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Legal notices at established rates

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Marriages and death notices gratia.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected parterly. Temporary advertisements must be aid for in advance. Job work, cash on delivery.

The Shadowed Cross.

In wedded love our lives had twined One year-one careless, golden year-And then he died, my darling died; And, for the joy that harbored there, My heart was filled with dark despair,

I traced the haunts he loved the best In dear, lost days-alas, so brief! And mem'ry's breathings, once so sweet, But fanned the furnage of my grief: They brought no tears to my relief.

At early dawn I sought his grave, 'Mid quaint-carved stones, o'ergrown with

And lo I upon the hallowed mound-In seeming emblem of my loss-There fell the shadow of a Cross.

And, kneeling there in tearless woe, Methought I heard my darling say: "Oh, love! thy grief a shadow is, Which, as a dream, shall pass away, Where shadows melt in cloudless day !"

Then found my anguish vent in tears, Strange tears of heav'n-born) peace, tha shed , Around my soul a holy calm: And when I rose, thus comforted,

The shadow from the grave had fled. -Good Words.

An Unceremonious Wedding.

"One thing I am determined upon," remarked Mrs. Sue Hathaway, decisively. "You, Fan, shall have a decently ceremonious wedding. When I think of the harum-scarum way in which Charley and I were thrown at one another, the wonder is not that we haven't quarreled since, but that we were ever really married at all."

"Tell me all about it, Sue dear," coaxed Mrs. Hathaway's youngest and pet sister, as she folded and replaced in their boxes the dainty articles which she was preparing for her own tronsseau. "You have always spoken of your wedding day as the most un-happy day of your life; but I cannot conceive how that can be, when you and Charlie love one another so dearly."

"And if we had not loved each other beyond all possibility of quarreling, we would certainly have broken our en gugement an hour before the ceremony was really performed. I sincerely trust, dear Fan, that your married life may be as happy as mine has proved, and that heaven may defend you from a wedding

day as chaotic as mine."
"My remembrance of the affair is such a manager, Sue, you are always in bowers of beauty. But I had all of the request for tableaux and private theatricals. I never knew an occasion which you were not equal to, from a charity bazaar to the state dinner the ladies gave the foreign deputation. I was only dress came, and had to be altered; I sat eight years old when you were married; up late into the night to do it. Then but I remember that I was your bridemaid, and that I wore a puffed mull, rehearse your entree, and your young with pink kid gloves. They were the nephew did behave abominably. He first kid gloves I ever had, and I was as arm with Isabel's oldest boy, with my hands displayed as conspicuously as

"And do you happen to remember what a scamp that boy was? He was the cause of more than half my tribulation. He was a regular little Ishmael has been all her life, and of the wildly preposterous way in which she was married, I don't wonder. She was studying abroad when she met her husband. They had both gone to Europe for a number of years, and they concluded to be married at the American consul's, and continue their foreign the ceremony. They were married in the evening and took a steamer immediately after for some Mediterranean boat Isabel was thrown overboard. She was promptly rescued by her husband India muslin in which you looked so and got safely on board, but in a com lovely at your graduation." pletely drenched condition. Now comes the ridiculous part. It was a cargo steamer which only carried a limited number of passengers, and it so happened that there were no other ladies on board. Isabel's trunks were buried of some flannel underclothing of the captain's and two Marseilles bedspreads."

Fan, choking with laughter.

"She succeeded, too; she basted up Watteau plait in the back, trimming the front with a Turkish towel torn in strips, and breakfasted next moring in that costume. Her husband told me he never saw her dressed so becom-

"I always thought Isabel was a genius," Fan remarked, admiringly. "Yes, but what a very singular pro-

to acknowledge the claims of society so fret you. far as that, you might as well do the arrangement of my wedding was left to reling then and there than we We were living in the old family in our lives. I hadn't the hear mansion in the country, two miles from the church, and of course the wedding had to be at the house. This troubled one has danced the German a score of times, and where one expects to dance again in a few moments? Besides, the house was to be crammed with company, and I was morally certain that everything would be in confusion. of them then than I am now, especially our of his sister Adelaide. She is the most envious and spiteful creature in the world, did all she could to spoil the match, wanted Charlie to marry some particular friend of hers. Then there was Aunt Sue Stockstill, for whom I her, and our love was tempered with a respectful admiration which amounted almost to fear.

