RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-teriy. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Job work-eash on delivery.

THE FOET'S FAITH. My God is good, and will not leave me, When I die; Mislove, I know, will not deceive me, With cruel doubts He will not grieve me, When on death's bed I lie,

My Ged has done too much for me For death to end In gloomy night upon the shore, The hope he gives forevermore To foe and friend.

Soft floats my soul on lakes of light In spirit land, Beyend the shadow and the blight, Beyond the reach of human sight. By angels fann'd.

Who makes my spirit all devout ? Who bends my kneef Who dwells within and guards without, And saves my soul from wayward doubt By all I see?

The mountain's noil, the vale's embrace. The vault above ! The soul which fills the boundless space. And yields me thought and sense and grace, In God's sweet love.

Fure in spirit, if mon will pray, And look to God, The heart of conscience will be gay, And reason's stepter hold its sway

With gentle rol. In faith and love all gool is given, For naught to sever; While holy prayer's the skeptle's leaven, The scul's the lightning-rol of heaven, Immortal ever

-Hugh Farrar McDermott.

IN AFTER DAYS.

In after days, when grasses high O'ertop the tomb where I shall lie, Though well or ill the world adjust My slender claim to honored dust, I shall not question nor reply.

I shall not see the morning sky, t shall not hear the night-wind sigh, I shall be mute, as all men must, In after days !

And yet, now living, fain were I That some one then should testify, Saying-He held his pen in trust To Art, not serving shame or lust. Will none?. . Then let my memory die In after days !

-Austin Dobson, in Century.

THE TRAIN ROBBERS.

AN EXPRESS MESSENGER'S ADVENTURE.

I always knew I served the company in a dangerous capacity, but I had been an express messenger for so many years that I thought little or nothing of the risks I ran. My route was through a rough region, too, after I was changed from the Central Pacific to the Southern Pacific road; a region but half-settled and civilized, where Indians and ruffians



VOL. XVII. NO: 9.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11. 1884.

being desperate men who hesitated at end of the car, I quietly opened the door he door leading to the platform. The night air nothing. Occasionally, however, I did relax my vigilance, and slept as soundly as at the hotel where I boarded. Finally my turn cam

The train arrived at Tucson one night nearly an hour late. There was a great deal of express matter to exchange, and for fifteen minutes I was kept busy loading and unloading bundles and boxes. The passengers walked up and down the platform to stretch their legs; the engine's safety-valve hummed with escaping steam, and the long train of cars, reaching the full length of the platform. presented a picture of bustle and activity. When the last bundle was piled away, I had a chance to talk a few minutes with the expressman; then the train started, and I closed the door, locked it, and turned to the boxes and packages that were scattered around. The first thing that attracted my attention was a long pine

box. I had not noticed it when was loaded, and thinking was a queer time for a funeral to start East, I examined the address. It daring work and come to my car. I did was consigned to New Orleans. I en. not doubt that the fellow I had impristered it on the book with the other ex- oned in the pine box was an accomplice, press, and for an hour or more, while and if they should find the door of the sorting over the packages, I took no notice of my silent companion. It was a common thing to have one or

two funerals the whole length of the trip castward, and I thought of this as I thought of others: "Some poor fellow who left a pleasant home to come here in search of a fortune, only to die on the alkali plains, without a friend."

And after I had shoved the box against the side of the car, I opened a bundle of newspapers and selected one to read. It was not very late, and tilting my chair against the side of the car beneath a lamp, I was soon interested in the news of the day,

How long I was in that position I do not know, but unconsciously I fell into a light sleep when I had finished reading the paper. I awoke with a feeling of dread and fascination in complete possession of me. I did not move; I could not. Something held me almost breathless, and several minutes passed before I could open my eyes. When I did, my heart gave a quick throb! The top of the pine box was partly

raised, and the features of a man, shaded from the dim light, were revealed to my acute senses!

Even then, though greatly startled, I did not make a motion, and my eyes were all but closed. Peering from the erner of one eye, I tried to make out is features, but saw nothing beyond the brutal eyes and half-savage mouth. In an instant it flashed across me that he

was a train robber? He was evidently waiting to see if I was fast asleep, and he did not move during several minutes, keeping his eyes fastened on me with the steadiness of an animal.

