

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

The Forest Republican

Vol. XIV. No. 44.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 25, 1882.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes One Square, one inch, one insert; One Square, one inch, one month; One Square, one inch, three months; One Square, one inch, one year; Quarter Column, one year; Half Column, one year; One Column, one year.

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.

Recompense.

The earth gives us treasure four-fold for all that we give to its bosom; The care we bestow on the plant comes back in the bud and the blossom. The sun draws the sea to the sky, Oh, stilled and straightest of powers, And returns to the hills and the meadows the gleams of bountiful showers. The mother regains her lost youth in the beauty and youth of her daughters, We are fed after many long days by the bread that we cast on the waters. Never a joy do we cause but we for that joy are the gladder, Never a heart do we grieve but we for the grieving are sadder. Never a slander so vile as the lips of the willing rephaser, And curses, though long, loud, and deep, come home to abide with the curser. He who doth give of his best, of that best is the certain user, And he who withholds finds himself of his gaining the pitiful loser. The flowers that are strewn for the dead bloom first in the heart of the living, And this is the truest of truths, that the best of a gift is the giving! -Carlotta Perry.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHOIR.

Evening service was just over and I lean over the balcony of the organ loft to watch the people passing out. Very few are worth looking at, I think, with the intolerance of a young and pretty girl for less favored mortals. A good many look up at me; but I have held the position of soprano at St. Stephen's for three months and am rather hardened to the public gaze. Suddenly I meet the admiring eyes of a tall, handsome stranger, and coloring slightly I draw back out of sight. The next instant I involuntarily bend forward to catch the last glimpse of him, and my wrist strikes the railing the fragile clasp of my bracelet snaps and it falls over into the throng. It is my poor dead mother's bracelet, almost my only ornament, and I would not lose it for the world. Just as I am about to send Jack Lewis, my sworn knight, down stairs after it, the stranger enters the organ loft and comes directly to me. He is very handsome, certainly, with the easy, gracious bearing of a prince. But my loyal heart refuses to believe that he is so noble and true as Jack Lewis. "I think this bracelet is yours, Miss Hastings," he said. "I saw it drop from your wrist and caught it before it struck the floor." "Thank you ever so much!" I say gratefully, extending my hand; he pinions it firmly in one of his own, while with the other he replaces and fastens the bracelet. The action is deferential, yet so familiar that I stand embarrassed, flushing all over. An utter stranger to hold my hand so! Why, even Jack—I begin to think this man is rude; I can feel his bold eyes resting on my carmine cheeks, my month, my long, down-dropped lashes, and for once in my life I wish I was not quite so pretty. "I heard there was a rare voice up at St. Stephen's, and I was not misinformed. I have been delighted with your singing, Miss Hastings," he says, warmly. "You are very kind," I say, dimpling with pleasure. "There!" handing me his card. "Let me introduce myself, and you will see that I am something of a critic." Ralph Arlington! I recognize the name of a wealthy amateur musician belonging to the great world of fashion in which I have no part. I thank him once more for the service he has done me, and am turning away when he says, quite eagerly: "I perceive you are unattended, Miss Hastings. May I escort you home?" Before I can reply to this audacious proposal Jack Lewis intervenes, almost pushing Mr. Arlington aside, and turning his back full upon him. "Oliver, here's your ulster; let me help you on with it. It's beginning to snow, and you have a long distance to go." Mr. Arlington, thus supplanted, retreats politely, and strolls over to the organ where Tom Thurstone is still sitting. Tom knows him, and greets him cordially; then introduces him to Susie Woodward, the alto, and Emil Mesmer, the basso. They are all chatting gayly together when Jack and I go downstairs and out into the snowy night. "Jack, why didn't you let us alone?" I begin, rather petulantly. "Mr. Arlington was saying the kindest things about my voice." "Oh, you'll see him again, never fear. You're far and away the prettiest girl he knows, and he will not be content with one meeting." "What? Does he do nothing but run after attractive young ladies?" I ask, curiously. "That's about where it lights," says Jack, concisely; he understands the full force and value of slang; "though the wined ones are more in his line, I believe." "How uncharitable you are! Wasn't it odd about my bracelet?" "He will think you dropped it on purpose at sight of him." "Ah, well, I shall never see him again." "I'll pay you five to one—" "I never bet; but I think if he were so unprincipled as you say he would have kept my bracelet."