"The entire second floor was given

up to guests, and we were huddled in the little bedrooms under the mansard roof. You and I had Bridget's room, and she slept on a pallet in the kitchen. Charlie had a cot bed in the hall. All of our boys slept in the stable loft. Father swung himself up in the hammock on the back veranda; it was July, but he took a horrid cold all the same Mother had the trunk room until Isabel arrived with her two boys, when it was given up to her, and mother camped on the lounge in the back parlor. Now that is only the background to the pic ture. We had no city caterers to provide the banquet. Mother made every cake, and had her hands quite full enough to provide a handsome table daily for her guests. I had loads of beautiful flowers sent me, and Isabel took the decorating of the parlors off my hands. That was really a great help, for she has exquisite taste and rare inventive genius. She rigged a superb wedding bell out of an old hoop that it was a perfect success. You are skirt, and turned the old rooms into upon my hands, and all the little arrangements to make which are always left to the last moment. Your you and your tiny groomsman had to caught your dress out of my hands and proud as a peacock of them. I wouldn't carry a bouquet for fear of soiling and lors. He got himself up at the last hiding them, but marched in, arm in moment like a wild Indian, instead of dressing as he should have done. He left the water running until it soaked through the ceiling below; he hung the cat over the balustrade, and made a bonfire in the wood-house; he sifted a quart of salt into the ice cream as it was being frozen in the cellar. There was - his hand sgainst every man, and no end to the pranks that fellow per-every man's hand against him.' And petrated. The wedding presents were petrated. The wedding presents were when I think what a Bohemian Isabel displayed in the library. They were superb. I had not expected anything so beautiful. But Adelaide whispered about that with the exception of one dozen spoons it was all plated ware, and

was bired for the occasion. . " Isabel repeated her remarks to me just in time to raise my angry passions residence, instead of coming home for to a white heat, and to send me downstairs inwardly raging on my wedding morn. We were to be married at noon precisely, in order to take the 3 o'clock port. Isabel's trunks had been sent train for the city. I had a very elaboron board during the afternoon, but ate and becoming traveling costume, when they drove down to the wharf at | which I had decided to wear, with the night they found that the ship had addition of a real white Spanish lace moved from its anchorage, and they mantilla arranged as a veil. Aunt Sae were obliged to hire a waterman to row | met me at breakfast. 'My dear child,' them out. The water was very rough, she said, 'I can't bear to think of your and in a sudden lurch of the little not being married in white. Nothing else is suitable for a bride.

that half of the porcelain and bric-a-brac

" I did not dare displease Aunt Sue; but the muslin was crumpled and yellow; it would look dreadfully by daylight. There was still time, and I determined to have shutters closed, curtains drawn, and the rooms lighted as in the hold where it was impossible to for evening. Brother Ned helped me get at them, and the valise which had arrange four dozen wax candies on fallen into the water with her, had gone | brackets among the flowers. When they to the bottom, and Isabel retired to were lighted, the rooms made me think of her stateroom to improvise a toilet out | Victor Hugo's description of the marriage of Corinne. It was as brilliant and sparkling as fairyland, and the tumbled muslin would look very well. "How very dreadful!" exclaimed I ran upstairs to dress. But first I had your hair to curl and gloves to fit, and then I must need wash the vermilion wrapper of the bedspreads with a from the face of that boy. Then Vattean plait in the back, trimming Charlie, who was vainly trying to tie his cravat without a glass (he had dressed in the bath-room), came to me for assist ance, and I saw the minister drive up to the door before I had begun my toilet. I was half dressed when Charlie tapped at the door. 'Sue—Sue, me: 'I know your secret; I've a weak-dear! they are having a council of war ness for lovers.' That house is to let, downstairs, and they don't like the idea or, rather, it was; it is so no longer, seeding! Isabel is five years older of our being married by artificial light for I have rented it. Don't start and than I am, and I look up to her for cer- in the daytime. The majority think it drop this paper. The house awaits

