There is said to be one blind person to every 1,400 of the earth's inhabitants. The proportion is least in New Zealand, where one person out of every 3,500 is sightless, and greatest in Cairo, Fgypt, where every twentieth person is blind. This estimate does not include lovers, nor that other numerous class who won't

In Sioux City, the youngest of Iowa towns, and at the present time pretty near the most enterprising, they have what they call an "Epitaph Club," Everything good that a member of it does for the city, to advance its growth, or to add to its civilization or charity, is treasured up by the people to be placed on his epitaph at death.

There is a hint for smugglers in the trick just played by some Prussians, who wrapped \$1,000 worth of lace around a strong ten months' heifer, and tied a false skin over the whole so successfully as to defy detection. They passed the heifer very easily at the customs office, the excise commissioners admiring her size and beauty, and some of them offering her feed.

There has been, it is stated, a great I only know that I am weary, weary; awakening among the Boers (Dutch settlers) of Natal, South Africa. They have been so busy with prayer meetings that the worldly have complained that they have spoiled the annual races. The leader among the converts is a Mr. Nel, who says he can count over two hundred in his sparsely settled district who have experienced a change of heart. The work was a very quiet one; beginning without the agency of evangelistic meetings. These awakened showed great anxiety for the heathen Kaffirs, and many natives have been converted.

The Rev. A. L. Hillman, of Atlanta, ownsafarm in Taliaferro County, Georgia, on which is a big alum rock. He decided to dig a well beside the rock in hopes of getting an alum spring. A shaft twelve in Mariampol, another man, whose name feet deep was sunk, and then a niche was cut in the rock that water might colleet there. The hole, or well, or shaft has now developed remarkable curative powers. It has cured several persons who suffered from rheumatism, and all they did was to go down in the hole, Mr. Hillman thinks it is full of electricity, others think the alum does the business. Alum is so strong in the shaft that it is tasted with every breath inhaled.

If all the incidents of the Charleston earthquake should be collected and printed they would make interesting reading. One of the latest published relates to young couple who were courting when the shock came. It extinguished the lights, filled the air with dust, and jammed the doors so that their night's rest and watched their they would not open. The young man rushed to a window leading to the plaza, but in the dark plunged both hands into a large plant urn full of water. Starting back to the young lady, be threw his arms around her, and said: "Darling, a tidal ways is coming! It is already up to the windows! Let us die together!" in which position they were found soon afterward by the family.

It is stated by Frank Leslie's that "the crowded quarter of New York city, of which East Broadway and Hester, Ludlow, Baxter, Mulberry, Bayard, Mott, Division, Essex, Chrystie, Elizabeth an Cherry streets are the main arteries, is picturesque, but undeniably dirty. It is the region of swarming tenement-houses, sidewalk booths and stands, and cellar grocery stores where unwholesome food and decaying vegetables are the staple articles of trade. The population conslats chiefly of Hebrews, Bohemians, Poles, Hungarians, Germans, Italians, Irish and Chinese, and is, as a whole, both poverty-stricken and filthy in its modes of life. In these breeding places of disease, unusual vigilance is required man?" asked Sarah, on the part of the Board of Health Inspectors, particularly during the summer and autumn, when fruits and vegetables are abundant, and fish and meat will not "keep." All the refuse provisions and over-ripe or unripe fruit of the city seem to gravitate towards these districts, where the poor people swarm about the markets or venders' wagons to get bargains-taking no matter what, so long as it is plentiful and cheap. The Inspectors have to make wholesale seizures here, carrying off wagon-loads of villainous trash at each raid. Of course the dealers stand in mortal terror of these officials, and many of them have their malodorous stock-in-trade ready to be bexed up or bundled into a dark cellar at u moment's warning. Rotten tomatoes and bad eggs being plentiful and cheap, they are not infrequently employed as missiles when the dealers venture upon war with the guardians of the city's

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LONGING FOR REST.

I am so weary of this futile striving, And life is not the thing it was of yore; The elden joy, the happiness of living, Pulsates and stirs within my beart no

No more the olden fires of ambition The olden dreams of something to be won, Are rife within my heart. 'Twas not fruition That dulled and stifled them, but they are

No more the higher aim and aspiration Doth becken from the heights toward

which I pressed; No more the youthful blood in quick pulsa-

Doth move a heart which only longs for rest.

