The Forest Republican IS FURLISHED SYRRE WEDNEDLY, ST J. E. WENK. Office in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building,

ELM STREET. - TIONESTA, PA. TERMS, \$1.50 PER YEAR. No enhanciptions received for a shorter period than three months. Our expondence relicited from all parts of the country. No notice wid be taken of anonymous

My Heart's Voice.

To my heart's voice I listened, listened, When life was bright and hope was strong, When grief was short and joy was long, To my heart's voice I listened, listoned, And lo ! it was a song, A morry song.

To my heart's voice 1 listoned, listened, When gathering clouds o'ercast the sky, When Joy was far and grief was nigh, To my heart's voice I listened, listened, And lo | it was a sigh, A heavy sigh.

To my heart's voice I listened, listened, When earthly pain knew heavenly balm, When trouble deep knew deeper calm, To my heart's voice I listened, listened, And lo ! it was a psalm, A holy psalm.

A NEW YEAR CHOICE.

One might think, who saw her life, that few people led a lonelier life than Nina Prentice did. An orphan with narrow means, keeping up her dead father's house, there was little visible excitement in such an existence. Yet hers was a temperament that did not require excitement, and that found happiness where others would not dream of looking for it. Her garden and her flowers were like a household to her; the poor all over the little hill-town afforded her occupation; she visited somewhat among a few wealthy ar-quaintances; and, for the rest, if she had such day dreams as other young girls are wont to indulge, no one was any wiser for them.

Nobody knew that her friend's father, the wealthy Mr. Barnes, had made her a standing offer of marriage any time within the last three years; nobody knew from her that Bryce Hanscom went out to a Mexican ranch because she had no smiles to give him; nobody knew whether Harold Hariley's face ever glanced out of the windows of her castles in the air; nobody knew whether one New Year's day she looked forward to the cext with any wonder as to what it, might bring her of sorrow or joy. She was so sweet, so silent, so gentle, that people in general knew no more of her emotions than of those of the statue of some saint' in its churchly niche,

Yet it was only on the last New Year's evening that, if any one had been able to look behind her curtains, they would "I believe it is Nina !" have seen her on her knees before the be over at last. "New Years and New Jears !" she. "Ah! how can I bear ansobbed. other so alone!" Perhaps Mrs. Hartley, her mother's old intimate, had some faint idea of the fire that burned under this crust of snow, But Mrs. Hartley was not entirely impartial in her judgment of the girl, and it was her morning and evenstand in a closer relation to her than she did at present. But, as that would be impossible without her son Harold's intervention, she left no stone unturned to that end. Mrs. Hartley thought she knew a great deal better what was good for her son then he did; and when she had made up her mind that he had better marry Nina Prentice, it was because she consulted his best welfarepossibly without complete regard to Nina's, She knew that Harold, although so affectionate, was of a high temper; and that Nina had inexhaustible stores of still patience, and that that still patience would await the time when he should come back to her, no longer the at the idea; and she seemed all at once knight errant, spurred by a restless nature, but a quiet and dignified gentle-man, ready to take his father's honored place in the community. Her approtches in the question were exceed ingly gentle; yet not so gentle that they did not put Harold on his guard, so that he was like the hunted deer, snutting the gale afar off.

ing a saint because the buckwheats its fairness and perfect calm. And the were flat, or the buttons off. Adios, you managing mamma," and he was gone.

Vol. XIV. No. 43.

It was a misty summer night, so thick one could hardly see a star. But those ringing steps needed no guiding star to direct them; for, to tell the truth, Harold Hartley suspected himself of being already more than half in love with Miss Barnes. Undoubtedly, there was something in her superb surroundings that added to her own charms; and she seemed, too, as entirely at home in them as the flower that blossoms in the rich, moist air of the hothouse. S. That velvet lawn, set with its flaming exotics and beds of flowers, with the lofty porches and wide halls behind it, the dimly-lit drawing rooms, and the dining-room, with its generous sideboard-all the consciousness of ease and comfort and delight of the senses about the place made visiting Miss Barnes a very pleasant way of passing time ; and then, moreover, as her father was a prominent man of affairs among the politicians of the country, one met there people who en-

larged the mental horizon and made a man think for himself and think more of himself. To-night, however, as he went along, his mother's words gave him a little thought, and it did occur to him that it was unwise to let himself become so

used to all this splendor and luxury on a venture; for, after all, a girl of such wealth and fascination as Miss Barnes had her choice from a crowd of lovers, of whom he was but one and the least conspicuous.

