The Lorest Republican.

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Correspondence solicited from all paris of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications. The Deserted Mill,

Drip, drip, drip, The eager flow is still, And only drops of water fall Bonesth the unused mill. All moldy are the bags of meal, And moss is grown upon the wheel, Ho silout and so still.

Drip, drip, drip, Epon the fruitful fern ; The sliont timbers of the wheel Are powerless to turn, And where a blade of grass is seen, The gaping joints it grows between, Parted, will not return.

Drip, drip, drip, Into the stagmant pool Where glides the spotted water snake, Among the crosses cool, And, silent in his coat of mail, All slimy creep the cautious snail Upon the window stool.

Drip, drip, drip, Upon the oakon floor, And broken from its rusty lock, Hangs, eilently, the door, Bave, when a gust of wind goes past, It groans upon one hinge still fast, Then silent as before.

Drip, drip, drip, Upon the rotten deal, Between the timbers in the roof The shadows softly steal ; And from a corner of the house Sixly peeps forth the cunning mouse That cats the moldy meal.

Drip, drip, drip, Upon the well-worn stone, While blueflies at the window buzz, Monotonous in tono. No more the miller grinds his corn, For he, good man, is dead and gone, The mill is lot alone.

TWO SECRETS.

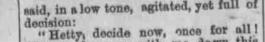
"You den't mean it, Helty ?" Lord Sutton, a good-looking, manly yoing fellow, leaning on the half-open field rate, looked carnestly in the face of the young girl on the opposite side of the fence.

She sbrank from meeting his eye as she answered:

12

"I am not accustomed to saying what I don't mean,"

He made no answer. Hetty scratched industriously with a bit of wild-rose stom upon the trunk of the beech tree which overshadowed them. Suddenly she discovered that she was unconously tracing over the initials "L.S."



"Hetty, decide now, once for all! Will you keep on with me down this path, or will you go with Mr. Frisbee on the other? Choose!" She hesitated, and her color went

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and came. "You have no right to speak to me

80."

"I have a right," he replied, firmly-the right to know whether the girl love is felse or true."

Hetty, like Loyd, was high-spirited, and his look and tone angered her.

"Ge your own way, and I will go mine F she said, proudly. And without another word she turned down the pathway by which Mr. Frisbee

was approaching. Loyd, as he reached the gate, turned back to look at the two figures slowly

sauntering along the green meadow. "I could never have dreamed it of her," he thought. "I believed she loved her, he thought. I believed she loved me. And to cast me off for a fellow like that, whose greatest recommenda-tion is his wealth ! Oh, Hetty, that I should have been so mistaken in you !" And Mr. Frisbee, as he walked by Hetty'sside, admiring her girlish beauty and her pre.ty, coquettish ways, and thinking how he would "show off" his young wife am ong his friends—did the thought never occur to him, as to Loyd,

thought never occur to him, as to Loyd, that this girl, young enough to be his daughter, could not possibly find in him any attraction save his wealth? But poor Hetty, since her father died bankrupt, had experienced enough of poverty's ills, and heard enough from her mother and sisters to learn to look upon richer as the key that could open upon riches as the key that could open to her the golden store of life's pleas-

Loyd could give her comfort and com-petence, but as Mrs. Frisbee she could have an elegant city residence, carriage and servants, b dls in winter and watering-places in surumer, with everything else that she mig ht desire.

Not that she was light and frivolous, or longed for more worldly pleasures; or longed for more working the picture had but for the time being the picture had dazzled her, and in her present angry and resentful mood against Loyd, what wonder that she liste ned to all that Mr. Frisbee had to say; and before she reached home had accepted the rich widower's proposal ?

And yet somehow Hatty felt in her own heart that this was the most miser-

own heart that this was the horizont able evening she had even spent. As the days went by Hetty grew no happier in the contemplation of her brilliant prospects. She turned with a As the days went by Hetty grew no happier in the contemplation of her brilliant prospects. She turned with a species of loathing from the man she had promised to wed, and her heart had promised to wed, and her heart went out more and more to the lover

whom she had discarded. They sometimes met, but he was dis tant and proud, and it was not for her to make advances. So she decided to let her engagement become publicly known, and one day went over to Mrs. Sutton's and asked Sue Sutton, Boyd's cousin, to be her bridemaid. "You ought hardly to expect it of me, Hetty," Sue said, with some spirit. "I think you have treated Loyd hadly."

said, in a low tone, agitated, yet full of ty shrank more closely into her corner, and the high-backed arm-chair hid her. She heard him rummaging about behind the books on the shelves, and then she saw his arm extended to the light, saw his arm extended to the light, holding up two glass vials. So near was she that she distinctly read the labels, one of which was "Laudanum." This he thrust into his breast-pocket and seizing his hat, turned to leave the room. But at the door he paused, went back to the table, and scratching a few hurried lines on a sheet of paper, left it lying open and went out.

