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Forest Republican.

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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1886.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

The treasury officials say a paper dollar lasts five years and a silver dollar a hundred years. The retention of the oracdollar and two-dollar bills in the tre sury has forced about \$13,000,000 of silver into circulation above the usu al amount.

There is only one line a mill now in operation in this count ry, and it is making onlythe coarsest kinds of crash towelling. It has been tosing money for years, as its products come in competition with those imported from Germany, Scotland and Irela d.

Mr. Edison, the electrician, who is hi mself very deaf, is reported to have invented an appliance which will enable deaf people to hear without difficulty. It is a little instrument which is worn in the car out of sight. It is a sort of artificial ear drum and intensifies every noise.

A Toronto (Can.) Globe subscriber, writing from Smith's Falls (Out.), says: "Having seen in your columns an item representing that there are in the State of Georgia six brothers who measure thirtyeight feet six inches and weigh each over 200 pounds, I submit the following as a production of Ontario, and of the county of Lanark. We have eight brothers here by the name of Coade, who measure in their socks fifty-two feet four inches, and weigh 1,720 pounds, or an average of 215 pounds each. The tallest is six feet seven inches, and the shortest six feet four inches. The heaviest weighs 277 pounds, and the lightest 195 pounds."

The Russian papers announce the emancipation of the Russian serts. It appears that the peasants on the estates of the foreign convents in Transcaucasia were until quite recently the serfs of the dioceses of Jerusalem and Constantinople. This abnormal situation has attracted the attention of the authorities, and since last summer the entranchisement of these serfs has been in progress in the governments of Tiflis and Kutais. The Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre possesses more than 6,000 serfs, and the Patriarch of Constantinople, as representing the convent of Ivesky on Mount Athos, has about 500 more.

A social oracle says: "All women. should aim at being bright conversationalists, not startling or wonderful, but amusing, refined and especially light of touch. Long stories are usually intolerable bores, and a serious, slow, heavy way of looking at matters in general is an infliction. Grievances of any sort are best kept hidden; a sprightly acquaintance with the affairs of the day, a flattering anxiety as to others' opinions, absence of slang or mannerisms, of boastful egotism, or self-depreciation, tact, tact, above all, tact-these make the agreeable hostess, the woman one wishes to find at home in one's round of calls."

European ingenuity in the construction of destructive instruments was perhaps never so active as at the present time, and past successes only stimulate to still greater achievements in this line. In England and other countries, in order to overcome the rifled mortar-a short gun with a relatively short range guns have been invented having a length of fifty feet and a range of eight to ten miles. The thickness of solid armor plates has also been increased until the Italian Ironclad Italia, has thirty-six inches of armor on he sides and carries four one-hundred-ton juns, which throws shells of two thousand pounds a distance of ten miles. Not satisfied with even such moustrous guns, the same government contracted two years ago with Krupp to build for them five forged steel breech loading guns of 125 tons each, fifty-five feet long, and a projectile of 2,500 pounds.

A paragraph recently printed in a New York newspaper said that the first labor strike in this country of which record is preserved occurred among the factory girls of Dover, New Hampshire, in 1827. The girls paraded the town with a flag and a brass band, and the employers quickly yielded to their terms. In reply to this paragraph a correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser writes that the cordwainers (shoemakers) of New York city went on strike in November, 1800. They were indicted for conspiracy to hamper trade and extort money, and were arraigned before Mayor De Witt Clinton and Sessions Justices Mesier and Carpenter, composing the "Mayor's Court." Mr. Sampson and Mr. Colden defended them, and on the other side were District Attorney Riker and Thomas Addis Emmet. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the strikers were fined one dollar each, the mayor (Mayor Radeliff, who had coem into office pending the proceedings), in passing sentence, remarking that the object of the trial and Sentence was to admonlish, not to punish.

THE BEST IN LIFE.

The Wealth that proves the best for man Is that contentment sweet, Upon whose presence there's no ban. No blistering wrong or cheat;

That dazlzes not the worldly eye, Like illy-gotten gold, Nor leaves him, as the time draws nigh,

The future to unfold. That Beauty's best whose sources spring Within the heart that's pure; Whose fountains into being bring

The glories that endure; The strengthening sympathies that wake Hope in earth's fainting ones; Whose constant deeds of mercy make A life of Benisons,

And Love is best that deeply flows, And owns no narrow bound; That spreads its perfume as the rose. To gladden all around: That makes its home a Paradise,

With beauty and content. While Truth grows brighter to the eyes, And peace and joy are blent. -William B. Davidson.