Just as these salutary reflections stole through his mind his ear was caught by he crying of a child, and he paused to look into the window of the cottage that he was passing, and to see a woman hushing a little child, whose face was now hidden in her neck-a slender, darkly-clad woman, who moved here and there, with the baby on her arm, and attended to the wants of a number of other children, while a man sat at the table, with his arms thrust out straight before him and his head fallen. between them, in an attitude of abject despair. The woman's back was toward him all the time; but something about her reminded him of Nina Prentice

"Pretty much what I might expect, I suppose," groaned Harold, "if I obeyed my mother. By George!" as the woman half turned, a sweet, fair, sad face, and delicate profile of figure,

But its absurdity destroy the fancy, low blaze of her fire, crying as if her heart would break, burying her face in her hands and longing for the night her bands and longing f discussion with a chance friend at a corner; and had not then stepped into a pool of water, and been obliged to hunt up a bootblack, the little wretch afterward keeping him waiting for his

ago, when he had seen Nina in her girl lifting her glass to the glow of the swansdown mantle holding up a sheaf wax lights did not seem to him so of wheat against the blue sky, and a charming as before.

The Forest Republican.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 18, 1882.

"Do you know," said Mr. Hartley's mother, one twilight, some time afterward, "I'm afraid I have been doing an injustice to Miss Barnes? She really has a heart. Those poor McNultys! When Mrs. McNulty died she used to

go down there every evening, and carry a supper, and hear the children's prayers, and put them to bed, and leave a breakfast set out for the father in the morning. Just think of that girl doing such things I"

"Did she tell you that she did, mother?" asked Harold.

"Well, no. That is, not exactly. I heard that one of the Hill ladies was down at the McNulty's doing these t ings, and spoke of it incidentally to Miss Barnes; and she asked me to say nothing about it, and said she only did what she couldn'thelp doing; and when I said I thought it a great deal for her to leave all her gay life every sunset, and go down there, night after night, and wait on that family, and then hurry home to her household of company, she colored up so prettily, and said we were all stewards, and it was duty and pleasure, too, to do what "she could." "Humph !" said Harold Hartley. He

knew very well now who it was that he saw through the window of the Mc-Nulty cottage. But, after all, a pretty face covers a multitude of sins. He set about forgetting the deceit; he reasoned that it was a girlish jest, sig-nifying nothing; and he went to Washington all the same, shortly after the holiday season arrived, and presented himself among the flist New Year's callers at the great doors of Mr. Barnes' residence there.

"Ah ! have you come?" cried Miss Barnes, hurrying to meet him. "We were so afraid you wouldn't. And now "Why did I never know that I loved you know so few people in town that you lefore?" you have no calls to make, and I want you to stay the whole day here with us, I've a perfect crowd of pretty girls to help me receiv, and a dear deaf-and-dumb old duenna for a chaperon, and it will be one long festival! Will you have Chemical duence of the source of the sourc will be one long festival! Will you have some refreshment now? Champagne punch? There's some Madeira, fifty of us. Ah! with God's help, what a years old. Ah! there's the bell. Every | life lies before us !" man to his post ! There are no privates here; but I'm captain-general I" and she danced back to her place, well content that Mr. Hartley should see the triumphal procession that the day was likely to be.