"'Tell her to take them down,' I rething respectably and in good form. I plied, in a choked voice, and then I am a manager, as you say, and it was burst into tears. It was the last straw, for that very reason that the ertire and Charlie and I came nearer to quar-

on with my dressing, but sat and boohooed until Charlie came to the door again to say that the company was waitme from the first, for the ceremony is ing. Then I dashed into my clothes. always so much more solemn and im- I had no time to comb my hair, but pressive before the altar, and I Charlie pinned the lace veil over it wanted to think of it as a rather awkwardly, so that we deluded sacrament, to really feel the sacredness ourselves into the idea that it did not of the yows I was taking upon myself. show, and I stood up in my creased and Instead of this, I knew perfectly well second-hand gown, with unkempt hair, that I should be distracted by and face and eyes swollen with weeping, people whispering and giggling during the minister's very prayer. What day displaying all defects. They say restraint can there be in parlors where dressed gives a peace of mind which even religion cannot impart. Imagine, then, my torture to be a gazing-stock at such a time before all those people! I had it in my heart to murder them all and then kill myself. Then afterward. We Charlie's family were coming; they are had thought, of course, that the comvery aristocratic; and I was more afraid pany would remain and dine with our family, and then take the evening train for the city. But no. Adelaide thought it would be so jolly for all to go down en masse. Ned had to drive like mad to the liverystable to get conveyances for them all, and Charlie and I got to the station in was named. We were all very fond of separate carriages. The engine was decorated with evergreen and flags in my honor, but the conductor thought Adelaide was the bride, and gave her my seat, and I was very nearly left, for Ned came driving me up with our slow old Pilgrim just as the conductor had given the signal for starting. Charlie was on the rear platform waiting for me. He pulled the cord violently, and jerked me on, while Ned gave me a parting push. My elegant traveling costume was torn half off me. How every one laughed! and Aunt Sue made a spectacle of me by producing her housewife and sewing me up before the assembled multitude. Then half of the party went to the same hotel that we did, and it leaked out that we were a newly mar-

> heartening day of my life." "You poor thing!" laughed Fan. 'If you had only had a nice competent sister, as I have, to take all the worry off your mind, then you could have resigned everything to her good providence, as I do, and have calmly awaited

> ried couple, and altogether it was the

most completely mortifying and dis-

your fate with folded hands." "Yes; if I had had some one to rely upon I might have given my thoughts to more serious matters. Or if Charlie had been more conservative in his ideas, more punctilious in matters o etiquette, he might have helped me out but he did just as every one else does, left everything to me, and I had the satisfaction of making a grand fisseo of it all. But I will do better by you, Fan. You are not to be married until June; that will give us plenty of time to complete the arrangements. The ceremony shall be at St. Andrew's, and I will give you the most recherche of receptions. I am very glad the professor has decided to spend his vacation abroad; it is just the thing for a bridal tour. You can have your selection of the young men from the graduating class, with whom you flirted so unconscionably, for your ushers. To think of your receiving all that attention from the undergraduates, and then marrying a grave professor! It does seem so funny."

"But he is not grave at all, Sue; and he is very young for his honors. Only thirty, and I am twenty-three, a real old girl. You don't realize how time

"Well, if he is not old, he is at least dignified and formal -good material to work with at the start. He would give a certain prestige to any occasion. I shall have the satisfaction of seeing you married in good style. You will re-

deem the family." Mrs. Hathaway left the room with a flutter of drapery, and Fan fell into a muse. Her father and mother lived alone now in the old family mansion, Isabel was in Europe again, Ned and the other boys were out West, whilst she was whiling away the winter at Sue's beautiful home in the city. She was weary of society, and she wished that summer was nearer, when Alston could leave his college duties and claim her. She cared as little for ceremony as her Bohemian sister Isabel; she wished it all over, and herself settled in a home of her own. Home! What a delightful sound! Should she ever realize the word?

There was a ring at the door. The postman had brought her letters from her professor and from her m. ther.

