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Farmer Allen Talks.

I sat in the amen corner, whar' I've got fo many a year,
An' I seald every word ye uttered with a genuoine hearty tear;
It's bin a long time, parson, sence ye spoke in so fine a strain,
An' I hope the Lord 'll spare ye to do it o'n again.
Ye text wa't onto the Bible—ye must 'a made it yerself—
But a better one war' never tuk from the theological shelf,
For truer words nor sounner ones in the good book can't be found:
"The best o' crops are sometimes raised on the most unpromising ground."
As soon as the words war' spoken my heart opened up its ears,
An' while it swallowed the gospel truth my eyes war' swimmin' in tears,
For it seemed to me ye war' aimin' at the pow in which I set;
Ye language fitted a lot o' my past experience to a dot.
I guess ye remember Charlie, the wildest boy in the State,
Allus in devilry, parson, in mischief early an' late,
Robbin' the neighbors' orchards, runnin' with Godless boys,
An' a-playin' with his parents' hearts jes' like they war' rubber toys.
From bad to worse he slid, a sinkin' lower an' lower—
Kop' drifin' out on sin's dark stream away from morality's shore—
Farther and farther he drifted, an' lower an' lower he sunk,
Till at last all hope departed when they fetched him home to us drunk!
Bad companions had led him to a cursed den in town,
Where he played with cards an' swallowed the berry pisen down—
They kep' a-agin' him onward till his brain war' all afire—
Sunk him down till he wallered like a grunting hog in the mire.
When sober he promised faithfully he'd never touch it agin,
An' fur weeks he stuck to his promise, held up as bright as a pin.
But the tempter agin fell on him, the fearful demon o' drink,
An' sunk him whar I'd no idee a human bein' could sink,
An' then dark stories reached us of his doin's here an' there;
Of the company he war' keepin' an' the crime he helped to share;
Headed straight fur perdition we saw our poor son go,
With not one redeemin' feature to lighten the awful blow!
At last his worn-out mother tuk sick an' passed away,
An' Charlie cum to the home he hadn't seen fur many a day;
I'll never forgit the expression that cum to his bloated face
As he gazed on his poor old mother locked fast in death's embrace,
The tears cum forth in torrents as he stooped an' kissed her cheek,
An' the sob o' misery choked him till he could hardly speak;
But at last he cried in anguish that cut my heart like a knife:
"Oh, God an' mother forgive me, an' I'll lead a better life!"
I've bin to Washington, parson, got back from that last night,
An' I set in the Congress chamber, my soul swelled up with delight.
I set thar' alongside Charlie, when he give 'em a speech so grand
That the greatest men in the country rushed fur to shake his hand.
Flushed an' triumphant, he stood thar' a-listenin' to their praise,
An' a-wearin' the same sweet look he wore in his earlier boyhood days.
An' now do ye wonder, parson, that my heart gin a desperate bound
When ye said that the best o' crops could be growed on the most unpromising ground?
—Detroit Free Press.

Between the Tides.

A flawless day was the twenty-third of April in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-nine. The regulation morning breezes had been lured into the poppy fields of Angel Island and put to sleep by the narcotic kisses of Circe. And even the zephyrs—gentle pages to the erst-while brawlers—had been shut up in the weather clerk's signal-box until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Then the yachts came out and the zephyrs were released. It was not very good weather for sailing that the zephyrs made, though they blew till their rosy cheeks were like soap bubbles, and the white sails were filled with scented breath. The lumbering schooners staggered in zigzag pathways, as if they meant to slice away the island noses with their dull prows; and, indeed, the yachts sailed scarcely any faster, only the little plungers made unchecked headway, running at their own sweet will, it seemed. The north harbor was dotted with sails. Every body and every body's wife and children and friends were out. So there was nothing strange about the mere presence of a young man and a young woman in a small rowboat amid the scenes of lazy commerce and busy gaiety. Certainly it was not strange, for there were a hundred other people out that afternoon in rowboats, to say nothing of the professional boatmen, the men with sculls and the rowing clubs. If the people on the yachts which they met noticed them, they doubtlessly viewed them with pity mingled with contempt,

or else looked at them aesthetically and thanked God for poverty and the picturesque.