And a triumphal procession it wastaries, officers in their splendid uni- mixed. It has two live, seven-column forms, all swelled the ranks, swept daily papers, gas, street railway, and through the great house, and kept it water works well under way. The througed with groups in the rose draw- | Galinas river runs through the center ing room, groups in the gray parlor, in of the town, or between old and new the music hall, the dining-room and Las Vegas. Six miles above the city, the conservatory. with a portion of her attendants, was as much in the dining-room as the drawing-room, sauntering in with one and out with another, or standing under | city have built a rock dam across the the heavy curtains between the rooms. Galinas river three mile above the springs thought, in her scarlet satins, with yellow poppies in her hair, against the background of the citrine-colored curtains. There she was now, taking that is being done by one-half of the citi-Venetian gem of a decanter from a servant, and herself pouring wine for an old senator, who had perhaps already at least of this city is built of adobe or too much. Here came a parcel of goldlaced officers, flushed and gay and handsome. What did she mean by urging that old port on the half-tipsy boy among them, while the others laughed and jested? Harold was not ordinarily troubled with scruples ; but this seemed to him to pass the limits of a jest, and he ex- it will be seen that 1,000 brick will perienced a sense of relief as he saw a lady approach in the shadow of the curtain, and placing her hand on his arm hotels, three stories high, built of this lead the boy away. Gowned in gleaming white satin, her shining shape crossed also made of dirt or some kind of brick, moonbean, and knowing who it was little effort is made to make roofs to and thinking she might have trouble. Harold followed; but it was only to find Nina alone in the gray parlor, the boy having laughed her cup of bouillon to scorn and left her out of hand. "Isn't it too bad?" she said, with a laugh that was half a sigh, after all. at that. "He asked me if I was a temperance lecturer, and called this delicious bouillon 'slops.' Will you have it ?" "Where have you been all day ?" he down the room, for the misty night said, setting down the cup. had driven everybody within doors; and "Oh! I am on duty on this side. We are all stationed by plan of battle ; but | cedes became desperate her doctors most of my battalion have deserted to called in their German colleague in the other rooms. Isn't this a lovely quiet life at home, these gay nights and days. It would, at least, if one were quite at rest in it." It was a lovely room. It tempted all to examine the patient before he could Harold's old love of ease and luxury. The gray velvet on the floor, draping the walls, covering the cushioned divans, wearing a frosty bloom under the silver chandeliers, the delicatecarved jades, and ivories, and spars, the without approaching her or even enterright. Don't ee marry fur money, but go wheer money be," quoted Harold, "Excellent advice, that old northern" "And you don't know why you shape from all these pure, pearly I can do nothing," was the reply. "I shadows. He looked through the am willing to prescribe, but I can hardly gleaming arches that led from room to do so with good effect without personroom and saw the scarlet-clad and ally inspecting the patient." He wrote golden-crowned beauty standing there, a prescription and then left the palace. with the ruby glass suspended in her Three days later the fair young queen hand as she offered it to some new was dead, but the laws of Spanish court not born to money. You would do straws," and was astoniabed that Nina nothing and come to nothing. But as did not laugh. But that night the faces him. Unjust as it might be, for that single Worse and more of it: out of the darkness, as he walked moment the one of the two girls was yourself awfully smart," said Brown to home. The one the self-indulgent, like a picture of the incarnation of sin Fogg, who had just uttered a sharp Wives musta't be too good 'for human laughing beauty; the other, if not and the other of innocences. He re-nature's daily food.' Think of reprov-beautiful, yet certainly a lovely face in membered the icy morning, a few weeks think you smart."-Boston Transcript. I the winter.

hundred little belated birds hovering round it, with whirring wings and chirruping cries, and he turned and looked at Nina with a piercing gaze again, before which her soft eyes fell, till the blushes streamed up to meet the lashes; and as he gazed knowledge came slovly swelling up in Harold's heart and soul that, whatever attraction dark and glowing beauty and luxurious surround-ings had had for his senses, it had been for his senses alone, and that the love of his life had suddenly sprung, full grown and winged for an eternal flight -so eternal that now, in the first moment of its recognition, he could no more tell if it had ever had beginning

and if it would over have an end. So white, so fair, so sweet, so pure-was it possible he had been blind to it all (or years? So white, so fair, so sweet, so

For one brief moment Harold Hartley felt pangs of punishment that seemed to have lasted for years, and he felt like a sad old man as he still gazed at her. But he was one not to be long daunted, either by his own unworthiness or by the cruelty of fate. In a heart beat or two he was himself again, and he plunged in, aware that, even if she would have none of him now, it gave him the vantage-ground of her compas-

sion for the future. "I am glad," he said, "that you are not at rest in this life. It is a different life that I wish you to share. Nina, is it possible - -- " And then a little hand stole into his, and he led her away into the palm shadows of the conservatory, "Ah! what a fool I have been," he was saying, exultantly, as he bent over her.

