a Co. a Building TONASTA, PA. \$1.50 per Year,

HUBLICAN

first for a shorter perid or from all parts of the

VOL. XVII. NO. 32. "Tain't my poor little chickie, Gen-AKER.

oral Stuart. who gramb.e, th life, but why make

croaker, eroak, croak, li a funeral, a joke; ail, no doubt; ling visage. raws one out.

r, unhappy croaker, ving vane, weather ng to rain; ops are ruined, e jogs the country

> croaker ome day, Leaven m way; pavements old. and mutter, -they're-gold." -Detroit Free Press.

> > FLAG.

dazed and indolent, missed the train in life; as if the world ft him hopelessly be-a turkey for him this "Jeb" Stuart

rdly yet as many by lot; ragged, by lay befere the

corn, gnawing it uking it, roasting on the coals. and then a shot still night, away t too closely for in better disposed nes, or more favored together and reached

teir bayonets tobacco, newspapers, in a sort of oners of war. The moon in pity and in peace.

out under his broad palm to try and see which way to lead. Suddenly the hay-"Then take it to it's mother," thundered the chief. "It's mother is dead, general." stacks blazed out before him, and the whole scene was bright as day. The "To its father, then." "It's father is dead, too, general." Federals had been waiting for the Con-

kindled.

"Dead?"

stood there, huddled together and help-less as sheep, they found the haystacks in their path of retreat, and stood there "Dead. Killed in the battle yester day when you led over that stone fence by the farm-house on the hill, sah. The Confederate general bit his lips. Then, muttering to himself as he rose up behind them, before them, around them, to shoot them down in the right they had and turned half away: "Killed at the farm house where I led. Some poor farmer defending his home and little ones. I can't stand this!"

brighter! It pleased the child, excited "Please, sir, Mister General, won't you take my yed apple? Papa growed it in his orchard. And he buyed me that, too.

it know of the death hiding down in every gleaming gun-barrel of thest com-Here the child reached its little flag, pact mass of uniformed men just before? Nothing at all. Its little heart le apt with trying hard to make friends with the seemingly hard man, who was turning wonder delight at the beautiful u niforms, away as if to avoid it.

the discipline, the quick action in which every gun was brought instantly to the "Sergeant Zeb, where did that flag come from?"

shoulder. The bayonets were beautiful "Had it in his hand when I found it, sah; it won't give it up, sah; says its _____the father gave it to it for the Fourth of light. -the gleaming bayonets all in the bright

July, sah." "Foff of July," piped the little waif, waving the little stars and stripes overof the celebration, and in the fulness of its delight, just as the Rederal officer drew his sword and was giving the word "Fire!" the child, holding tight on to the great grizzly head with its left hand, head, there in the midst of the dark and gathering circle of soldiers under the

solution on the general turned, stooped and caught the child in his arms. "Keep your pretty little flag, and wave it when and where you like. Here, Zeb, take care of this kid. Boys, we killed its father by chance vesterday. turkey for him this years past, I reckon soldier (who limp-and, maybe, it will bring us luck. What dreadful catastrophe, piped out in its shrill, little voice, as it raised itself higher for the occasion: the had a lot of do you say, boys?" The wild shout that shook the leaves Put it upon record in gold and red that the Federal officer lowered the point of his sword. The heavy breeches of the guns struck the stony ground with a thud. The line of blue divided, and the old

If it is untrue, of the oaks overhead startled the advoa, I only give cate for discipline, and, turning to Zeb, as he strode away into the night for an-

as he strode away into the hight for an-density flank. His other part of his camp, he shouted: "Silence! and Zeb, discipline, discip-line! Dash it, discipline or death, I say!" and he was gone. They gathered about the wild-eyed, rosy-faced orphan with its little flag and red apple, and many a black and white and not over-clear hand reached out to tow with and stoke the hair of gold that hung heavy ack men, white stroke the hair of gold that hung heavy who were gray as corn silk in summer time over the s who had seen lad's shoulders.