As for the couple in the boat, they did not notice anything but each other—at least except as the young man found it necessary to change his direction in rowing to avoid being run down. After a while even this became unnecessary. They were rowing with the ebb tide, and after they had passed the newly-finished bit of sea-wall east of the old Meiggs wharf, the channel was comparatively clear. It was then about half-past three.

"Let us float," said the young man; "pretty soon the tide will turn; then we will turn."

"Very well, Tom," said the young woman.

Really, she was as yet a girl. She could not have been more than nineteen. Her figure was slight, but indicative of rare gracefulness. Her face was not pretty—that is, most would not think it pretty. Both mouth and nose were large. Her eyes were blue, and held an odd look—half earnest, half careless—difficult to define, yet impossible to disregard. It was a striking face, almost fascinating, with a good face—a face in which heart showed first and intellect afterward.

The man was, exteriorly, commonplace. You might take a description at random from your scrap-book of conventional current fiction, and it would be likely to do him more than justice. But what of that? She was "Laura" and he was "Tom."

They had been talking gayly ever since they left the landing at the foot of Washington street. When Tom spoke they had apparently reached some common and very satisfactory conclusion, for she looked very happy, and she said, tenderly—for she had a sweet, low voice, tunable as a perfect bell or a wave sob:
"You will ask her to-morrow, Tom?"
"Yes, Laura; or to-night, if you like."
"She will look at you wild-eyed and perhaps scold you a bit."
"Oh, I'm not afraid. How could I be with such a prize to gain?"
They had passed the point, the swimming beach, the Presidio; they were nearing the fort at the gate. A sudden swirl in the current twisted the bow of the boat sharply around. Tom had been leaning forward, the better to talk to Laura, the more easily to hold her hand, perhaps. As the boat shifted its direction, he instinctively reached for the oars. His hands touched the empty rowlocks. The oars were gone. He looked around, but they were nowhere to be seen. A cry of horror rose to his lips. Luckily he stilled it there. He looked quickly, furtively at his companion. She had seen and understood. He forced a laugh, and his companion was deceived by it.

"Then it is not so very bad?" she said, and the color came back to her cheeks.

"No, it is a good joke," he replied. "Only we will be out rather late. When the tide turns we will go back boomin'."

Really he had very little hope. His judgment told him that the tide had not yet turned, and unless it did turn almost instantly the swift current would carry them out into the offing, and amid the breakers at the bar, where their frail boat would not live an instant. And then— He could not swim a stroke. If he could the distance to the shore was too far to make that of any use. If only they had a rudder they might run the boat ashore; but unfortunately they had been in time to secure only the very last, rudderless skiff. "Thank the Fates it does not leak." "Does not leak?" He looked down, and saw that the irregular bottom of the boat was covered with water to the depth of almost half a foot. When they had started away from the pier landing Tom had braced his feet against a broad cross cleet, and Laura's stout boots rested on the same dry foothold. Until then neither had noticed the water.

Tom searched in the bottom of the boat for a bailing can. He could not find one. Laura moved so as to look into the little locker under the stern seat. "There was no can there."

"What shall we do?" she said.

"I must bail with my hat," he replied, slowly, as if thinking it out; "the water must come in very slowly, it is a long time since we left Washington street wharf." He looked at his watch; it was then past four and they were nearly opposite Fort Point. So far as they could see there was not a single sail in the offing. They looked back at the city; there were no out-coming tugs or steamers, or schooners even. Then they looked out through the gate, and wondered.

There is an untranslatable poetic something about our Golden Gate that the sympathetic beholder, in coming or out-going, or gazing upon it from any standpoint, never fails to realize. Something which perhaps he acknowledges, yet may never put it into fitting phrases. Perhaps it is because it seems so to hold the keys of our California life, that we may not dissociate it from either our history or our future. Perhaps it is because in looking at it one can never quite discern its big beyond, of weal or woe, of sunshine or of tempest.

"We should never have had this sunset anywhere else, Laura," and Tom pointed to the declining sun, hanging without a cloud above the wilderness of waves. They looked back at the city, and all the western windows were a flame.

"I did not think before there was so much gold in Frisco," said Tom.

"Oh, Tom, I don't want to die and leave it all," said Laura, tremblingly.