"DARLING FANNY" (wrote the first),-"I can't wait. June is a long, long way off, for the winter is only just begun. Moreover, there is no need of waiting. We were idiots to think of it. Mrs. Delancy has gone South for the winter and has advertised her lovely home to let, furnished. You remember it, do you not? It was at a sociable there, behind the garnet plush curtains in the bow-window, that you told me-The house has had its associations for me ever since. I never go by it in the evening and see the light streaming through the stained glass over the hall door without faneying that it says to tain qualities. But she has no idea of an affectation, and it rather strikes me its mistress. I've told the kitchen girl

conventionality, and if you are going herself; she said you had so much to mother, and the thing is to be. She thinks it decidedly the most sensible plan she has heard of lately. Why should I spend my evenings in a boarding-house for six months longer, when I might toast my toes instead at my ain fireside? The thing is preposterous. I inclose your mother's letter to me, in which you will see that she proposes that I bring you to her next Saturday evening. We can then be quietly married at church after the regular Sunday service, and can start for our own home by the early train Monday morning, which will land me at the college in time to attend to my regular classes. I know that your sister very kindly intended to make a social event of our marriage; but I have a horror of 'events,' and, besides, I can't wait. She must come with you and see the knot properly tied. I will meet you both at the -- depot at half-past four

Saturday P. M." The letter from Fan's mother reenferced the professor's plea, and gave a maternal sanction to the hasty marriage. Fan ran to her sister's room, only to ascertain that she had gone out in the carriage, the maid did not know whither. It was Saturday, and half past 3 in the afternoon; and scribbling hasty note of explanation, which she left upon her sister's dressing-table, Fan packed a hand-bag and departed. She reached the station a little too early, and sat in a corner of the waiting-room, enjoying watching the people come and go, trying to imagine their histories, and wondering whether they were going on errands like her own. At last the train trundled in. There was the usual hubbub of entbracing friends, importunate cabdrivers, and hurrying travelers. She eagerly scanned each passenger who emerged from the cars. Her professor had not come. Inexperienced in the ways of travel, she began to be nervous. She still sat in the corner of the big room, outwardly calm, but inwardly quaking. An old gentleman by her side, who, like her, had watched the crowd with meditative interest, his stubby chin resting pensively horn handle of his umbrella, turned to her and remarked, "Such a power of people!-such a power of people! Nary

two on 'em alike; nary one on 'em you ever see afore !" At last she stepped to the ticket-of-fice and inquired the last train from the college station. Yes, one would be in at 8 o clock, but no train went out after that to Edgecliff, her mother's home. Could she not go out at 9 o'clock to ---Junction and catch the night express at that point? "Yes, that was possible;" and Fan sat down again and waited. The 8 o'clock train brought the professor, weary and anxious. He had lost the earlier train, and feared all would go wrong in consequence. The idea of the express at — Junction raised his spirits at once. They set out in high glee, only to be delayed by

the heavy drifting storm sufficiently for their train to reach the junction five minutes after the express had left. Here was a predicament! They stood together upon the platform, stranded, upon a stormy Saturday night, in a strange town, the last train left for everywhere, and the station-master locking his door for over Sunday. There were no carriages in waiting; and inquiring the way for the nearest parsonage they set out for a tramp together through the storm. "Courage, Fan," said the professor; "there is no way out of the mess but to get married

A meek-eyed minister's wife an-

as quickly as we can."

swered their summons. Her husband was at home and sick in bed; not so ill, however, but she thought he might marry them, though he had been somewhat delirious during the day. They might follow her into the bedroom she was sure no license was required. And so the professor in his snowflecked ulster (Fan thought hysterically of her sister's words, "His presence would give prestige to any occasion" and Fan in her damp rubber waterproof stood together hand in hand by the good man's bedside. Fever had left him a little incoherent. He made the professor promise to obey Fan, and Fan

to support the professor, but otherwise they were soundly and sacredly married, and the minister's wife was made to smile by a crumpled bill of large amount pressed into her thin hand. A telegram announcing the event winged its way to Fan's mother, and a long aleighride of twenty-seven miles across the country carried Fan the next day to her new home. But Mrs. Sue Hathaway never, never forgave them their unceremonious wedding. - Harper's

A California writer says that the redwood which is in demand there for underground use is what is known by the lumbermen as black-heart redwood. It shows a dark color when cut with a knife, the outer portion only being seasoned. This species of redwood is exceedingly heavy-too heavy to float. One who has observed schooners loading along the coast assures the writer that a post of this wood which plunges overboard never rises, and a board lingers on the surface a moment and then slowly slides down into its depths. This is the sort which is sought for in the foundation of buildings, and under brick walls is believed to be imperishable. In this connection it is interesting to mention a fact concerning the second growth of redwood. Shoots from old stumps have grown to three and four feet in diameter in forty years. ceremony or etiquette, and she utterly so, too. Isabel asked me to ask you that you will appear Monday morning. Now I say that to let her take down the candies. She ing. Now don't say you can't, for in redwood forests which would in the satting married at all is a concession to didn't care to speak to you about it I have just received a letter from your in redwood forests which would in-sure a future supply of the timber. and rose porcelain blue with rose and On the fourth floor is a great music room, ceiled and paneled in hard wood.

