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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1 00; One Square, one inch, one month... 8 00; One Square, one inch, three months... 10 00; One Square, one inch, one year... 30 00; Two Squares, one year... 48 00; Quarter Column, one year... 20 00; Half Column, one year... 30 00; One Column, one year... 100 00; Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion; Marriage and death notices gratis; All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly; Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance; Job work—cash on delivery.

New uses for petroleum are being discovered almost daily, but the novelty of using it for fuel on a locomotive has been introduced upon the London and Brighton Railway. As yet its use is only an experiment to test the economic and efficient properties of this means of generating steam. Some objections to it have not yet been overcome.

The American Exhibition, to be held in London next year, will be of great importance to this nation commercially, opening, as it will, the eyes of Englishmen to many resources of this country, and leading to an increased sale of our productions. The time of the exposition is especially favorable, as next year marks the half-century festival of Queen Victoria's reign.

In the eastern coast of the Caspian Sea a curious phenomenon is in progress. The Kara Bohaz is an estuary nearly separate from the main body of the sea by a bank through which there is an inlet. The evaporation from this gulf is so great that a current continually sets in from the Caspian; and as there is no return current, the water of the gulf becomes more and more saliferous, and a deposit of salt is in course of formation. In time this gulf will be cut off from the Caspian, and will then be dried up and become an extensive salt-bed.

Captain Lawton, of the United States Army, gives it as his opinion that the Apache Chief Geronimo is fifty years of age, though the old reprobate will concede to but forty-five. He is purely a self-made man. That is, he is an accomplished murderer and a crafty cut-throat, and is not a hereditary chief. The Captain says he is bright, intelligent, a good talker, crafty, cruel and treacherous to a wonderful degree. During the past eighteen months Geronimo and his followers are credited with having murdered no less than 400 persons, a majority of whom were Mexicans, on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande. Captain Lawton has himself seen fourteen of the victims after death.

The world's blind are computed to number about 1,000,000, or about one sightless person to every 1,400 inhabitants. In Austria, one person in every 1,785 is blind; in Sweden, one in every 1,418; in France, one in every 1,191; in Prussia, one in every 1,111; in England, one in every 1,037. The proportion is greatest in Egypt, where, in Cairo, there is one blind person to every twenty inhabitants; while in New Zealand it falls to one in every 3,550 inhabitants. Germany has the greatest number of institutes for the blind, thirty-five; England has sixteen; France, thirteen; Austria-Hungary, ten; Italy nine; Belgium, six; Australia, two, while America, Asia and Africa together are said to possess only six.

A most remarkable freak of nature has been secured by Mr. William Holland for exhibition at the Albert Palace, in London, in the form of an infant boy, aged twelve months, who weighs upward of fifty-eight pounds, and stands three feet high. This phenomenal child, Ernest Middleton by name, is the offspring of healthy parents living in Porlock, a village in Somersetshire. The child is well formed, and although fat, is not abnormally so when his size is considered. His chest measures thirty inches round, his arms eleven and one-half inches at the elbow, and his legs span no less than twenty inches. There is nothing whatever repulsive about this gigantic baby, and Mr. Holland is to be congratulated on his latest acquisition, which will doubtless add to the already numerous attractions of the Albert Palace. Mr. Holland's baby was born on August 19, 1885, and he is exhibited by his mother, who vouches for the child's age by the production of his certificate of birth.

What is known as the Great Southern Cross Pearl is one of the curious things exhibited at the Colinders, or Colonial Exhibition in London. This object is one of the most remarkable freaks of nature as it is also one of the most beautiful and valuable. The jewel consists of nine pearls naturally joined together in the form of a cross, and was found at Roeburn, Western Australia, in 1884, by a man belonging to the schooner Ethel. The owner, "Shiner Kelly," and Clark, the man who found the pearl, were filled with amazement, and, thinking it was some heaven-wrought miracle and with a certain amount of superstitious dread, buried it for some time. It is valued at £10,000, and is now the property of a syndicate of gentlemen of position in Western Australia, at whose solicitation Mr. Streeter was induced to bring it to England. It has changed hands many times and each time it has done so the seller has made 100 per cent. profit on the price paid. It naturally attracts great attention at the Exposition.

A HAPPY HOME.