"I always felt you did," she was mur-

Las Vegas.

A letter from Las Vegas, New Mexico. says : At no point visited have we been more surprised at the extent and activity than of Las Vegas. It has a population of about 7,000-one half white and in the mountains, on the banks of the As the day wore on Miss Barnes, Galinas are the hot springs which are emptied into the river, rendering the water unfit for city use. So the enterterprising inhabitants of this plucky What a picture she made, Harold and are laying large iron pipes from there to Las Vegas to supply the city with water from a pure mountain stream. And it must be recollected that all this zens, as the other half are poor, worthless and devoid of all enterprise. Half sun-dried brick. It is said that our Yankee population from the States cannot successfully make these brick. They are eighteen inches long, nine wide and four thick. They are furnished and laid in the wall at \$20 per 1,000. When it is recollected that one of these brick is as large as eight kiln-burned brick, build an average house for a Mexican. But there are large warehouses and adobe. The roofs of these houses are that scarlet blaze like the passing of a nearly flat. As it seldom rains here, shed water. Many of these low, dirty and unsightly habitations are occupied by wealthy families, with rich lace curtains to the little windows. The inatives never baild their houses more than one story high-and a 1 w story

Fed Through a Hole in His Stomach.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

One of the most remarkable surgical perations ever performed in America is described in a paper written by Dr. Frank J. Lutz, surgeon of the Alexian Brothers' hospital. The subject, E. Hunecke, a German tailor, fifty-eight years old, who resided on South Tenth street, commanced in July, 1880, to experience considerable difficulty in swallowing his food, which grew so serious finally that he had fainted several times from the pain. On Oc-tober 28 he consulted Dr. Lutz, who, after examinination, found an incipient stricture of the lower part of the esophagus, probably malignant. He ad-vised the patient, who was very intelligent and of a philosophic turn of mind, of the nature of the disease and its inevitable issue-death by starvation. It was explained to him that his life could be prolonged and made comfortable, but that his disease was not curable; and after the different methods by which he could be fed were explained, he pronounced in favor of a "gastric fis-tula," which, being interpreted, means nothing more nor less than a hole cut

into his stomach, through which the food he could not swallow could be formed by Dr. Lutz, assisted by Drs. Wesseler, Hickman and Fuhrmann. A two-inch incison was made parallel with the cartilage of the eighth rib, through which the incision was made into the stomach, and stopped with a plug of carbolized gauze. After eight days the wound had healed by granu-lation, and food was introduced through the opening three times a day. After food, whether solid or liquid, had been thoroughly masticated or insalivated by the patient, he spat it into a rubber

tube, through which it was conveyed into the opening. Dr. Lutz observed that as soon as the patient began to masticate his food, the gastric juice flowed freely through the fistulous opening. By this means he was kept complaining of a violent thirst, which

nothing could quench With a single exception life was sustained longer in this instance than of any other kind on record .- St. Louis Republican.

The Reason Snakes Are Long.

"Do you see that fellow up there?" said Mr. Rivers, pointing to a huge red snake, some ten feet long and two inches thick, of the kind known as the

gopher snake.

I'd rather b we that fello

By fortune undismayed, Hath power upon himself to be He himself obeyed. If such a man there be, where'er Beneath the sun and moon he fare, He cannot fare amiss ; Great Nature bath him in her care, Her cause is his. -Owen Meredith.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion \$10 One Square, one inch, one month...... One Square, one inch, three months

Legal notices at established rates, Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, cash on delivery.

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A Great Man.

Who serves a greatness not his own,

That man is great, and he alone,

For neither praise nor pelf ;

Whole in himself.

Establish Right.

Content to know and be unknown,

Strong is that man, he only strong,

To whose well-ordered will belong.

