It is said that there is a movement on foot to establish a land league in Scotland, similar to the Irish league, Discontent among the Scotch farmers has been growing of late.

Woman's sphere, rolling along the track of time, grows larger and larger, like a snow ball in winter. Soon there will be no pursuit which man can call exclusively his own. Spain has now a woman bull-fighter. Her name is Dolores Sanchez, and the cities of the land of Cervantes contend with fierce rivalry for her presence on great occasions.

It seems that sunstroke is not sunstroke at all, if we are to believe the Lancet, a medical authority. It is insolation. A person may suffer from insolation in a close and heated workroom as well as in the direct rays of the sun. Beer and all intoxicating drinks, should be avoided, and no heavy clothing should be worn. Sunstroke by any other name makes a person suffer just as badly.

The entire globe, it seems is likely to be at last girdled with electricity, thanks to that well-subsidized and enterprising corporation, the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company. Its agent, Mr. Sanford Fleming, is in England conferring with the Imperial Government and Australian representatives in regard to cable communication between Canada, Japan, China and Australia. The idea is to lay a cable from Vancouver, British Columbia, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific, to the Aleutian or Sandwich Islands; thence to Yeddo, Japan; thence to Hong Kong; and from there to Australia and New Zealand.

The following statement, furnished by the Pension Bureau, shows the nu ber of pensioners on the rolls of the Bureau who are affected by the recent act of Congress granting increased pensions for certain disabilities and the increase per month in each case:

Loss of one arm above elbow..3,105 Loss of one leg above knee.....2,641 Loss of one arm below elbow., 839 Loss of one leg below knee....1,185 Loss of arm at shoulder joint .. 443 Loss of leg at hip joint ...... 10

This will make a total increase of about \$50,000 a month or \$600,000 a year.

"The dwelling recently purchased erine herself. by President Cleveland on Georgetown Heights has been remodeled, enlarged and so improved that scarcely a vestige of the former appearance of the structure is now visible," writes a Washington correspondent of the New York Herald. "At least, the two-story stone residence which Mr. Cleveland bought has disappeared, and on the site stands as beautiful a suburban villa as adorns any of the summer resorts along the ocean banks of New Jersey. There are few localities in th's part of the country where the down to the cow-yard where Su an Bowstret h of landscape is as diversified as ers, the buxom 'help,' was feeding the it is at this elevation looking southward from the President's private residence. Other executives have been owners of Cleveland is the first to build a country home for himself in the neighborhood of the White House."

A number of very curious Indian relics, says the Chicago Times, have just been uncarthed in Wabash County, Indiana. They have been in possession of members of the Miami tribe of Indians, to whom alone their existence was known. Among them is the cross worn by Frances Slocum, the famous female captive, who, with a very few other whites, escaped alive in the Wyoming massacre. The cross is eleven and one-half inches long and seven inches wide, and is of solid drawer I wouldn't like to lose it, silver. It has been in the Miami tribe for more than a century. A medal prese ted to the Wyandotte tribe by George to bed. We musn't let her know. Washington and afterward presented by the Wyandotte chieftain to William Peconda, a Miami, has also been discovered, This medal, also of silver, is oblong in form, measuring seven by five inches. On one side occurs the words: "George | girls reached the house, "there's a poor | the plan of disguising myself as a women, Washington, President," and a medailion the cold vittles that was left over from thus securing a position in the house. I representing an Indian holding the pipe of peace to a colonist, while a tomahawk is carclessly thrown aside. In the background is seen a pioneer at the plow, On the reverse is the coat of arms of the but then a woman would be no match United States. An offer of \$500 has for both of them, reflected Dolly, even if been refused for this medal. Another she had come to rob. And setting down medal, circular in form and two and one-half inches in diameter, is also held by a Miami. A pipe and a tomahawk, the night. with the words: "Peace and Friendship. A. Jackson, President, 1829," are shown on one side, while two hands clusped ornament the reverse. The relics are regarded with great veneration by the Indians and unfergued curiosity by the whites, and nothing can induce the red men to part with their treasures.

