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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14. 1885.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

- My thoughts go home to that old brown
- With its low roof sloping down to the edst.

And its garden fragrant with roses and thyme,

That blossom no longer, except in rhyme, Where the honey-bees used to feast,

Afar in the west the great hills rose,

Silent and steadfast and gloomy and gray,

I thought they were giants, and doomed to keep

Their watch, while the world should wake or sleep,

Till the trumpet should sound on the judgment day.

I used to wonder of what they dreamed As they brooded there in their silent might,

While March winds smote them, or June rains fell.

Or the snows of winter their ghostly spell Wrought in the long and lonesome night.

They remembered a younger world than

ours, Before the trees on their top were born, When the old brown house was itself a tree. And waste were the fields where now you

The winds astir in the tasselled corn.

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And I was as young as the hills were old, And the world was warm with the breath of spring.

And the roses red and the lilles white Budded and bloomed for my heart's delight,

And the birds in my heart began to sing. But calm in the distance the great hills rose,

Deaf unto ruptures and dumb unto pain, Since they know that Joy is the mother of

Grief. And romembered a butterfly's life is brief,

And the sun sets only to rise again.

They will brood, and dream, and be silent, as now.

When the youngest children alive to day Have grown to be women and men, grown old..

And gone from the world like a tale that is told.

And even those echo forgets to-day. -Louise Chandler Moulton, in Harper.

AN UNMASKED SHARPER.

A STORY FROM THE FRENCH.

They were discussing the latest scandal. A young man of good connections had been ignominiously expelled from a club. Playing in collusion with a professional gambler, he had cheated at cards and in a few months had won a

10.4 - in guadansiderable sum. "ils st'And has he killed himself?" asked i fore one.

everythemselves for so little nowadays? for as different in the good old times." In the good pid times, as you call

"The second scene was brought about by the vicomte abducting a ballet dancer, and by a duel and a debt which were the consequences of this little affair. The general brought the son before his mother and roughly reproved him for his folly. Instead of supporting

her hushand, the countess made excuses for her son. Women always are indul-gent toward the man in a love scrape. "As the general told his son that his fortune was not sufficient to maintain

such scandalous absurdities, the countess unhappily interjected : "'Oh, the fortune of the De Bransacs

will amply suffice for him.'

"She had not calculated the effect of her speech. An hour later the general left the hotel and went to his chateau; at the end of a week the family notary informed the countess that her entire personal fortune was at her disposal. The separation was complete, and the general lived alone on the fifteen thousand francs which constituted the revenue he received from his own fortune.

"The son made ducks and drakes of her fortune. At the end of six months the countess was half ruined, and the energy of the notary alone saved her from her son's extravagances.

"All at once it became known that the Vicomte Roland no longer belonged to the king's household, and that he had handed in his resignation as lieutenant in a cavalry regiment. That is what was given out, but rumors of a different character were afloat. The countess no longer appeared in public, but confined herself to her hotel. In a few weeks she seemed ten years older.

"The vicomte, after a voyage of some weeks in Italy, returned to Paris, took apartments in the Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin, and lived the life of an idler on the pension of a thousand francs a month allowed him by his mother. It would be little to day; but at that time it enabled a man to make quite a figure in the fashionable world. He passed his time between love adventures, the theatres, and the green table. Then little by little his elegance and his Then eccentricities began to be talked about. Clubs were not as plentiful as they are now, but the gided youth and the gamesters had a few of them where lovers of the green cloth could amuse themselves.

"One evening when the Vicomte Roland, after having won a considerable sum from one of his friends, offered him his revenge, his opponent rose, and, pushing away the cards, looked at him in a singular manner.

"'Well, no, Roland,' said he; 'what with your luck with women and your luck with cards, you have too much luck for one man."

"Roland, though somewhat choleric, demanded no explanation, and contented himself with laughing.

"Some days after, the prefect of police announced himself to the general at his chatcau. What passed between them I do not know. All that is known of the affair is that they returned together to Paris.

"At 11 o'clock of the evening following that interview, the vicomte was seated at a table playing ecarte. He had just won ten successive games from an Englishman, who, passing through Paris on his way home, had been introduced at the club by one of the members. Roland had a considerable sum before him. The loser had just risen, and before leaving the table had bowed thrice, when an elderly gentleman approached the table. "'Will the Vicomte Roland permit me to take the gentleman's revenge?'