"As if Ralph Arlington would care to steal that little thin thing—" Jack laughs. This reflection on my cherished treasure mortally offends me, and I trudge on in sulky silence for a block, but Jack is so contrite that I am mollified long before we reach Mrs. Babbitt's cheap boarding place, which is my only home. We stand a few moments at the gate. The snowflakes are falling thick and white on Jack's shoulders; one or two drop like gentle kisses on my uplifted face. "It's more than polite, it's extremely kind of you to come all this long way with me, Jack," I say, earnestly. "I only wish there was something I could do for you in return." "There is something you can do. I'll tell you all about it soon. Good night, darling." He presses my hand and is gone. I enter the house, rush up to my little carpeted room and fling myself down on my knees, my heart beating wildly to the music of those last words. I forget that I am a friendless orphan, alone in a great strange city; I forget the humiliating fact that I am forced to give my voice in exchange for my daily bread, while all the rest of our choir are generous volunteers; one happy thought excludes all others—Jack has called me darling! It is 10 o'clock next morning before I remember the existence of any other man. I am practicing at the miserable ruin which Mrs. Babbitt calls a piano, when that lady enters the room, bearing Mr. Arlington's card and a big box containing a magnificent bouquet of rare exotics. "A servant in livery brings 'um," says Mrs. Babbitt, sourly. "Them there flowers must cost all o' five dollars." "That makes it all the better!" I say, gayly, meeting her hard, cold, suspicious eyes with an untroubled laugh. Why does she dislike my getting such a lovely gift? By the end of the week their glorious color and fragrance has succumbed to the icy atmosphere of the parlor—my own room is verily the Arctic Zone itself. To my delight the offering is repeated on Friday. This time Mrs. Babbitt merely flings the box on the piano, and stalks out without a word. I look after her with wondering eyes. "Poor old thing! how she envies me!" I say, compassionately, and bending over the mass of bloom in perfect content, Mr. Arlington appears to me the most thoughtful, generous gentleman in the world. I am not surprised to find him at the rehearsal Saturday evening, and when he asks to be allowed to see me home I acquiesce readily. Jack looks so hurt and angry that I hurry across to the little closet where he is arranging the music books. "Jack, I couldn't help it. I did it out of pure gratitude. He has sent me the two loveliest bouquets I ever saw." "And what would you say if I asked you to receive no more flowers from him?" "I should say you were jealous!" I answer, promptly. "Oliver, I warn you as I would a sister," he says, very gravely. "You will be compromised." "Compromised?" I repeat, vaguely. "Yes; it seems horrible that people should talk about a poor little innocent baby like you—but they will!" I feel rather awed for a moment; then I say, blindly: "Ah, well, it doesn't matter so long as my own conscience is clear!" And I go back to Mr. Arlington and we set out. It is such an odd sensation to be walking with any one but Jack! Somehow the distance seems longer than usual. When we reach Mrs. Babbitt's my escort asks permission to come in and get warm, and I cannot refuse, though I blush for the shabby parlor, where ice cream wouldn't melt. But Mr. Arlington apparently sees nothing amiss and remains for a pleasant half hour. As I go up to my room I meet my landlady in the hall; she scowls and doesn't answer when I bid her good-night. That woman grows uglier every day. Next evening Mr. Arlington is again at church, but Jack whisks me away with him immediately after service. "The funniest thing happened to-night," I say, as soon as we are in the street. "You know how stout Mr. Mesmer is? Well, Miss Woodward handed him a paper Tom Thurstone gave her, supposing it was the list of next Sunday's music. Poor Mesmer looked at her all the evening in the most heartbroken, reproachful way; and no wonder for Tom whispered to me it was an anti-fat circular!" Jack pays no heed to this entertaining anecdote, but opens fire at once. "Oliver, Arlington went into Mrs. Babbitt's with you last evening." "How do you know?" "I dare say you will think it odd—I followed you." "Odd! It was underhanded, ungentlemanly of you!" I say, vehemently. "And if he came in for a few minutes it's more than you ever cared to do." "Oliver, dear Oliver," he says, in a tone of keen reproach, "is there anything I should more enjoy than spending a quiet happy hour alone with you every Sunday evening?" "Then why on earth don't you?" I ask, really puzzled. "Mr. Mesmer goes home with Susie, and they sing for Mr. and Mrs. Woodward." "Why, there is no comparison, Oliver! An unprotected orphan like you cannot dream of receiving callers as Miss Woodward does. And Arlington knows it well enough, too; it is wickedly selfish