I have a very happy home, where peace is ever found, Where gentleness and love their fragrance breathe around; Where gladness and content makes pleasant every day, While sorrow, sin and care are banished far away. Where, when the day is o'er, my darling one returns To share with those he loves the honest wealth he earns; Where happy children are—without them home is naught— Where truth is gladly learned and just as gladly taught, Where piety prevails, and faith in Providence, And each to each the choicest gifts presents. That is a happy home where sadness is unknown, Where loving words are said and loving precepts shown. —Mrs. Harry Don, in Good Housekeeping.

NARCISSA'S MISTAKE.

It was "blackberry-jam day." Every nation has its movable and immovable feasts and festivities; every household boasts its great anniversaries, and to Narcissa Hall the blackberry-jam season always brought pleasant associations. There was the gathering of the beautiful, sparkling, jet-black fruit, to begin with, not always unaccompanied with reminiscences of rustic swains, who carried her baskets and found the nicest vines and bushes for her; the impromptu lunch eaten under the shadow of great, mossy rocks, with the mellow whistle of linnets and thrush overhead; the draught, in vine-leaf cups, pinned together by thorns, from some deep-heard woodland spring; the homeward walk in the lengthening afternoon shadows. And then Narcissa was a born housewife. Her jellies were always a success, her preserves were beyond criticism, and she was innocently proud of her prowess.

She was a dark, brilliant little brunette, with large, liquid eyes, whose curled lashes turned piquantly upward, and a mouth as red and fresh as a wild rose. "The prettiest girl in all the country!" as Walter Milliman said to himself, as he leaned over the kitchen window sill, and beheld her stirring the bubbling mass of sweets with an immense silver spoon, which had come down, a sort of heirloom, through half a dozen generations of Halls.

"Narcissa!" he ventured to say, after a second or two of respectful silence, during which, although she must have known perfectly well that he was there, she never raised her eyes. "Oh! is it you, Walter?" "Don't let me interrupt you," said Walter, a little stiffly. "I've brought you one of Dora's little white puppies—here in a basket." "A puppy!" cried Narcissa, contemptuously. "Me a puppy! I hate dogs!" Walter's countenance fell perceptibly. "I thought you said you would like one of Dora's little ones," began he. "I don't see what can possibly have put any such nonsense into your head!" tartly retorted Narcissa.

"Then you don't want it?" "No, I certainly don't want it." "But you took a gray African parrot from Mr. Silber last week!" dubiously. "Well, why shouldn't I? I do so dote on parrots—and this one is 'How d'ye do!' already." "Oh!" said Walter, bitterly, as he put the little, downy, blue-ribboned puppy back into its basket, and addressed it satirically. "Yes, go back, Dorette; you're not a cackling, chattering parrot. We'll have to find another home for you, Dorette."

Narcissa bit her lip. "I dare say Alice Jeffreys would like the dog," said she. "Alice is fond of pets." "I dare say so, too," Walter rejoined, dryly. "Good morning, Narcissa! Oh, by-the-way—" "Well?" "Narcissa was stirring away more vigorously than ever now." "About the New Moon picnic. I suppose you will be going with Silber?" "I shouldn't wonder," said Narcissa, coloring up.

"Then I needn't trouble about coming for you?" "Certainly you need not." So these silly young people parted. Walter Milliman would have given his life for Narcissa Hall. Narcissa loved the very sound of the young fellow's free, frank voice; and yet, nobody on earth knew why they had both contrived to build up between themselves the framework of a very pretty quarrel. "How ridiculous!" One of Dora's puppies, indeed! said Narcissa, tossing her head. "That fat, old Silber!" pondered Walter. "A man old enough to be her father! And weighing two hundred and fifty pounds at the very least! Is the girl crazy?"

The jam was a success. Of course it would be, being Narcissa's work; and she was portioning it into glass jars with dainty precision, when she heard a heavy step among the sweet-williams and Johnny-jumpups that bordered the path outside. "That sounds exactly like Mr. Silber," she said to herself. "Horrid old man! what brings him here again! It was only last week that he came with the parrot; and father is with him. Well, I do hope father won't tell him that I sold the parrot to Billy Johnson for five dollars, because he pulled the roses off my best hat, and killed the canary, and kept us all awake nights, shrieking 'How d'ye do!' how d'ye do!'"