"I found it in the fence corner," said Zeb, "all a shiverin', and its daddy and its mammy dead, shot down by stray bullets when we stormed the place." other day," remarked an of icial of a road running into Chicago. About

"Yes, and dar war a rabbit right aside ub him," said a black face back in fire of old Vir- the dark, over another man's shoulder. "An' golly, we kotched and eat der rabbit," chuckled another black man.

farm house is a little creek, over which "Wal, we'll keep the kid; keep 'im till the cows come home." And with a grunt of universal approval from all as there is a small bridge. About four years ago some repairs were made to that little bridge, and, of course, the bridge they gradually melted away, old Zeb gang had put up a signboard 'Run Slow' on either side during the day or so hoisted the little one high up on his colossal shoulders, and turned suddenly to the bridge was weakened. When they had finished their work, they went off look and to listen, for there was a shout white in the great blue down the hill and a sudden sharp voland forgot the signs. The fact is, the and all the stars of heaven ley of shots above, beyond the hay boards had disappeared, and they didn't stacks. It began to look as if this little take the trouble to hunt them up. ang burst out. The black men ng londer, sweeter, with more memories of home than the squad of raiders had got into a bite. Shouts of the enemy down the hill; shots of the enemy up the hill beyond the hay It was a sad, grotesque, stacks. Which way should the surprised and panic-stricken soldiers fly? The colossol old Virginia sergeant, with the child on his massive shoulders, was the t discipline or death. Dis-biding about behind trees, behind each my. Do you want me to other, under saddles, blankets, anywhere. and win victories with a The shouts of the advancing enemy came nob like this and the enemy loud and clear from below and very near. waiting to recoil on us the give him a chance! Dis-had done the mischief. This little squad Hang your blacks, and of ragged, panic-stricken night miders was doomed. The leaves began to fall like autumn time over old Zeb, the tall and angular old sergeaut. What a plight for a soldier! A battle on hand and a babe in his arms. The old sergeant came near throwing it away with the heap of negroes, hiding away under the saddles. Where was Stuart? The sergeant put his hand to his ear and leaned to listen as best he could between the sharp volleys from below that were ruining the prospects of the next year's acorn crop in the trees overhead. He could hear the clatter of iron hoofs on the high ridge to the west. The moon was setting large and round and low. m sprang up, a half dozen Over the bare crest of this hill and against the moon he could see the Confederate cavalry pouring in impetuous flight. Stuart, the cautious and wary leader, had escaped. "Come men! We must follow our genip and thrust into the chieftain's cral on foot—any way to get out of this. The generous alacrity, an ear of Come! Un by the haystacks and over the ridge." The strong man started up the stony hill to pass the hay stacks. The child, pretty well gnawed down to the as if it was afraid it might fall, wound But they were all alike offered its left arm affectionately about the great its left arm affectionately about the great gray shock of hair. And that little act saved it: that accidental show of affection won the old fellow's heart entirely. Why, he would not now have pitched it aside with the terrified negroes for gold. Up the hill he led swiftly, the men following in groups, knots, sin-gly, armed, unarmed, limping, leaning, erect in all manners of ways, only so as to escape the Federals, charging up the hill from below. They could see the points of shiring bayonets entering their camp, by the light of the burning fence rails, as they fled out of it, and the black color had nearly all faded from the flying Confederates as they neared the haystacks. Here the gray-headed old sergeant, with the child on his shoulder, paused for a moment right under the haystacks to get his bearings. The moon had fallen down behind the crest of the hill. here's my yed apple," and with the little boy toddled right up and almost between the booted legs of rear. The ragged Confederates huddlad It was nearly dark now. The Federal close and helpless up and after the tall geant Zeb, where in all Jericho and grizzled old giant, who stood there this child come from? Is it yours? looking out which way to lead them, It have children around me here. I with the child on his shoulder, its little left arm hugging the great shaggy head, its right one holding the flag.

The tall, gray soldier threw up his COVERINGS FOR THE HEAD.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOV 26, 1884.

federates to come. And now as they

It was a matchless and magrificent

The child seemed to think this a part

gray Confederate, with his little charge

on his shoulder still waving the little flag,

passed on through the line, while cheer

after cheer shook the bullet-riddled leaves

And this is the story of the old. Con-

federate soldier of the Shenandoah, who

had missed the train on the line of Pro-

gress, down in old Virginia. - Joaquin

A Farmer's Private Railroad Station

three miles beyond a certain station on

our line there is a farm brouse by the

side of the track. Just beyond the

"We made a singular discovery the

"Foff of July."

of the oaks overhead.

Miller.

sight! No scene so bright, no suplight

Forest Republican.