The flame that dreams of other days had kindled. And bade me long for years untold to live,

Into these deadened embers now hath dwindled.

And I am tired of all that life can give. My heart is empty and its idols scattered;

long at night for morn, at morn for

Vain dreams and vainer hopes alike liescattered, And peace with happiness hath taken

I do not know why life should all be dreary, With sorrows shadowed and by grief op.

I only seek, I only long for rest.

I know not why the cup was scarcely tasted Nor why an empty heart alone remains, I know not why a whole long life is wasted Till sense of loss is all that it retains,

But thou, dear God, thou knowest in my weakness I still have strength to say: "Thy will is

Submit my soul unto Thee in all meekness," And pray from Thee the boon I seek for-

-May Spencer.

"THE DALLES."

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN. He was known as "Red Pfeffermann" because his hair was of a reddish blonde ie, and he had a beautiful beard of the same color. There lived in the same place, was also Pfefferman, and who bore the same given name Avrohom, but his hair, whiskers and complexion were dark. "Red Pfefferman" was a shoemaker. He occupied with his wife and three small children a small shop, or rather the half of it, in the Judenguese. The sun never penetrated farther than the threshold, where the children used to play.

It was a damp, murky morning; it had been raining the night before; it was such weather which made people reluctant to leave their homes; a thick fog floated through the narrow street; it rose from the ground and enveloped the houses as with a gigantic wave of water; small ponds formed in front of the houses where geese and ducks enjoyed themselves and the wind howled through the chimneys. Nevertheless, Pfeffermann had put on his dilapidated slouched hat and waded through the mire to the tavern across the street.

The children had just woke up from mother picking up corn stalks and straw with which she was making a fire upon

"Mame," said the oldest of the children, a sweet little fellow, whose name was Jacob, "did you hear the noise last

'I have not heard anything," she re-"Why, our bed was shaken, Mame."

"No, Mame, I heard the noise also."

joined in little Sarah, "there was a noise as if things toppled down upon the floor; somebody screamed and cried.'

"I suppose it must have been the Dalles," said the mother, "whom you have 'The Dalles, who is he?" asked Sarah.

Little Jacob laughed out loud; it sounded like pure music in those gloomy, unfriendly rooms 'She does not know who the Dalles

Listen then -'I want Mame to tell me. Keep quiet, Jakey," and Sarah closed his mouth with her tiny hands.

"The Dalles is the Dalles," broke out fakey, with a loud laugh, "Pon't laugh, Jakey," said the mother, "the Dalles might hear you and carry on worse than ever. It is not laughable, but a matter of great sorrow

to have him in the house." "The Dalles, then, must be a bad

"No, he is a hobgoblin," fell in Jakey. "So he is; he is an evil spirit," repeated the mother, with a sigh. "Where settles down prosperity leaves. Industry, labor, ability, are all in vain: thinking and speculating go for nought; he swallows all up.

"And what does he look like?" "The harder the luck of the man with whom he has taken his abode, the rounder and fuller is the body of the

"Then our Dalles must be already very large and very stout," said little Jacob. I know something, Mame, will at last be so stout that his body will have no longer room in our chamber, and then he will leave us. Won't we have then our Shabbes Barches with raisies just as well as the children of

A bitter smile flitted across mother's "God grant it," she murmured to

"But we want to see the Palles!" The children talked the matter over amongst themselves in their own childish way. They concluded to keep awake in order to see the big.fat Dalles. And act-

in their little beds until they heard again outside a throwing down of things, screaming and crying, but their courage forsook them, and they crept quickly under the ragged covers, their teeth chatter-ing with fright. They heard the Dalles tumble down every piece of furniture; they heard their father scream, their mother cry and groan; then everything

grew still and they fell asleep. When they awoke next morning and like timid little mice peeped around cautiously, they saw their father, sitting on his low bench, working away with a good will, while their mother prepared

She had been hendsome once, and was tied in wedlock to her present husband; now her face was pale and careworn, and dark rings were visible under her dark eyes, still full of fire and expression.

When Red Pfefferman left his shop, after twilight had set in, all three children began to cry aloud.

"What are you crying about?" asked Slobe. "I have trouble enough al-ready."