I scarcely breathed. were on the

rushed in, and the noise of the train came with it, making a din in my cars. We were running at a high rate of speed around the hills that abound in that

I stepped to the platform of the next It was a smoking-car. The traincar. robbers were already at work. Two men, in the forward end, within five feet of me, commanded a view of every passen-ger with their levelled revolvers, and two more were going down the aisle for the valuables,

It was a terrible moment to me. I felt a keen sympathy for the passengers, whose terror-stricken faces I could see in the dim light from the lamps, but I was helpless; doubtless a similar scene was being enacted in the other passenger and sleeping-cars.

I was hot and cold by turns. I watched the villains going coolly on with their work until I began to think of my own safety. Charley Slate, a brakeman, was bound hand and foot to the forward sent; in a few minutes they would finish their express-car locked, they would break it open to see what had become of him, and kill me if I resisted.

This would enable them to take possession of the money, bullion and valuable packages and escape. I knew they would not kill any one if he did not resist; and inside of five minutes they would demand an entrance to my car.

Already the two robbers had nearly reached the farther end of the smokingcar; thousands of dollars were in my care; I must save it.

Without any more hesitation I stepped to the platform of my car, grasped the lever that operated the Miller coupling, and, with a quick, strong pull, separated the two draw-heads. I was not a mo-ment too soon. Before the engine and express-car had shot two hundred feet ahead of the train, the door of the smoking-car opened and the robbers stepped out. I heard their cry of rage, saw the flashes of their revolvers, and felt the bullets strike the woodwork behind me. Hurrying forward I told the engineer what I had done.

He heartily approved of my action, and his words reassured me. I had taken a desperate course, but I had saved a great

deal of valuable property. We hurried on through the darkness, and soon reached the next station, from which the news was telegraphed to the company's offices in San Francisco and Tucson. The robber in the pine box was then secured, but refused to say a word, and with a gang of trackmen, we returned to where we had left the The robbers had departed, taking train. everything valuable with them, and the passengers halled us with shouts of joy and sighs of relief .- Youth's Companion.

Our Animal Census.

THE STRANGE FANCIES THAT DIS-TINGUISH NEUROPHOBIA.

Persons with a Dislike for Certain Streets, Places or Objects-Others who Dread Letters or Colors.

In the afternoon of one of the sunniest days last week two men got on a Madison avenue car going down town at the corner of Fifty-fourth street. One was a thin, pallid, rather emaciated gentleman, possibly forty years of age, with rather a peculiar transparency of the temples, restless eyes, and a singular nervousness the placid, self-satisfied countenance of the man who has succeeded in the world, and feels on good terms with it. The pair might readily have been mistaken for a madman and his keeper, only the feebler of the two was evidently not past the verge of sanity, while the placid companion was a trifle less vigilant than the custodian of a maniac ought to be, and moreover was recognized by at least one

passenger as a famous physician. The thin gentleman shifted his position uneasily, gazed out of the car win-dow a moment, then studied the faces of his three or four fellow passengers with the rapid intensity of a physiognomist, and glanced furtively at the open door, in which the figure of the conductor was

His hand shook as he replaced his ninth streets. The portly physician rose from his seat in a leisurely, comfortable sort of way, and alighted at the corner apologetically: "No use, you see. I can't stand it. You really must excuse

"Pooh! pooh!" laughed the portly physician. "You'll conquer the thing by and bye. Try again, my dear boy." "Tll step across and take the elevated

It is simply one of those inexplicable,

unreasoning, spontaneous impressions of

the nervous system that no science can

explain The man is not a crank, nor in

the least given to eccentricities of opinion

or manners. On the contrary, his name

is familiar as that of a shrewd banker.

As to courage, he is as brave as a lion, as

I have occasion to know, and would fight

odds of ten to one, if his blood was up.

Only, the moment he finds himself on a

paroxysm of nervous terror which he can-

The doctor mused a moment. "Walk across with me to my office," he said,

"and I'll talk with you by the way.

Such cases are by no means uncommon,

though no paper has ever been written

not control; and that is the end of it.

"That man," said the doctor, "is one There is no flattery so pure, and so of a hundred cases that have come under powerful, as to listen attentively to my notice in the last few years-a strange others. case of nervous impression. He is not in the least timid; will ride downtown in How are you to find out what kind of a man your neighbor is, when he cannot a Third avenue car, a Broadway stage, or even tell you himself. an elevated train, with perfect composure, Critics and authors are a distinct class. but he has a morbid, unconquerable ner-There is a dozen good authors to one good vous terror of the Fourth avenue, and critic. would suffer any inconvenience or incur A man is poor, just in proportion as he any expense rather than ride in a Fourth wants what he not got, and cannot get. avenue car. I can't trace this impression This world was not made for any one to any tangible cause, nor can he. He in particular, and I feel sorry for those has never met with an accident on the who think so. They will discover their Fourth avenue, so far as he remembers.