HOW HATS ARE MAOR.

For Great Labor-Various Stages of Hat-Making.

In the first place the whole material of -is fur. For this purpose the furs proportions for the constituents.

one. It consists of a copper cone six inches broad across the top, about twelve broad across the bottom and three feet high. This cone is full of holes; in fact, it is a sieve. A workman takes it and dampens it. Then he sets it so that the rim at the bottom is caught in the round groove of a wooden plate. This plate is raised a foot above the floor in the center of a semi-circular wooden fence rising six feet above the floor. On one side of this particular inclosure and rising above it are the rollers of a big machine, at which a boy is standing. The boy sets the machine going and it begins to fill the air above it with hair. The man with the cone has also started some machinery, apparently, for the cone is rapidly revolving horizontally, and something beneath it which cannot be seen is buzzing busily. Then the man takes the two doors which are folded back from the sides of the semi-circular fence and closes them. They form another complete semi-circle and the cone is thereupon shut up in a kind of wooden well six feet in diameter. Hair is raining down all this time from the machine above this well. Before a minute is over the machine has tossed all the fur for one hat into the air. The boy rings a bell, the machine stops, the man opens the doors of the well, the cone is stopped, and then the visitor looks at what seems a miracle. All the fur which has been seen lately falling softly like rain into the wooden well is lying evenly distributed upon the top and

sides of the cone. This loose fur covering of the copper cone is the felt hat as it first begins to take shape. The man who is attending to it throws wet cloths about it and carries cone and all away to a tank, where he plunges it in boiling water. Then he carries the cone to a table and carefully strips the hat form off it. It needs an experienced hand to do this; a tyro at the business would break the loose lying form all to bits. The man performs the operation with ease, though, and turns it over and over, looking for flaws and weak parts. Whenever he perceives one he takes some wet fur and sticks it there. "Some weeks afterward, no one knows When he has patched the form before him ha w wat aloth shout it and When the carefully wrings it out. wringing process is complete he rolls it with a wooden rolling pin, just as a woman rolls pastry. He rolls it from the top downward and its height diminishes every minute. At first it was about three feet high and the same in other dimensions as the cone, but in a little while it is contracted, with the rolling pin and continued dipping in hot water, to two feet high, about. Then it is taken to what is called the sizing shop. In this place are round tables, the centers of which are low, while the boards slope up to the outer edges; in the low, central part boiling water is bubbling. A man stands at each of these tables and beside him lies a pile of hat forms. He takes one and beats it and dips it in the boiling water and rolls it from the top downward till it becomes not more than nine inches high. When it has reached the required size for this process the hat is "shaved" by a man who takes it on his knee and goes over its surface rapidly with a very sharp knife. Then it is "second sized" or rolled again to make it smaller, and after that stiffened with shellac dissolved in alcohol, laid on with a brush, then it is cleared, the surface being washed with a solution of soda. The next process is dyeing, which is very carefully done, the exact proportions of dyewood to water being preserved and the hats kept continually stirred as, if they were allowed to rest on each other, there would be some very extraordinary coloring effects produced.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

with a wooden handle and turn up the sides of the brim a little at a time till they get it to the required shape. One of these men frequently makes as much as \$75 per week, and one week he made \$110. After the hats have passed through the curlers' hands they go to the trim-mers, who are all girls. These put on the silk binding and the sweat bands and sew in the lining, and the hats are then taken away to the packing room, where each hat is carefully nested in a compartment of the wooden box in which it is to travel to its destination. Such is the method of making stiff felt hats. The soft felt articles are turned out in much the same way save that the stiffening is omitted and the brim is flanged over an iron block.

To make the silk stovepipe hats a large square of muslin is dipped in shel-lac, wrung out and then stretched over a wooden frame to dry. After drying it is cut up into sizes and shapes suitable for the various parts of the hat. Some pieces are cut on the bias for the crowns of hats, others are stiffened particularly for the brims, while the muslin for the central cylinders, which are to be the sides, is cut out in oblong squares. The material for a dozen of these hats is then given to a workman, who draws the frame of the hat together around a block and fastens it by means of a hot iron. The shell of the hat, as it is called, is then varnished and dried, making it stiff, and then the silk plush is put on, a man ironing it to the shellac covered shell and sponging it with water at every stroke of the iron. Girls sew in the crown and Journal. the brim after the sides of the shell have A soci been fastened, and then the seams are gone over with a hot iron, which con-ceals all traces of them. The brim is then curled as in the case of the felt article, and the hat then goes away to the luering machine, where the polish brushes, revolving rapidly, give it a high polish. From the luering machine it goes to the hands of a girl who trims it and puts in the lining. Opera hats are made of steel springs

imported from France and covered here with either merino or black satin .--Brooklyn Eagle.

