby's little house par- could not rid herself of the impression that some one was near her, that odd sense we have of another's individuality near us, though not present. "There's some one hangin' round

here, I know," said she to herself. Nabby was one who always met things half way. Accordingly she walked to the outside door, and opening it hesitation on the doorstep.

"Why don't you come in, Josiah?" asked Nabby. "I didn't know as you'd want me, Nabby," replied Josiah, with all the meekness becoming a returning prodi-

"Want you? Of course I do," said Nabby, heartily. "Come right along in. I'm going to have good griddle cakes for supper, and you must tend them while I set the table." Griddle cakes

Josiah came in. If he ever gets into heaven probably his sensations will not be one whit more delightful than they are now, as from forlornness of his wretched wanderings he came into the cozy brightness of the kitchen, and felt that he was home once more. How good the tea smelled. The fire roared and snapped, the tea-kettle boiled and bobbed its lid up and down, and from the griddle the savory odor of the cakes ascended like homely incense. Josiah's face, shining with mingled heat and happiness as he turned the griddle cakes, was something worth seeing.

Nabby stepped briskly around getting supper ready. It seemed so pleasant to see the table for two again, to have some ing. The November wind might howl that had hung heavily round her heart was a warm feeling of happiness, of comfort and hope.

All the explanation they had was this: Josiah drew from under his shabby coat an exceedingly awkward and knobby bundle.

"I've bought somethin' for you,

Nabby, ' he said. The "somethin" undone proved to be a very handsome brittania teapot. The teapot must have known that it was a peace-offering, with such preternatural brightness did it shine and glisten. Something in Nabby's eyes shone and glistened, too, although she had winked hard, and seorned the weakness of a pocket-handkerchief.

"Thank you, Josiah," she said; "it's By a beautiful dispensation of Prov- a regular beauty, and I shall set lots by

Which, so long as they understood each other, was perhaps as well as if woman is invariably fastened to him to Josiah had made a long-worded speech of repentance and reformation, and Nabby another of forgiveness.

I wish I could say that Nabby never scolded Josiah again. But I can't. However, she "drewit mild," and there was a general understanding between them that this was only a sort of exercise made necessary by habit-a barking by no means involving biting. And Josiah was so accustomed to it that he would have missed it, and not felt natural without being wound and set going for the day by Nabby.

One day, later in the winter, Nabby was washing for Mrs. Hosley. "So you've taken Josiah back again, after all," said Mrs. Hosley.

"Well, yes, I have," said Nabby, giving the last twist to a sheet she was wringing out. "Josiah mayn't be very much to brag of; but then, you see, he's my own and all I've got. We're getting to be old folks, Josiah and me, and we may as well put up with each other the little while we've got to stay here.

"How has he been doing since he

came back ?" "First rate. He's walked as straight as a string ever since. He's a good provider, now he's quit drinking, and a master hand for fixing up things around the house and making it comfortable. to our mind. We got to take them

"I'm glad to see you so much happier and better contented, Nabby." "Well, I used to fret and complain

a good deal because things hadn't turned out as I expected 'em to; but lately I've thought a good deal about it the mule may jump on you. The major all, and I've made up my mind that Nabby thought and thought. The fact there's considerable comfort for every of having "freed her mind" to the one in this world, after all. We mayn't mule bucked, and the major swore and screamed. "Is it equal to an earth-

In which piece of philosophy I believe Nabby was about right.

Satisfactory. A gentleman writing to the Danville

Tribune says: Dr. Bittle, in a lecture to his metaphysics class, was once speaking of the shrewdness of children's replies, their perplexing questions, etc., and said to

"You just try asking some child why the sun doesn't rise in the west," When opportunity favored I tried the experiment. I said to a bright little girl: "Who made the sun?" "God."

"Where did He make it rise?" "In the east." "Well, can you tell me why he didn't make it rise in the west?' 'He wanted that place for it to set at," was the reply.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES,

Mr. G. Phelps Beven estimates the grand total of gold produced during the nistoric ages to be \$17,500,000,000, and that of silver \$14,000,000,000, making the produce of both the precious metals to be worth \$31,000,000,000.