And, thus meditating, Narcissa shrank behind the clematis vines, that made a curtain of natural green across the casement. "Hush! those were surely the rumbling, sonorous tones of the Squire himself!" "I a'pose, Hall," said he, with a chuckle, "you consider me too old for that sort of thing." "Well, I don't know," the good farmer replied, slowly. "Tastes differ!" "But if I've took a fancy to the little thing—" "Hum!" said Mr. Hall, doubtfully. "And I'll give her a real good home. Every bit as good as she has here." "I never doubted that, Mr. Silber." "I'll go bail she'll be happy with me." "She ought to be happy with you—sartin, squire."

"Come," said Silber, insinuatingly, "is it a bargain?" "I can't take it on me to decide," said Mr. Hall, meditatively. "You must ask Narcissa your own self, Mr. Silber." "But you don't think she'll object?" "I don't know," said Mr. Hall, shaking his head. "I don't know. Girls are queer. There's never no telling which way they'll jump. You ask her yourself, I say."

But Narcissa did not wait for the sequel of this strange discussion. Her cheeks blazed crimson; her eyes sparkled like jet stars as she caught her pink gingham sunbonnet off its nail behind the kitchen door, and leaving the jars of garnet-colored sweetness on the table, sped away over the daisy-spangled fields to a certain upland meadow, where Walter Milliman was harnessing the old horses to a glittering mowing machine. "Narcissa!" he cried, in amazement. "What's the matter? What has happened?"

"She caught nervously at his arm. 'Oh, Walter,' said she, 'I am so frightened! I—I don't know what it all means. I don't know what I ought to do!'"

He hung the bride over an old stump, and led Narcissa into the shadow of an umbrella-like oak that grew near the stone fence. "Tell me all about it," said he. "It was strange how each had settled into his and her relative position—Narcissa clinging, trusting, hiding herself, as it were, under the wings of his protection. Walter calmly superior in the midst of his tender solicitude.

"Why, child," said he, "the old idiot wants to marry you!" "Narcissa crimsoned to the very roots of her hair. 'I thought so,' she whispered. 'I was almost certain of it. But—but what am I to do?'" He took both her little cold hands in his. "Don't be frightened, Narcissa," said he. "You can't marry two people at once, can you?" "No—at least, I suppose not." "And you're engaged to me, aren't you?"

"If you say so, Walter," hanging down her head. "I do say so, Narcissa! And now let me take you home. We'll see whether old Silber is to have everything his own way or not." "But the horses, Walter!" "They'll stay here, contentedly enough, until I come back, pet—never fear. Oh, by-the-way, Narcissa! little Dorette is in the basket under the hedge. I haven't given her to Alice Jeffreys yet."

"Oh, Walter, do get her!" whispered Narcissa. "The little, white, fluffy darling! I've been thinking of her ever since you went away. And, Walter!" (nervously playing with the button of his coat), "I told you a horrid story about the parrot. I couldn't endure the screeching thing, and Billy Johnson took it away three days ago."

"Narcissa, you are the dearest little girl in the world!" cried the enraptured lover. "No, I am not," confessed the fair penitent. "I am a cross deceitful, treacherous—" But here the catalogue of sins was cut short with absorbing kisses. Squire Silber, a rubicund and portly gentleman, well on in the forties, sat on the porch, fanning himself and waiting, while Mr. Hall peered restlessly up and down the road.

"Here she is now," said Hall, with a long sigh of relief, as his daughter came up, with Mr. Milliman carrying her pink sunbonnet as reverently as if it were a queen's crown. "Narcissa, here's Squire Silber wanting to speak to you." "Miss Narcissa—" ingratiatingly commended the stout gentleman. "It's of no use," said Narcissa, putting both hands to her little, pink ears. "I never, never will consent!" "Yes; but won't you hear me, Miss Nar—" "No, no, no!" and Narcissa stamped her foot with renewed emphasis. "Hear reason, daughter," gently urged the farmer—"hear reason!"

"But I don't want to hear reason," said Narcissa, almost crying. "He'd be just as good to the little horse as you yourself would be," said the farmer; "and \$500 is a price that don't often come our way. He's going to train her for a trotter, don't you see?" "To train who?" said Narcissa. "What are you talking about?" "About little Nannie, the bay mare," explained her father. "Squire Silber wants to buy her. He's taken a fancy to her, but I told him she was on you, and it is for you to decide the matter. Say yes or no—I won't interfere." "Oh, he may have her in welcome!" cried Narcissa, uncertain whether to laugh or cry. "I thought—I supposed—I don't know what I did think!" And she ran into the house and hid behind the great Japanese screen in the best parlor, followed straightway by Walter Milliman. "Oh, go away!" she sobbed. "I feel as if I could sink through a crack in the floor, I am so dreadfully horribly ashamed of myself. It's all a mistake."