Should we not cry," said Jakey, when the Dalles beats our sweet Mame during the night?" Slobe wiped her tears and left the

room to talk to some of her neighbors, who complained about the great noise which disturbed the neighborhood night after night. "I would sooner kill him," was the

grocer's wife, Madame Diamond, heard to say, "than to suffer this any longer." The children listened. "How can The children listened. "How can Mame kill him!" said little Jacob; "the is an evil spirit. You may beat the air as much as you please, and he does not feel it; and the Dalles is like the air."

When night came on, Slobe took the children to bed. It consisted of straw and a pillow filled with hay; an old, dilapidated, patched up quilt served as cover for all three. But they, nevertheless, slept very soon as quiet as the angels in heaven. They had made up their minds to keep awake again, but their eyelids became heavy; however before long they were aroused from their sleep by a terrible noise in the front of the street door, like the roaring of a wild animal. They heard their mother Slobe rise from her couch, then saw how she made a light. She evidently had made up her mind to meet the Dalles face to

"Let me jump out and take hold of his legs," whispered Jacob; "he must not be permitted to beat Mame again. I will not let him."

At that moment the door opened and a man whom the children did not know came tottering into the room. His long, gray caftan hung down in shreds; he was covered all over with mud, one of his slippers gone, his hat, of which half the brim was hanging down into his wild, red face, stuck upon his head; in one hand he held the branch of a tree, recently torn off, with which he struck furiously in every direction.

"That is him! That is the Dalles!" said Sarah, and anxiously leaned her trembling face upon Jacob's shoulder. "Don't come near me," said Slobe, with her back to the wall for protection. 'I will not let you strike me, as sure as there is a God in heaven."

"You attempt to-hiccup-threaten your lord and-hiccup-master! Slobe! Slobe! Things have came to a nice pass-you good for nothing wife, you!

"Go to bed!" "Ha! ha! ha! I am thirsty! I want something to drink. "Where is the

"I have no whisky." "Will you at once do what I say!"

And raising the stick he tottered toward her. At this moment something happened

for which nobody was prepared, not even Slobe. The three children jumped out of their bed, and between him and their mother, and then fell upon their knees and commenced to cry bitterly. "Dalles! Dalles!" cried the little fel-

low, "Take everything, only do not hurt Mame!" "Leave us our Mame, dear, darling lles!" Sarah implored, raising up Dalles!" her little farms. "She is so good, as

good as papa, who works to get our

"Sweet Dalles, don't strike Mame!" The wild man, who was not recognized by the children, stared at them for a long time, with cold, glassy eyes; the stick dropped out of his hand; he put his hand upon his forehead, as if trying to remember something which he had forgotten long ago; he then tore wildly his dishevelled hair, until the hat fell off

"The Dalles!" he repeated softly with a voice choked with emotion.

his head; he trembled all over, and

finally sank down upon the cobbler's

Then the children commenced scream out in chorus, "The Tatai?" (father) but immediately hushed and looked at him in distruction.

It was their father, the Red Pfeffer-mann; he covered his face, which had suddenly turned ghastly pale, with his hands and began to cry bitterly. For a long time atter silence prevailed in Editor-"? the little room, the children were still reprobate." upon their knees and Slobe leaned igniust the wall like a statue, Only Plefferman was heard to moan, repentog again and again the words "The Dulles

Yes, it was the Dalles. The Dalles for his wife and children. Had he not much practice during the day .- New usily the coming night they kept awake | made beggars of them ! No Shadchen Haven News,

(go-between) had persuaded him with honeyed words, his own heart had chosen the stately Slobe, with her be-witching dark eyes. Bhe had not been wealthy, but she brought, nevertheless, to her new home several hundred florins, besides linen and other things, but above all industrious hands and a loving heart. They lived so happy in the neat little store and the tidy, pleasant rooms, with the white curtains and the handsome flower pots upon the window sills. He was a diligent workman and very industrious, and their happiness was brightened when the little children came, the the leather. On the floor were scattered sweet darlings, one after the other glass splinters and broken pieces of But he had friends and they took him earthen dishes. The only chair left in out of his workshop, had allured him the room was broken, and, saddest of all, to the tavern where the wine flowed their mother's head was tied up with a and the gipsies sang, and where the piece of linen and their father's face was dirty cards kept them chained with scratched and the back of his coat was irresistible passion. The money became wings and flew away and Red Pfefferman spoke little that day, and when he did say something, he never looked at Slobe, his wife.