OFFICE WORK.

BY LILY CURRY. "You may come in in the morning, if you please," he said at length. "Eight o'clock is the hour we usually begin business." He spoke slowly and almost constrainedly; perhaps it seemed to him that he should hardly be so addressing her. She stood but a moment outside the walnut railing; tall, slight, pale, with a dignity beyond the years that her countenance betokened. Her face was like a delicate flower for an half-hour there in the dusk and grind of the great office. He saw, moreover, that her attire was neat and wholly befitting a lady.

Then she turned to go "Thank you," she said, simply, "I will

come at eight." And immediately she seemed to have

vanished. He whirled about sharply, and looking out of the great window saw her descending the steps to the street. She turned her head neither to the left nor to the right, but facing straight ahead passed briskly from the place and from his sight.

He remained at the window looking out even after she was gone, but, lost in thought, saw naught of the city's uproar and warfare.

Two persons, the only others present in the office at that moment, exchanged glances and smiled half contemptuously. These were Price, the manager, and Miss Allison, the copyist. Price was a distant relative of the proprietor, and loved him none too well. Margaret Allison was jealous of her own position and fearful of another woman clerk being hired.

Duval Fraser still stood looking out of the window, and Price, leaning over to Miss Allison, whispered sneeringly:

"The blonde god is easily affected," They often called him "the blonde he was tall and elegantly fashioned, with a golden head of ideal contour. He was, indeed, a handsome man, and young for the position he occupied, the Western representative of an Eastern business of millions and millionaires, The copyist, a sharp-featured brunette, forgot herself at the words of Price, the

manager, and tittered audibly. The sound recalled the head of the office. He came away from the window, and picking up a serap of paper from his private desk brought it over to the mana-

'This is the handwriting," he said, very slowly. "of that young lady." He laid it down before his assistant, "She will be here to begin work in the morning; we shall not be so rushed then. wish you would show her what to do. Let her attend to those 'statements' and anything else that is pressing." He turned away then and took his hat to leave. At the door he paused, as with an afterthought.

"Her name," he said, "is Rose Madi-Then he went out.

Miss Madison was punctual. At eight o'clock that keen March morning she entered the office of Duval Fraser and was pleasantly received. It was less of an ordeal than she had anticipated. The black-eyed copysist was gracious to her new co-worker beyond conception, and Price seemed kindly disposed to the strange young lady. When Duval Fraser arrived at ten o'clock there was a alight young form perched upon a high stool at a desk that had been hitherto unoccupied; there was a delicate face bent earnestly over a great account book, a busy pen in a small, frail-looking hand, He went over and spoke so kindly that the pale face grew scarlet and the small hand trembled at its work.

And so Rose Madison began a life of "office-work," such a life as, twelve months earlier, she would have laughed at as absurd in connection with herself.

She hardly knew how the first days went the days of her initiation. It was right. all so new, so strange. At night she was curiously exhausted, and it sometimes seemed difficult to reach home—such a home as it was, a boarding house attic. he said, in a low voice. But she managed somehow, and thenthe office grew more familiar.

And Price, the manager, grew quite friendly. He was an older man than the proprietor; he might have been forty, perhaps a tride less. He had a dark face, whose hardness of features was only relieved at moments by a good-humored smile. A heavy beard concealed the lines of a mouth that might have appeared vindictive had one judged by the bitterness of speech in which its owner

occasionally indulged. that Richard Price was under some great obligation to Mr. Duval Fraser, eise he never would have shown such resent. darted between the two and received the with what instrument a will must be taln family in England wear green wige ment-such disposition to 'run down' his | blow upon her own head. She fell with- written.

employer and relative. And when he out a sound. A tiny stream of blood | SWIMMING FOR HIS LIFE. in the morning or at noon hours, when the marble forehead. Fraser was absent, disparagingly, almost sneeringly, she feit a sense of singular annoyance and strove not to listen, but to attend the more closely to her work. But Miss Allison, the black-eyed copyist, was an attentive hearer, and Miss Madison could not escape the conversation of the two. It displeased her more and more as the days went by, even beyond concealing.