# Che Forest Republican.

VOL. XIX. NO. 23.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 29 1886.

mischief.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

Job work-cash on delivery.

THE BETTER DAY,

A better day! All prophets speak Is coming, with their tongues of flamet It ever comes, it is, it came, But eyes are dim and hearts are weak,

Broad as the universal sky, Deep as the center of its sphere, Its glory flashes on the seer, Its vital heat goes pulsing by,

Faith calls the lily from its tomb; The coming day has come to them Who see her garment's golden hem Shake star dust over midnight's gloom. The lit is soul may draw its fill,

And crow on Nature's dandling knees, The larger life, more hard to please. Drains all her breast and hungers still.

In every hope, in every pain, The promise breath s; our very night Is but our shadow in the light, We turn and all is clear again

The Coming Day's eternal dawn White is the shore line of our east, Unrison still, but still increased, As through the unending spires we're drawn.

## A LONE WOMAN.

"Evenin', Miss Dolly!"

Dolly Blake set down two pails of foamy milk she had carried up from the cow-yard, and turned her blooming face toward the bluff farmer who stood, whip there's no telling what he might do, bein hand, his homespun overalls tucked in fore we'd get back," said Susan. his cow-hide boots.

Which way's yer Uncle John?" inquired Farmer Toser, accepting the rush-bottomed chair Dolly placed for him and standing his whip on the floor, in the

"Uncle John's not at home. He's gone to the city," answered Dolly, bringing from the pantry crocks in which to strain the milk.

Farmer Toser looked disappointed. "Aint, hey? When's he comin' home?"
"Not for two or three days, I expect. He and Rob took up a drove of sheep to

sell," explained Dolly. "And may be gone several days. Did you wish to see him particularly, Mr. Toser?"
"Wal, yes. 1 did want to see him pertickler," returned Farmer Toser, emphatically. "You see him pertickler." "You see I've got five hundred ically. dollars I was a goin' to pay him fur some beef-cattle I bought. But seein' he's a-goin' to be gone for that long, I mout as well turn it over to you, Miss Dolly, an' you kin sign fur it, an' put it away. I don't like to kerry it about me no longer.

Dolly received the money and signed the receipt, as she had frequently done in similar cases when her Uncle was away. For Dolly was Uncle John's 'business man,' as he often told her, and knew more of his affairs than even Aunt Cath-

Take good keer of it, Miss Dolly, an lock the house good," admonished Farmer Toser, as he strode away. "The e's some talk lately o' robbers around, an' one or two houses has been broke in."

Robbers! And here was five hundred dollars in the house and only three women to guard it! Two you might say, for limp, helpless Aunt Catherine would be only an added burden in case of trouble. But then Susan is as stout as a man,

and plucky, too," thought Dolly. "And I won't say anything to Aunt about the money or the robbers, either. After locking up the money she hurrie l

cows and doing up the evening chores at

"I say!" cried Susan. when Dolly had explained the situation. "Robbers? I real estate at the capitol, but President sh'd think they was. Why, Jo Tilson says they broke in Canady's house night afore last, an' tuck all the money they could git, and Miss Canady's old teapot that was her granma's. I didn't tell 'ye before, fear ye'd be skeered.' Susan's revelation increased Dolly's

anxiety. "Don't say a word to Aunt Catherine about it, Susan," she returned. "And

I want you to sle p in my room to-night, and we'll take the old shotgun with us. You know how to load it, don't you?" "Load it! I sh'd say I did!" asserted Susan, confidently. "If I had a dollar fur every time I've loaded a gun, an

fired it, to, I wouldn't need to be a livin' out now workin' fur wages. But I've got a little money saved up, too, an' hid away safe in a stockin' foot in my burey either. I kin tell you.