The dallying breeze had shaken off

the spell. The air had grown suddenly chill. Far ahead they could see the ominous white of the careening swell, and along the shore they heard the dull boom of the surf. Lower and lower sank the white, electric dazzle; buff and pink and orange tinging into narrow belts of opal. Right ahead rose the black Farallones, and as the sun sank still lower they stood out in unbroken outline against its disk.

With his soft hat Tom made slow progress in bailing. Until then the water had oozed in so slowly that danger from leakage had not alarmed him until then; the current, too, had carried them along so gently that the danger of upsetting had not presented itself. But after they passed the fort the motion of the waves changed, not suddenly, but gradually, until at last the boat was rocking like a cedar chip in the eddies of a mill-race. And still the tide had not turned.

Ceasing his bailing for an instant Tom thought he heard the sound of water trickling into the boat. Perhaps it was his instinct of danger and not his ears that warned him, for the waves were splashing against the outside, and the motion caused a constant lapping of the water within the boat. Tom made a careful examination, and at last found a little hole through which the water poured in a fitful stream as the boat rocked from side to side.

"I must stop that leak," he said.

"Can you bail?"

The sun had set and the flush was fading out of the western sky. In all the waste of waters there was no moving object. If there had been a ship in sight she could have seen it, she thought, almost despairingly.

She began to bail as well as she could, with the felt hat, and in her cramped position. A long line of gray was coming up from the south.

"It is fog," said Tom, in a whisper.

Until he said "It is fog" she did not realize the almost utter hopelessness of their position. Even if the tide should turn before they reached the bar it would be impossible to protect themselves in a fog. For a moment she thought she should quite break down, the fate before them seemed so terrible. Tom had succeeded in stopping the leak and had resumed bailing. To make that task easier he had cut the brim from his hat. The fog was now all around them, and it was quite dark. They thought they heard the surf more distinctly.

"The tide has turned," said Tom.

And so it had, but just how they would be affected by the change they could not tell. Tom kept on bailing until the amount of water in the boat had materially decreased. They had not spoken to each other for some moments. At last Laura leaned forward. Her hand touched Tom's, and he took it in his own. That hand-clasp meant to them things unspeakable. Her hand was very cold, almost as cold as his own. In his pocket was a silk handkerchief; he handed it to her and bade her tie it about her neck, for he dared not rise to fasten it there himself. Then he took both her hands between his own, striving to keep them warm.

Laura was the first to speak, and her voice was quite firm, scarcely even sorrowful: "Tom, dear, I do not want to die; and yet death cannot take from us the boon of having died together."

"But we shall not die now, Laura; I know we'll not." There was the ring of conviction in his tones. The profound resignation underlying her words had struck the right key in his own nature, and the thought of his first despairing mood made him almost angry. "But it's awfully hungry we are, my dear," were his next words.

"I'm ashamed of you," said Laura, and she actually laughed. Tom laughed also.

When two persons in such a position can laugh, it is either "very brave" or "very shocking," according to the creed we first sucked and the "so forth" of our salad days.

The fog was all around them, and neither could see the other's face. The fog was cold, and from time to time Laura had shivered once or twice, audibly, though quite involuntarily, for she was a brave little woman. When the ripple of the young girl's laughter rang out amid the fog (above the boom of the surf, the far-away barking of the sea lions on Seal rocks, and the near, yet distant, scream of the fog signal), and when his own laughter was smothered in the fog folds, Tom repeated: "But I am hungry, awfully!"

What he might have gone on to say is forever sealed. The next moment the boat struck something with great momentum, and that is all Laura remembered till she awoke in the queer little cabin of the Sarah Emma, brigantine, in-bound from Australia.

A woman's gentle face bent above her own in anxious, motherly regard, and dear Tom sat on a locker behind the gangway, with glad tears in his eyes to see the color steal back to her cold cheeks.

"And now you must have a bit to eat," said the captain's wife, in hospitable accents.

But Laura shut her eyes, half maliciously, and murmured: "Give it to him, please; he's always hungry."

"That's what you'll not dare say when you become Mrs. Tom," said the young man, triumphantly; and as the matronly figure of the captain's wife disappeared in the shadow of the gangway, he kissed her shut eyes softly, and turned away.

—San Francisco Argonaut.

