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FATE.

A sunbeam kissed a river-ripple—"Nay, Naught shall dissolve thee and me!"
In night's wide darkness passed the beam away,
The ripple mingled with the sea.
—John Vance Cheney, in the Century.

THE TIDAL TRAIN.

There was a great rush for the tidal train that morning from Paris. It started at a very convenient hour, 9:40, and was patronized by a crowd of people. As the time for departure approached, there was the usual outcry for seats. The French officials, if asked, shrugged their shoulders and pointed to the nearest carriage; what they meant was, that there was still room up and to spare if people did not cover up extra seats with their belongings, and so monopolize more than their share. Late arrivals thus neglected wandered miserably up and down the whole length of the train, seeking accommodation excitedly, and in vain.

Among the rest were two ladies, one of whom, the elder, seemed greatly flurried and put out. "I knew how it would be," she cried, in a despairing voice, "every seat is occupied! What shall we do? why were we so late?"
She was a middle-aged, somewhat plethoric-looking dame, with an air of much importance, marred for the moment by helplessness and ill-temper.

"We shall find places presently, dear Lady Jones," replied the younger, who had the rather sycophantic air of a humble friend. "The guard will help us."
"They never do, and they don't understand. Dear, dear! why didn't we come in time? It was all your fault, Hester!"
"As to the maid who followed them as they ranged backward along the platform—"You ought to have packed last night. What shall we do? Oh, thank you so much!" she cried suddenly, with effusion.

A gentleman, who apparently had been watching her distress, pushed open the door of the carriage he occupied and invited her to enter. His companion, another man at the far end, made room by removing rugs and bags, and presently Lady Jones, with a sigh of relief, sank back into the cushions. Then with feminine selfishness, and forgetful of the trouble she had but just escaped, she proceeded to prevent any one else from getting in.

"Cover up the seats well, Millicent," she cried, "and do keep that door shut. Oh, thank you, sir," she added to one of the men, who seemed to fall in readily with her idea of keeping the carriage to herself.

There was nothing very remarkable about Lady Jones' new-found friends. One was a tall, dark man, with a clean-shaven face, and very dark eyes which glared out from under the shade of a black felt hat; the other was smaller—a restless little freckled-faced man, with a short red beard cut and trimmed to a point. They did not look like Englishmen; but they spoke the language fluently with a slight accent.

The firm, somewhat fierce demeanor of the dark man had the desired effect. When he said abruptly, "It n'y a pas de place," people retired discomfited, and as time was nearly up, Lady Jones began to hope that their privacy and comfort would not be disturbed. Almost at the last moment a man came to the door, impudent and persistent.

"Any room?" he asked in English, as he stood on the doorstep. Then getting no answer, he repeated the question in French. "How many are you?" Still no answer; so he counted for himself, and went away.

Lady Jones was delighted; but her triumph was of short duration. The last arrival came back at once with a whole posse of French officials at his back, the chief of whom, in a voice of authority, repeated the inquiry.

"How many are you? Four? More to come? Impossible! The train is starting. Entrez, monsieur; entrez, vite!" and the next minute the stranger was bundled into the carriage, the door was shut with a bang, the horns sounded, and the train went off at express speed.

The occupants of the carriage, Lady Jones in particular, resented this unceremonious intrusion.
"Extraordinary!" she said, in a loud aside to Millicent. "People never know when they are in the way."
"So forward and presuming!" replied the young lady.

"In my country," said the dark man, "men never intrude themselves on ladies. They wait to be asked."
"We have a very short way of settling with them if they do," added the short man, offensively.

"And pray what do you do with them," asked the last comer, quietly.
He was cool and self-possessed, with a broad face framed in by square-cut gray whiskers. His upper lip was clean-shaven, showing his firm, rather hard mouth, and his blue eyes were steady and penetrating. Not a man to be trifled with, in spite of his calm manner and unobtrusive demeanor.

"What do you do with them?" he repeated, looking hard at the insolent little red man.
"Pitch them out of the window, or on to the line."
"Would you like to do it now?" said the other.

"Be quiet, Thaddy," interposed the dark man; "remember there are ladies present."
"Don't mind me, gentlemen, if you wish to give him a lesson," said Lady Jones, who had espoused the part of her first friends.