"No, it is not," said Milliman, reassuringly. "About our being engaged, dearest—that's not a mistake?" "No, that isn't a mistake; but—" "Then I don't care a straw about anything else," said Walter, rapturously. "And it is a consolation, too, isn't it, to think that after all old Silber is not such a fool as we took him for?" "Yes," said Narcissa, in a low voice, "I think it is." —Helen Forrest Graves.

WISE WORDS.

Have no friends you dare not bring home. Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life. Select a worthy object in life, and bend all your efforts in that direction. The censure of those that are opposite to us is the nicest commendation that can be given us. Steadfastly set your face against needless delays in doing any work for the good of your fellow men.

A wise man stands firm in all extremities, and bears the lot of his humanity with a divine temper. Take up one by one the plain, practical duties that lie nearest to hand, and perform them as fast as possible. Wrong-doing is a road that may open fair, but it leads to trouble and danger. Well-doing, however rough and thorny, surely leads to pleasant places.

There is only now and then an opportunity of displaying great courage or even great wisdom; but every hour in the day offers a chance to show our good nature. No way has been found for making heroism easy, even for the scholar. Labor, iron labor, is for him. The world was created as an audience for him; the atoms of which it is made are opportunities.

The meanest and most illegitimate of all human pursuits is the direct pursuit of a reputation. It is supremely selfish and contemptible; and there is no man who really deserves a good reputation who does not make its acquisition a subordinate aim in all his actions.

The Puma.

All who have killed or witnessed the killing of the puma—and I have questioned scores of hunters on this point—agree that it resigns itself in an unresisting, pathetic manner to death at the hands of man. Claudio Gay, in his "Natural History of Chili," says: "When attacked by man its energy and daring at once forsake it, and it becomes a weak, inoffensive animal, and trembling, and uttering piteous moans, and shedding abundant tears, it seems to implore compassion from a generous enemy." The enemy is not often generous; but many gauchos (South American cowboys) have assured me, when speaking on this subject, that although they kill the puma readily to protect their domestic animals, they consider it an evil thing to take its life in desert places, where it is man's only friend among the wild animals.

When the hunter is accompanied by dogs, then the puma, instead of drooping and shedding tears, is roused to a sublime rage; its hair stands erect; its eyes shine like balls of fire; it spits and snarls like a furious tomcat. The hunter's presence seems at such times to be ignored altogether, its whole attention being given to the dogs and its rage directed against them. In Patagonia a sheep-farming Scotchman, with whom I spent some days, showed me the skulls of five pumas which he shot in the vicinity of his ranch. One was of an exceptionally large individual, and I here relate what he told me of his encounter with this animal, as it shows just how the puma almost invariably behaves when attacked by man and dogs. He was out on foot with his flock, when the dogs discovered the animal concealed among the bushes. He had left his gun at home, and having no weapon, and finding that the dogs dared not attack it where it sat in a defiant attitude, with its back against a thorny bush, he looked about and found a large dry stick, and going boldly up to it tried to stun it with a violent blow on the head. But though it never looked at him, its fiery eyes gazing steadily at the dogs all the time, he could not hit, for with a quick side movement it avoided every blow. The small head the puma paid him, and the apparent ease with which it avoided the best-aimed blows, only served to rouse his spirit, and at length striking with increased force his stick came to the ground and was broken to pieces. For some moments he now stood within two yards of the animal perfectly defenceless and not knowing what to do. Suddenly it sprang past him, actually brushing against his arm with its side, and began pursuing the dogs round and round among the bushes. In the end my informant's partner appeared on the scene with his rifle, and the puma was shot.

In encounters of this kind the most curious thing is that the puma steadfastly refuses to recognize an enemy in man, although it find him acting in concert with its hated canine foe, about whose hostile intentions it has no such delusion. —Longman's Magazine.

The Vowels of Laughter.

Different people sound different vowels when laughing, from which fact a close observer has drawn the following conclusions: People who laugh in A (pronounce ah) are frank, honest, and fond of noise and excitement, though they are often of a versatile and fickle disposition. Laughter in E (pronounce ay) is peculiar to phlegmatic and melancholy persons. Those who laugh in I (pronounce ee) are children or simple-minded, obliging, affectionate, timid and undecided people. To laugh in O indicates generosity and daring. Avoid all those who laugh in U, as they are misanthropists. —Musée des Familles.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

CURIOSITIES THAT ARE BEHELD BY A DIVER.