Hetty, almost as pale as her lover, instantly sprang up, and seizing the paper glanced over jit, murmuring brokenly as she read :

"DEAR Mornen: Can no longer bear-agony-seek relief-home-tell Johnny-take good care of you-go before you-meet you

Hetty was trembling all over; but now a great light, as if a sudden resolve, dawned upon her pale face, and without a pause she rushed from the room, crossed the lawn, and with light, swift steps followed the retreating figure down the road. She overtook him ust as he turned the clump of cedars near the stables. Was it there that he designed to commit the terrible deed?

Loyd turned on hearing her breathlessly call his name. He looked a good deal surprised at seeing her-no longer pale, but flushed and with disordered curls banging about her forehead. "Oh, Loyd, don't do it! For my

sake, don't !" "Hetty, what ails you? Don't do

what ?" "You know; you didn't see me, but

was in the room when you took thethe poison-the laudanum. Oh, Loyd, don't kill yourself-don't !"

He looked at her steadily, with

He looked at her stearny, with a curious working of his countenance. "Why should I not? You would not care," he said, gloomily. "Indeed, indeed I should !" she sobbed. "Oh, Loyd, I could not bear it ; it would kill me!'

Her pleading, tearful eyes were up-turned to his. He looked down into her face for a moment, then took both her hands in his.

"Hetty, you are going to be another man's wife."

"Never, Loyd-never! I was wrong -forgive me!"

"You don't mean to say, Hetty"his face lighting all over as with a flush of new life-"you don't mean to say

Give it to me, Loyd, that I may feel you are safe."

He answered by taking her in his There was no one near to see arms. them. And then he gave the deadly vial into her hands, and she flung it as far as she could into the neighboring pond.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

A convention of humorous paragraph ers is talked of. The unfortunate city upon which this somber affliction will

The Forest Republican.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 23, 1881.

Widowers will be in the ascendancy Washington this season, as the in President is a widower, the new British

A Chicago correspondent, looking over a mercantile directory for 1872,

postmen in country districts with bicycles and tricycles. This has been done particularly in Ireland, where the distances to be traversed by foot-mes-sengers are longer than in Great Britain. The authorities are watching the experiment with a considerable degree of interest, owing to the fact that not a few casualities have occurred in the use of their new means of locomotion.

wrong-doing—has often been produc-tive of most calamitous results. This fact is accepted without question; yet

A new method of preserving grain, recently discovered in France, it is said, has proven satisfactory. The cost of preservation is less than storage in a the operation of natural laws, but quite cinnati Sulurday N-ght. granary, and the wheat is safe from fire, fermentation, insects and cryptogamic nral desires of the bereaved. It has exfermentation, insects and cryptogamic nral desires of the bereaved. It has ex-vegetations. The United States Miller, cited but small attention in this country Without delay to the dee-pot." in describing this method, says that a sheet-iron cistern, which occupies little space and holds nearly 300 bushels and is worked by an air pump with a pressure gauge to indicate the degree of vacuum, comprise the whole hermetic apparatus of preservation. One important effect which results from the numerous and continuous experiments made is, according to the journal in question, that the vacuum not only kills the parasitic insects and prevents vegetation, but dries the grain at the same After a detention of seven time. months, wheat and flour inclosed in the apparatus, during experiments at Vincennes, it is reported, were withdrawn in a perfect state of preservation. Cyclone stories are becoming as strange and improbable as those told of the gliding enake or the meek-eyed fish. The bulk of these stories comes from Kansas. The latest one is located in the vicinity of Abilene, where a mother left her infant strapped in a chair in the summer kitchen. A wind storm came up suddenly. From a dead calm a gale arose in twenty seconds. At the first warning the mother hurried to look after her child, expecting to find it quietly drinking the contents of its To her amazement and exthumb. treme horror, she saw baby and basket. pots, pans and buckets flying promiscuously along with the tornado. The wind subsided almost as quickly as it had risen, and the mother had the satisfaction of seeing the basket drop right side up in a pile of hay about 130 feet beyond the yard fence. She was much more gratified to see that the baby had sustained no serious injury. Its appe-tite was good immediately after the reseue.