The Englishman looked at her rather keenly, but made no remark. Nor, although they continued to talk at him and about him for the next half hour, did he take any further notice of them, but read a novel attentively which he had

extracted from his little black bag. By the time they reached Amiens, quite a pleasant intimacy had sprung up between Lady Jones and the two men. The four went to the buffet and breakfasted together. Returning to their carriage they found that the Englishman had disappeared, so they made merry at his expense.
But they had not done with him yet. He was there on the quay as the train ran alongside the Boulogne steamer; they saw him again on board with his little hand-bag, and always calm and imperturbable. Only once did he betray the slightest emotion; it was when a man came up to him as he stood near the funnel, and, with an almost imperceptible salute, addressed him as Mr. Hopkinson.

"Hush, you fool!" he replied, angrily. "Don't mention names here."
"It was too late, however; many of those around had heard the name, and among the rest the two men, who were smoking close by.
"Come aft, Thaddeus!" whispered the tall man. "Did you hear that name?"
"I did. It must be that murdering villain himself."
"And you, you fool, to get quarreling with him in the train!"
"Do you think he has his eye on us?"
"You may take your oath of that."
"What in the name of conscience shall we do?"

"Leave it to me; I have a dodge, if I can only work it."
The steamer being very crowded, Lady Jones and her party had been unable to secure a private cabin. They had to stay on deck, and in by no means a good place. But, thanks to the attention of her friends, Lady Jones was made comfortable with rugs and wraps near one of the paddle-boxes, while Millicent and the maid sat close beside her. The voyage across the channel was not good, and the ladies reached Folkestone in a more or less battered condition. Now the strangers, like chivalrous gentlemen, came out in their true colors. Nothing could exceed their kindness. They took infinite trouble to prepare the party for going on shore; they helped the maid to fold and strap up the rugs, and made themselves generally useful. Lady Jones was so grateful and so charmed that she begged them to call on her in London, and gave them her address.

When the porters rushed on board, Lady Jones desired one of them to go at once and secure her carriage.
"Can't be done, mum," he replied. "All the things have to be examined before they let us through to the train."
"Absurd!" said her ladyship; "they won't examine mine. I am Lady Jones."
But her ladyship was no better than an ordinary person before the law. The custom house officers were inexorable; and, in spite of her protests, all her small parcels and those of her party, were taken into the search-room, and laid out on the counter. With an imperious wave of the hand, an official ordered her to follow them. To make matters worse, the quiet Englishman, to whom she had been so rude in the train, was standing in the doorway, talking to two other men, and laughing, as she thought, at her distress.

For a moment her two friends were nowhere to be seen.
"I never heard of such a thing!" she said indignantly to Millicent, as the officious searchers turned everything out of her gold-mounted dressing case, and then proceeded to unroll the rugs.
"What do they take us for?"
"Everybody is treated alike, dear Lady Jones. I suppose they are afraid of Fenians, or dynamite, or something."
"It is preposterous, disgraceful! Sir John shall write to the papers—I beg your pardon."

This was to an official who had said to her twice, "What is this?"
A small parcel done up in strong brown paper securely tied and sealed.
"I haven't the least idea. Something of my maid's or Millicent's—this young lady here, I really cannot say."
But while she chattered on with accustomed garrulity, the custom house officer had already cut the strings, undone the parcel, and laid bare a small plain tin case.

It had a lid, which was easily opened. Inside were a number of slabs of a white-brown, sugary-looking substance, which might have been tenth-rate chocolate or indifferently-made "toffee."
"Some sort of sugar," said Lady Jones. "How odd! I cannot imagine."
"It's just what I expected," said a quiet voice behind. Hand it over, Mr. Saunders. This is my affair."
"What, Mr. Hopkinson, are you here?"
"Very much on the spot this time, I think, Mr. Saunders. Now, ma'am"—to Lady Jones—"where are your other friends?"

"How dare you speak to me!" she replied, hotly, recognizing her old enemy of the train. "I am Lady Jones."
"Of course, all right," replied the man called Mr. Hopkinson. "But there," he went on, half to himself, "we don't want any scandal or noise. We might lose the others;" and with that he whispered a few words to an attendant, and drew back into the crowd.

The examination of Lady Jones' baggage was completed, everything was repacked, and the party proceeded toward the train. Just as they passed the refreshment-room, a railway guard came up, and, touching his cap, said: "The station-master has reserved you a compartment. Please come this way."
"How uncommonly civil of him, to be sure!" cried her ladyship. "I suppose it is to make up for this annoyance. I am really much obliged."