his temper soured: he worked less and less, and when Slobe came to him with tears in her eyes he laughed at her. Aftears in her eyes he laughed at her. After everything had been sold or pawned fresh as a rose on the bush when she and the customers remained away, they moved from place to place until they finally landed where the ragpickers, the dealers in old clothes, and the beggars crowded together. He no longer drank wine, but whiskey, so that even his former boon companions shunned his society, and only one remained, the tanner Zadek, who not infrequently made his lodgings under the trees of the prome nade or in a gutter. Though his family did not have bread, he, nevertheless, spent most of his time in the tavern. He played there, and drank, and sang vulgar ditties, and when he came home he beat his pure, innocent wife.

Yes he was "the Dalles" for all of them; he was the evil spirit who made them poor and miserable

Slobe did not disturb him now, but left him alone for a considerable while; then she stepped up to him softly and laid her arms around his neck, and he nestled his face in her bosom. Neither of them spoke a word.

Next morning, when the children woke up, Red Pfeffermann was, already seated on his bench, hard at work; his arms moved briskly, as they had not done for a long time past; he even whistled a lively tune, whilst Slobe was busy preparing some breakfast. When they all met at the table, he pressed his wife's hand and said :

"Pardon me. May the earth swallow me up alive if I drink another drop or waste another hour of the day in idleness. Pardon me now, my beloved wife, and should you ever see me turn weak again, then, in the name of God, beat me or tear out my hair and whiskers."

Slobe shook her head. "What good will that do us? But you will not leave the house without my permission, and you will give me every cent which you earn?"

"As you will have it."

Only once did Pfeffermann have a relapse, but it was sufficient for Slobe to knock at the window of the tavern and say "Abraham!" He came out at once, and after having proceeded with her homeward, a few steps, he said:

Now beat me. Slobe.

"Beat you for having followed me?" she exclaimed, and commenced to laugh merrily. "No, Abraham, you deserve a kiss for that "

And she hugged him and kissed him. Autumn came again. Pfeffermann with a large assortment of boots, such as the peasants wear, had gone to the fair. He sold them all and hurried home so as to arrive yet before Shabbes. When he came up the street, where he had been living for so long a time, the evening star just became visible, and as he was about stepping into his dingy little shop, a strange woman met him at the door. He was surprised, and on in-quiring what the matter was, she said:

"Red Pfeffermann does not live here any longer, but on the square." He hurried to the square, where all the windows were bright with the lights that shone from within the houses as if the town had been illuminated in honor of some prince; and it was a prince who had come, it was the Sabbath. Suddenly he beheld a large sign with his name on in big letters, and above a gilt boot, and from the windows of that same house shone the bright light of seven caudles. He stepped into the house and when he had opened the door his children clung to his neck, and with clamorous joy they led him through a large store into a cozy, beautiful room, with handsome furniture and white curtains, in the middle of which stood the table covered with snowwhite linen and the Sabbath lamp pending from the ceiling. Then the kitch-en door opened and Slobe came in, dressed in a comfortable fur-jacket, and a sparkling chain around her neck. But the heart which beat under her furjacket was more precious than all the ewels of the earth, and when she put the steaming dish upon the table with the delicious fish, and her white arms reached out of the wide sleeves, Abraham saw how she had regained her former comcliness.

Never before had he recited the prayer, welcoming the bride Sabbath, with greater fervor than on this evening, and when he cut the white loaves to say the benediction, two big tears dropped upon them. They were the last which he shed. The Dalles "was gone, never again to return."-Hebreic

A Great Difference. Irate Person-"See here; did you call me an 'old celibate' in your paper yes-

Editor-"No; I called you 'an old Irate Person-"Oh, that's very different."-Life.

"When I go to bed," observes a Bos-ton editor, "I always try to lie still." We have no doubt of it. He has so

HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

CELEBRATING THE CLOSE OF THE HARVEST IN GERMANY.

Lord and Peasant-Drawing the Festooned Wagon-The Pastor's

Blessing-Merry-making. In Germany, writes Mary Gorden in the New York Observer, the close of the harvest is celebrated by the "Erute-dankfest," or harvest thanksgiving. It s not a general festival like its Ameri can relative. In New England each farmer is owner and master of the bit of land from which, by the sweat of his brow, he keeps the thorns and thistles, and thus all the little proprietors may be United and centered like a composite lower, and blossom out into one general thanks giving. But in Germany the land remains chiefly in large estates, and the extent of these domains places the owners so far asunder that it would be difficult to unite them in one common idea.