War on the Sparrow.

War has again been declared against the English sparrow. The hardy and aggressive bird's enemies are mobilizing with the determination to make a more vigorous attack upon him than he ever before experienced. The leaders in the movement are ornithologists and sportsmen. They have prepared a circular petition, that has been widely distributed and extensively signed, asking that some concerted action be taken to exterminate the "foreigner." The bird is spoken of as an "intolerable pest," and, beside being put down as a general nuisance, he is charged with ruthlessly murdering or driving away "our own sweet-voiced songsters." The petitions are to be sent to the Ornithological union of New York, and the society will take some action regarding them.

"I think the sparrow is a nuisance," said a sportsman who is taking part in the movement, yesterday. "He is an ugly little thing, with a voice like the his head. "But the sensations are not sound made by a door swinging on rusty hinges. His habits are very disagreeable, and he is the most avaricious and bellicose creature in the whole bird world. He fights like a professional pugilist, and there is not a nice, quiet, genteel bird that can stand up against him. A whole brood of 'em have taken possession of an ivy-vine that govers one of the walls of my house. They bull-dozed all the other birds that used to come there so much that they have the whole vine to themselves now. They make such a noise that I can hardly sleep after daylight. The only way I can begin to get square is by popping over a dozen or two of them before breakfast every other morning. The sport amuses me, but it doesn't seem to make any diminution in the number of There must be millions of the birds. 'em. But I'm agin 'em all the same-I'm agin 'em to the death. ' The caretakers of several public squares said that the sparrows have taken almost entire possession of the trees and shrubs in the urban parks, and if any other bird strays in he is pretty sure to be set upon by the brown-feathered "toughs" and beaten off .--Philadelphia Times.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion. One Square, one inch, ene mosth One Square, one inch, three months. One Square, one inch, three months. One Square, one inch, one year. Two Squares, one year. Quarter Column, one year. Haif Column, one year. One Column, one year. 1000000000000000000000000000000000000		
Legal notices at watablished rates. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected q terly. Temporary advertisements must be pai	TIA.	

Job work--cash on delivery.

VALLEY AND PEAK.

- The Valley said to the Peak, "Oh, Peak, I fain would arise And be great like you; I would seek Your remote and sacred skies.
- Although I lie so low At your feet, I aspire to share The mysteries that you know
- In your cloud-roofed house of air." The Peak to the Valley said,
- " Oh, Valley, be content, Since for you my veins have bled, And for you my breath is spent.
- Alone, for your sake, I live In the cold and cloudy blue,
- Great only by what I give Out of unreached heavens to you." -Lucy Larcom.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

He is a philosopher who can find music in a fat man's snore.

- A man with a cast in his eye-A trout fisherman. - Texas Siftings.
- Earthquakes cause quite a movement in real estate. New York Dial.
- A cobbler's wife call him "Breath," because he lasts for the living.
- Practical jokes-Those that are pub-lished and paid for.-New York Mail.
- The only bar that tramps are unfamiliar with-Crowbar.-New York Telegram.

A Boston agricultural editor says that the best way to preserve peaches is to keep a buildog in the orchard.-Courser-

A society exchange says: "Ladies' bon-nets this season will be felt." Yes, and the one to feel it most will be the husband .- Poston Post.

"Why is a harmonious husband and wife like eight cubic feet?" asked Flattery, and before I could reply the answer came: "Because they are both in accord." -Boston Times.

A fashion paper, in describing a belle's attire recently, said she wore carbuncles, and now that poor girl gets 300 different recipes for the cure of boils in every mail. — Washington Hatchet.

An esteemed contemporary, talking of a man run over on Monday by a Market street car, says he has four doctors in attendance on him, and then unnecessarily adds: "It is doubtful whether he will recover."-San Francisco Post.