FOR THE LADIES.

Love and Light Heart. I once inquired of a maiden of thirty who was large, healthy and fair to look upon, what kept her so young-looking, for she seemed scarce twenty. She replied: "Love. I have, besides my mother, brother and sisters, and their families, to love a host of friends and admirers, so that I bave no time to mope and regret I'm not beautiful." And I've | But summer reigns forever in thine eyes, often wished married women loved more, for I verily believe if they did they would keep healthy, young and hand-some longer than they now do. But the cares and trials of life are deep and wearing, and we women are so crowded with them that few of us have time for ennobling our lives in any direction. In fact, we are too tired to even love, un

less it is our babies, whose little lives

clung so close to our own that they are

a part of it; and the songs and kisses

they call out of us tend to lighten the

daily task, so that the back bends under

its burden, instead of breaking.

The loving and happy wife and mother is the handsome and healthy one, usually. As old age overtakes her she still keeps the lovelight in her eye, for it has become habitual to her, and the world is her family. The husband would find his daily cares lightened if he kept the thrill of affection as of old. and if husband did not forget to be the lover still it would be a better and a happier world. Just imagine the charmed life of the new-married couple, and the effect of such love and life

upon the home and children perpetu-Smiles bring dimples and roses to the face. Laughter makes work easy, and puts flesh on the bones, and unselfishness adds a charm to the owner that gold cannot buy or thieves rob you of. Our bodies are the houses our souls our little ones, then, to build wisely and well-to cultivate purity, cheerfulness, generosity, charity and love? How can we better teach these things than by first setting the glorious example ?ewell, in California Agricu turist.

Fashion Notes. Buff tints are revived. New beiges are striped. Ombre fabrics are out of style. Chene silks are coming into favor. Scarf rings are now worn by ladies. Velvet ribbon is seen on new bonets. Silk-muslin bows are worn at the

throat. Very little jewelry is worn in the street. Half-mantles of velvet or moire are

Dark-green bonnets have pale-blue plumes, and garnet bonnets have pink

White chudda dresses for the house are made in tailor fashions-simple and

Dark straw hats, with gloves and hosiery to match, are announced for next summer.

Sulphur yellow, with brown, is stylish combination for dresses and bonnets.

Dolly Varden lives again in a new polonaise, a novel neckerchief, and a daintily shaped dancing shoe. In spring costumes there is a tenden-

ev to use lengthwise tucks in clusters in the place of kilt plaitings and shirrings Watered silks are combined with cashmere, surah and plush in the French costumes imported for misses

and little girls. Oper work, wheel, and Kensington embroidery, in Hamburg edgings and insertions, form the bosom trimmings of domestic chemises.

Pale rose and pure white dresses, with silver and pearl accessories, form the favorite evening toilet for young ladies of high fashion.

Jerseys are brought out with a lace ruffle at the bottom, and lace bretelles on each side of the front, which is now cut open and buttoned up.

Embroidered India muslin balldresses are worn over bright satin skirts with the Camargo waist of the same material as the skirt.

Mousquetaire gloves are the most opular, but ladies of good taste wear buttoned or laced gloves, if more becoming to their hands and arms,

Black, blue and lemon-colored pocket handkerchiefs of sheer linen, embroidered with contrasting colors, are among the eccentric novelties lately imported. Lace is the most fashionable, as well as the most elegant and most economical trimming for all costumes, wraps

Petticoats are profusely trimmed with needlework flowers, resembling the needle-wrought bands that border the new nun's veilings, ginghams and ba-

and toilets light enough to admit of its

For second cloaks, are inexpensive wraps of the English homespun cloths, in dark brown colors, with red threads at intervals, or else of green cloth with mustard yellow threads.

In many garments the style is en-hanced by having all the trimming placed lengthwise, both in front and pack, rather than to shorten the appearance of the wearer by a crosswise porder of great breadth.

Many satin grounds with colored

Soon !