Rates of Advertising.

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All bills for yearly advortisements col-lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-ments must be paid for in advance. Job work. Cash on Delivery.

Idke to the falling of a star, Or as the flights of engles are; Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue. Or silver drops of morning dew ;

Man.

Or like a wind that chafes the flood, Or bubbles which our water stood; Even such is man whose borrowed light Is straight called in, and paid to night, The wind blows out, the bubble dies : The spring entombed in antumn lies ; The dew dries up, the star is shot ; . The flight is past-and man forgot,

_Dr. Henry King.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A fish is a dependent creature, and it never comes out of the water on its own hook.-Steubenville Herald.

"How does that soot you?" asked the chimney. "I think that you are a thing of flues habits,"" answered the poker.

It is not strange that when the sexton peals the wedding bells the contracting parties should be paired off .- Toledo American.

A boot and shoe shop hangs out the sign: "Cast iron lasts." We all know it does, but we don't want any boots made of it.

When the ruined physician placed his door-plate in pawn he was heard to re-mark: "Had I signed the pledge, I would not now have to pledge my sign."

A church choir consists of one accomplished musician and a lot of other folks who are densely ignorant of music. The accomplished one is the one you are talking with.

An old man who had been badly hurt in a railroad collision, being advised to sue the company for damages, said. "Wal, no; not for damages. I've had enough of them; but I'll just sue 'em for repairs."

A group of superstitious folks were talking over charms, amulets, fetiches and the subject of luck generally. "An old uncle of mine," says one of them, tinally, "when he died, bequeathed me a talisman, thanks to which I have always got along well in the world." "And it was?" "Fifty thousand a year.

and the one still active, is the desire to preserve from the natural processes of destruction the forms of those specially worthy of honor. Whether or not any views of the immortality of the soul or of the resurrection of the body may have originally led to this practice we cannot pretend to discuss here. It is a custom singularly at variance with the operation of natural laws, but onite

A MATTER OF PRONUNCIATION.

years, though so great a man Laughed sweet Miss Jones, "I should say so-

fall has not yet been named.

minister is also, and so is Mr. Allen, the Hawaiian minister, now the dean of the diplomatic corps. There are also sev-eral widowers in each house of Congress. Among the senatorial widowers are Anthony, David Davis, and Jones, of Florida. Senator Ferry is a bachelor.

finds on the black list the entry: "Z-Guiteau, Charles J., lawyer." Turning to the definition of the letter "Z" he finds : "Z-Income uncertain and often precarious. Defer indefinite the pay-ment of debts. Lawsnits to collect same would be useless. No credit or favors should be given." some time since divided her property among her children with the understanding that they should support her. One of them has refused to contribute,

The English postoffice authorities are trying the experiment of supplying

Bob Oblenis, a character of note in St. Louis, is dead. His father was a blue Presbyterian minister, his wife was from a wealthy and respected family, and his own conduct was above reproach until he was about forty. Then he killed an enemy in a street encounter. and was sent to the penitentiary for twenty years. His wife bought a resi-dence directly across the way from the gubernatorial house in Jefferson City, and labored with governor after governor to obtain a perdon, until the seventh granted one. But Oblenis did not return to respectability. He became a gambler, and a leader of gamblers, exerting a considerable political influence in St. Louis, and amassing a fortune. He died at seventy, soon after becom-uting a seemingly devo Christian.