"Walk

\$1.50 PER ANNUM. "the victim has a terror of a certain

Lincoln at Union square without experiencing a nervous tremor. But, with regard to some of our outdoor statuary, ervous dread is natural enough."

street, avenue, or public square; and one man I know cannot pass the statue of

"One of my patients," he went on, a literary man of some reputation, has a nervous terror of words ending in or containing the diphthong 'ch.' This man will take any trouble to avoid the relative pronoun 'which.' He has not for years written any one of the words terminating in tch-such as catch, fetch, scratch, batch, latch or patch. For match he always writes lucifer or Vesuof manner: the other large, well nour-ished, massive and rather corpulent, with for catch, he uses capture or some other vian; for fetch either bring or obtain; proximate. He has often tried to overcome the prejudice; but some how his hand begins to tremble, his breath comes short, and he cannot form the letters. For character he always writes disposition, reputation, kind, description-anything that will pass muster as a substitute.

Cases of neurophobia as concerns colors are not uncommon. One of the doctor's patients-a woman this timeis driven into hysteria by a certain pale, cold shade of blue. And a nervous, fidgety little man, who called upon him to be treated for musicians' cramp, boxed his ears in his own office for wearing a crimson scarf, and begged his pardon for it, declaring that he could not control himself if his life depended upon it.

The peculiar nervous affection illustrated in the preceding cases must not be confounded with the mere whimsical prejudices and fancies common with invalids. The latter, though persistent and often not easily banished by the well are by no means unconquerable, while in neurophobia the symptoms are physical were inaudible, and the intonations were in their description. The patient shrinks soft, soothing, and evidently expostula- and shudders, and the terror, though groundless, is unconquerable as the dread of death .- New York Sun.

Whittlings.

Some men are born fools but most fools are made to order. Everyone praises a success, and most

people think they can plan one. If the greatest man who has ever lived, eye.

should tell the truth, he would tell you, that how he came to be so great is a wonder great to him. It is oftener the case, that what a man

forgets educates him more than what he remembers.

It does not require great tact to write a long letter, but to write a good postscript to it, does.

Patience is half-brother to laziness. Whenever a man is anxious to confide a secret to you, you can rest assured that he has confided it to a dozen other people before.

The man who has a good deal to say, always says it in a few words.

THE FOREST REPUBLICAN Is published every Weinesday, by J. E. WENK.

Office in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building RLM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

Terms, = - - \$1.50 per Year,

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

THE FLOWER POT. BY H. C. DODGE. "You're like I this uly, fair. love, and qually as pure, Your be auty is as ra re, and longer wi lova endure. You are graceful, to o, 10 ve; 50 117 na white. hands are just esion is as true, Your ml low e, to give the only delight. Oht could I only the care give the world share, 1 ove, the care that you be npon stow this lily fair, love, how happy I would grow," "You're like the flower pot, Will, for you are often 'broke' and also cracked a lot, Will, judg ing by what you spoke. Likewise you but clay, Will, while I, a filly bright, f you must grow away, Will, to seak a higher light." "But lilles wilt. Wilt thou?" sighed

Will, "give me a leaf to hold theo still ?" "I? Will !" --Chicago Sun.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Thieves on the stage are always caught in the act .- Scissors.

A red-hot quarrel generally breaks an intense coolness .- Blizard.

A summery proceeding-Taking off your flannel.-Chicago Eye.

Sleep is very healthful. There is nobody who knows this better than the hired girl, especially in the morning.-Rockland Courier.

Do not let adversity discourage you, my son. Were it not for the kicks which it receives, the football would never get up in the world.-Boston Transcript.

There is something heroic in silent suftering. Though a man with a layer of active and energetic mustard on his chest rarely thinks of this. - Rockland Courier.

"No, Laura; no. They do not open the campaign with a can-opener. They do it with a corkscrew. How little, alas, do women know about politics."-Hawk-

There are 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 hats made annually in this country, and when a man is the last to leave a banquet he generally gets the worst one .- Norristown Herald.