Relieving a Sunken Vessel of Its Cargo—A Treasury Box—Marine Life and Vegetation. When a craft is once sunk in shallow water, efforts are made as soon as practical to relieve her of her cargo. This can be done in one way only—by using the diving-bell or diving-dress. The wrecking vessels, after making their soundings in the vicinity of the disaster, place bouys directly over the wrecked craft, which greatly help the divers in their work. If strong ocean currents flow near the vessel, considerable risk and danger to life is run by the divers. The rope secured to their belt may be parted at any moment, and they left to the mercy of the waves. In case of such a mishap their heavy dress would instantly carry them to the bottom, and the air-tub being disconnected by the violent jerk, all chance of escape would be cut off.

The experiences of a diver are many and interesting. After he has once reached the sunken vessel, whether by being lowered straight down from the wrecking craft or by walking along the bottom of the ocean to avoid currents, he must search through the hull of the ship as though she were floating upon the surface of the water. To do this he carries a small lamp with him which gives out a peculiarly brilliant light when under the water, and makes the surrounding objects glisten with all the colors of the rainbow. Care must be taken that the air-tube does not get tangled up in any way, or cut by friction against the side of the vessel. Unfortunate divers have frequently lost their lives by this means, when exploring the intricate passages of a vessel at great depths below the surface of the water. Danger is also experienced from heavy pieces of timber, boxes, barrels, and even dead bodies, which are often floating around in the hold of a sunken vessel. A diver, once telling of the trouble that he had in exploring a wreck, said that he was constantly annoyed by several heavy chests which kept moving about with every swell of the sea. One came so near to his diving-bell that he was forced to give it a violent push, which sent it against the opposite wall of the small cabin. Instantly it rebounded and came within an inch of the diver's head-dress, which it would have quickly broken had it struck it. But by dodging in time the chest passed harmlessly over him, and the next moment it collided with another similar chest. The force of the collision broke one of the hoops of the huge box, and the next moment a glittering pile of newly stamped gold coins rolled out upon the floor of the cabin. The chest had been used as a sort of treasure box by the captain, and all of his valuables were locked up in it. Besides gold and silver pieces of money, rich jewels and precious stones escaped from the brass-bound chest and presented to the diver's gaze a rare sight. The light from his small lamp, shining through the water, made the golden heap seem brighter than ever.

Exploring a sunken wreck is like visiting a submarine city, despoiled by a flood. The broken spars, torn rigging, and fallen masts and blackened hull, all suggest the presence of death and destruction. Through the black mass fishes of every size and species glide, and around on the rocks and sand beautiful specimens of submarine flora and fauna grow. Huge sea spiders and crabs haunt these solitary depths, and make the wrecks their abiding places, even as the lizards and reptiles of the land congregate in long-deserted houses and make them their homes. Floating seaweed and moss soon collect upon the spars and rigging, and in time the whole wreck is covered over with a light greenish mossy substance.

The diver when walking under the sea is permitted to see some of the most beautiful and picturesque scenes the eye can imagine. For thirty feet below the surface of the ocean the solar rays are distinctly visible through the watery mass, and all objects are distinguished for several hundred feet around. Beyond that the tints darken into fine gradations of ultramarine until they fade into vague obscurity. The white sand, wrinkled as though each billow had left its impression at the bottom of the sea, seems almost like a reflector. His lamp seems unnecessary in this transparent fluid; but as he advances and the water increases in depth, darkness gradually settles around him. Dark objects are soon outlined in the distance, and the fine, white sand is changed to a slimy mud, composed of equal parts of silicious and calcareous shells. Flowers, plants, mollusks, prickly fungi, rocks, and various-colored shells seem to spring up from every side, and the rays of the sun, striking the water and shading these submarine wonders, form a perfect kaleidoscope of green, yellow, orange, violet, indigo, and blue. Plains of seaweed, of wild and luxuriant vegetation, make a carpet of unrivalled softness, while a perfect net-work of marine plants and seaweed float over his head. Beautiful star-fish, queer shell-fish, and variegated stones bedeck the rocks and bottom of the sea like precious gems. Thousands of fish of all varieties and fierceness swim around in flocks or singly, darting hither and thither after their prey, or quietly watching the daring intruder. In the midst of these submarine wonders, and under the arbors of rich plants and flowers, the diver unhesitatingly makes his way. —Averan.