All powers that in face of Wrong

Who, from the tyrant passions free,

And free is he, and only free,

For service and delight,

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HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A circular "saw"--one which buzzes all around.

A good husband, like a good baseburner, never goes out nights .- Toledo American.

Tall men live long, but their height does not prevent them from being short sometimes .-- Somerville Journal.

There are some days when .you can't lay up a cent, and other days when you can't get hold of a cent to lay up.---New Haven Register. There is never any need of complaint that a lamp is heavy, for it is an easy matter to twirl up a piece of paper and make a lamp lighter .- Wit and Wis-About the most profitable fowls to raise are partridges. Amateur sportsmen will pay almost any price for them rather than take home an empty gamebag.-Boston Post. Some men are inconsistent creatures. They will get up in the middle of the night and throw their boots at a dog because he is howling at the moon, and the next night pay five dollars a seat to hear Italian opera.-Middletown Transcript. Always on the warpath: "There, you little gans, go to school," said a mother to her children as she finished combing their hair. "Why do you call them guns ?" said a visiting aunt to the mother. "Why, because they are always off with a bang." People, used to live from 300 to 800 years. But then in those days it took 500 years to learn as much as a man now learns in seventy. Some men, that is. Because there are men, dear George, who might live 1,000 years, even in these rushing days, and then lie down and die, burdened 'with less knowledge than they had originally started out with .- Burlington Hawkeye Broke Up in a Row. Mr. Simonin, a warm advocate of American institutions, recently gave a lecture before the Geographical society of Paris, in which he dwelt on the startling growth of the population of the United States. In three centuries, he said, if the present rate of progress was maintained, the United States would have 1,600,000,000 of people. Tribune, as he was beginning to be would have 1,600,000,000 of people. called, pleaded her cause with simple At this statement some one in the audience.protested, and sneered at the American nation as a mushroom, which was soon likely to decay. Others dis puted the accuracy of his assertions about the actual growth of the population. "Wait," said a third, "until we get Africa opened-and Africa will be opened-then the emigration of Europe will be all directed thither, and America will see her numbers diminish ""The colonization of the African continent is a dream; it cannot be realized !" cried a fourth. "It is, or the contrary, infinitely healthier than America !" asserted a fifth-and so the meeting broke up in a tumult. Between the Clipper Mills and Stuart's Point, in Sonoma county, Cali fornia, is an actual road bed in the tree tops. At this point the road crosses deep ravine, and trees are sawed off on a level and the timber and ties laid on the stumps. In the center of the raving mentioned two huge redwood trees standing side by side, form a substan tial support, and they are cut off sevent five feet above ground, and cars load with heavy saw-logs pass over them wi as much security as if it were framed the most ementille manner.

"Well, mother, I thank goodness," he said, with a light laugh, on detecting her meaning, "that we do not live in France, and that you can't go and inguire Nina's dot and settle the-

"It's a very good dot, Harold. Just a snug little income to keep the wolf there for the holidays, you know. If from the door and satisfy reasonable wants; and it would be vastly better for any husband than launching out on the remendous fortune of Miss Barnes, with palaces, so to say, and yachts and racing horses."

cried Harold, gayly. "Ask the amount of her dot, and if your scapegrace of a son is worth it. Yachts and racing how nice juleps were. Now I am totally horses ! I like the idea."

" Oh, Harold I"

"But Miss Barnes is a beauty, too, mother, and very sweet and gay. The man that marries her needn't marry for her money at all. She would have loyers if she hadn't a penny in her own think," said Nina. "But I love lemfarmer's. And I'll go 'where money be' to-night," as he drew on his gloves.

"Don't talk so, Harold. Don't talk so, even in jest. Miss Barnes may be well enough, for all I know, but her money would destroy you, who were Baint."

"Wouldn't do at all for a wife then,

change. "I declare," said he to Nina, when at last he reached Miss Barnes' parlors, "I thought I saw you married to a drunken laborer, as I came along tois g prayer that Nina should at some day night, with a gang ot babies clambering round "-

What made you think him drunken?" asked Nina, with her sweet seriousness

"Oh! the looks of him-the arms on the table, the fallen head, unkempt,

unshorn, you know, and all the rest." "I suppose," said Nina, "that a poor man, whose wife lay dead in the other room, might look much that way."