Within five minutes the two ladies were stowed away in a carriage by themselves, and the door securely locked. Presently the train ran out of the station up the hill to Folkestone town, and Lady Jones, who

was rapidly recovering her equanimity, after a few ejaculations of delight at being home again, composed herself to sleep in the corner of the carriage.
But fresh annoyance was in store for her. At Folkestone Town station the carriage was unlocked, and three men got in: one of them, to Lady Jones' indignation and dismay, was Mr. Hopkinson, with his black bag, which he kept on his knee.
"You mustn't come in here," she said loftily; "this carriage is reserved specially for me. I am Lady Jones."
"Oh, are you?" replied the other. "It is time you should know who I am. My name—"
"I am sure I don't care to know."
"My name is Hopkinson. I am chief inspector of police from Scotland Yard."
"Well," said Lady Jones, still bold, but with much inward misgivings, "I really do not understand!"
"By this time my men will have arrested your two confederates—your friends who helped you in trying to keep me out of the train at Paris. I knew them all along."
"My friends! I never met them before this morning! Why, I don't even know their names!"
"That won't do. You know as well as I do that they are Phelim Cassidy and Thaddeus O'Brien, American Fenians—" "Gracious Heavens!"
"With whose connivance you have attempted to convey dynamite into England—a nice little lot of 'Atlas powder,' in slabs too, for convenience in packing."
"I deny, most positively! I!"
"Case is too strong against you. Why, the stuff was found in your possession, and I have it here in my bag; enough to wreck the whole train."
Lady Jones shrieked.
"Do you mean to tell me that there is dynamite here in this carriage? Oh, do, please, throw it away!"
"The concussion would certainly explode it, and we should all be blown to kingdom come! Don't be frightened; you traveled with it all the way from Paris, and would have carried it on to London yourself."
"I assure you I know nothing of this. I am Lady Jones, the wife of Sir John Jones of Harley street. Millicent, help me to explain who I am."
The detective shook his head doubtfully.
"It may be as you say; but I don't see my way. Wait till we get to London. If you can prove your identity, at any rate you may escape being locked up; the magistrate may give you bail."
With this cold comfort Lady Jones had to be satisfied, and in dire terror and discomfort she made the rest of the journey to London. Hopkinson, it must be confessed, had already made up his mind that it was as Lady Jones had said; but he chose to keep her in suspense.

On reaching Cannon street, the guard brought him a telegram. The detective read it with strong symptoms of disgust.
"Slipped through my fingers! Just when I thought I had them, too! It's the very mischief. What shall I do next?"
After a pause of deep thought he turned suddenly to Lady Jones.
"Do these men know your London address? Yes? Well, if you will assist us now, I think I can promise that nothing more shall be said about this unfortunate affair. But first, you must be secret, silent as the grave. Can I trust you? And this young lady?"
Millicent and Lady Jones answered in a breath, promising to be most circum-spect.

"My idea now is that these men only planted the stuff on you, hoping it would pass unnoticed; whether it did or not they would know by the morning papers, which would be sure to publish an account of the seizure of dynamite. Well," went on the detective, "no one must know a syllable of this; there shall be nothing in the papers or anywhere. Tomorrow or next day they will call at your house to recover their small parcel, explaining that it slipped in among your rugs by mistake. If they do, we have them; do you understand? And will you help?"
Lady Jones only too gladly assented. That night the house in Harley street was practically in the possession of the police. Sir John entered into the spirit of the thing; gave his hall-porter a holiday, and installed Hopkinson disguised in his place. On the third day the dark man called, sent up his card, and was given the dynamite. As he left the house his companion joined him, and both were arrested before they had turned the next corner. The trial, with the examination of Lady Jones, was one of the events of the season.—London World.

What Girls Eat at College.
To give an idea as to the quantity consumed by such a large family, says the New York Times, the following list of a few of the leading articles furnished Vassar during the past school year to class is appended:
Fresh meat, lbs..... 24,725 Milk, quarts..... 86,891
Flour, lbs..... 58,699 Eggs..... 92,000
Butter, lbs..... 14,567 Canned veget..... 5,217
Sugar, lbs..... 36,181 Beans, cans..... 28,826
Coffee, lbs..... 2,638 Bananas..... 28,826
Caramels, lbs..... 405 Oranges..... 21,192
Dried fruits, lbs..... 5,546 Clams..... 16,209
Nuts, lbs..... 1,927 Pickles, bottles..... 932

The largest item of expense was for meat, \$15,546.52, and the next largest, \$4,644.05 for milk. But if there is one thing more than another that the average Vassar student yearns after, it is a nicely browned pancake. Vassar's pancake griddle is ten feet long and three feet wide, and 2,400 pancakes are consumed at breakfast.