The bequests of James E. Brown, of Kittaning, Penn., for various church purposes aggregate \$1,680,000.

ODDITIES.

Whoever conquers indolence can conquer most things.

The Chinese written language consists of one hundred thousand characters.

All the natives of high northern latitudes are short, measuring little more than four feet.

Let him who regrets the loss of time make proper use of that which is to come in the future.

The Druids gathered their sacred mistletoe with a gold knife when the moon was six days old.

In domestic animals, such as the horse and cow, the coat is of a somewhat lighter color in winter than in summer.

The guanaco of Patagonia is described as having the head of a camel, the body of a deer, wool of a sheep and neigh of a horse.

Leland mentions a feast given in the reign of Edward IV., at which 1,000 sheep, 2,000 geese, 2,000 pigs and 5,000 custards were consumed.

It is asserted by Sir Gardiner Wilkinson that Egyptian mummies have been discovered with teeth stopped with gold. There is nothing new under the sun.

An auk's egg was sold in London not long ago for \$500; only fifty of these eggs are known to be in existence, but the fabled roe's egg could scarcely command a higher price if offered for sale.

The objection to horses with white feet, though mostly considered a mere caprice, is reasonable enough, for white hoofs are more brittle than black ones, and are much more liable to break and contract than those of a dark color.

In some countries, especially in the East, obesity is considered a beauty, and Tunisian young ladies are fattened before marriage. Roman matrons, on the contrary, used to starve their daughters before the ceremony, to give them leanness.

Amusements of Editors.

Not editors alone but nearly all business men daily receive communications from individuals in whom they have not the slightest interest, but who, nevertheless, feel terribly aggrieved if the most senseless inquiry is not immediately answered by the long-suffering portion of humanity whose trials Job himself could scarcely have borne with patience.

Some persons seem to have a mistaken impression that the business of other people couldn't be carried on at all without "valuable suggestions and advice" from themselves, said "advice" generally coming in a badly spelled, horribly written missive, informing the delighted recipient that "he's an idiot, and that the writer always knew he was." Of course all dissatisfied correspondents don't express their opinions in the above straightforward manner, but say what, in the end, really amounts to about the same thing.

As a rule, editors are not unwilling to answer respectful queries, or those that can in any way benefit the questioner or the public; but when, during a political campaign, somebody wants to know if the aspirant for gubernatorial honors really did throw his mother-in-law over a mammoth two-inch boulder into a roaring, rushing, foaming, fathomless wash tub below, or why it isn't grammatical to say "them ink bottles is mine," the average editor is apt to pine for a "ledge in some vast wilderness."

Another annoyance is caused by aspirants to literary honors, who begin by saying: "I now take my pen in hand," and asking why they can't write lengthwise and crosswise, and diagonally across the paper when they send an article for publication. If some such original genius didn't take special pains to say he took the pen in his hand, almost any editor would be just foolish enough to imagine that the writer shoved it up under his left optic, or tied it to a lock of his Auburn hair, but the positive statement that he holds the pen in his hand precludes the possibility of any conjecture on the subject, thus saving the editor's valuable time, as he might otherwise spend several precious minutes speculating on the matter.

Then there are the "chronic grumblers" who never were satisfied with anything, and never will be, and who send delightful autograph letters to the unfortunate publisher of some paper, complaining that he "prints too much trash, and too little sense, or too much sense, and too little trash," anything in fact that will do to growl about, and make people think the sun is under a permanent eclipse. Then, too, the "sweet affection" that exists between the editors of rival papers must be a source of intense gratification to all concerned, and be accused of conducting any publication simply from mercenary motives, when everybody knows that editors are dead-heads, and poverty-stricken beings anyhow, must soon cause regret for the vanished days of happy childhood, when they could play "mumblety-peg" with the tolerable certainty of hitting somebody with the deadly weapon used in that delightful game. These are but a few of the daily trials to which editors are subjected, although "life is not all dark" to them anymore than individuals who follow some other profession. Most people have as many friends as they deserve, and doubtless the delight of occupying a conspicuous position at circuses and public entertainments more than counterbalance any trifling annoyance like the few herein mentioned.—Ina S. Hudson, in Detroit Free Press.

RELIGIOUS READING.

Quality vs. Quantity.