of him to pay you such marked attention. All his set will be coming to St. Stephen's to see his last fancy!" And Jack grinds his teeth at the idea. "Oh, it makes me furious to think of any slightest breath of scandal resting on your name! Dear, dear Oliver!" he goes on swiftly, "give me the right to protect you! Be my wife, darling, and your life will be free from all that makes so hard now!" "Oh!" I say, breathlessly; I am only eighteen, and this is my first offer. "Oh, I have only known you three months. I am sure, quite sure that I shall never wish to marry you!" Why doesn't he urge me to take time to consider it? In books they always do. He only says, slowly: "This would not have been your answer a week ago, Oliver." Then we are silent. I am wishing he would ask me again, and am wondering in what delicate manner I can let him understand my perfect willingness to retract my hasty refusal. At the gate he hands me some tiny thing wrapped in tissue paper. "I hoped that might be our engagement ring," he says, sadly. "At any rate, wear it for friendship sake." Then he stoops suddenly and kisses my brow, oh, so tenderly! "Good-bye, my little girl," he whispers, and strides rapidly away. "It will surely be all right when we meet again," I say in my heart, and I rush upstairs and spend a happy hour examining my little ring, sparkling with diamonds and turquoises, with the resplendent light of one tallow candle. But all the next week I long in vain for a letter from him. Nothing comes save two bouquets and three visits from Mr. Arlington. I am flattered, of course, yet wretched lest Jack should hear of it and be angry. Next Saturday and Sunday evenings I look at Jack as imploringly as I dare, but he is so occupied with some of the young ladies that he does not even appear to see me, and I have no other choice but to accept Mr. Arlington's escort. Another week and then another drags heavily by. My new admirer takes me driving, to the opera, and is unremitting in his attention, but nothing lightens my grieving heart. I can't forgive him for coming between me and Jack. And every day I see more plainly there is something else I can't forgive him—people have begun to talk. Mrs. Babbitt's manner frightens me, it is so cold and forbidding; the boarders smile or sneer knowingly as I pass them on the stairs; even the young ladies I meet at church begin to regard me with suspicion and aversion. A dread of some calamity hourly grows upon me. The climax of all this annoyance comes one evening. Just as I am going to rehearsal Mrs. Babbitt enters my room abruptly, and stares at the finger where my precious ring is shining. I gaze back at her in vague terror and uneasiness. "Where did you get that there gewgaw, Miss Hastings?" she asks, sharply. I hit my head haughtily, surprised beyond words. She goes on in a rough coarse way: "It was bad enough for you to take young Arlington's flowers and music, but when you have the brass to wear his jewelry it's high time you left a respectable woman's house!" Oh, my God! This, then, is what they think of me! I shiver and gasp; the blood forsakes my cheeks. "When you come home to-night you'll find your wretched little trunk on the front stoop with every drop of yourn in it. Don't ask to stay another night here—your good name is clean gone forever!" "Oh, Mrs. Babbitt, for heaven's sake don't send me away! Where can I go? What shall I do?" "Ask Ralph Arlington!" she answers, with a brutal laugh. Then I bury my face in my hands and fly past her, out into the darkening streets, where no one can see the shamed hot blood in my cheeks. "Oh, mamma, mamma! if I could only die and go to you!" I cry with a wild sob. I have not one coherent thought till I reach the church; then I think that perhaps Susie Woodward will take me home with her. No; her greeting is strangely chill to-night, and I can see that she avoids me. "Oh, this weary, weary evening! I grow more helpless and terrified every moment. But just at the last moment a ray of light comes to me. Some one passes me a little note. "SWEETEST OLIVER—I have just decided to ask you to be my wife. You need not write or say anything, only turn your lovely face toward me, and I shall know that your answer is yes." "RALPH ARRLINGTON." His boastful certainty angers me, but I catch at the one hand held out to save me. Even while I say in my heart "I hate him, I loathe him," I turn my face blindly in his direction. In a strange mingling of relief and pain I droop my head languidly down on the rail before me. The organ is thundering out the grand music, the young people trimming the church are laughing gayly below; but I can only feel that I have bidden farewell to happiness—and Jack. We are almost the last to leave the choir, so much do I dread being alone with Mr. Arlington, but at last we go downstairs, across the almost empty church, and into the unlighted church. Then he clasps my hand tightly, and in the darkness I can feel him bending over me. "Oh, I've forgotten my book!" I cry, desperately. "I must run back for it."