MISSIVES SENT TO AND FROM THE WASHINGTON OFFICIALS.

Fifty Thousand a Day to the Presis dent Alone-How an Immense Daily Mail is Handled.

The President of the United States receives daily an average of 50,000 letters, which, as a rule, are answered, or their receipt acknowledged on the day of delivery. To enable him to cope with this vast correspondence, much of which requires not simply a formal reply, but considerable research and special knowl-edge, the executive is furnished with about ten thousand clerks, who, for conven-ience, are divided into seven departments, according as their work has to do with our foreign relations, the army or navy, the fiscal machinery of the government, its internal relations, the postal service, or the administration of justice. The heads of these seven principal departments are asked by the President to meet him once or twice a week at the White House, and form what is known as his cabinet. At these conferences the more important business of the departments is discussed, so that the work may be done promptly and harmoniously; and so well regulated is the system that it is not necessary for the President to see personally but a very small part of the executive correspond-ence. Two or three sacks only, out of the tons of mail matter that is dumped every morning on the floor of the Washington city postoffice, goes to the White House

This postoffice is the third in the country in volume of business, though Washtry in volume of business, though wasn-ington is only the fourteenth city in population. This is on account of the enormous official mail that passes through Postmaster Conger's hands. During the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1855, the letters received were in excess of 25,000,000, or about 70,000 daily, and of this total it is estimated about seventy per cent. goes to the departments.

The refluent tide is even larger for the outgoing delivery includes all the publications of the government. Statistics in this field would be staggering. They would be on such a huge scale that the figures would lose their meaning. On some days, for instance, during the busy days of Congress, 2,000 large sacks, mostly of executive documents, will pass through the office, and the average for the summer months is 20,000 sacks a month. Much of this is registered, for greater safety, so that the work thrown on the city force is prodigious.

Evidently, then, the Washington postoffice is a busy place. The busiest time of the day for the incoming mail is early in the morning, when the great night mails arrive. From 7 till 9 o'clock the office secthes with activity. Shortly before 9 o'clock the mail wagons for the departments and the outlying bureaus are hauled up in the rear of the office, and the mail is handed out to them for distribution. These vchicles are of every description, from heavy, pairs, expect fine weather. red, circus-like vans to neat covered carri- Geese-If the breastbone of a goose and will find a large field of usefulness, ages, which have a strong suspicion of is red or has many red spots, expect a willight and Sunday excursions about cold and stormy winter; but if only a hem. The heaviest mail generally goes few spots are visible the winter will be o the postoffice department, due to the mild. If domestic geese walk east and outine correspondence between the department and the 50,000 postmasters of the country. Each postmaster has occasion to write at least four letters each quarter to the department, thus involving a mass of 200,000 letters every ninety days, or more than 2,000 a day from this bureau, where all uncalled for, misdirected, or unintelligible letters are sent. The other two departments that receive enormous mails are the interior and the treasury. The mail for the pen-sion bureau of the interior alone often mounts into the thousands. All the departments have a mail room where the letters are received and sorted. In the larger departments these rooms have quite a postoffice look of their own. and exceed in the volume of business transacted the figures of many towns of considerable size. Here the sacks are opened and the contents distributed into rays or boxes which represent the office of the secretary and the different bureaus. When thus sorted the letters go to the chief clerks, who go through the pile, whether "confidential" or not. Heads of departments are not supposed to have | rain. any guilty secrets, and they certainly have not the time to read all the missives north wind. which come to them as confidential matter. So the clerk rips open everything and many "confidential" letters drop into his waste basket. Communications on business matters the clerk tosses into wicker trays, and these are borne by messengers to the chiefs of division and the heads of rooms having special supervision of the matter. If, however, the letter is seen to be important, it is sent up instead of down, and eventually may find its way to the desk of the secretary, or even to the President. In the ordinary routine, however, a letter goes first to the city postoffice, then to the department, and then, step by step, to the chief clerk of the bureau, the chief clerk of division, and the particular clerk who is assigned to attend to its subject mat-Then, in due progress, the reply goes back, on thick white letter paper of official size, elaborately headed, and gathering endorsements as it proceeds-red marks and blue marks, numbers and dates, circles, squares, and crosses-till it is finally signed, folded, and mailed again. Necessarily there is some red tape, for unless a rigid system was followed there would be fatal confusion in 2:08 3-4 rate. a week in all the large departments. These mysterious marks all have a meaning, as the careless or stapid clerk finds out soon enough, for by them every step a registered and a blunder traced back to its source. The last hour or two of each office day. in the departments is devoted to finish- Press.