"Talk about bein' careful about wearin' out the seat o' my trousers," said the boy to his mother, "you don't seem to think o' that when your old slipper's agoin' it." -Boston Post.

It is said that water composes threefourths of the human body. This may hold good in some communities, but in others water does not enter largely into man's composition,-Arkansaw Traveler.

The thing that makes a small boy ineffably happy is to get on a pair of stilts, and walk around for a while, and finally sit down against the sunny side of a barn, about twenty feet off the ground .--Puck.

framed like a full-length photograph. "Fares, gents," grumbled that func-

tionary, stalking into the car. The thin gentleman paid for two, and again glanced in the direction of the open door. pocketbook, and a shiver passed over nim. His portly companion turned and spoke to him in a low tone. The words soft, soothing, and evidently expostulatory. Suddenly the pale passenger sprang to his fect, pulled the bell violently, and rushed out of the car, which was now midway between Forty-eighth and Forty-

of Forty-eighth street, where the car came to a full stop. The thin gentleman. excited, nervous, out of breath, and trembling all over like a leaf in the wind, joined the doctor and began to speak

me, doctor."

downtown, with your permission, doc-tor," said the thin gentleman, making no direct reply to his friend's exhortation. He lifted his neat Derby hat, with a hand that was almost pellucid in its delicacy and whiteness, and was gone.

were as plentiful as Chinamen in 'Frisco.

My "run" was a long one, through a new country, where railroad stations were often one hundred miles apart; and the loveliness of the scenery, combined with solitary confinement in an express car, which looked more like a cell than anything else, made four days of every week hang heavy on my hands, though I was often kept busy for hours at a time.

I generally had a mixed assortment of express matter, with plenty of gold and silver in bricks and specie; and occasionally, not much to my liking, a coffin or two going eastward, each inclosing a dead body. I would not mention this, but it is necessary, as will be seen further on.

I left Los Angeles every Monday morning at 9:50, and from that time until the following Thursday I did not leave my express car, having to go to El Paso and return for my week's work, a distance of nearly fifteen hundred miles!

This may seem a long "run," and so it was; but as the stations were few across the southern part of Arizona and New Mexico, I had opportunities to take my much needed rest, which I did after I became accustomed to the situation. I was always glad to get back to Los Angeles, however, for traveling ninetysix hours without any change is extremely tedious, even in a drawing-room car.

Imagine the contrast between riding that way and riding in a heavily-loaded express car, with two small barred windows to look out of, and a hard bunk in one corner to sleep on, and you may form some idea of the monotony of my trip.

The miles passed slowly after I had assorted and billed the expressage; my pipe was kept burning; and the constant roar and rumble of the train sounded during the day, and hulled me to sleep at night, when the windows were securely fastened, the lamps lighted, and several rifles and revolvers hung around in case of an emergency.

I ran as express messenger several years without being in a railroad accident, or having the train stopped by robbers. Some of my brother messengers met with adventures on nearly every trip, but for a long time I was unmolested, until I began to disregard the danger altogether. During that time I became accustomed to every phase of my situation, and al though my lonely life gave me a very silent and taciturn habit, I enjoyed my two days at Los Angeles, or at Santa Monica, sea-bathing, as much as my more fortunate friends, who ran north over the Tchochapi pass, and were at home every it loud enough for him to hear. night, enjoyed their rests.

quest, and while I did not expect to be attacked, I learned to be on the lookout. I had a set of signals with the bell rope to let the trainmen know when I was in Robberies were often made while the trains were in motion, and the express messengers were either bound s band and foot, or killed, the robbers

1

The rilles and revolvers opposite side of the car. If I attempted to get them, he would shoot before I ling and my ears strained, I waited expectantly for him to move, resolving to on him.

Probably there were a dozen more of his associates in the passenger-cars, and by the American hog gives especial inwould be notified, and the passengers robbed. There was enough gold and lows: silver in bricks in my car to make one man independently rich. The small safe was full of specie, amounting to one hundred thousand dollars' worth.

With the thought of my responsibility came a feeling of resolution. I must do something without hesitation.

The dark eyes glared at me, but the robber never changed his position. could read the meaning of their cold glitter, and I must act if I saved my life. pretended to awaken, by making two or three movements with my hands, and to my intense relief the cover of the pine box quickly and quietly dropped to its place. Without making any hurried motions, I rubbed my eyes, gaped once or twice, and slowly rose to my feet.