There are 20,000 oil-producing wells in Pennsylvania, yielding at present 60,000 barrels of oil per day. It requires 5,000 miles of pipe line and 1,600 iron tanks of an average capacity of 25,000 barrels each to transport and store the oil and surplus stocks.

SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT.

SKETCHES THAT WILL DRIVE AWAY THE BLUES.

The Reason—Convenient Location—Love's Appetite—Not Weighing So Much—It Bothered the Doctor.

"My darling, you never have kissed me yet," he said.
"Haven't I?" she answered, with a gurgling laugh.
"Never," he repeated, "and I wish you would now. Will you?"
She did.
"Ah!" he sighed, "how sweet it is to feel the pressure of your warm lips on my cheek."
"Do you know why my lips are so warm?" she asked.
"Because—because," he stammered.
"Because," she broke in, "no ice cream has passed them for ever so long."
He took the hint.—Somerville Journal.

Convenient Location.

City Boarder—"I thought you said this place was convenient."
Honest Farmer—"Yes marm. We have found it very convenient."
"But it is two miles from the station."
"Oh, it ain't convenient to the station, of course. When I said the place was convenient, I was thinking about the malaria."
"Malaria! Good gracious!"
"Yes'm. It's mighty convenient then."
"In what way, pray?"
"We are only half a mile from the cemetery."—Philadelphia Call.

Love's Appetite.

"Did you say love took away a man's appetite?" remarked the landlady to young Snooks at the table.
"Yes, madam. I am deeply in love, and that is my experience," he responded, with his hand on his heart and a don't-ask-me-for-money-now look in his weak blue eyes.
"I begin to think pretty much the same way myself."
"Why, madam, are you also touched by the soft caresses of the little blind god?" he queried, taking another spoonful of potatoes, a slice of roast beef and a big hunk of bread.
"Well, not hardly," she answered, in a zinc-lined refrigerator tone, "but some things I have recently seen convince me that it takes away a man's appetite and gives him a hog's."
Snooks did not ask for any desert.—Merchant-Traveler.

Not Weighing So Much.

"You are looking remarkably well, Mr. Litewait," said Crimsonbeak to the young man who he used to see behind the counter in the village grocery before his account rendered it imperative for him to change his provision man.
"Do you think so?" replied the young man with a bland smile, "I'm not weighing as much as I was."
"Why, really," came from Crimsonbeak, in surprise; "You are looking heavier."
"I am heavier," replied the puzzle.
"You're heavier, but you don't weigh so much!" exclaimed the astonished man; "Have you gone crazy, Litewait?"
"No; not exactly, Mr. Crimsonbeak; but I've gone to work in a carpet store where we don't have any of that to do."
"Any of what to do?" shouted the beacon light.
"Weighing!"
"Oh!" was all that Crimsonbeak remarked as he went out to look for a deep well.—Statesman.

It Bothered the Doctor.

Dr. McOosh is celebrated for his egotism, and the best of it is he is never conscious of it.
He has a broad Scotch accent, and the habit of gnawing at the joint of his thumb when busily thinking.
Some years ago he was lecturing before the senior class in Princeton college. He had been discussing Leibnitz's view of the reason of evil, to the effect that mankind was put upon the earth because there was less evil here than elsewhere.
One of the seniors inquired, "Well, doctor, why was evil introduced into the world?"
"Ah!" said the doctor, holding up both hands, "we have asked the hardest question in all of teleology. Suckraters tried to answer it and failed; Plato tried it, and failed; Kant attempted it and made bad work of it; Leibnitz tried it, and he begged the whole question as I've been telling you; and I confess" (gnawing at his thumb knuckle) "I confess I don't know—what—to make of it myself."—Troy Press.

A Western paper says that a wild woman is running at large in the mountains in Oregon. But whether her wildness was caused by the refusal of a husband to crown her with a \$17 bonnet or the declination of her young man to help to shingle the roof of the village ice-cream dealer does not appear.—Statesman.