MANY TONS OF LETTERS, ing up the correspondence and signing SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. The latter meaus great drudgery to the secretaries and their responsible sub-Continued investigation confirms the belief that the English sparrow destroys

insects.

tiful.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

vegetation instead of protecting it from

insects. One observer has reported to

Miss E. A. Ormerod, the English ento-

mologist, that the crops of fifty sparrows,

killed in one summer, contained but two

who were unacquainted with the phe-

The simplest and best test for glucose

In sugar is to place a little of it under

the low power of a microscope. Magni-

fying forty times is quite sufficient, and less will do. Cane-sugar under this power is distinctly and beautifully crys-

talline, and each crystal looks like rock.

candy. They are clear, bright and beau-

a dull, opaque appearance, like a lump of tallow. Once seen, 1t will be easily

Narcolepsy is a name that has been ap-plied to a rare and curious malady, the

main feature of which is an irresistible

desire to sleep, coming on suddenly at

irregular intervals-the spell lasting but

a short time. It may be due to a spasm

or fit-like action in the nerves controlling the circulation of blood in the brain,

producing in that one organ an effect

similar to the loss of consciousness in

epilepsy, but not affecting the remainder of the body as the latter disease does.

In an article on windmills, the Scientific

American says: "An 8.5-foot wheet will raise 8,000 guilons of water daily a dis-

tance of twenty-five feet. Its first cost,

including the pump and a plain tower, is about \$150. A 10-foot wheel will

raise about 9,000 gallons of water a day

a like distance, and cost \$180, including

the appurtenances above mentioned. A

12-foot wheel will raise 16,000 gallons of

water a day the above distance, and cost,

with the same appurtenances, \$210. So

up, from 14 to 16, 18 to 20-feet diameter

Minnis Haden, a colored blacksmith of

Montgomery, Va., has lately invented a piece of very simple machinery by which

the striking hammer is easily and effec-tively worked by his foot, while he has both hands free to hold his iron and use

the small hammer. To a listener the blows come as naturally and as rap-

idly as if there were two men handling

the hammers in the old-fashioned way,

but there is a difference. The machine,

by an easy motion of the foot on the

daily the specified distance."

Glucose, on the other hand, has

they can write, with a messenger at their elbow to pass them sheet after sheet, and off. Rarely are the contents of the letter noticed. It comes to the desk through

storms, and then dropped again many

heavy red vans to the neat carriages, nomenon. to be done very quickly. The great official mail goes out to the

North and West at 10 o'clock at night, There are few busier spots than the postal cars on the 10 o'clock train be-

entirely of scaled packages, so that little need be said of the methods of handling the lower grades of mail matter. Some paacels go open, however, and these are handled in connection with newspapers, samples, books, shoes, horned toads, and other bulky articles. The size of these parcels does not admit a pigeon-hole basis of distribution. The clerks therefore stand in the arena of a mimic amphitheatre of labeled pouches rising about them in over-lapping tiers, and toss the bundles into the gaping mouths of the sacks. It looks easy but it is a special art. One calm elderly clerk, who has spent a life "shooting

Some Weather Signs.

Cats-The cardinal point to which a cat turns and washes her face after a rain shows the direction from which the wind will blow. Cats with their tails up and hair apparently electrified indicate approaching wind. If sparks are seen when stroking a cat's back, expect a change of weather soon. When a cat washes her face with her back to the fire, expect a thaw in winter.

Buzzards-A solitary turkey buzzard treadle, strikes a harder blow than any at a distance indicates rain. Buzzards man can strike, and can be made, at will, flying high indicates fair weather.

to strike as light a blow as may be needed. But the use of this simple and Crows-One crow flying alone is a sign of foul weather; but if crows fly in cheap device in the blacksmith shop is

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one invertion
One Square, one Inch, one mouth # 00
One Square, one inch, three months 6 00
One Square, one inch, one year
Two Squares, one year 18 00
Quarter Column, one year 80 80
Haif Column, one year 50 00
One Column, one year
Legal advertisements ten cents per line each li
ortion.

Merriage and death potices gratia All bills for yearly advartisements collected quar-tery. Temperary advertisements must be pain in advance.

Job work-cash on delivery.