To be happy, the passion must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty. A double-shell race—Clams and oysters. —Hartford Times.

DEVOTION.

Just as the hill-crowned lake reflects the sky That'er it bends—shines blue when it is blue, Is gray when dim and hoary clouds float by, And bright when sunset tints a gorgeous hue The tapestries of eve with crimson dye, And gleams when night's soft dusky hands renew The heaven's star-studded diadem on high, Whose million jewels glisten clear and true. So is reflected in a maiden's eye, Through lashes long or drooping eyelids shy, Each changing mood of him whom she loves best; Whether in sorrow dim or gladness bright, Love shines with constant and devoted light Through her soul's windows, ever self-con-fessed! —John M. Cameron, in Current.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A sling at beauty means a jaw forever. Lovell Citizen.

Barbers, like editors, do a considerable amount of head work. —Providence Telegram.

The man who goes around the streets with a scythe is looking for mower work. —Merchant-Traveler.

An exchange asks: "Where are we to look for our rising young men?" Not in the street car, anyhow. —Philadelphia Call.

"Tramp—I have lost an arm, sir; will—" "Passer-by (in great haste)—" "Sorry, but I haven't seen anything of it." —New York Sun.

"Pitch your voice in a low key," says a writer on etiquette. But how about when one is shouting to stop the last car at night. —Boston Courier.

By some remarkable oversight the views of Mr. John L. Sullivan on the proper management of mills has not yet been reported. —Boston Post.

It is very strange that a boy's hands blister so much sooner when he is wielding a hoe than they do when he swings a baseball bat. —Teens Siftings.

"Papa," asked little Johnny, "what does embodiment of unmitigated asininity mean?" "It means the other fellow," replied his pa, who is a politician. —Merchant Traveler.

"A cucumber four feet long is on exhibition at Waterloo, Iowa." The man who undertakes to knock out this verdant esculent in a dozen rounds will meet his Waterloo. —Norristown Herald.

Watchmaker—"What can I do for you, Madam?" Old lady (displaying a pendulum of a clock)—"This pesky thing won't go, an' I thought I'd bring it around an' have ye fix it." —New York Sun.

"Come with me, little maid," Said a dude on parade, "We'll have love in a cot, I am very fond of tea, And that sort of thing, you see." "I will not." "Sir," said she, "Fly with thee; You're too much of a puddle for me." —New York Journal.

Eel-fare.

Lady Campbell says in her work, "Book of the Running Brook": The greater number of eels visit the sea, and the "passing up" a river of the young eels is one of the most curious sights of natural history. In the Thames this eel-fare takes place in spring, in other rivers in the summer, and some idea of the number of these young eels, each about three inches long, may be gathered from the record of Dr. William Root, who lived at Kingston in 1832. He calculated that from sixteen to eighteen hundred passed a given point in the space of a minute of time. In large and deep rivers, where they probably find the current strong, they form themselves into a closely compacted company, "a narrow, but long-extended, column." The perseverance of these little creatures in overcoming any obstruction they may encounter is quite extraordinary. The large flood gates, sometimes twenty feet high, to be met with in the Thames, might be supposed sufficient to bar the progress of a fish the size of a darning needle, but nothing can stop them. As one writer says, speaking of the way they ascend flood gates and such like barriers: "Those which die stick to the posts; others which get a little higher meet the same fate, until at last a sufficient layer of them is formed to enable the rest to overcome the difficulty of the passage." The mortality resulting from such "forlorn hopes" greatly helps to account for the difference in the number of young eels on their upward migration, and of those who return down stream in autumn.

Making Mexican Bread.

At certain hours of the day a sound of slapping is heard in every house, says a letter from El Paso del Norte, Mexico, to the Cincinnati Enquirer. It is made by the wife at her daily task of manufacturing tortillas, the Mexican staff of life, which an ancient author designated as "buckskin victuals." Like her cousins on the Nile, the Ganges and the Euphrates, she feeds her family on unleavened bread. It is made by simply soaking the corn in lime water and crushing it into paste on a stone metate with a stone roller; then small lumps of this putty like mixture are molded into thin cakes by patting them between the hands, after which they are baked quickly on a heated stone or griddle. The "kitchen" of the low-class Mexican woman is the most primitive that can be imagined, any convenient spot—generally out of doors—answering for the purpose. Lawyers dress pretty well, notwithstanding the fact that they occasionally lose a suit.