"Ouida" says of one of her heroines, "that when she smiled, her smile was so sudden, like the smile of one who hears fair tidings in the heart unspoken." Soft and sudden, eh? Should say that was like a blow in the ear from a tomato that had retired from active life; but, perhaps, Ouida's smile is in better taste.—Lowell Citizen.

The Rev. W. H. Key, a colored preacher of Tennessee, made with his own hands the bricks of his church, and now he owns church property worth \$10,000 and a congregation of 1,000 people.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Chalk-white lace is again in vogue. White embroidered mull ties are revived.
Sleeves grow fuller and larger in the armhole.
Skirts grow fuller and bustles more bouffant.

White and black lace scarfs are revived for neckwear.
There are now 155 women students in Boston university.
The horse-hair cushion is the latest form of the bustle.
Fifty-seven American women writers were born in Maine.
Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the writer, owns a large farm at Kittery, Me.
Mrs. A. T. Stewart, of New York, is the richest widow in the world.
Women voted at Clinton, N. Y., on the question of a water works tag.
Nearly 5,000 women are employed in the various government offices in England.

The poke of Valenciennes or Oriental lace is the bonnet to wear with lace and muslin dresses.
Decatur county, Iowa, has a girl who captured and sold fifteen wolves during the last season.
Dotted net veils are not worn at all. They have been superseded by the plain ones made of colored tulle.
A late fashion is to send presents of flowers in baskets locked with a tiny padlock, each person having a key.
In San Francisco all of the day district telegraph work is done by women. They are paid from \$40 to \$60 a month.

Some of the summer parasols are so pretty that it seems almost a pity to expose them to being faded in the sun.
The wife of L. F. Fialer, the Camden baseball player, is said to be the first real Chinese lady ever seen in this country.
A Cuban always smokes two packages of cigarettes and four or five cigars a day. The women and children do nearly the same.
A fancy is for "rose pokes;" they are simple black or white straw pokes with the whole brim hidden by clusters of deep red roses without leaves.
A favorite way of sewing on lace this year is gathering the lace, then sewing it on the wrong side, turning and catching it down at intervals, making a puff.

Miss Sarah O. Jewett is considered to be the handsomest woman author in Boston, with perhaps the exception of Miss Blanche Howard, who wrote "One Summer."
The old-fashioned challie—a light woolen fabric with which some silk is woven—is revived for summer dresses. The ground is light in color and is strewn with flowers.
Many skirts of silk and broche are cut into tabs of various forms at the bottom, with thickly gathered or plaited ruches of plain silk set on underneath to make them set out.
The old-fashioned challie—a light woolen fabric with which some silk is woven—is revived for summer dresses; the ground is light in color and is strewn with flowers.

Poppet red and jonquil yellow crapes are used by those who do not employ either flowers or feathers on round hats. A twisted scarf around the crown is used as trimming.
Wild millinery plants are the last invention. By this term is meant grasses of every kind, tied in little bundles which show the stalks, and fastened on the hat with a brooch or clasp.
French grey of the palest shade, ecru and violet colors are very stylishly used in crapes of different texture, and also in tuile for bonnets to match costumes of cashmere or shot silk, foulard, etc.

A Western physician writes pathetically to a newspaper complaining of the conduct of a female doctor who has taken away all his patients, and left him and his family on the brink of starvation.
German cross-stitch still holds its own among needlework. It is very useful for tea-table cloths, toilet covers and the like, and is an easy, comfortable kind of work that does not require any thinking.
Mull pokes for the country are trimmed with roses and Valenciennes lace when white mull is used, but for the pale blue, pink and poppy red mull are white lilacs, violets or some flowers of contrasting colors.

At a contest in a swimming school at Manchester, England, a young girl swam 600 times around the bath-house, a distance of eight miles, while the best swimmer among the boys made but 504 rounds.
Dotted Swiss lawn, with raised spots and colored printed figures, made with gathered flounces edged with black French lace, with shirred and beited waist, is a showy summer dress for a young lady.
A pleasing design for a polonaise has each of the two front pieces of the waist about half a yard wide and laid in folds at the center. At the belt these cross, and the upper one curves gracefully and loses itself in the folds.
Very thin delaine or wool muslin is popular for young ladies' country dresses, and may be had so sheer and of such delicate hues that it is made up over colored silk linings throughout in order to give deeper tones and more character to the dress.
White cambric is greatly used for fete dresses this year, and for children's frocks with broad bands of color as trimming. These are woven with the dress, and very pretty frocks are made by trimming with bands of red, pink, blue or old gold strips.