THE BEAUTIFUL LIFE AND DEATH.

Beautiful faces are those that wear-It matters little if dark or fair-Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show, Like crystal panes where hearth fires glow, Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words Leap from the heart like the hearts of birds Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do Work that is earnest, and brave, and true, Moment by moment a long life through.

Beautiful feet are those that go On kindly ministries to and fro-Pown lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear Conseless burdens of homely care With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless-Silent rivers of happiness, Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun, Benutiful goal with race well won, Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful graves where grasses creep, Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep

Over worn-out hands-oh, beautiful sleep!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Should a kite be made of fly-paper? "I take the pledge and keep it," says the pawnbroker.

The fruit most frequently to be oberved at picnics-the pear.

You cannot call a sailor a slugger because he boxes the compass. -Derrick.

"Can any one suggest a sure preventive of sea-sickness?" asks an exchange. Certainly; stay on shore .- Puck.

Only eight American poets have lived beyond the age of sixty years. This shows the power of the press.-Merchant-Traveler.

THE LATEST CRAZE.

Now the malden sits in her easy chair And drives away melancholy By plying her needles and knitting a pair Of scarlet silk hose for her "Cholly." —Boston Courier. of wheel, which costs about \$1,200 and will raise about 100,000 gallons of water

The planets have been weighed and the moon blocked out into election procincts, but the heft and capacity of a boy's pocket still remain unknown .--Chicago Ledger.

When a cold wave comes Then business hums. -New York Morning Journal. But when it thaws There is a pause. -Gorham Mountaineer.

Can't you give us some war reminisences?" asked a citizen of an old fellow in a party of ex soldiers telling stories. "No, I believe not," he an-swered promptly, "you see I've only been married six months."-Merchant-Traeeler.

They were walking on the beach, and as Claude held her little hand he murmured : "I love to be with you, Claribel,

ordinates. Some days these officers sign their names for two hours as rapidly as

blot the signature as fast as it is scratched the proper channels, and is assumed to the proper channels, and is assumed to be correct. If not, the one who suffers caught up into the clouds by revolving

by the error will be pretty likely to complain. Of course, the more important correspondence is treated more care-fully. And now the raply begins its travels. Again the department wagons, from the

convey the sacks to the city postoflice, where they are emptied and the letters hurried from clerk to clerk. One arranges them in piles, then the canceling stamp and post mark are put on, and then the first rough distribution by States and chief cities begins. At the city postoflice, also, a further distribution takes place to ease the strain on the railway postal clerks. About 20,000 post-offices are located by the most direct railway lines, and letters are distributed known ever after. for these lines, thus saving the railway clerks from a vast task that would have

but as much matter as possible is sent at 4 o'clock to help the railway clerks.

tween Washington and Baltimore. The government mail consists almost

pouches, has a perfect aim .- New York Sun.

killed themselves no more than do those of the present time. A few exceptions there may have been among those who were detected at the outset. But if the tirst attempt succeeded, they did as they do to day, they quickly accustom them-selves to their degradation. Ah, it is so When respect for his own good ensy ! name will not restrain a man at the first step, it is entirely dead within him, and even a scandal will not revive it. By the way, I can tell you of a curious case in point, where the hero blew out his brains, but it was not a suicide. No, strange as it may sound, it was not a suicide. Listen:

"It was some fifty years ago. The press of that time was not the terrible gossip that it is to-day, and sensational news never passed certain bounds. There were not fewer scandals, but the scandals were less known. In fact, I think there were rather more. Not that we are more virtuous, but the fear of publicity is certainly a great check.

"Among the elegant young fellows. the gilded youth of those days, who furnished the greater part of the scandalous gossip by their eccentricities and duels, was a young gentieman attached to the king's nousehold. I shall call him the Vicomte Roland. The name was not an filustrious one; in fact, the vicomte was the fruit of one of those mixed marriages introduced by Napoleon General Comte Roland, whose heavy cavalry charges are matters of history, had married the daughter of the Marquis de Bransac, a member of one of the wealthiest and most powerful families of France. His son was then about twenty-six years of age. He had not the robust, plebeian beauty of his father, who had been one of the handsomest men in the army. His was rather the delicate and distinguished grace of his mother, whose idol he was. Having loved her husband passionately, the countess was now wrapped up in her son.