"Well, Susan, you come to my room and bring the shotgun after Aunt goes "Course not." agreed Susan.

as skeery as a bull frog, anyhow, an, I reckon she'd hey a fit if she heered ther was robbers 'round."

"Dolly," whispered Aunt Catharine, coming out on the back porch as the two woman in the kitchen, an' I've give her lone woman, an' hadn't no place to stay.

the bushel basket she had carried up from the cow-yard. Dolly went up to her room make some necessary preparations for

A few moments later, Susan came mysteriously tiptoeing into the room. "Dolly," she whispered, cautiously, "that woman yer aunt tuck in has got

"Yea, sir, reg'lar men's boots, an' she's dies as the farm-house afforded a big. strappin' cirtier, too, big as any man. It's my 'pinion she's a man with terror, while Polly and Susan, too much woman's dress on.

"Oh, Susan!"

Dolly sat down on the edge of the bed, white and trembling. "And aunt has promised she may

stay all night! What shall we do?" "Cain't do nothin'," was the encouraging answer, "being there ain't no lock on the kitching deer. If they was, mout lock her up in there.

Maybe you are mistaken, Susan. Maybe she is only a poor woman, after all," said Dolly, hopefully.
"Wal, mebbe she is—an' mebbe she

aint," returned Susan, phlegmatically.
"But I reckon I know boots when I see em. I wasn't mistook in them. But you come down, Dolly, and take a peek for yourself." And, assuming as much composure as

possible. Dolly went down, carrying a pillow, while Susan bore an armful of old comforts for the 'poor woman's' One glance at the tall, powerful figure convinced Dolly that Susan's suspicions were correct, while the palpably dis-guised tones of the intruder as she re-

plied very reluctantly to a few questions, confirmed her fears. "If twan't so late," whispered Susan, when the girls had once more retreated

to Dolly's room, "one of us could go somers fur help." "But it's over three miles to Farmer Toser's, and that's the nearest place,"

urged Dolly. "And Uncle John and Rob have the horses, so we'd have to walk. And

"Good evening, Mr. Toser. Come in and have a chair," she returned cordially.

"Good evening, Mr. Toser. Come in can, by ourselves. You and I together—with the old shotgun—will surely be more than a match for one man, if he "No, Susan, we must do the best we only has no accomplices."

And so the matter was decided. Aunt Catherine retired to bed early with a complacent conscience at the thought of having done her duty to a

"If you cain't fire the gun, mebbe you kin chop him with the axe while I'm loadin' up agin," she remarked philosophically.

Dolly's room adjoined her aunt's, with a door opening between which was left unfastened; but Dolly carefully secured both doors opening into the hali and having turned the light down, the two girls sat prepared to await the coming attack.

Light o'clock, nine o'clock, ten, eleven struck and still no sound was heard, and in spite of their fears the watchers began

to grow drowsy.

Tired with her day's work, Susan lay down on the foot of the bed where she had been sitting and by twelve o'clock her heavy, regular breathing announced that robbers and all things of a like uature had faded from her mind. Dolly persisted in sitting up, but as

dozing in her chair, while a confused medley of axes, shot-guns, and gig intic figures in women's raiment flitted before her mind, and at last she succumbed entirely to the somnolent deity which is said to "knit up the raveled sleeve of care," when suddenly-crash! crash! bang! the report of a revolver and the sound of a violent altercation in the hall below aroused the sleepers from their dreams.

"What-what is it?" gasped Susan, seizing the shot-gun, while Dolly hurried to her aunt who was sitting up in bed screaming "Murder!" at the top of her

The scuffling in the hall continued for a short time, then another pistol shot was heard, and then all was still, Presently a light knock sounded on

Aunt Catherine's door, and a low, firm voice called: "Mrs. Blake!" "Murder! Murder!" shricked Aunt Catherine, but Dolly clasped her hands over her mouth. "Who is it?" she arked, reassured by

the tones of the stranger's voice. 'A friend." was the response. no fears, ladies. The robbers are cap-

tured, and the danger is all over." Hastily throwing a shawl over her aunt's shoulders, Dolly, with Susan at her heels suspiciously clutching the shotgun, opened the door.