Let it be soon! Life was not made to long For distant hours of dim futurity. Thy presones soothes me like some far-off

Oh, where my heart has rested let it lie; Hope is the morning; love the afternoon. Let it be secret

Let it be soon! The treasured daylight dies, And changes sadly to the chill of night, And at thy touch grief stealeth out of sight, After sad years of longing love must swoon, Let it be soon !

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

-Clement Scott.

What pain is most agreeable to a burglar? Window-pane.

"The sassyest man I ever met," says Josh Billings, "is a henpecked husband when he is away from home."

It is pleasant to remember that no an hour passes in the increasing march of time that there is not a half dressed man somewhere on the face of the earth calling for a shirt .- Rome Sentinel.

A dollar-store pin young man,
A heart full of sin young man,
A stand-on-the-corner-y
Looking-forlorn-ery,
Tobacco-stained-chin young man,
— Wilde Oscar, in Norristown Herald.

"Does our talk disturb you," said one of a company of talkative ladies to an old gentlemen sitting in a railroad station the other afternoon. "No, ma'am," was the naive reply, "I've been married nigh on to forty years."— Hartford Times.

"Why did you send me that almanac." Augustus?" asked Angelina. "Because, darling," answered Augustus, as he vainly strove to twist the few downy sprouts upon his upper lip into a curl, "because, darling, I wished you to selive in, and whether it be a palace or a hovel, depends on ourselves as builders and occupants. Shall we not teach mony. "Oh, I see!" she said; then, smiling a bewitching smile, she mur-mured: "Call it the first of April." Augustus will some day succeed in raising a mustache, but he goes to see Augelina no more. - Somerville Journal.

The Steubenville Herald explains how the young man was a little too previous in the following fashion: He sat at her feet in quiet peace. He looked into her face and said softly: "Ah, dear, I could sit here forever." "Could you, love?" answered she. "Yes, sweet." "You are quite sure you could, dar-ling?" "I know it, my own." "Very well, then, you sit there, for I have an engagement to go out with young Mr. Fitzspooner and I won't be back this evening. Turn down the gas and fasten the night-latch when you go away. Ta, to, dear." And she went out.

The Use of Wealth.

There are thousands of rich men who are not skinflints who have the reputation of being so because they have never been known to have done any pecial good with their money. A man who is worth \$50,000 can do more to make himself loved and respected by all with whom he comes in contact, by the judicious expenditure of a thousand dollars in charity than by giving the whole fifty thousand dollars after he is dead. It seems as though it would be mighty small consolation to a millionaire to leave money to some charitable purpose, after death, and be so dead that he couldn't see the smiles of happiness that his generosity had created.

Suppose a millionaire who has never had a kind word said of him except by fawning hypocrites who hope to get some of his money, should lay out a beautiful park worth a million dollars, and throw it open free to all, with walks, drives, lakes, shade and everything. Don't you suppose if he took a drive through it himself and saw thousands of people having a good time and all looking their love and respect for him, that his heart would be warmed up and that his day would be tengthened. Wouldn't every look of thanks be worth a thousand dollars to the man who had so much money that it made him roundshouldered? Wouldn't he have more pleasure than he would in cutting off coupons with a lawn mower ?-Peck's

Ben Vorlich's Echo.

An Austin man, of a literary turn of mind, is very fond of his dog, that barks day and night. A neighbor asked what the dog's name was.

"Echo," was the reply.
"What kind of a name is that?" "It was the name of Ben Vorlich's

"Who the mischief is Ben Vorlich?" The owner of the dog smiled in derision, and replied:

"You never could have read Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake." In the chase Ben Vorlich was one of the principal hunters. Echo is the name of his dog. Don't you remember where it says:

'No rest Ben Vorlich's Echo knew?' "This dog never takes a rest either, so I call him Echo."

The neighbor did not say anything, but that night he softly called Echo to the fence, gave him a piece of sausage, and now Echo is as silent as Ben Vorlich, and even more so. - Texas Suftings.

General C. A. Whittier's new residence, Beacon street, Boston, will cost stripes are prepared for trimming, but \$2,000,000. It will have walls ninetytheir novelty is the boldness of their live feet high and twenty inches thick, coloring. Imagine grenat with olive and from fifty to fifty-five rooms; also This would indicate restorative powers stripes, sea green with bronze, Tilleul | the "largest wine cellar in the country."