"What a nuisance! Let me go!" he says, rather impatiently. "No—no, you couldn't find it," I say, and thankful for even a moment's respite I hurry back to the organ loft. At first I can distinguish nothing in the soft, dusky gloom, spy with the fragrance of the evergreens, but soon I make out a man's figure standing by the organ. It is Jack! I run to him and catch his hands frantically in my own. "Oh, Jack, I'm so wretched. Arlington has asked me to marry him—" "Then he is better than I thought him!" "And I had to say yes, for Mrs. Babbitt has turned me out; but I'm so sorry! He might—he might even want to kiss me!" "Quite likely," says Jack, with a grim smile; but he looks deeply moved. "Don't laugh!" I say, piteously. "I won't marry him—I'll die in the streets first! Oh, I hear him coming—hide me, save me!" Quick as thought Jack draws me after him into the book closet, and closes the door just as Mr. Arlington enters the gallery. "The little minx, she has slipped out some other door!" he says, in vexation. "Couldn't believe I was in earnest, I suppose." And he hastened off in pursuit. "What an escape!" I say, as we emerge from the closet. "Darling," begins Jack, with passionate eagerness, "darling Oliver, would you rather that—" "Yes—yes, a thousand times!" I answer, and then break down into the tempest of sobs and tears I have repressed all the evening. Jack soothes me tenderly with loving words and caresses I have never known before. The rich incense of the evergreens wraps me in a delicious languor; I feel that I have found a blessed haven of rest. Presently I raise my head from his breast, and look up with my poor drowned eyes. "Jack, you mustn't marry me," I say, tragically. "My good name is clean gone forever—Mrs. Babbitt says so!" "Well, then, I must give you another, sweet," he says, blithely, and before I half comprehend him we are down at the altar, where the minister is still talking with one of the deacons, and Jack is saying that we wish to be married immediately. We kneel down, Jack in his overcoat, I in my ulster and plain Derby hat; Jack uses my gage d'amitie as a wedding ring, and in five minutes we are husband and wife. We go out into the street, and walk along rather solemnly under the snow-laden trees and clear, starry heavens. "Jack, my trunk is in that woman's doorstep," I say, diffidently. "Good!" he says, with a joyous laugh. "Since you are all ready, let us go off for a wedding trip." "Oh, but traveling's very expensive," I say, dubiously. "Do you think you can afford it?" He laughs again. "I may not be such a wonderful match as Arlington, darling, but you have made rather a good marriage, do you know it? Hallo there, driver!" He hails a passing hack, and we go and pick up my forlorn property, and then start off on our joyful little journey, while every moment I feel more safe and happy. I really don't know how Tom Thurstone managed the service without the leading tenor and soprano, but we have been so faithful ever since that he has forgiven us. I suppose Mr. Arlington considers me the most heartless, cold-blooded flirt in existence. He is very polite when we meet in society, but he never comes into St. Stephen's choir.

Summary Justice.

Independence mining camp, twenty miles west of Leadville, Col., has for a long time been overrun with desperate characters, who kept it in a perpetual state of turmoil. Often several of these would band together and virtually take possession of the camp, shooting men down in the streets and closing stores, blocking business for several hours. Shortly after dark one Saturday night recently, Patton and Malloy, two desperadoes, having the reputation of killing a number of men, becoming intoxicated, started up the street firing revolvers promiscuously. General indignation ensued, and the people turned out en masse and pursued the desperadoes, who were finally brought to bay and literally riddled with bullets. They returned the fire of the mob but without effect. A little later a vigilance committee was formed for the purpose of hanging three or four of the worst blacklegs, but that class nearly all took flight and left town immediately after the shooting of Patton and Malloy. It would appear from the British ship-building statistics of last year that most of the vessels built for British owners or for foreigners are steam propelled. Whether in a few years some other agent than steam will be used remains to be seen. The secondary battery is beginning to excite hopes of an early revolution in navigation. In the United Kingdom there were 430,000 tons of vessels constructed for home, besides 68,000 for foreign orders. Let no one suppose that by acting a good part through life he will escape scandal. There will be those even who hate him for the very qualities that ought to procure esteem. There are some folks in the world who are not willing that others should be better than themselves.