Orange peel is now said to be collected. dried in ovens and sold for kindling fires. It burns readily and with great fierceness and is safer than kerosene. Now cannot some useful avocation be found for the treacherous banana peel.-Philadelphix Call.

"So, you have finally made up your so, you have many mide up your mind you won't have me?" he asked. "Yes, firmly," she replied. "I suppose you take me for a fool for proposing to you so often." "No, sir: I don't take you for a fool. I wouldn't have you for a gift."—Detroit Free Press.

"I hear that your wife creates quite a sensation," said one Burlington man to another who had recently been married. "Well, I guess she does," replied the other dubings for the pumper on

AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF

Carious Process and One That Calls

which a good felt hat is made-with the exception of the bands, binding and linof the beaver, the Russian hare, the rabbit, the French coney and the South American rutrin are used. Every reader will be familiar with all but the lastnamed animal, which is a soft-coated, beautifully marked rodent, about as large as a cat. Several of these furs are mixed to make the felt, and the mixtures for fine hats are secrets carefully guarded by the men who have discovered the right

The forming process is a most curious

unique picture. Suddenly in the midst of the ragged us lot.

give him a chance! Diswhites; or have discipline !" a second! And the long. and the sleeping lads pulled together and tried to look e soldiers, while the blacks, ation of their being hung up, from the fitful embers into as if they were a part of it. weary bearded chief threw a heap of saddles at hand his sternness, as he looked the wretched group of poor mered for a little rest under

m hungry; hungry as a mave you got to eat?"

diess troopers rushed forfrom out of the night, back trees, there came many black nd each and every one, black men, old men and little boys, ly a few teeth-marks in them, beost entirely intact. Others again

prompt generosity. and the Confederate chief his head with a grim and sickly as he muttered to himself: "Corn! corn, roasted corn, raw corn, white red corn, all kinds of corn. No, oys, I'm hungry, but, I can't eat any more to-night." The men The men back in respectful silence into a circle. And there, suddenly, w, in the centre of the circle, child, a little boy, who had circle. roused from his sleep on the pile dles in the commotion that atthe chieftain's coming. And ide awake, with a little toy flag hand and a red apple in the other, Ittle boy stood there in the midst of wild and ragged men, with cheeks ty as the apple he held in his led little hand.

yer hungry. mister, captain, genarprised soldier.

have children around me here. 1 babies home; didn't you do the

st when, those signs rear former places. Nobody knew who put them there or what for. Nobody cared. If the section men noticed them at all they thought the bridge men had done it. It was none of the engineer's business why they were there-it was their duty to observe regulations, which required them to slow down at all such signs. Observe regulations they did. For about four years not a train had passed over that little bridge without slowing al-most to a standstill. The culvert, for that's all it is, has been as safe as any part of the roadbed, and yet stopping and starting trains there has cost this company thousands of dollars. You know, it costs money to stop and start trains.

"You are wondering how it all comes about, of course. Well, that farmer stole those boards and put them up again at his leisure. For four years he has been going into the town or coming from it on our trains, getting on or off right at his own door. It was a slick scheme, and how he must have laughed at us and enjoyed it all the while. But his game is up now, and the engineers are having their revenge by keeping up an infernal screeching of their whistles at all hours of the day or night whenever they pass that farm house."-Chicago Herald.

Uncle Esck's Wisdom

There is no rule for beauty; this enables every man to have a little better looking wife than any of his neighbors. I don't expect to please everybody. don't know as I would if I could, for] don't think anybody but a fool could do it.

The last thing a man doubts is his judgment, when it ought to be the first thing he is suspicious of.

When the devil turns moralist look out for breakers; no one can tell where he is 'going to hit next; he can't even tell himself.

The world is all agog just now; every body wants to talk, and nobody wants to listen-the fool-killer will be around soon, and put a stop to these things.

I believe in moral suasion-as a collat-

Ignorance is the principal ingredient in bigotry-obstinacy and a general cussedness complete the job.

It ain't so much the ignorance of mankind that makes them ridiculous, as the knowing so much that ain't so.

Jokes weren't made to cast before swine, any more than pearls were; and the man who can make them shouldn't

throw them around too loose. The man who can, in a few words, tell

all he knows, on any subject, at a min-ute's notice, is a hard one to tangle. It is the brains of the devil that make

him terrible; a fool-devil is the lowest order of cranks .- Century.

It is said that the Germans are to the Americans in Chicago as three to two.