Nearly two months had passed, when one morning Rose Madison experienced singular circumstances. Richard Price took a holiday and Miss Allison went home ill at noon. Duval Fraser remained in the office the entire afternoon, and scarcely any one came in.

At three o'clock—she always remem-bered that day and that particular hour the "blonde god" arose and came over

"You work very hard," he said, slowly. You must get very tired, every day. Rose had hardly lifted her eyes, but the motion of her pen had stopped. "Yes," she said, quietly,

hard. I am sometimes very tired."
"I want," he said abruptly, after a moment's pause, "I want to ask you a question. When you first come into the office Price seemed to take a great liking Lately he seems changed, or to you. something seems to have happened. What is the matter?"

She lifted her eyes then and looked in his face.

"I cannot tell you," she said. "You do not know or suspect!"

She was silent. He watched her with
an interested look. Perhaps he was thinking how delicate her face was, with

its beautiful deep-blue eyes, its silken-soft frame of chestnut hair; how gentle and how refined her speech. He remained silent for a space, then spoke again, even more considerately. "Would you not like-would it not be

a rest for you to go to some place of amusement this evening? I should like to take you, Miss Rose." She did not answer for a moment; then,

in a low voice: "I thank you, Mr. Fraser, but I could not I could not have at once a business and a social acquaintance with the

"No?" he said, as if surprised. Then, 'Perhaps you are right." She found herself trembling now from

the effort of the little speech. Perhaps he noticed this, for he withdrew, and walked rather simlessly about the place.
"I think," he said, "I think I know the
trouble with Price." And then he turned and looked at her with a sudden meaning-a something in his look that startled her and set her heart to throbbing, and brought a gray mist before her eyes. She would not have felt any different had he said: Price is jealous of both of

Her head seemed in a whiri. She was glad when he urged her to close up her books and desk and cease work for the day. He closed the office early and they went out together. It seemed as if his road lay toward her home; and thither he walked with her. They talked as they went of indifferent matters; but when the house was reached she spoke with an abrupt bitterness.

"This is the place I live in the attic. Once I lived in a mansion."

He lingered for a moment "Yes," he said, "I knew it." But his tone of gentle compassion, tinged with regret, seemed to irritate her. "However," she said almost sharply, I neither require nor desire pity. Good night,"

The manager's holiday seemed not to have agreed with him. He came to the office next morning in a decideedly unpleasant tem-per. The black eyed copyist was still absent, and upon Miss Madison fell double her usual amount of work. Duval Fraser appeared distrait, and everything seemed at sixes and sevens. As the hours passed the condition of things grew worse. Richard Price began to mutter and find fault and finally to grumble openly. Miss Madison evidently was not pleasing him.

'You have done this all wrong," he d. turning savagely upon her. "The said, turning savagely upon her, "The addition of that column is absurd. Haven't you any sense?"

Duval Fraser's blonde head was suddenly lifted from behind his desk. He se and came over to the corner where Miss Madison sat and took the great sheet from the pale young worker. After a quick look he turned to the other man. 'Miss Madison's work is not at fault," he said, quietly. She makes fewer mistakes than any one we have ever employed. She has done everything as she

Richard Price had his face bent down, but that which he sneered in reply came with horrible distinctness to the ears of both proprietor and clerk:

"Of course anything she does is all

Duval Fraser waited hardly an instant. He stepped close to Price. "You will apologize to Miss Madison,"

Price did not answer. He was apparently busy with his figures. His right hand played carelessly with the wrenchshaped hand-stamp with which all ac-counts were stamped "Paid." "I hope you heard me," said Fraser,

What happened next, happened so swiftly and was, withal, so shocking that one could not describe exactly how it. The farmer subsequently died.

came about. It was like the flash of an eye. Richface with the hand-stamp, but Rose registry.

spoke, as he came frequently to do early trickled out of the chestnut hair and over

Two weeks later she opened her eyes and looked around her in her wondering way. The first thing she fully knew was that she was lying ill in bed in her boarding-house attic. The next thing she realized was a scent of heliotrope, which drew her attention to the fact that there were beautiful flowers in the room. The third and last thing was the face of Duval Frazer looking down upon her. Then she again lost consciouspess. But it came to her the following morning,

and he was there again.