health, yet it has the apparent effect of stunting the growth in early youth. Thus, while the children of well-to-do-Thus, while the children of well-to-do-parents, carefully housed and tended, are found to be taller for their age than the children of the poor, they are not so strong in after years; the laborer's children, for instance, who play in the lonely country roads and fields all day whose parents lock their humble doors when leaving for work in the morning, so that their offspring shall not gain entrance and do mischief, are almost in-variably short for their age; the children of working farmers exhibit the same peculiarity. After sixteen or eighteen-after years of hesitation, as it were-the lads shoot up, and become great, hulking broad fellows, possessed of immense strength. According to these statements, it would seem that indoor life forces the growth at the wrong deriod, and thus injures. Is it so? An old lady in Montreal is in a posi-tion to sympathize with King Lear. She

and she has been compelled to bring

suit against him. No doubt she now thinks that it would have been wiser if

she had kept possession of her property until her death, and then left it for her

heirs to fight over. She made the mis-take so common to parents of thinking that her children were all that was good, upright and honorable. It is

proper and fitting that men and women should love and cherish their own, but

parental affection should not blind peo-

ple to the faults of their offspring. The

easy unconcern with which it is assumed

by many that their children require no

restraints-that they are incapable of

the lesson it teaches is to a great extent

Embalming.

balming is lost in antiquity, and of the many suggestions offered as to the

motive for it the most plausible one,

and the one still active, is the desire

The origin of the practice of em-

lost.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

though open-air life is so favorable to

and "H. W."-the latter her own-cut in the beech bark. She hastily withdrew her hand and threw away the rose sten "Do you remember what you said to

me, Hetty, the day I cut those letters ?"

asked the young man. "Something foolish, I dare say," she answered, with affected carelessness.

"You told me you loved me," he said, in a low voice.

Hetty stooped and plucked a sprig of clover.

"Perhaps I thought so, then," she said, intently examining the blossoms.

"And only discovered your mistake when this rich popinjay from the city made his appearance," said Loyd, bitterly.

She looked up with a flash of her dark eyes. She knew very well that she was doing something unworthy of her, and lowering herself in Loyd's opinion, as well as causing him pain, and his reproach stung her.

"I have a right to like or dislike whom I please," she said, haughtily.

He seized an unlucky grasshopper which at that moment lighted near his hand and savagely crushed it to death. Hetty looked at him in surprise. It was so unlike Loyd to deliberately hurt anything.

"You are cruel !" she said, indignantly.

"Not half so cruel as you. Hetty, I had no idea you were so heartless and mercenary.

The word escaped] him [unawares. Hetty flushed hotly.

"If that is your opinion of me you ought to be glad to have found me out in time," she said.

"Perhaps I ought," he retorted, bitterly.

"Then I hope you will be satisfiedas I am !"

She gathered up the skirt of her blue lawn dress and turned away. Loyd passed through the gate and walked by her side along the grassy meadow-path.

"I didn't mean to offend you, Het-" he said, in a more subdued tone.

ty," he said, in a more subduct tin the "I am not offended. I don't in the least care for your opinion of me," re-plied Hetty, biting her lip and turning away her face that he might not see the tears in her eyes.

They had reached a point where the pathway branched right and left, and not, however, look around, but throwcoming along the latter was a portly, fashionably-dressed, middle-aged man, twirling a cane, with which he was decapitating the tall weeds and fielddaisies. On catching sight of Hetty he quickened his pace.

"Mr. Frisbee will see me home. won't trouble you further, Mr. Sutton,' said Hetly, with an air of great dignity, as she took a step to the left.

Now, this left-hand track was the most direct and frequented way to Hetty's home; but the right hand path- but bend from that stubborn pride, she way, leading along the little stream and alder hedge, had over been the favorite would give up Mr. Frisbee, wealth, everything in the world, for his sake ! with herself and Loyd.

The young man paused now, and standing just where the two diverged, across the room to the book-case. Het- of this wonderful prescription.

"How so?" "Because I know he loved you, and I used to think you loved him. You certainly did behave in a manner to encourage him."

"Perhaps we were mistaken in fancying that we loved each other."

" If you were mistaken, Loyd wasn't. I have never seen a person so changed and unhappy," said Sue, with tears in

her eves. "He didn't appear to be unhappy last evening, flirting with Josephine

Willis." "Oh, that was merely put on! She flirted with him and he humored her, as

a blind. I know Loyd-how proud he is, and that he would never allow any one to suspect how he suffers. But when we all came home from the party -where he had heard from Mrs. Carter where he had heard from Airs. Carter that you were really engaged to that that you were really engaged to that 'Why, yes, as I don't see any reason 'Why, yes, as I don't see any reason Mr. Frisbee-oh, Hetty, he looked so wretchedly, and we heard him walking up and down his room for hours, and tossing about on his bed! I'm certain he couldn't have slept a wink all night."