—New Mexico has 3,000,000 sheep and 2,000,000 cattle on its 77,580,000 acres of land.

THE KITCHEN CLOCK.

Knitting is the maid of the kitchen, Milly. Doing nothing, sits the chore-boy, Billy: "Seconds reckoned; Seconds reckoned; Every minute, Sixty in it. Milly, Billy, Billy, Milly, Tick-tock, tick-tock, Nick-knock, knock-knock, Knockety-nick, nickety-knock."— Goes the kitchen clock.

Closer to the fire is rosy Milly, Every whit as close and cozy, Billy: "Time's a-flying; Worth your trying; Pretty Milly— Kiss her, Billy! Milly, Billy, Billy, Milly, Tick-tock, tick-tock, Nick-knock, knock-knock."— Goes the kitchen clock.

Something's happened; very red is Milly, Billy boy is looking very silly; "Pretty misses, Plenty kisses; Make it twenty, Take a plenty, Milly, Milly, Milly, Billy, Right-left, left-right, That's right, all right, Skippety-nick, rippety-knock."— Jumps the kitchen clock.

Night to night they're sitting, Milly, Billy! Oh, the winter winds are wondrous chilly! "Winter weather, Close together; Wouldn't tarry, Better marry. Milly, Billy, Billy, Milly, Two-ones, one-two, Don't wait, 'twont do, Knockety-nick, nickety-knock."— Goes the kitchen clock.

Winters two have gone, and where is Milly! Spring has come again and where is Billy! "Give me credit, For I did it; Treat me kindly, Mind you wind me, Mr. Billy, Mistress Milly, My—Oh, Oh—my, By-by, by-by, Nickety-knock, cradle rock."— Goes the kitchen clock.

—John Vance Cheney, in the Century.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Armed to the teeth—A dentist.
The woman question—May I order a new bonnet?
The requisites for the best kind of a "batter" can be ascertained by carefully reading the baseball news.

Eight dogs will buy a wife in Siberia, but after you have seen a Siberian woman you marvel that dogs should be so cheap.—Hankney.

Wilmington, N. C., has a baseballist whose name is Stitch. They hope he will prove the Stitch in time that saves nine.—Yonkers Gazette.

It was an unhappy flamingo, Who said: "They have shot me, by jingo! I must pick up my bits As I gather my wits, And evolve—where the deuce did my wing go! —Harvard Lampoon.

A poem published in a Brooklyn paper commences: "Come back, sweet memories." Ah! yes; let us think of those old days when a 50-cent sun-bonnet was good enough for any lady.—Philadelphia Call.

A blacksmith advertised for a helper who "must be as quick as lightning." The first man who applied for the situation carelessly picked up a hot horseshoe, and the blacksmith hired him at once.

"What do you suppose makes so many worms get on me?" asked a young man at a Sunday-school picnic. "I don't know," replied the young lady who was with him, "unless it is because worms are so fond of green things."—Burlington Free Press.

Olives in Greece.

Our host took us to inspect an olive-oil factory, of which there are several in Pyrgi, so that the stream which waters the village is brown with olive juice, like water tinged by peat in an Irish bog. Here they use no machinery or modern appliances in pressing the oil; merely the old primitive wooden press. Women, or sometimes mules, walk round and round revolving a wheel which crushes the olives; in this condition they put them into sacks, and then into that "black-faced heifer which devours oak wood," as the Chiotis in their figurative way are wont to describe their ovens. The sacks are then placed one over the other in the press, and two men turn a post, which pulls a rope, which drags a stick, which tightens the press, and the oil oozes into the receptacle prepared for it, with water inside. The oil and water of course do not amalgamate, the dregs sink to the bottom, and the pure oil flows into jars prepared for it.
It is impossible to realize the affection people have for olives in a purely olive-growing country. "An olive with a kernel gives a boot to a man," is a true adage with them. It is the principal fattening and sustaining food in a country where hardly any meat is eaten. It takes the place of the potato in Ireland, and on the olive crop depends the welfare of many. An olive yard is presented to the church by way of glebe, and the peasants collect on a stated day to gather these sacred olives, which they buy from the church, and always at the highest market value.—Essex.