A tall figure stood there-the figure of the lone woman who had sought shelter the evening before. But the skirt and shawl, and the slouchy sun-bonnet were thrown aside, showing a tall, muscular Those who saw his empty sleeve naturally looking man, clad in his own proper habiliments.

The disguised tones were gone, too, and the stranger, in a reassuring voice, explained the mystery, Susan, meantime, clinging bravely to her gun and eying him apprehensively.

"I am a detective, Miss Blake," he ansome time. Hearing they intended to attack your house to-night, I adopted in case they should be on the watch, and turned out that he had a history. His thus securing a position in the house. I name was George J. Stannard. He volsupper an' a cup of coffee. I reckon we was anxious to capture them both, you unteered in Vermont as soon as war was could make her a bed on the kitchen see, and I have done so. They are bound declared. Promotion came to him rapfl or, to-night. She said she was a poor, and handcuffed in the hall below, and with your permission I will remain here wagon at that time.

Of course the permission was given. "But the pistol shots?" asked Dolly. 'Was no one hurt?"

"Oh, the fellows fired at me once or the detective, coolly, "but no great harm was done. I believe they hit me once in the arm, but it was only a flesh wound."
But though 'only a flesh wound.' it

Aunt Catherine recovered from her

around and got breakfast ready, which they insisted upon sharing with the stranger who had so bravely protected THE ENGLISH ARMY PASSING BE

And before he left the farm-house with his prisoners, Detective Lawrence Stoddard had received a wound in his heart more serious than the one in his arm. And it was Dolly Blake's bright eyes, blooming cheeks, and tender touch as

she bound up his arm, that had done the

"Hello! And so, after capturing the burglars, Mr. Lawrence Stoddard has been trying to capture my niece, hey?" said Uncle John, a few months later, with a mischievous look at his niece. Well, Dolly, since I owe him something for his exertions on that occasion, I reckon I'll have to let him have you. But it's on one condition, mind. He must go out of the detective business altogether. It's too risky, and besides,

I don't want you left a young widow on my hands." Of course, the condition was accented. and shortly Dolly and her husband went to house-keeping on a snug farm adjoining Uncle John's,

As for the plucky and valiant Susan, she married Rob, the hired hand, and the contents of her cherished 'stockin' foot' were soon, it is safe to suppose, applied to some more useful purpose than to be 'hid away in the burey-drawer.'-St. Louis Magazine.

# The Founder of Negro Minstrelsy.

T. D. Rice was born in the city of New York, May 20, 1808. At an early age he learned the trade of a carver, joined a dramatic association, and went to Kentucky under the management of N. M. Ludlow, a well-known actor and manager. While a member of this company he displayed considerable talent as an imitator of the negroes in their peculiar-'poor lone woman,' and when all was still, Susan appeared in Dolly's room with the old shot-gun and her precious 'stockin'-foot.' She had also taken the precaution to bring the carving-knife and played both in New York and in the west many low comedy parts with sucnegro singing and burlesque operatic performance was he considered of sufficient note to render his name attractive. In the fall of the year 1832 he made his Ethiopian debut at the Old Bowery theatre, New York, in the character of "Jim Crow." This character, both on account of its novelty and the excellence of its representation, attained a popularity unequaled by anything of the kind before or since. Rice during that season is said to have brought more money into the Bowery treasury than any other American performer during the same period of time. After a most successful career in New York, Boston, Philadel-phia, and other cities, he visited England in 1836 and performed with great apalause at the Surrey (London), as also in Dublin and Cork, creating a furor unprecedented even in the annals of the British stage, and almost literally driving for a time from the boards such favorites as Macready, the Woods, and other di-tin-guished performers. While in England he married a Miss Gladstone, the eldest daughter of a former manager of the Surrey theatre. He soon after returned to his native country, appearing at Wallack's National theatre, corner of Church and Leonard streets, New York, October 7, 1836, in his specialty, the "Virginia Mummy." For n any years subsequently Mr. Rice was eagerly sought after by the managers, and played as a "star" in nearly every theatre in the union. His popularity, however, waned in his later days, though he appeared, eliciting much applause, as late as 1854. Stricken finally with paralysis, his death occurred, after a season of prolonged suffering, in the city of his birth, September 19, 1860, at