Almost every castle has, nestled down just beyond the confines of its park, a little village or "dorf," where the people live who do the work, and help carry on the estate of the gentleman. Each village has its church, parsonage and school-house, but the church affairs, as well as the educational, are largely in the hands of the lord. The reudal idea was long since exploded in Germany, but when the explosion took place many particles of the o'd system remained in the air, with something of the fabulous vitality ascribed to atoms of musk, for the atmosphere about these large isolated estates is still charged with them, and they are very perceptible to one stepping into that air from the untainted, almost irreverent atmosphere of America. Everything centres in the "Herr" or lord. The dwellers in the little village regard the dwellers in the castle as a race of superior beings. Even the clergyman makes a humble classification of himself when in the presence of this representative of a long line of landed proprietors, and holds it a great honor, annually or semi-annually, to be bidden to leave his simple parsonage board and sit at the castle feast. When the nobleman and his family drive out, the peasant pauses with bared head while the carriage passes and follows it with a look of pride at the thought that he has served its proprietor so long that his grandfather served his master's grandfather, and so back through the respec-tive grandfathers of generations.

Each proprietor having many people under him-often hundreds-arranges the Harvest Festival as best suits his convenience. It is in reality a merrymaking for his retinue of servants. When the graingeld is ready to yield up its last load of treasure a large cart is drawn into the yard of one of the peasants, and the young people gather about it and trim it with wreaths, flowers and leaf-festoons. To this are attached six or eight horses likewise decked with garlands. The cart is taken to the field, ere the loading of it sport than as work. When the last sheaf has been tossed up, a pole, sur-mounted by a gay wreath, is stuck in the load, and the fanciful but heavyladen vehicle rumbles and sways on its way to the village, followed by an evergrowing crowd of women and children, When the parsonage is reached the

cart stops, the pastor comes forth with

his little black skull-cap on, and a hush falls over the merriment, while the good man returns thanks for the bounty of the harvest, and craves a bles-ing upon its use. Then the gay procession resumes its jollity, and its line of march toward its destination. The whole day, and often two, are given up to merry-making and feasting, for which many hands have been busy for days preparing the viands. One evening at least is devoted to dancing. Some large, airy barn is selected as a ball-room. The floor is swept, the walls, the hay-mows and the stalls of the cattle are profusely decorated with boughs of the linden and oak, relieved by bouquets and garlands of bright flowers. girls bring forth the treasures of their wardrobe, and appear with bright 'kerchiefs fastened tastefully over their tightly braided flaxen locks, or with an immense stiff black bow attached to the back of the head, as taste or custom die-Often a bodice is worn over a full, light waist, and these, with the bright colored short petticoats, made of heavy woolen stuff, add greatly to the pictur esqueness of the whole scene. The old village fiddler-for there seems always to bave been one in every village since the time of the Nibelungen -comes with his violin, and furnishes the music with a capacity for endurance which could have been evolved only by beer and sausage. One cannot rightly say that "the light fantastic toe" grows upon such broad, practical feet as go jumping over the barn floor. Their daily walk is ever life's roughest paths, and that in wooden shoes; but there is a spontaneous grace to youth, wherever found, and the enjoyment of the older ones, who have grown stiff in faithful service, seems not in the least marred by a sense of the lack of it. Often the servants from neighboring estates come as guests to the festivities. The sons from the castle leave their dignity for once, and are found turning the pretty peasant girl in the dance. ladies, who usually are present as specta-tors, often have a dance or two with the overseer, who is almost always a person of some culture; but as he is not noble to dance with him is a condescension for these dames, who roll their family "von" as a sweet morsel under their fongues. Schiller refers to the harvest festival in his "Song of the Bell."

Lord Churchill makes sixty gestures a minute while speaking, or half as many as a woman who is describing her new hat to her dearest friend.

It is more blessed to give than receive -advice.

Job work-cash on delivery. WAIFS OF A WORLD.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion...... \$ 1 06

One Square, one inch, three months 8 00 One Square, one inch, one year 10 00

Half Column, one year, 80 00

Marriage and death notices gratia.