"I believe it was you!" cried Harold. "Do 1 look like it!" she asked. light-"And have I a dual existence, to ly. be here and there too?" And then, as Harold glanced her over, in her airy muslins and forget-me-nots, he smiled as different from that woman, and from all other women, as if she had stepped out of another star. Yet, for all that, a man does not care to marry a woman who is different from all other women simply to oblige his mother. "What are you two talking about ?"

asked Miss Barnes, standing before them just then, the picture of a Bacchante, with her head bound with currant leaves and her clustering curls like grape bunches about her dark and laughing face. "Are you promising Nina that you will come to Washington this winter? Nina is to be with me yon should, swell my list on New Year's." And then she went dancing a waiter was just bringing in a tray of

juleps. "Just give me the change to see it if "When I was a little confirmed it is. Go to Miss Barnes, mother," drunkard of the age of ten I signed the pledge," said Miss Barnes, conveying the waiter to Harold. "But I didn't know depraved. Here, Mr. Hartley. Nina It's quite as immoral to drink lemonade with straws as mint juleps. The sin lies altogether in the straws !"

"It depends on the individual whether there is any sin about it, 1

should burn your throat-that long, white throat-out with the other? Get thee to a nunnery!" As the gay girl lifted her glowing glass to the waxlights, Harold whispered to Nina, " I don't believe the Bacchantes used

The Queen and the Doctors.

By the unwritter, yat immutable laws of the Spanish coert no one but a Spanish physician can attend the queen of Spain. When the illness of Queen Merconsultation, but told him that he must indicate what remedies would be efficacious. This, however, could on no account be permitted. He then suggested that he might be allowed to see her through some open door or window

Worss and more of it: "You think

farm-if I had a farm-than \$10. You would be astonished at the amount of vermin, of all kinds, they can get away with-gophers, rabbits, squirrels, birds - anything, in fact, that he is big enough to get himself ontside of, and that means a good deal, although you might not think it to look at him.

"You are aware, I suppose, of the eculiar construction of the lower jaw. It can be unhinged, so to speak, and then the snake is nothing more than a long sack with the mouth open. I have watched one of them stow away a squirrel-long tail and all-without making any bones about it. He commenced at the head and slowly drew

the squirrel in bit by bit, his teeth and jaws working on the animal somewhat as a man draws in a rope hand over hand. Finally the body was safely housed and then only the tail remained, that slipped down in the twinkling of

an eye. "I never realized until then why snakes were made so long-it is to make room for the inconvenient tails of the other animals predestined to be snake meat. In an improved state of existence, when the tails have been evolutionized off the backs of the other animals, probably snakes will be cut shorter."-San Francisco Call.

John Bright and Queen Victoria. Long before he enjoyed the remotest rospect of office-at a time when Lord Palmerston, who not only disliked but despised him, seemed to have been chosen dictator for life, Mr. Bright

came forward in a very handsome manner to defend the queen. Her majesty seemed to London tradesmen to be unduly prolonging the period of her mourning for Prince Albert; and the and pathetic eloquence. The queen was deeply touched, and let Mr. Bright know it. Some years after there was a happy exchange of courtesies between them. The member from Birmingham was at length a minister and had to repair to Windsor, where he was to kneel before the sovereign, kiss her hand and receive his portfolio. Her majesty, with her usual thoughtfulness, informed the premier that his Quaker colleague need not trouble himself to kneel or perform any other ceremony abhorrent to his conscience. Further, he might present himself in whatsoever costume pleased him best. Mr. Bright consideredhimself bound to meet the queen half way. He did not kneel, but he bowed very low; he touched the royal hand with veneration, while his dress presented a remarkable combination of essentially conflicting designs. It was well described as that which in truth it wasa Quaker's court suit. The sword, as may be imagined, Mr. Bright has steadily declined to year .- Swiss Conti-

nental Times.

Begonias grow better if shaded from noonday sun, but they like sunshine in