## the age of fifty-two .- New York World. A Modest Soldier.

A singular instance of soldierly modesty was brought to light recently in

Washington. Almost everybody who has been familiar with the capitol at any time during the last six years must have noticed an elderly man with one arm, who was doorkeeper to one of the ladies' galleries of the House of Representatives. He was notable for his courtesy and his infallible punctuality at his humble post of duty. ew people in Washington knew anything about him except that he was a faithful doorkeeper at \$100 per month. supposed that he had lost an arm on one side or the other of the civil war. He was a quiet, dignitied old gentleman, who came from his home to the capitol

and returned to his home again when his work was done. One day last June he did not appear. A pale woman came to say that he was nounced, addressing Dolly," and have very sick and could not be at the door for been on the track of these burglars for a day or two. He was never there again. In a week he was dead from pneumonia. Then the reporters began to write long sketches of the dead doorkeeper. idly and at last he rose to the rank of Major General. There never was a with them until daylight, as I have given braver soldier. 'He was shot ten times orders for a boy to meet me here with a and had his right arm taken off at the shoulder by a shell. At Gettysburg and Cold Harbor he greatly distinguished himself. In the army he was universally loved and honored. Not one of his as sociates at the capitol ever heard him twice before I captured them," returned speak of his services, brilliant as they were. He accepted his lot in life with cheerful resignation and fought adversity to the last as bravely as he ever faced a hostile army. He was a faithful, modest began to grow painful, and Dolly insisted man, who never dreamed that he was a He left nothing but one mouth's on binding it up and applying such remesalary .- Atlanta Constitution.

In packing bottles, india rubber bands excited to think of furthur rest, flew slipped over them will prevent breakage. examine him all over .- Judge.

THE ENGLISH ARMY PASSING BE FORE VICTORIA.

Description of a Review at Aldershot

-How the Various Regiments
Looked-The Tenth Hussars.

'Cockaigul" in a London letter to the San Francisco Argonaut describes Queen Victoria's review of the British troops, the first great review that has taken place before the Queen in some time. Says the writer: There was an immense crowd of people present, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, stretching away on either side of the flagstaff where the Queen, on her arrival at five o'clock, took up her position in her carriage. drove over from Farnborough station near where the ex-Empresa Eugenie lives), having traveled down from Windsor by special train. The famous Tenth Hussars formed her escort, and the Prince of Wales, who is its Colonel, rode on one side of the carriage in full uniform, the Duke of Cambridge on the other. The weather was perfect-an almost cloudless sky, with a faint breeze. As soon as everything was in readiness, the Duke of Cambridge-who is in his element at a review-gave the order to begin.