One Square, one inch, one month...... \$

Long ere Columbus in the breeze unfurled His venturous sail to bunt the setting sun Long ere he fired his first exultant gun Where strange canoes all round his flagship

The unsailed ocean which the west wind curled

Had borne strange waifs to Europe, one by one.

Wood carved by Indian hands, and trees like none Which men then knew, from an untrodden world.

Oh for a walf from o'er that wider sea Whose margin is the grave, in which we

think A gem-bepebbled continent may be! But all in vain we catch upon the brink; No waif float up from black infinity, Where all who venture out forever sink.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

-The Academy.

Where does a buckboard?-Boston

It takes a handsome young boiler-maker to rivet himself for life. -N. Y. Jour-

It is very annoying to have a bald-headed barber try to sell you a bottle of his hair elixir. - Puck.

A newspaper article is headed, "Earthquake Lore." That is right, the lower the better. Pittsburg Chronicle.

A musical exchange has an article on Silent Music." The worst of it is that there is altogether too little of the artiele. - Boston Post.

Eighty-one and a quarter tons of quinine were used in this country during the past year, yet that did not prevent the shake in Charleston,—Siftings.

"I've been digging for water to the depth of fourteen or fifteen feet, but I don't seem to get along." "Well, dig forty or fifty feet, then you'll get a long well."-Rambler. Creditor-"I'd like to know when you

are going to pay that little bill of mine." Debtor-"See here, I'm not going into any details with you regarding my private affairs."- The Judge. James Whitcomb Riley has written verses to show "What Poets Know."

great many of them don't know when the tide is high in the editorial scrap basket .- Newark (N. J.) News. It makes the clothier, who sells halfcotten garments as all wool, as mad as a hornet when he finds that the grocer has

palmed cotton-seed oil on him as the genuine olive. - Philadelphia Chronicle. "It's got to come!" said the solemn man, solemnly straining away at the handle of a door. "What has got to come?" excitedly asked a dozen bystand-ers, rushing up. "Christmas!" said the solemn man, solemnly, letting go the door handle. And the bystanders rushed

down again. - Somerville Journal. "Is any one weiting on you?" inquired the polite salesman of a Westville maid-"Well, I can't hardly tell," she blushingly replied. "Sometimes I think there is, and then again I ain't certain, but Will's so sort of funny, you know, and then she blushed again and asked to look at some lace collars .- New Baven

Keeping Up Appearances.

News.

An English visitor to Persia traveled post through that country with a native servant whose duties included the preparing of his master's meals at every halting-place. The public houses of the country furnished shelter only, with not so much as a chair or a table. Even a brick floor is a luxury. How the servant magnified his office under such circumstances is told in a ludicrous way:

We carpeted down there on a divan of brick, and Ali kindled a fire. It was a foul place indeed. But Ali was never to be daunted; his little fire was soon burning at my feet, the water boiling, the canteen opened and ready; and then, in his swaggering way, out he come

"Now, zur, what you like take? What you like take you have!" But his words were mere bombast; it was only an Eastern man's opening.

However, I steadily replied: "Like roast beef, Ali, got?" "Ah, roast beef no got this day!" he would say.
"Well, like mutton, Ali, got?"
"Ah, mutton no got this day!"

"Like chicken, Ali, got?" "Ah, chicken no got this day!" and o it would end, "Got eggs." This was his usual way, and nothing that I ever said would break him of it, but, with a soberer look, each time he

would begin, "Now, zur, what you like take:" as before, as though he had really every delicacy of Persia at command. In this instance, however, it was not even "Got eggs!"

A Man's Memory. A man's memory is like a fine horse,

says Dr. M. L. Holbrook in "How to Strengthen the Memory." To do its best work it must have good treatment. It must neither be neglected nor overworked. It can easily be so abused by irregular and unsystematic employment as to become a cause of annoyance and discomfort; or, again, it can't be so overworked and heavily taxed that it becomes practically the chief organ or agent of the entire system, every other ortion dwindling in comparison. latter course is the great danger of those who value the help of a tenacious memory. Both memory and a horse are valuable, not in proportion to the burdens they can carry, but in proportion to their training for the work of a body as a whole; and either of them is made effective only by such a course of life and training as shall bring them up to their best condition and hold them there permanently.