"Where is he now?" asked Hetty, a little tremulous.

"I don't know. He went out before breakfast, and I haven't seen him since. I believe his heart is broken, and that he will pine away and die, or perhaps take his own life," said Sue, with tears in hereyes. "And he had been looking at your portrait, Hetty, for I found it on his table, propped up against a book."

"My portrait? Why, he sent it back tome

"Did he? Then this must be a copy. Wait a moment, and I will get it for you to see."

She was hardly out of the room, when Hetty heard a well-known step in the hall, and the next moment Loyd himself entered. Instinctively she had drawn back, and the great book-case screened her from his view. He did ing himself in a chair, leaned back with closed eyes, and seeing him thus she was struck with the change in his appearance. His face was pale and bore unmistakable traces of suffering, repressed by the strong will which she knew he possessed. But now, alone as he thought himself, the strain seemed

relaxed. He bowed his face in his hands and groaned. Heity's heart beat fast and the tears

rushed into her eyes. Ob, if he would But for her to make advances-never! Loyd rose from his sent, and walked

"Life is worth living for now, Hetty," he said, as with her arm in his, and her hand clasped in his own, they walked toward her home. "But you will never know what pain I have suffered." Most people said that Hetty had done right in choosing Loyd Sutton, after all; and Mr. Frisbee indignantly went back to the city and consoled himself by selecting as his wife some other young and pretty woman. His marriage took place about the same time with Hetty's. Some three years after this, Mr. Loyd Sutton, a comfortable and happy-looking pater familias, said to his pretty wife:

"I believe that any man can keep a secret from his wife; but no woman can keep one from her husband."

"Don't you, indeed, dear? Now, I think just the contrary.

He laughed knowingly.

"Perhaps I can convince you. I've h ad a secret from you, Hetty, ever since w e were married."

"Indeed! Won't you tell it to me,

in keeping it longer to myself. I won.'dn't tell you at first, for fear you should feel mortified in knowing it. Do you remember when you pleaded me so earnestly not to take my -with Well, the truth is, I hadn't the life? least id to of swallowing that laudanum. I merely ' intended to use it as a remedy for the p. sin I was suffering from a terrible tootl uche." "Yes," s aid Mrs. Loyd Sutton, de-

murely, but with an arch glance of her black eyes, 'I knew that all the while, dear. You s te, I read the note you left on the table, telling your mother that the pain was such that you could not wait till to-n orrow to take her to town -must go at once, to see a dentist, and that Johnny w ould bring her, and you would meet h. w there. Then I knew what the laudan. um was for."

Mr. Loyd Sut. on opened his eyes very wide, and gave a low whistle. "You see, love," resumed his wife,

stealing her arm aro und his neck, ") had no other way of 1 etting you know how I loved you and re gretted my folly. It saved us both from be ving very miserable. But"-with the same arch look-"don't you think now that a woman can keep a secret fr om her husband as well as can a husbai vd from his wife?

And Loyd Sutton, kissing , is wife, had the manliness to acknowled, 'e himself convinced.

It is found that the effect of the ela 32tric light in conservatories is stimular ing to the vitality of the plants.

Thousands of families have had occasion to try the never-failing qualities of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and they all units in the praise

Harper's Weekly says that "the story of General Arthur's nomination for the Vice-Presidency is exceedingly interesting. After the stormy session that led to the dropping of General Grant and Mr. Blaine, and the nomination of General Garfield, it adjourned till evening to consider the question of Vice-President. It was conceded that the nomination should be given to New York, and that the candidate must come from the Grant element. Three names were mentioned-Levi P. Morton, Stew art L. Woodford and General Arthur. When the New York delegation met, the two former withdrew, and the latter was selected by a decided vote. But General Arthur objected, as it had already been agreed upon by Sevator Conkling and his friends that he should be chosen to succeed Mr. Kernan in the United States Senate. Indeed, this result was almost certain. It was only after the strongest persuasion of Gov-ernor Dennison, of Ohio, and others, that General Arthur yielded his own wishes, and allowed his name to be used in completing the ticket."