The procession was headed by Sir Archibald Alison, the General in command of the Aldershot Division, accompanied by a brilliant staff. As soon as he reached the saluting point, he turned to the right, and, leaving his staft to keep on without him, took up his position beside the Queen's carriage. Then came four batteries of horse artil-The horse artillery always have precedence of all other troops, and take the right of every column at a review: The first two batteries were twelvepounder guns, drawn by perfectly matched chestnut horses; the second were nine-pounders, and the horses all bays. The uniform of the Horse Artillery is a very showy one. Sable busbles with scarlet 'bags," and blue jackets covered with braid across the breast and up the cuffs—gold for officers, yellow cord for men. All the men are horsed; none ride on limbers or caissons. Next came the First Life Guards, one of the regiments of Household Cavalry. Nearly every visitor to London knows the uniform of the statuesque warriors who sit on horseback on each side of the gateway of the Horse Guards. Though but two hundred and sixty strong, they went by grandly, in their bright steel helmets and white plumes, steel cuirasses, white leather breches, long, black jack-boots, and scarlet coats. After them came the First Dragoons, in brass helmets and scarlet tunics; and then the Scots G.eys, with black bearskin caps, instead of helmets. The Fifth Lancers followed. They are known as the "Royal Irish," and just here attend additional interest. The now attract additional interest. Their uniform is blue with green plumes, and their arm a lance with a red and white pennon at the end. Following them came the Tenth Hussars. The Tenth is perhaps the swellest and most fashionable cavalry regiment in the English army. The Prince of Wales is its Colonel (getting pay without doing duty), and his son, Prince Albert Victor, is one of the Lieutenants, Like all English hussar regiments, its uniform is blue with gold-

lace cords across the breast. There are several good stories told about the Tenth Hussars, "Ouida," in her novels, speaks of them as the "nondancing Tenth." The origin of this name, so goes the story, was this: At a ball to which the officers were invited twenty or thirty years ago it was-the lady of the house went up to them, one after another, asking them if she couldn't get them partners, but always receiving the stercotyped reply, "The Tenth don't She at last became so angry at dance. the exhibition of puppy sm, that she went up to the senior officer present, from whom she had received the same answer, and said:

"Do the Tenth march?"

man-jack of them had gone.

Ya-us. "Well, then, be good enough to order

the Tenth to march out of my house. The major scanned her through his eye-glass, twisted his mustache, and lisped, "Ya-as." In five minutes every

The Field Artillery came after the

Tenth Hussars. Their uniform is much

plainer and serviceable than the Horse

Artillery, being dark-blue tunics with red facings, and felt helmets. They sit, too, upon the limbers, etc. After them came some Royal Engineers in red uniforms, and commi-sariat and transport corps wagons. At this point the cavalry bands ceased playing, and gave way to the different infantry bands, which in turn massed themselves to play while the foot soldiers passed. Keeping time to the air of "The British Grenadiers," the Brigade of Guards went by, making, perhaps, the finest display of all the troops in line. There was a battalion each of the Greadiers, Coldstreams, and Scots, all, in the main, dressed alike in high, black bearskin caps and scarlet tunies, and each battalion numbering about six hundred and fifty officers and men. Interest generally flags by the time the infantry come up. They look so much alike in their red coats and black helmets, with now and then a break made by the raccoon-fur caps of the Fusiliers (their distinctive headgear), or the dingy, dark, invisible green of the Rifles. There was such a want of uniformity in the strength of the differthe seven hundred and twenty-two of Foot" was over, the Horse Artillery and Cavalry revived the spirits of every one

Don't look a gift horse in the mouth-

## BROWN EYES.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, three months ...... 6 00 One Square, one inch, one year ..... 10 00

Half Column, one year ..... 50 00 

Legal advertisements ton cents per line each s

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-lerly. Temporary advertisements must be palu in advance.

Marriage and death notices gratis.

To break a heart it surely ought, That modest glance of pensive thought, Though it should beat 'neath kingly crown, So potent are those eyes of brown. Oh, dare I hope all, or naught?

Was that swift look from Cupid caught? Has be himself those brown eyes taught, In shy, sweet fashion glancing down, To break a heart!

What havoe is there can't be wrought, When eyes with charms like these are

fraught! Brown eyes, you'll make me knave and clown. If your dear owner do but frown;

But that smile tells me you've not sought To break a heart. -T. D Knight, in Current.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Always looks down in the mouth--The dentist. - New Haven News. A dentist is a funny man, By his profession shown, He works on other people's teeth, To find work for his own.