"Well, well," I said, aloud, "I've been asleep."

Then I proceeded to rummage around the car as if nothing had happened, but my nerves were not relaxed an instant. Before they had gone five miles farther I had some nails in my pocket, and a careof the box through which the robber was I made.

I did not go near the revolvers or rifles. It would have taken but a second for him to have raised the lid and shot me, and I knew he would do so if I approached them. Instead of that I carelessly assorted a pile of express matter near the box, with a view to what I was about to do.

I was terribly excited, though I tried to appear cool. When I was all ready, I threw several heavy packages on the lid, sat down on the box, and hastily nailed down the lid. I heard a noise within, and felt a pressure as my prisoner endeavored to raise the lid. The weight was too great, and I soon had all the nails driven in to hold him fast. He was secured, but to make sure of him I surrounded the box with heavy bundles, and piled upon it the heaviest boxes the car contained,

I sat down for a minute to recover myself; then taking down a rifle, I cocked

"How many more are there aboard the Train robberies had lately been free train?" I asked, placing my mouth to a crack between the bricks.

In reply I heard a muffled sound resembling a curse, and as all the holes through which he might shoot were covwith gold and silver, I put my ered mouth nearer and asked the question aggin.

The number of people in the United States increases about 1,500,000 a year, made two steps. With my blood ting- but the number of farm animals increased 4,000,000 during 1883, according to a report presented to the commissioner wait for a favorable opportunity to spring of agriculture by Mr. Dodge, statistician of the agricultural department. The world-wide attention recently excited as soon as he had secured his prize they terest at the present time to the animal census of the republic, which is as fol-

> Animals, 1883 Increas Horses......11,163,688 10,838,111 331,572 Mules 1,914,126 Milch cows ... 13,501,206 1,871,04713,125,63543.047 28,046,077 1,000,024 1,389,365 930,807

Although we have less pigs than people, we have more than any other country on earth, and we have almost a sheep apiece, or nearly twice as many of the fleecy family as the United Kingdom, and we have more milch cows than all the British cattle together. We have about as many horses as families, allowing an average of five persons to each family, and there is one mule for every thirty inhabitants. During its first century this republic doubled its population every twenty-five years, and Mr. Griffen, an eminent English statistician, recently attempted to excite alarm by predicting that our growth will continue at the same rate until the soil will not be able to support so many people. It will not be equally perplexing to know how to less glance showed me a hole in the side reduce the animal census, should there ever be danger of overcrowding, as inundoubtedly watching every movement dicated by the present rate of increase .-New York Mail and Express.

Cologne.

Among the things which amused the author of "European Breezes" was the 'only original' cologne-water that she found in every store in the renowned city

If the rest of the world escapes that future place where all liars are to go, the city of Cologne will make it populous. Nearly every man in that city sells cau de cologne; and since each swears his to be the only original, it follows that cologne is made up of one honest man and a multitude of liars.

I bought cologne-water in the shop where the prettiest labels were displayed ; paid a third more for it than I would pay or the imported article in New York, and came to this conclusion; that eau de ologne is made in one huge vat in that ity, and retailed to all these "only originals;" for it is all alike, from whence it comes.

The maids in the hotel peddle it in the halls; the beggar who fails to get a coin from you brings from his pocket a bottle and endeavors to make a bargain. The bad odors of cologne are no fiction.

A German makes a good living in New York city keeping a flower hospital, I received no reply, and going to the where he takes in sick plants to cure.

mistake some cloudy day. My friend, when your relations all think you are a fool, your success is almost assured.

Destroy the looking-glass and you would put civilization back at least two thousand years.

Don't forget, my snobbish friend, that you have got to die just the same as the rest of us, and you cannot bury yourself either.

Next to a snow-storm, for a decided Fourth avenue car he is seized with a nuisance, comes a holiday, in a great eity

When a man does drop out of sight in a great city, you not only never hear from him again, but you cannot even find the hole he fell through.

It is the strongest possible argument for our immortality that nine out of every ten human beings believe in it,

Politeness has no creed. About half we know, we guess at, and the other half, somebody has guessed at for us.

A man of a great deal of character cannot hide it. He will betray it even when he sneezes.

Every ladder has a top round to it. Our characters we make, our reputa-

In one of the doctor's office journals tions are often made for us.

there were notes of this case. A patient, It is no disgrace to be bit by a dog the first time, but the second time it is.