And many other mornings he was there, until she grew stronger and able

to sit up.
Then, "You see," he said, "I told you Beside I did I knew Price's trouble. Beside, I did him a favor once, and he has never forgotten it. It is the way of the world. I hope it will not be my way, ever. Price has left the city," he continued, as if anticipating her desire to know, 'It is a lesson he will not forget. well, I am just as glad he is out of the way; it might irritate me to see or hear of him. I do not want to be irritated at present !

"No?" said Rose, feebly, with a faint

"No," he repeated soberly, "for I have something very important on my mind; something to achieve.'

He suddenly reached forward and took her hand. But she tried to draw it "Rose," he began.

"No-no, no," she answered. "I don't want to be pitied."

"No," he acquiesced. "I remember: you neither require or deserve pity. But then—this is different. Rose, I love you; shall we be married?" And she did not say him nay.

The United States and Their Names. Maine takes its name from the Province-

of Main, in France, and was so called in compliment to the Queen of Charles I., Henrietta, its owner. New Hampshire, first called Laconia, from Hampshire, England. Vermont from the Green Mountains (French, verd mont). Massachusetts from the Indian language, signifying the country about the great hills. Rhode Island gets its name from the fancied resemblance of the island to that of Rhodes in the ancient Levant. Connecticut was Mohegan, spelled originally Quon-eh-ta-but, signifying "along river." New York was so named as a compliment to the Duke of York, whose brother, Charles H., granted him that territory. New Jersey was named by one of its original proprietors, Sir George Carter, after the island of Jersey in the British Channel, of which he was governor. Pennsylvania, as is generally known, takes its name from William Penn, and the word "sylvania," meaning woods, Delaware derives its name from Thomas West, Lord De la Ware, governor of Virginia. Maryland receives its name from the queen of Charles I., Henrietta Maria. Virginia got her name from Queen Elizabeth, unmarried, or virgin queen. The Carolinas were named in honor of Charles I., and Georgia in honor of George II. Florida gets its name from Kanuuas de Flores, or "Feast of the Flowers." abama comes from Greek words, signifying "the land of rest." Louisiana was so named in honor of Louis XIV: Mississippi derived its name from that of the great river, which is, in the Natchez tongue, "The Father of Waters." Arkansas is derived from the Indian word Kansas, "smoky waters,. with the French prefix or "ark," a bow Tennessee is an Indian name, meaning "The river with a big bend." tucky is also an Indian name-"Kaintuk-ae," signifying "at the head of the river." Ohio is the Swanee name for "The beautiful river." Michigan's name was derived from the lake, the Indian name for fish, weir, or trap, which the Indiana's shape of the lake suggested. name came from that of the Indians. Illinois is derived from the word Illini" and the French affix "ois," making "Tribe of Men." Wisconsin's name is said to be the Indian name for a "wild, rushing channel." Missouri is also an. Indian name for muddy, having reference to the muddiness of the Missouri river. Kansas is an Indian word for smoky water. Iowa signifies in the Indian language "The drowsy ones," and Minnesota 'a cloudy water.

An Odd Will.

When I was a boy, I heard of a lawyer who was called out in the middle of a cold winter's night to draw up the will of an old farmer who lived some three miles away, and who was dying. The messengers had brought a cart to convey the lawyer to the farm; and the latter in due time arrived at his destination. he entered the house, he was immediately ushered into the sick-room, and he even requested to be supplied with pen, ink and paper. There was none in the house. The lawyer had not brought any bimself, and what was he to do! Any lead pencil? he inquired. No; they had The farmer was sinking fast, though quite conscious. At last the legal gentleman saw chalked up on the back of the bedroom door column upon column of figures in chalk. These were milk "scores" or "shots." He immediately asked for a piece of chalk, and then, kneeling on the floor, he wrote out concisely upon the smooth hearthstone the last will and testament of the dying man. hearthstone-will was sent to the principal registry in London, with special ofard Price turned upon the other with an fidavits, and was duly proved, the will Rose Madison said to herself it must be outh, and would have struck him in the being deposited in the archives of the I may mention that the law Madison, who had sprung from her sent, does not state upon what substance or

STORY OF A SOLDIER'S HARDIHOOD IN CHARLESTON BAY.

Confederate Guns.

From Sestes to Abydos is a full English mile, as the crow flies. Between these two points Leander accomplished that swimming feat which secured him both a place in history and the heart, if not the hand, of Hero. Lord Byron, unmindful of the tragic fate of the luckless Leander, attempted and achieved the same feat without the inspiration of love, but from a consuming thirst for notoriety, which was at once the passion and the plague of his eventful life.