-Texas Fly ro "Every nation has its customs," remarked an old lady, placidly, when informed that her sailor husband had just been eaten by cannibals. - Texas Sift-

The young Tammany man who asked his best girl which party she was in favor of blushed when she said she was in favor of a wedding party.-New York

A correspondent asks: "Would you or any of your readers inform a constant reader how to learn to play the flute!" Not if we know ourselves, -Burlington Free Press,

When a man stops at a railroad station with three minutes for refreshments and is handed out a scalding cup of coffee, it is dangerous to ask him, "Is this hot enough for you?"

Poverty progresses arithmetically. When a man meets with reverses, he adverti-es his house "2 Let." When he is utterly rained, he advertises it "4 Sale." -Somerville Journal.

While some ladies were visiting at Mrs. Dee's one of them remarked: "Johnny, there, takes after his mother." "No, I don't" replied Johnny; "mother always takes after me." - Kentucky State Journal.

"Isn't it heavenly?" ejaculated Miss Gush, in reference to Miss Pedal's performance on the piano. "Yes," replied Fogg, "it is indeed heavenly. It sounds like thunder."—Boston Tran-

A New York lawyer fell on the street from the weakness of starvation the other day. Wonders will never cease. Now, if it had been one of his clients we shouldn't have been a bit surprised .-Boston Budget.

A New York journal devoted to the tailoring interests says: the worst dressers in the world." assertion is difficult to believe, considering that we frequently read of lawyers winning \$500,000 "suits."-Norristonen Herald.

A Strange Sect of Italian Robbers. The capture of a brigand near Bocchigliere, a hamlet situated in a remote part of the Calabrian highlands, has revealed the existence in that region of an extensive sect, remarkable alike for the wildness of its tenets and the nefarious character of its practices. Its head is an ex-Sergeant, Gabriel Donnici, who claims to be the Deity, and represents the Advent as still to come.

During the last five years he has been organizing this sect, which comprises nearly all the small farmers and shepherds of the district. His gospel seemto be a sort of communism of the lower type. The clandestine meetings of the sect are alleged to be marked by orgies and rites, recalling the worst features of Oriental paganism. Donnici's own sisterin law, for refusing to conform to these practices, was shut up in a cave and left there to die. This nearly led to the breaking up of the community, as Donnici and his followers were arrested and tried for murder; but, owing to the impossibility of procuring witnesses against them, they were acquitted.

The sect has now been brought into fuller notice by the capture of Scrafino Bruno, one of its leading members, or saints, as they are styled. This worthy, after murdering a doctor, betook himself last April to the woods, and with the consivance of his co-religionists flourished there as a highway robber. The police having failed to track him, Bruno was arrested the other day by a local landowner, Count Conversano. ture occasioned great demonstrations of grief at Bocchigliere, where hundreds of en and women hung about this precious saint and kissed him rapturously .- Lon-

### Drinking in Hot Weather, We venture to hope that those who are

real-usly urging the policy of refusing to quench their thirst in hot weather be cause "drinking makes people more thirsty," will reconsider their policy from the phys ological stand-point, and they will re ognize that to thirst and drink, and perspire and drink again, are the natural steps in a process by which nature strives to maintain the integrity ent infantry battalions, also-ranging, as of those organic changes which the exthey did, from three hundred and sixty- ternal heat has a tendency to impede. four men of the Lancaster Regiment to The natural and true policy is to supply an adequate quantity of fluid withou the Inniskillen Fusiliers. As soon as excess. Therefore do not abstain from the monotonous filing past of the "weary drinking, but drink slowly, so as to aldrinking, but drink slowly, so as to allow time for the voice of nature to cry "enough " There is no drink so good by going twice more—the first time at a pure water. For the sake of flavor, trot, the second at a gallop. Then the and because the vegetable acids are use troops moved off and the sham fight ful, a dash of temor juice may be added with advantage. The skin should be kept fairly cool so that a sufficient quantity of the fluid taken up may pass off by the kidney. - Lancet.