When Dr. Robert Finley took into his home at Basking Ridge four lads as pupils in a private school, it was apparently an insignificant undertaking. For a man of his consummate intellectual and moral power to be spending his time in teaching four boys provoked his friends to interpose remonstrance. His answer was sublime.

"It will prove no waste of time or strength if these boys shall make the sort of men that, by God's grace, I mean they shall."

So he plodded on, laboriously laying the foundations not of culture only, but of character. Like Arnold at Rugby and Mary Lyon at South Hadley, he taught, first of all, that conscience and the Bible must find in the heart and life a shrine and a throne. He gave these boys a thorough moral training, as well as a thorough intellectual discipline.

Who did those four boys afterward become? They were Chancellor Green, Governor Vroom, Judge Dayton and Samuel L. Southard.

Here is a lesson for Sunday-school teachers.—Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson.

Religious News and Notes.

There are 1,100 Young Men's Christian associations in the United States and 2,400 in the world.

The first meeting of the committee appointed to prepare a creed for the Congregational churches will be held in Syracuse Sept. 27.

The Methodist Episcopal church has in this country forty-five colleges and theological seminaries, besides ninety other high grade institutions of learning.

There are 118 Protestant missions in New York city, where Sunday schools and preaching, and other religious and moral services for adults or children or both, are regularly carried on.

Pennsylvania has 568 Baptist churches, containing 64,572 members. The smallest (Zion, Butler county,) has five members, and the largest (Fourth Church, of Philadelphia,) has 762 members.

The Rev. Dr. Henry MacMaken, for thirteen years pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Toledo, Ohio, has been elected Chancellor of the western universities of Pennsylvania in Pittsburgh and Allegheny.

The revised New Testament has been adopted for all services in the chapel of the Theological Seminary at Andover and in Phillips Academy. President Porter has introduced it in the Yale chapel. Dr. McCosh reads from it in connection with the old version in the religious services he conducts at Princeton College.

At the various ministers' meetings in Chicago, the following topics were discussed: by the Methodists, "The Causes of Modern Skepticism;" by the Baptists, "The Preacher and his Bible;" by the Congregationalists, "The Home Missionary Meeting of the Previous Week." The Presbyterian ministers went into the country for a picnic.

The Baptist anniversary meetings which recently closed at Indianapolis, and which were the most interesting of any yet held, show great advance in all departments of Christian work. The Publication Society received last year \$421,137, and issued 509,000,000 pages. Sixty-nine colporteurs and Sunday-school missionaries have been at work in forty-three States and Territories. Foreign missions received \$313,774, and home missions \$235,032, an increase of nearly one-third over last year. Dr. Duncanson, of Cincinnati, stated that the million of freedmen who can read had no copy of the Scriptures.

At a meeting held by the Jews in Chicago, May 26th, to protest against the persecution of their race in Southern Russia, addresses were made by Prof. Swing, Rabbi Hirsch, Judge Rogers, Thomas Hayne, and others. Resolutions of sympathy with the sufferers were adopted, a collection of \$889 was taken up, and the U. S. Government was requested to convey its appreciation of the efforts of the Tsar to protect his Jewish subjects. The Government was also asked to instruct its consuls resident in the disturbed district to extend needed aid as far as possible.

Precious Dirt.

Great care is taken in the shops of jewelers and others where articles are manufactured of gold to prevent the waste of the precious metal. Every scrap of filing, scraping or grinding is preserved for the assayer. The buff wheels on which gold or silver are polished, when they are worn out, are burned, and the fire soon develops fine particles of the precious metals that cannot be seen with the naked eye. Even the sweepings of the shops are kept, and are worth about \$70 a barrel after the most scrupulous care has been taken to prevent stray pieces getting in to it. It is said that the Scotch assayers are most successful. Sometimes assayers will buy the sweepings of a shop at a given price per barrel, taking the risk of what they will yield.

Whenever a shop floor is to be taken up and renewed, it is always calculated that the dirt accumulated in the crevices will more than pay the cost of the new floor. Jewelers say that the value of the shop dirt is owing to the dust of metals that is blown about the place, and not from any carelessness of workmen. Even after the assayers have got through the less on jewelers' stock is generally about two per cent. This includes whatever may be taken, if anything, by dishonest workmen.—New York Sun.