Very intelligent people carry a large share of their brains in their faces.

There is no slavery like idleness; there is no burden like it. Every pound of it weighs twenty ounces.

A man is young just in proportion as he feels so; a woman, just in proportion as she looks so.

There is not to-day a score of first-rate critics living .- Zeke Fairchild, in the Manhattan.

Happy People.

People who always appear well and happy are the most popular. When any-body asks about your health make a fahimself to cross at that point, though he has often tested his self-control by try- make you feel any worse and your interlocutor will go away in a great deal bet-Another patient had the same terror of ter frame of mind than if you had given him a full and detailed account of your The Brooklyn ferries have aches and pains. If you must tell your internal troubles go to the doctor, who

> A Milwaukee girl got mad, chopped off her finger and sent it with the engagement ring upon it to her faithless over. As soon as the lover saw that she could no longer play the piano he rushed to her sids and married her,---

It's pretty difficult for a high-school girl to think of something to say when she goes to write a composition, but as soon as she gets out of school and while on the way home she can say a whole newspaper full without thinking .- Kentucky State Journal.

THE AIRY SEASON.

This is the airy season When the urchin owns a pup, And the little girl on the branches Has her brother put a "scup."

Soon passes this airy season,

And the pup is caged in the pound. And the "scup"-rope flies off the branches And lands the girl on the ground. —Puck.

A new poetess from the West remarks: "If love you give, no more I'll ask." When this poetess has gained a little more experience she will learn that there are times when a single cold potato possesses more intrinsic worth than a whole moonlight evening full of love.-Philadelphia Call.

THE ULSTER'S WAIL.

Once I was bright as a midsummer's mora, But now I am inded and very much warn.

My owner, a seedy and broken-up fop, Has hung me right up in his pet "uncle's" shop

The future, on which all my hopes had been

Has nothing in store save an old crazy quilt. -New York Jo

The Blue Grass Country Not Blue.

The term Blue Grass Region of Kentucky is quite extensive in its application, but in its popular sense it applies only to the remarkable body of land in the center of the State, which comprises six or eight counties surrounding Lexington. This favored district, which scientific authority has styled "the very heart of the United States," is underhild by a decomposable limestone, which im-parts to the soil an unsurpassed fertility, and gives to our grass, known to botanists as Poe Pretensis, a rich and permanent luxuriance which it attains nowhere else. Hence the term "The Blue Grass Region," a synonyme for the acme of fer; tility of a district which also bears the proud distinction of "the garden spot of the world." But why our grass is called "blue." when it never is blue, is one of the unsolved problems. It is always green except when in bloom, when the heads have a brownish-purple tint. If, however, the term "Blue Grass!" is meant for an abbreviation of blue limestone grass, then it will do, for certainly it only reaches its highest perfection on our wonderful blue limestone soil. Propagated without cultivation it comes up thick and juicy early in the spring, ripens in June, renews its growth in autumn, and, retaining its verdure in spite of anow and ice, furnishes abundant and unequalled pasturage during the entire winter. It is believed to be indigenous .-New York Sportsman.

case. It came suddenly, and has been

in existence for four years. Sometimes," continued the doctor, Philadelphia Call.

no terrors for him, the Desbrosses street

ferry is not objectionable, but if his life is paid for listening to such things. depended upon crossing to Jersey City at Cortlandt street he could not command his nerves to accomplish it. As in the other two, there is no assignable cause for the morbid impression in this

then he has never been able to command the Jersey City ferry at the foot of Cort-

on the subject, and there is no name for the malady in the medical books. The late Dr. George M. Beard-as able and acute as he was eccentric-invented the term neurophobia to describe the condition existing in such cases, and the singular thing about this neurophobia is that it seldom occurs with women, given as they are supposed to be, to nervous

impressions and hysterical fancies."

a man of tolerably robust and well-

nourished physique, forty-six years old.

lawyer by profession-cannot bear to

cross Broadway at the Astor house. He

will walk down to Fulton street or up to

Park place, but cross under the shadow

of the Astor house never. There is no

assignable cause for the terror; it simply

exists and that is all. It came upon him

suddenly one afternoon two years ago,

after a hard day's work in court. He

started for the Astor house to get a cup

of coffee and his regular half a dozen raw

oysters. To his wonder, as he was about

to step from the curbstone at the corner

of the postoffice he was seized with a

fit of trembling and terror, and since

ing it.

landt street.