Diphtheria and Its Cause.

The following able article upon a scourge that is proving itself even more fatal than smallpox, is by one of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in Pennsylvania. By reason of his familiarity with the subject it possesses many points of interest. A few years ago, when men of science were telling their wondrous tales about organisms so small that the very highest powers of the microscope were requisite to determine anything about them, and whose powers of multiplication were so rapid that they would fill the earth in a brief time if not checked by natural means, we all felt that it was time a society was started for the prevention of useless knowledge. Whether these mites came from previously existing mites or from dead matter was a question so unimportant that it hardly concerned the mites themselves, to say nothing of human beings. But here, as so often before, some unexpected turn of the wheel has brought insignificant things to the surface, and these bacteria, for such we must now call them in the aggregate, came to be regarded as actually forcing themselves upon our notice—because it is asserted that they are the active agents in producing among men such diseases as measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria and the like; in lower animals producing charbon, chicken cholera, sheep rot and other similar diseases; hence, then, we can't afford to ignore them. Doubtless we would be safe in the assertion that these organisms are of vegetable nature and approach more nearly to the fungi than to any other group; and further, that these disease germs will probably prove to be specific in character; that is, each kind produces a special disease. In a recent lecture before the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science Professor H. C. Wood gave to a crowded house a clear, popular history of these organisms and of their relations to diphtheria, both the ordinary and malignant forms. His results are so striking and so important that we will epitomize here. For some years Drs. Wood and Forman (both of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania) have been investigating the cause of diphtheria under the direction and auspices of the national board of health. In the spring of 1880 rabbits were inoculated with diphtheritic membrane from Philadelphia patients. These animals died, but few if any of them with diphtheria; most succumbed to lung disease. This consumption, however, was proved not to be a direct result of the diphtheritic poison. So that experiment settles no main issue. Next, they inserted the diphtheritic membrane in the opened windpipe of the animals. This produced sore throat and membrane, which was nearly like that of diphtheria. Here, however, were found abundance of globular, transparent bodies, which when magnified several thousand times are no larger than pin heads. These bodies are Bacteria specially known as Micrococci. Further it was shown that these micrococci may also be present in ordinary sore throat. Last spring a fearful epidemic of diphtheria prevailed in Ludington, Michigan, which is said to have destroyed about one-third of the children attacked in the place, and most of them were so taken. From material obtained there it was found that the blood of these diphtheritic patients was full of micrococci, often forming masses when the individuals were compacted by growth. They were found in the white blood corpuscles and also discovered blocking up and distending the blood vessels of the kidney. The more there are of these in the blood evidently the worse is the attack. Inoculating animals (rabbits) with the diphtheritic poison from Ludington, it resulted in a genuine attack of diphtheria, which proved fatal in a few days. The disease was simply that of Ludington, except that it was produced in the lower animals. Post mortem examination of the rabbits showed that even the bone marrow was full of micrococci. So with material obtained from the diphtheritic rabbits he inoculated others, and so through several sets of rabbits, producing death in each instance from diphtheria. Further experiments proved that these micrococci were either the direct cause of diphtheria or that they carried the poison which was. In either alternative we can look upon them as offending parties. Now, as in ordinary sore throat, in mild diphtheria, and in the malignant form, these micrococci show no constant differences of structure under high powers of the microscope, to what is the different grade of the disease they produce due? Simply to the reproductive capacity of the micrococci. Thus, those taken from mild forms of diphtheria would only reproduce up to the fifth generation; those from Ludington speedily ran through ten generations. Experiments have shown that there are certain conditions under which these organisms lose their reproductive capacity to a great degree, and hence with it their power for harm. Hence the great problems in the healing art are: what will destroy this out of the body and so prevent the disease from arising; or what will kill them or lessen this power of reproduction in the body when the disease is contracted, and at the same time not injure the patient. Signs of great hope may appear in this connection. It would hardly be putting the case too strongly to assert,