"The extravagant life led by the son had caused a quarrel between the parents. The countess lived in the Bransac Hotel, one of the finest in the Faubourg Saint Germain, while the general, secluding himself in a little chateau in the forest of Senart, passed h s time in the pleasures of the chase. They say he had ill-treated his wife, but it was utterly untrue. The fact is that there had been between the general and his wife two terrible scenes.

"The first was caused by an idea which took possession of the countess. She found this name 'Roland' too plebian for her son, and tormented her husband to obtain the king's authority to add to it that of DeBransan, The general energetically refused.

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"My name has sufficed for me,' said he, 'for me who have made it famous. It will do for this fine gentleman, my enough, let him try to add to its luster.' | cost of \$3 for each operation.

"The young man paled. It was his father.

"As you are a bold player, I offer you a bold game. It will be useless for you to say that it is too high. Read.' And the general handed him a note folded twice

"The vicomte glanced over it and shuddered visibly.

"Do you accept?" "He bowed. The general seated himself opposite his son, cut a king, and dealt the cards. He won the first hand. When it was the vicomte's deal, he trembled slightly and a strange light shone in his eyes; nevertheless he played on. The general won again.

"The vicomte rose, pale as a ghost, and in a smothered voice said :

" 'In an hour, sir, I shall have acquitted myself."

"He left the room without another word.

"On the following morning the guardians of the Bois de Boulogue brought in the body of the Vicomte Roland. His head was blown to pieces, his hand still grasping the pistol. In a portfolio was ound an unsigned acrap of paper, on which were the words:

: The loser will blow out his brains. :

"The pretended Englishman was an accomplished card sharper, sent by the prefect of police. The three bows had been the sign agreed upon between him and the general to indicate that the vicomte had cheated.

"The game was one for life and death between father and son. Both were dishonored-the son by his own act, the father by the son's. But this dishonor was a secret, which threatened to become But this dishonor an open shame. Death could stifle itthe son's death or the father's, for the stern old soldier would himself have disgraced his son had that son not kept their pact. The price of the general's secresy was his son's life."-Argonaut.

Dr. Bowman says that from experi ments made in washing bright halred wool in different temperatures he found that wool which looked bright when washed with topid water was duller when kept for some time in water at 160 degrees Fahrenheit.

Cremation in Paris will soon be availson. If 'e does not find it brilliant able for the general public, at the small

fly west expect cold weather. When geese or ducks stand on one leg expect cold weather. Roosters—When the roosters go crow-

ing to bed they will rise with watery head.

Spiders-When they are seen crawling | and the blood marks covered with fresh cause alone. Then there is an equal on the walls more than usual indicates volume of business in the dead letter that rain will probably ensue. This prognostic seldom fails. It has been observed for many years, particularly in winter, but more or less at all times of the year.

Snakes are out before rain, and are, therefore, more easily killed.

Electricity -- Increasing atmospheric electricity oxidized ammonia in the air and forms nitric acid, which affects milk, thus accounting for souring of milk by thunder.

The nightly virgin, while her wheel she plies,

Lamp wicks:

Foresees the storm impending in the skies; When sparkling lamps their sputtering lights

advance, And in their sockets oily bubbles dance.

Corns giving trouble indicate bad When corns ache rain follows. weather. Logs-An easy splitting log indicates

Milk makes cream most freely with a

Rheumatic diseases :

Therefore the moon, the governor of floods, Pale in her anger, washes all the air That rheumatic diseases do abound.

Coffee Drunkards.

porter who leaned against the cashier's desk of a restaurant near the public buildings one day last week. The man in question had just paid a ten-cent check and slipped out of the door with a jerky movement and a swinging of the cane he carried which decidedly endangered the people's peace.

"Bright-eyed? Yes," said the cashier: "he's a coffee drunkard." "What's a coffee drunkard?"

"A man who comes in here four times

in two hours, as that man has done this in Richmond. I was on picket duty one morning and does every morning, and takes a half plat of coffee every time, is a coffee drunkard. Bright eyes! Well the picket line, but I couldn't stand it, I should say so. That man's condition and so I dove into the trench and lit my all the time is the same as that of a man who is getting over a big 'batter.' mean his nerves are up in 'G,' his muscles are all a quiver, and his mental vision is abnormally clear. He is living at a

"Why does he do it?"

"Has to. Must have a brace. Used to drink rum. Had to quit that, and now does worse. He never alceps, they tell me."

"Do you know many such men?" "At least half a dozen."-Philadelphia check is where the ball cum out. If the ash hadn't fell off that cigar I would have two more teeth in my head to day."