It May Not Be.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to bear on summer eve
The reaper's song among the sheaves.
Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In union with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoever is willed is done.
And ours the grateful service whence
Comes day by day the recompense:
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noontide shade.
—John G. Whittier

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Bernhardt's future tomb, we learn from the New York Commercial, will be adorned with Sara Phims.

"I love thy rocks and drills," as the young fellow sang to the rich miner's daughter.—Salem Sunbeam.

When we see a man with oceans of oil on his hair, it always suggests to us a head-light.—Statesman.

"That butter is too fresh," as the man remarked when the gold lifted him over the garden fence.—Lowell Citizen.

The hen now sits on the garden fence
But can no mischief hatch,
Because the seeds have all come up;
Plants are too big to scratch.
—Wit and Wisdom.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," but one that sticks in the same place continually gets so covered with moss that it can't see its way out.—St. Louis Spirit.

Ida Lewis has been given another medal. She will be so rich in medals directly that she will starve to death, says the Free Press, of Elmira, New York.

It is the easiest thing in the world to write fun. All you've got to do is to sit down and think of it and then write it. We could write columns of it—if we could think of it.—Middletown Transcript.

At a session of the Teachers' association recently held at Saratoga, a report was read showing a large percentage of defect in sight among scholars, which would seem very naturally to arise from the disorder of the pupils.—Statesman.

Flower Clocks and Barometers.

Even the most casual observer of nature must have noticed the closing of certain flowers upon the partial or entire withdrawal of light. Thus the clock weed is sensitive to cloudy weather and acts almost as a barometer, and every one knows the action of the "pimpernel," or "poor man's weather glass," (Anagallis arvensis, L.) This pretty little plant is frequent on Newport island, where I have found it, especially on the cliffs beyond the first beach. It is adventitious from Europe. Tennyson, who is an acute observer, says of it: "The pimpernel dozed on the sea." The well-known Marvel of Peru is also called "Four o'clock" from its habit of opening at about that hour. If we watch any plant we shall find that it has a pretty definite time of expanding or closing its petals, as well as a particular way of doing it. Botanists, then, speak of the waking and sleeping conditions of the plant, and much research has been bestowed upon the subject in order to find out the physical action and cause of the phenomena. In his recent volume on "Movement in Plants," Mr. Darwin gives the results of his painstaking investigations of this and kindred subjects. As generally happens in his work, while he is steadily aiming at some particular point, he disposes of any quantity of obscurities as side issues on the way.

Linnaeus, noting the precise times of opening and closing of flowers, constructed a floral clock in his gardens at Upsal, where the hours were indicated by the conditions of different plants. Afterward DeCandolle did the same for the latitude of Paris. The clock of Linnaeus in Sweden runs slower than that of DeCandolle in France. Climate as well as latitude, and particular seasons also, would influence this sensitive horologe. Those interested will find DeCandolle's list given in Figuier's "Vegetable World," American edition, page 134.

Of a few familiar plants the hours of opening are about as follows: Morning glory, 8 to 4 A. M.; pimpernel, 8 to 10 A. M.; Marvel of Peru, 4 to 7 P. M.; evening primrose, 5 to 7 P. M.; night blooming cereus, 7 to 8 P. M.

"Thus in each flower and simple bell,
That in our path betwixt us lies,
Arose remembrance which we tell
How fast the winged moments fly."
The hours of closing are as definite as those of opening, and thus we may arrange quite a dial, the hours being indicated by particular plants. The plants may be confused by means of artificial light, but upon withdrawal of the unnatural conditions, will, sooner or later, resume their normal record.

It is curious to watch the different attitudes flowers assume in repose. In the botanic garden in Cambridge the writer used to go out toward evening to watch the changes. The movements are sometimes very quick, especially those of the foliage, which also has its time of sleep. Thus in the little Marcellia, a water-plant, with four orbiculate leaflets, these turn in upon each other from the expanded condition, so as to meet face to face. There is quite a perceptible little "click" when the movement occurs. The petals of some plants droop in slumber; others fold crossways; still others curl up lengthwise. So with the rayflowers of the Composite. The whole aspect of a garden is, hence, quite changed in the evening. In fact, it does not do to allow our investigations to cease with the daylight.