After being dyed the hat goes to the "blocker out." This man-who is one my senior warned me that I shoul lous as white as a water blister and as the peace. bard as sole leather, and the palm side of his finger and thumb show similar calboiling water, pulls it out again, dips his hand into a cask of cold water which stands by his side, and then grasping some portion of the hat between his hand he braces himself and pulls.

When the "blocker out" has got through with it the hat is ready for finishing. A man now pulls it over a block and irons it into the final shape. Then smooth sand paper is used to pounce or smooth it. After being thoroughly pounced the hat is then greased with hot. crude oil to make the color even; then it sired width. After this cutting, which is done with a gauged hand-machine,

the hat goes away to the curlers, who curl the brim. These men must be very shape. They take a curved iron blade and mathematies receive \$7,500 each.

His First Case.

"I lost my first case to a miserable little pettifogging lawyer named Johnny Wood," said General Sharp, at Chicago. "I was a graduate of Harvard Law school, and had a good deal of conceit, When my senior warned me that I should have of many-has a hand on him like a to meet Johnny Wood, I laughed at horse's hoof; the palm is one great cal- him. The suit was before a justice of We made out our case, and Wood's client, the plaintiff, made out none worth speaking of at all. When lousness. These are produced by the Johnny Wood arose to speak he reman's work, which is especially hard, hearsed the evidence impartially, and He has by strength and considerable skill then, taking up a book read the law-and much perseverance to pull the hat such law as I had never heard of, but into the shape of the block. There are which fitted his case to a nicety. When no artificial aids. He dips the hat into he got through, I said, 'Mr. Wood, will you allow me to see that statute, please?" " Certainly, sir, ' he replied, handing me the book closed.

" 'Ah, thank you; but what page is it on?

"What page?' he cried, indignant. Don't expect me to coach you, young Find your own law-you. man. found mine.

" Of course I couldn't find it, but Johnny had the laugh, and the court with him, and I lost my case, according to the law which that scoundrel Wood is rounded and the brim cut to any de had made out of his head just as he spun it out."

The professor of anatomy at the Edin burgh university is paid \$10,000 a year skillful and have good eyes for size and The heads of the departments of Latin

altogether so pleasant as might be wished .- Burlington Free Press.

"You must be sick to hire a horse 'in the daytime," said an impecunious young man to a companion. "Why sof" was man to a companion. "Why sof" was the inquiry. "Are they any cheaper at night?" "Guess they are! All you've got to do is to eat a five-cent slice of mince pie and you can have a mare all night that would beat Maud S. to flinders. Burlington Free Press. REASSURED.

"Oh, youth, with smooth sand-papered pate, The night is dark, the hour is late, Why do you linger on my gatef

"I stay to help your daughter hold This gate upon its hinges old; Go in, old man, you're catching cold!"

The old man sought his little bed, And pillowed there his tranquil head; "I guess the gate is safe," he said. —Luther G. Riggs.

"Landlord !" cried an irritated traveler who had been eating dried-apple pie at a railroad lunch-house, as he held one hand to his shattered jaw and produced a gimlet with the other. "Look at this confounded gimlet I've found in your pie and broke half the teeth in my head out on!" "Well, I declare!" said the landlord, "I wanted to use that yesterday and hunted all over for it. Much obliged, stranger."- New York Star.

Curious Land Sinks.

Those curious depressions of the soil known as sinks, a Florida letter says, have attracted the attention of scientific men and form one of the features of the country to visitors. Timid people are afraid of them, but I do not see any difference betweep them and the natural depressions one meets with in all wooded counties. Sometimes an acre will commence to sink toward the center and year after year the depth increases until it reaches its lowest point and stands still. Some of these places are wonderfully beautiful, being covered with a luxuriant undergrowth of bush vegetation, shaded by immense trees garlanded with grapevines and jusmine, and charmingly draped with the beautiful moss of this coun draped try, with perhaps at the base a pool of clear water. These bosky shades are much frequented by cattle and they enhance by the attractions of life and motion a picture that any artist might be proved to add to his collection. Sometimes the central part really does fall out of sight, leaving a hole whose depth may be im-agined, but out of such fissures I have seen oak trees growing of large girth, proving that they do not really go through to China.

At Regent's park, London, about 50,006 plants are given away yearly to poor applicants.