Terrible Scene at a Bull Fight.

sand, the signal was given for the second

bull. The beast appeared at the en

trance, looking suspiciously around him.

and as a torero ran past him, he rushed

out, more like a tiger than a bull, and

rier by a flying leap he alighted in the midst of the terrified crowd. Those

nearest to the barrier jumped or tell

headiong into the arena, while others

were tossed into the air. Ladies in the

palcos screamed and fainted, while the

crowds of men women and children,

severely. A company of civil guards,

A Strong Cigar.

Strong? Yes: to lable. Strongest cigar

I ever smoked? (Pull, pull.) No, 'tain't

(pull, puff.) Not by a long shot. What

was the strongest cigar I ever smoked)

Well, I'll tell you. It was so strong

that it knocked some of my teetb out.

You don't believe it? Wait till you hear

the particulars. It was way back in

1865. I was with the Army of the Po-

tomac, and we we were closin' up on Lee

night when I got to hankerin' for a cigar.

weed. Then I returned to my beat

happy as could be. It was a very dark

night, an' everything quiet, an' I was just flatterin' myself that there was no

danger in a smoke, when whish! bang!

and that eigar of mine went to pieces an'

I felt a prickly pain in my mouth. I felt, an' a couple o' teeth were gone.

Pretty strong cigar, that. Eh! Loaded?

No; but the rifle of that 'ere Johnny Reb

sharpshooter was, and right here on my

'It was against orders to smoke on

"Don't cave if I do, stranger. Thanks.

their cowardice.

with such impetus that clearing the bar-

it seems so bright and I feel so much fresher." "Do you, dear? I should not A Madrid correspondent says: At the think that possible." And then he bull fight which took place in Vittoria a dropped her hand and turned sadly few days ago a scene occurred which is away, his sighs keeping time to the seldom witnessed on these occasions. surges as they lashed themselves to foam The first bull having been dispatched by on the publy beach .- Baton Tranthe primer espada Lagartijo, the carscript. casses of bull and horses dragged away,

He met her in the garden, And she was all alone. His arm he folded round her waist, And said she was his own. He on her lips imprinted A kiss with true love's zost, And then, with passion's fervor, Eer soft white hand he pressed. She screamed, and then his ardor Was in a moment deshed ; For in that soft white hand she held An egg, that now was smashed -lioston Gazette.

Is the Air Colorless?

bull kept driving furiously into confused The Challenger has dredged from the bottom of the ocean fishes which live killing some, and wounding others very habitually in great depths, and whose enormous eyes tell of the correspondingwhich were drawn up in line to keep ly faint light which must have deorder during the bull fight, ran off. scended to them through the seemingly When the buil had cleared half the plaza transparent water. It will not be as fuof its occupants, he paused to take tile a speculation as it may at first seem, breath and look at the areas, which was to put ourselves in imagination in the full of spectators. Finding at last a gate | condition of creatures under the sea, and ask what the sun may appear to be to them, for, if the fish who had never risen above the ocean-floor were an inbrought down by three shots fired at telligent being, might he not plausibly him by a civil guard. When calm had reason that the dim greenish light of his been restored, the people very deservedly | heaven-which is all he has ever known hissed the civil guards and torcros for -was the fall splendor of the sun shining through a medium which all his experience shows is transparent.

We ourselves are in very fact, living at the floor of a great aerial sea, whose billows roll hundreds of miles above our beads. is it not at any rate conceivable that we may have been led into a like fallacy from judging only from what we see at the bottom? May we not, that is, have been led into the fallacy of assuming that the intervening medium above us is colorless because the light which comes through it is so?

freely admit that all men, educated or ignorant, appear to have the evidence of their senses that the air is colorless, and that pure sunlight is white, so that if I venture to ask you to listen to considerations which have lately been brought forward to show that it is the sun which is blue, and the air really acts like an orange weil or like a seive which picks out the blue and leaves the white, do so in the confidence that I may appeal to you on other grounds than those could submit to the primitive man who has his senses alone to trust to; for the educated intelligence possesses those senses equally, and in addition the ability to interpret them by the light of reason, and before this audience it is to that interpretation that I address myself .---Prof. Langley, in Popular Science Monthly.

open, he trotted out to the promenade, sending several men, women and children flying in the air. At last he was

"What a bright-eyed man," said a re-