there is a fair probability that by a process of modified inoculation, comparable to that against smallpox, medical men will be able to hold this and other like diseases in check, and that this triumph may be witnessed before the century goes out. If so it will be the foundation on which the future historian will erect the noblest monument to our times. A Sioux Bill of Fare. One of the peculiarities of the latest United States style of feeding the noble red man is the fact that he is given government rations, and at the same time appropriations are made which are supposed to maintain him. Sometimes a wild Indian who don't know much about groceries and how to prepare them for food, comes in and draws his regular soldier ration in this way. For instance, up in the Sitting Bull country awhile ago, an Indian came in from the warpath who had never seen any of the paleface style of food, and drew his rations. He made a light meal of unground coffee the first day, and as he overate, and the coffee swelled in him, he had difficulty in buttoning his pants around the pain that he had on hand. He felt very unhappy for a day or two, but laid it to the fact that he hadn't exercised much, and the consequent ennu and indigestion resulting therefrom. As soon as he succeeded in getting the interior departments quieted down a little, he ate his ration of candles. These he decided to par-boil, in order to avoid trouble of indigestion. The dish was not so much of a glittering success as he had anticipated, and as he remorselessly picked the candle wick out of his teeth, with a ten pin, he made some remark that grated harshly on the aesthetic ears of those who stood near. He then tried a meal of yeast powder with vinegar. He wet the yeast powder and then took a pint of extremely potent vinegar to wash it down. At first there was a feeling of glad surprise in his stomach, which rapidly gave place to unavailing remorse. A can of yeast powder in an Indian's midst don't seem to be prepared for a pint of vinegar, and the result of such an unfortunate combination is not gratifying. Every little while a look of pain would come over the features of the noble child of the forest, and then he would jump about seventeen feet and try to kick a cloud out of the sky. Then he would sit down and think over his past life. It took about a week for him to get back to where he dared to get up another meal for himself. Then he fricasseed a couple of pounds of laundry soap and ate that. Soap is all right for treating a pair of soiled socks, but it does not assimilate with the gastric juices readily, and those who have tried laundry soap as a relish do not seem to think that it will ever arrive at any degree of prominence as an article of diet. This is why this untutored child of nature swore. He had never received the benefits of early training in profanity, and his language therefore was disconnected and rambling, but when we consider that he was ignorant of our language, and that every little while he had to stop and hold on to his disaster with both hands and dig great holes in the earth with his toes, the remarks didn't seem altogether out of place or irrelevant. When a gallon or so of agitated baking powder and vinegar is singing its little song in the innermost recesses of an Indian, and it has been followed by a treatment of laundry soap, the student of human nature can find a wide field for observation in that locality. The earnest and occupied look, the troubled expression of the countenance, followed by the quick and nervous twitching of the muscles of the face and then the swelling of the body, the bursting of the surrender button, the deep drawn sigh and the smothered curse word, all betokened the gastric agitation going on within. This is why an Indian prefers a link of bologna sausages and a two-year-old dog to the high-priced groceries so common to our modern civilization.—Boomerang. A Woman's Pluck. A carriage in which were the wife of Dr. Priton, of Gallatin, Tenn., and her husband's sister, Miss Mary Priton, was swept from a bridge into Dry Fork creek and borne down stream by the rushing waters. The carriage was soon overturned and the horses drowned, but the women managed to keep their heads above the surface, Miss Priton, after a hard struggle, succeeding in reaching the shore. She saw her companion clinging to a piece of wood which was being carried swiftly down stream in the very middle of the swollen creek. Though nearly exhausted, Miss Priton ran along among tangled briars, which lacerated her flesh, until a quarter of a mile below she decided to attempt the rescue. She plunged into the stream, swam to her drowning sister and at last succeeded in bearing her safely to the bank. The act is regarded by the people of Gallatin as all the worthier in view of the circumstance that Miss Priton had never before trusted herself in the water beyond her own depth. There are twenty thousand Jews in Chicago, many of them wealthy. They own fifteen synagogues.