Eschnit has confirmed, by a new statistical table-showing the duration of life in the various professions in Bavaria -the general impression that medical men are shorter lived than any other class. Out of every 100 individuals fifty-three Protestant clergymen, fortyone professors, thirty-nine lawyers or magistrates, thirty-four Catholic priests, but only twenty-six doctors reach the age of fifty.

The government telegraph depart ment in Calcutta obtained last Novem ber a sample supply of the loud-speak-ing telephones of the Gower-Bell company, and the experimental trials of their instruments have given so much satisfaction that the company received lately an order for a large number of their telephones. The government of India will not sanction the establishment of telephonic exchanges by private per-

Although Dr. J. Gwyn Jeffreys has during a period of between forty and fifty years, dredged, as a explorer, all the seas of the British isles besides a considerable part of those on the coasts of North America, Greenland, Norway, France, Spain, Portugal, Mo-rocco and Italy, he has never found anything of value except to a naturalist, nor any human bone, although many thousand human beings must have perished in those seas. The gems, "dead bones," etc., that was thought to form the floor of the ocean appear to exist only in the imagination of the poets.

The artificial means by which drowsiness may be induced have been investigated lately in Germany by Preyer. The ordinary drowsiness of fatigue supposed to be caused by the introduction into the blood of lastic acid, a compound proceeding from the distingeration of the bodily tissues of nerves and muscle. To ascertain whether this view was correct, Preyer administered large quantities of the acid to animals, and found that it would induce a drowsiness and slumber apparently identical with formal sleep, and from which they awaken seemingly much refreshed. Not only lactate soda, but sour milk and whey, fed to animals which had been fasting, produced this artificial sleep.

A Substitute for Earthquakes.

went down to Peru where they have Post. earthquakes and revolutions every ten days or so; where a man works to get his enemy elected president, for the sake of seeing him assassinated. The major lived in that country till he was nearly fifty years old and he had got, by that time, wonted to being mixed up in a civil war or fleeing from an earthquake about half the time. Finally he moved back to the United States. At the end of a week he was unhappy. He missed the revolutions and the earthquakes. Occasionally, he contrived to dream there was an earthquake, and then he would hop out of bed and rush out of the house, without stopping to ing, before he got sufficiently awake to realize his mistake. This kind of got the neighbors to thinking the major , 'had 'em." But this didn't afford much relief. However, a political campaign came on, and the major moved to Philadelphia and used to go to ward caucuses and take a prominent part, and he was elected to the board of aldermen, and got his head thumped with a cuspadore at most every meeting and that, in a measure, made up for the loss of revolutions. But the major hankered for earthquakes, and at last the desire to experience one became almost uncontrollable. He consulted a doctor. The doctor said he thought he could help him. The doctor owned an old Mexican mule with a back as sharp as an ax. The world. We can't have 'em always just mule had been in the army ten years. He took it out in an open field and put just as they are and make the best the major on its back. Then the mule began to buck. Did you ever see a mule buck? It jumps about four feet into the air, and comes down stifflegged, and the jar the rider gets is enough to loosen his teeth. And you can't get off unless you fall off, and then knew that, and he hung on for dear life. quake?" he yelled. And the major howled: "Hang it! yes; it's six of 'em, with a volcano and a stroke of lightning thrown in!" The mule finally quieted down, and he took the major off. He was the sorest, lamest, maddest man in the State. And he says he has had enough earthquake to last him a lifetime, but he hasn't got through with the doctor, who had better leave the country before he gets well.—Boston Post.

Aj debating society has tackled the question: "Is it worse to think you've reached the top when there is one stair more, than to think there is one stair more when you've reached the top, and bring your foot down so hard that it tingles for four hours?"-Boston Post.

Some one who has had a sad experience in the purchase of a horse says that The popular verdict is generally the right I e asked the dealer how much he would one, and concerning Dr. Bull's Cours Synus | take to warrant the horse good, and that the people have long since decided that it is the | t is philanthropist replied at once that | cows. he would warrant him good for nothing. | nearly double the value of that of cattle

Give Them Now.

f you have gentle words and looks, my friends, To spare for me-if you have tears to shed That I have suffered-keep them not, I pray, Until I see not, hear not, being dead.