We have a swimming feat to commemorate that was prompted neither by gal-lantry nor ambition, but by an instinctive love of life. What it lacks of the halo

the truth of history South Carolina and the Twenty-third Georgia regiments had been scoring at Battery Wagner on Morris Island. that it was necessary to relieve at short ployed in the interchange of troops be-

and batteries that protected Charleston. These relief expeditions of the Sumter were carried on after nightfall, as a needful precaution against the long-range guns of the Yankee fleet. On the occasion referred to one, Pat McCarty, a gallant son of Erin, went over as a courier from headquarters. A fresh breeze blew from seaward and cloud-racks overhead obscured the startight, and betokened foul weather in the next twenty-four hours. The Sumter made her run to Morris Island without accident or noteworthy incident. Probably four hours were occupied in the landing of the relieving regiments, and in the embarkation of the two South Carolina and Georgia regiments, beside about fifty sick and wounded soldiers who were or-

About nightfall the steamer with her human freight crowding hold and deck, set forth to convey the Twentieth Carolina regiment to its camp on Sullivan's Island. To avoid the sand bars the vessel must needs make a circuit and strike a certain channel, and approach Fort Moultrie somewhat from the direction of the Yankee fleet lying inside the bar. The commandant at Fort Moultrie, suspecting that the unknown craft might be a Federal vessel attempting to pass the blockade, ordered a gunner of Captain

Kirkley's battery to open fire.

In a moment a solid shot went booming past the Sumter. In another minute the second shot was fired, this time falling short of the steamer, but striking near enough to splash the water on her attempt to signal the fort. The next time Captain Kirkley, who was a famous shot, was ordered to fire himself. did it, however, under protest, as he assured his superior officer that the steamer was not an ironclad, and could not therefore belong to the Federal fleet. This third shot struck the Sumter at the water line, knocking a hole in her as large as a hogshead.

Almost immediately the steamer began to fill and settle. The consternation on board was, of course, fearful and in hot haste the boats were lowered and launched. In the midst of the uproar a large number of the best swimmers plunged into the sea and struck out for Sullivan's Island. Among these was our hero, Pat McCarty. According to his subsequent statement he rose from his

As well as he was able he aimed at a dim light which he thought was beamfleet. not been for an occasional sand-bar,

failing strength. discovered that in stopping his legs became cramped so as to disable him for swimming. Rallying his energies for a final and desperate effort he was successful. He landed, however, on James Island, far away from his original destination. In his anxiety to escape the farthest sweep of some refluent wave that might bear him back to the sea he scrambled not less than a hundred yards up the sandy beach. Here he was found half dead, but by the timely use of whisky and other restoratives he was enabled to relate his singular adventure. According to McCarty's soberest estimate he swam not less than four miles, thus distancing the English lord and the Clopic swain. - Philadelphia Times.

The footmen and coachman of a cerwhen they go to hours.

The Mistake of a Battery-One of the Confederate Transports Sunk by

of remance is more than compensated by

It was the night of the 30th of August, 1863. For several days the Twentieth heavy and continuous was the fire of the enemy's fleet and battery on this outpost intervals the regiments on duty at that point. A small wooden steamer bearing the formidable name of Sumter was emtween the main land and the several forts

dered to the hospitals.

bath in a state of mental confusion.

ing on Sullivan's Island. With lusty strokes he gradually neared the light until he found himself almost under the port holes of the Ironsides, monarch of the Yan-fleet. He was well nigh exhausted when he made this startling discovery. With little knowledge of his bearings he struck off in an opposite di-rection, intending to reach Fort Sumter. With a stouter heart than the most illustrious Casar, when he was buffeted by the waves of "the yellow Tiber," he put forth his utmost strength, but the incoming tide swept him from his course. With all his heart and hopes he would have failen a prey to the sharks had it where he could stop and recuperate his After one or two of these stages he

A new torpedo boat recently built at London by Yarrow & Co., has attained the remarkable speed of 24,027 knots or 24,66 miles per hour. This is believed to be the fusiest time ever reached by any steam wassel.

Job work-eash on delivery. TOKENS.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion...... 1 00

laif Column, one year 60 60

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-riy. Temporary advertisements must be paid in

Marriage and death notices gratis.

I watched the shadows of the night Crush out the day on left and right. Till with the birds' last linguring croon." The shadows decrened, and the moon-Rose and and white.