& foreign scientific journal remakrs, as is curious physiological fact, that al- | Louisiana.

as William Hunter made strenuous efforts to perfect a system of embalming. At the present day the Italians are the great proficients in the art, which is mainly practiced by professors of anatomy, who endeavor to keep their particular mode a profound secret, and let mystery screen from view the composition of the ingredients used. One element commonly employed is a salt of zinc or arsenic. The objects to be aimed at, in addition to the prime one of the delay or entire prevention of decomposition, are the maintenance of the natural contour and cclor and the smallest possible disturbance of the corpse. The Italian professors embalm without evisceration, injecting

their fluids into the aorta, and by their preparations they are able to preserve the features quite unaltered, or rather with all the wrinkles and furrows of age or disease obliterated; the body assumes a pure white color, and in a few hours the hardness of marble, and is then practically indestructible. We have not yet heard what method of embalming was employed in the case of General Garfield, but from the fact that the features had changed color we presame it was not the Italian, nor one so perfect in its results. The Italians still practice in some cases a process of petrifaction, by which corpses become so hard that they can be submitted to the sculptor's chisel and preserved as articles of furniture or vertu. - London Lancet.

An Ark Built in Fear of Another Deluge.

A few miles below Otho, Ala., there is an old negro named Moses, who claims he had a revelation from the Lord, in which he received information that the world would again be destroyed by water. He was so convinced that the destruction would be by water that he at once began the work of building an ark. He has thus been engaged for several months, and the result of his labors may be easily seen from the river. This ark is very unlike the representations of the one built by Father Noah, and would doubiless not withstand any severo gales, such as might be expected in a cruise of forty days and nights. The oddly constructed vessel or house is placed on a high hill, ready for the rising water. It is composed of several apartments, about five feet wide and ten feet long, which are ing of the negro, one has to pass through a very elaborately decorated arbor, over the entrance to which are the words: "Welcome, peace, rest and happiness."-Columbus Inquirer.

A Southern journal mays this year's rice crop in the Gulf states will reach one hundred and fifty million bushels. it is predicted that the rice industry will soon rival that of sugar growing in

Let's start at once to the day-pot." Smiled Mrs. Jones, "In quick step, ob, We'll all run down to the dep-pot." Groaned Mr. Jones, "It's mighty hot To drive you all to the dee-pot." These conflicts of pronunciation." Would not be if they'd call it "+tation." -Norristonon Herald.

Scandinavian Hospitality.

The most striking quality of Scandinavian character seems to be hospitality. Throughout Norway, Sweden and the far North the author was heartily received by every one, from the king in his palace to the Laplander in his tent. During five years of almost incessant travel, in the course of which every part of the peninsula was visited, Mr. Da Chaillu was coolly treated only once. The Swedes and Norwegians have the reputation of being reserved and cold, but this is true of them only when they meet strangers of the class best sug-gested by the word "tourist." To any one whose interest in them cannot be measured by a stare or two and a few impertinent questions they are unsuspicious and communicative, as well as cordial to the verge of affection. Mr. Du Chaillu went among them freely, conversed with them in their language, wore garments like their own, and took part in their labors, sports and ceremo-nies. The treatment he received in return causes him to speak most enthu-siastically in praise of their sociability and kindness.

As in all other countries that retain primitive habits, hospitality in Scandinavia always implies eating and drinking. The poorest farmer or fisherman always has something to offer the visitor, and lack of appetite is generally construed as a slight. The anthor mentions one occasion on which, to avoid hurting any one's feelings, he ate thirty times in two days, and drank thirty four cups of coffee. Often strong cheese is offered just before a meal to provoke appetite, and in the citics a formal dinner is preceded by a smorque or lunch, at a table crowded with alleged appetizers. On a single smorges table the author noted smoked reindeer meat, raw salmon with posched eggs, raw salmon freshly salted, hard-boiled eggs, caviare, fried sausage, anchovy, smoked goose breast, cucumbers, raw salt herring, several kinds of cheese and as many of bread, and a salad made of pickled herring, boiled meat, potatoes, eggs, beets small portico, and spires, with feathers as ornaments. Approaching the dwell-kinds of spirits on the table, and from these and the various dishes the guests helped themselves bountifully, and then did justice to an excellent dinner. Harper's Magazine.

Mr. Mulhall, a leading English statistician, estimates that the United Statos is accumulating wealth at the rate of at least \$2,500,000 a day, er, in year, and that all the indications point to a continuance of this condition.