If you have flowers to give-fair hly buds, White roses, daisies, (meadow stars that be Mine own dear namosakes) let them smile and make

The air, while yet I breathe it, sweet for me. For loving looks, though fraught with tender-

And kindly tears, though they fall thick and And words of praise, alust can naught avail
To lift the shadows from a life that's past.

And rarest blossoms, what can they suffice, Offered to one who can no longer gazu Upon their beauty? Flowers in coffins laid Impart no sweetness to departed days.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Dear at any price-Sweethearts. The fishery question-Got a bite A tie vote is generally the result of a knotty question.

A man who was formerly a night watchman refers to it as his late occu

pation. No star ever rose and set without influence somewhere. It is the same way

with a hen. A woman's work is never done, because when she has nothing else to do she has her hair to fix.

Why is a dandy like a mushroom? Because he's a regular saphead— His waist is remarkably slender, His growth is exceedingly rapid, And his top is uncommonly tender.

The hog cholera excitement is the biggest thing in the porcine line since Theodore Thomas had to leave Cincinnati because he retused to beat time with a ham. Many a woman who would like to put

down a new Brussels carpet in her par-lor will be obliged to be content with putting, a new hoop on the second-best washtub. - New Haven Register. Philadelphia has discovered that colored lard is being palmed off as but-

ter. Passing off pigs' feet for spring chickens will probably be the next deception.—Philadelphia Chronicle. "You don't know how it pains me to punish you," said the teacher. "I guess there's the most pain at my end of the stick," replied the boy, feelingly. "'T any rate I'd be willing to swap."

"Yes, sir," said Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. Queer how the force of habit will catch hold of a man. There was old I laughed till I cried," and then he saw a Major Dogshow who was a terrible victim of it. The major when a small boy in the face, and went away mad .- Boston

The favorite girls in Washington have big, brown eyes and large mouths. As the latter qualification enables them to eat ice-cream with a coal shovel, in promises to be an expensive summer for unmarried government clerks.

It is said that two French philosophers have kept nine hogs drunk for a year, and say they are none the worse for their tippling. Which proves that hogs are natural drunkards, or that natural drunkards are hogs, we've forgotten which .- New Haven Register.

When a member, in the course of a very long speech, called for a glass of dress, and would run half a mile, howle | water, a member sitting near exclaimed sotto voce to his neighbors: "This is all contrary to the laws of mechanics-a windmill running by water. - Hartford Courant,

The Origin of Restaurants.

The use of restaurants has become so general all over the world, that it will be interesting to many to hear how they first originated, and to what they owe their now familiar name. It appears that the first of these establishments was started in 1765, by a man rejoicing in the not inappropriate name of Boulange. This date has, however, nothing to do with the choice of the title by which the new houses of entertainment were known. In order to explain this we must go back to the seventeenth century, at the end of which one of the oups, or liquid ailments, most used by the people was a bouillon known as the 'divine restorer." It was made up of the remains of fowls and viands boiled down in an alembic, with crushed barley, dried roses and Damascus currents. As it was only the class of comparatively well-to-do persons who could afford such a luxury, a genius was required to bring the "divine restorer" within the reach of all the multitude. He was found in a certain doctor named Gailliard, who proposed to provide "an excellent substitute" for the real nectar by cooking a fat fowl in a little aromatized water, and selling the boullion as divine." At that time the privilege of cooking and serving ragouts was reserved for the traiteurs, or licensed victualers, and that of providing set dinners was secured by charter to the corporation or the rotisseurs. But the new sellers of the "restaurant divine were free lances, bound by no particular rule, and they moreover claimed to have a more select set of clients than the common eating-houses. Consequently the restaurants, as they came to be called, soon achieved an extraordinary reputation, and at length their proprietors found it necessary to combine with their old profession that of traiteurs, which word was in the process eclipsed by the more new-fangled term restau-

Sheep manure is richer than that of Practically it is estimated at