Rose and and white the moon, and pals; About its head a misty veil; Or was it, like a sainted soul Blested with a heavenly surcele,

Pure, radiant, frail! Pure, radiant, frail the mist appears, "Tis rain," I thought. In after years I found that, in our lifetime's night An aureole's faint, heavenly light

Betokens tears. -Julia K. Lippman, in the Independent.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is generally more than three feet of lumber in a wood yard.

"I'm well backed with silver," as the ooking glass said .- Maverick.

Shear nonsense-Trying to cut the hair of a bald-headed man .- Barber's Gazette. A great many "beats" can always be

found in the heart of a great city. Bos-The man that don't advertise is a fool.

The man that does is wise and soon grows wealthy.—Ecansville Argus. "Why are great men melancholy?" asks the Sweet Singer of Michigan. We feel sad because there are so few of us; so very few of us .- Lynn Union.

No matter how great a man's descrip-tive powers may be, they utterly fail him when his wife asks him what kind of a bornet some other woman had. - New Hagen News.

ONE CAUSE FOR GRATITUDE. He walked the floor with his howling heir And madly moaned, as the rocking chair Oft barked his sensitive shins; But yet he cried, with a grateful air, "I'm thankful that you're not twins!"

She-"William, when are we going to be married?" He-"Not till your father takes me into business, Sarah. I don't want to take you from your home until I can support you by good, honest toil."-Tid-Bitn.

Why does a young man embracing his girl at the garden gate just as the old man approaches, remind you of a love scene at the theatre? Because he is hugging his girl before the footlights .-Pacific Jester.

"Whom shall our girls marry?" asks a New York editor with considerable anxiety. Out here the experiment as tried of having our girls marry our boys. Out here the experiment is being The scheme certainly will bear investiga-tion.—Estell n: (Duk.) Bell. Snicks came home when supper was

over, and his wife said: "My dear, you would never make a good base ball player." "Why, my love?" said he. Because you are not good on the home run," was the reply. - Boston Budget.

Nitro-glycerine is mentioned among the remedies for epilepsy. The article does not say how it is to be administered, but probably you give the sufferer a of it internally and the with a baseball bat. - Somerville Journal.

"How did your lecture eatch on at Sacramento?"asked Jenkins as he met Bibber, the orator. "Immense, my dear fellow. Had to put out a sign, 'Standing room only.'" Indeed! You surprise me." 'Yes, Indeed! You surprise me. but don't give it away. Some one moved the benches out of the hall before I got

there." - California Macerick. HOOM FOR A DOZEN MORE. Twas near our college campus, I cannot tell you where. There dwelt an aged gentlemen With thirteen daughters fair.

I called upon the vonneest.

And sat with her one night, Till pater came and found us In the morning's early light. Do you think he raised a rumpus, And kicked me through the door! h, no! "Come 'round again," he said,

'And bring a dozen more.' -Queen's College Journal

Photographing the Eyes of the Dead A Paris physician calls attention to an account of a recent attempt to observe in the retina of a murdered girl's eye the image of her unknown slayer. He said: 'It's all nonsence to expect that this thing can be done. I have known of a dozen experiments, all of which failed from the very nature of the thing. All there is to it is this: The brilliant cost of the retina has a color due to what is known as visual purple, and this color is to some extent visibly impressed by light. When in college we tried a careful experiment on a horse. We gave the animal atrophine and placed a negative of my own photograph over his eye. It was then kept in a dark room for six This was followed by exposing he retina to the picture in broad daylight for a few moments. The result consisted of three dark patches representing my chin, nose and forehead. was an absolute failure as far as produc-

Origin of Oats.

ing a recognizable likeness is concerned,

De Candolle states that outs will perist longer when sown by themselves than almost any other plant. The origin of the plant he locates in eastern Europe and Tartary. Cats played a less important part in the earlier history of the race than either wheat, barley or rye. Aucient civilization was the product of a hot country. Outs did not come into important use till the stronger civilization of northern Europe found them to be a In our own necessary article of diet. country, outs stands the third cereal in importance. The crop of 1884 was 583,-623,000 bushels, against 135,000,000 in 1844. Over eighty per cent, of the crop was grown in the comparatively small space out off by a nine drawn through the southern boundary of Pennsylvania of the middle of Nebruska and then neith to the British line.