Office in Smearbaugh & Co,'s Building

HLM STREET, TIONESTA, Pa. Terms, . - - \$1.50 per Year.

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

Ourrespondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous summinications.

A Louisville mechanic has devised an apparatus warch will discourage the giving of false alarms of fire in cities. His appliance is a pair of magnetic nippers, which grasp by the wrist the man who turns on the alarm and hold him at the box until the arrival of the fire department.

Irrigation has come into extensive use in Colorado, Ex-Governor Routt, of that State, says the people are now using shout all the water they can find in that way. "From the north line of our State to Pueblo all the water coming from the Eastern slope of the mountains is now utilized for irrigation. Not much has yet been taken from the Arkansas river. Preparations are being made to use its waters, however, and a large area will be added thereby to the arable district of the State. I do not believe irrigation by artesian wells practicable."

Ben. Perley Poore says that Mayor Hewitt, of New York, once hired an upper story in one of the caterer Wormlev's houses, Washington. He had three bedrooms, and would wander from one to the other in hope of finding sleep in the third that would not come in the first or second. The first night he was kept awake by dogs, the second night by cats, and the third night by birds. The fourth day Wormley said to him: "Mr. Hewitt, I have killed the dogs, and I have hopes of getting rid of the cats, but the birds are beyond me."

A gentleman who has resided in the Yellowstone National Park for many years, and is well acquainted with its condition, says that "the game in the park is increasing, watte the number of risitors increases. At the present time there are two herds of buffalo, aggrerating about 130; there are about 900 elk, 700 or 800 mountain sheep, fifty moose, several hundred antelope, 00 black-tail deer, the streams contain many beaver, streams and lake full of trout, mountain lions are frequently t with, wildcats and lynx quite andant, otter, martin and minks quite entiful."

Says the Detroit Free Press: The sypnotic cure" succeeds the faith cure. e patient and a healthy friend are mesrized together and the former's ailent is transferred or "drawn off" to the atter. Whether the healthy friend asnts readily to the proceeding does not pear from any report thus far made, e difficulty in duding a willing recipat in most cases would constitute, one mid think, an insuperable obstacle. If projectors can only adapt the system transference of disease from the human ing to members of the animal kingdom will be a great blessing, especially in ses of irresistable impulse. It will be ne in mind, however, that in this m the "hypnotic cure" would be no velty. There is record in the New stament of its use nearly 2,000 years

Probably the most unsociable and exclusive resident of Hamilton County, Ohio, is James Rudisile, of Miami Township. For nearly a quarter of a century he has never been beyond the limits of a farm of 170 acres, and shows no disposition either to visit the outside world or to cultivate his more immediate neighbors. He lives alone in a dilapidated log hut, which clearly shows the marks of time, with absolutely no other company than a vicious yellow dog and a dozen or more low-bred barnyard fowls. His life has been such a solitary one that he has become an object of curiosity to the good people of Cleves and North Bend, and for years the reason of his seclusion has been a subject for speculation among them. He is known as the Hermit of the Whitewater

Writing from Mexico a correspondent of the Philadelphia Record says there are innumerable ruined cities buried deep in the wildernesses of that country and Central America, "which still await in silence the coming of the explorer; there are hundreds of deserted temples and crumbling pyramids which were built so far back in the twilight of time that no traditions remain of the builders. In Yucatan alone no less than sixty-seven prehistoric cities have been discovered, despite the fact that this wildest territory of Mexico presents almost insurmountable obstacles to the traveler in the way of warlike savages and trackless deserts whose hot sands outrival Sahara. Even the all-conquering Spaniards never succeeded in making much impression upon the Mayas of Yucatan, and to this day there are aboriginal tribes in the interior still flourishing as before the conquest, but so powerful and bloodthirsty are they that no European who has ventured within their domain has returned to tell the story."

# Che Forest Republican.

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WOULD WE RETURN?

If once the gates which close upon the past Were opened wide for us and if the dear

Remembered pathway stretched before us

To lead us back to youth's lost land at last, Whereon life's April shadows lightly east Recalled the old sweet days of childish fear With all their faded hopes and brought amour

The far-off streams in which our skies were ginased:

Did these lost dreams which wake the soul's sad yearning But live once more and waited our return-

Would we return?

Would we return If love's enchantment held the heart no

And we had come to count the wild sweet

pain. The fond distress, the lavish tears-but vain: Had cooled the heart's hot wounds amidst

the roar Of mountain gales, or, on some alien shore

Worn out the soul's long anguish and had alnin At last the dragon of despair-if then the

train Of vanished years came back, and, as of

The same voice called, and with soft eyes beguiling.

Our lost love beckoned, through time's gray veil smiling,

Would we return?

Would we return

Once we had crossed to death's unlovely land And trod the bloomless ways among the dond

Lone and unhappy: after years had fled With twilight wings along that glimmer-

ing strand, If then-an angel came with outstretched

hand To lead us back, and we recalled in dread

How soon the tears that once for us are shed May flow for others-how like words in Our memory fades away-how oft our wak-

Might vex the living with the dead beart's

breaking. Would we return,-

Would we return! -Robert Burns Wilson, in Century.

## THE GENERAL'S STORIES.

excellent than true.

SCENE—Bachelors' Mess at Fort Bowle, Arizona, Time—A Winter Night. The General, a Veteran of the Civil War, and an Old Forty-niner, speaks.

Yes, there are many, a great many,

Now, Lieutenant

good stories told by pioneers, some more

D., down there at the other end of the

table, has a father who tells very many excellent stories, and he tells them so often at the Pioneer Society's dinners that I imagine he is beginning to believe them himself. I have never told this story before. It will explain why a common stovepipe, like the one coming out of that stove in the corner, is always a grim reminder, in my eyes, of early California days. A few years after our occupation of the State, I was stationed in Southern California, near Los Angeles, and one afternoon I strolled out to the scene of the Los Angeles massacre, in which a friend of mine, a young officer, and some enlisted men had been killed by the Mexicans some time before. While endeavoring to get a good idea of the position occupied by our troops I accidentally stirred up the earth with my shoe, and looking down I saw something glisten I ke gold in the sun. I picked it up and found it to be a human inger bone, and still on it the West Point class ring of my dead friend, marked with his name and the date of his graduation. I had visited his family in New England, so I wrote to them, inclosing their boy's ring and explaining how it had come into my possession. In the course of time I received a very grateful answer, requesting me, if I ould identify the young man's remains, to have them disinterred and sent home I found the remains and shipped them, nicely boxed, to the Depot Quartermaster, then in San Francisco, re uesting him to hold them, as I would come along in a month myself and re-ship them. In due time I received another kind letter announcing the arrival of the remains, and the family seemed not able to thank me enough for what had been no trouble to me at all. Later on, having been granted a leave of absence, which I was reading a paper from my home, and it lavished no color upon them because. spending in the East, I found myself in New York City and I received an invitation to visit the family again. So one Saturday morning I started and reached the lovely old homestead, which was beautifully situated in a New England town, I was hospitably received. On the following morning, Sunday, I was taken to the little cemetery and shown my friend's grave, over which had been erected a beautiful marble monument, inscribed with his name, military history. and the date and manner of his death. After a delightful visit I left, and my leave being up, I received orders to proceed to San Prancisco to report for duty as Depot Quartermaster. In those days Quartermasters, when relieving each other, were very careful to see that all public property receipted for, e en to the last bolt, was there in the storehouse. before touching a pen to the receipts relieving the other from responsibility. The amount of property was great, and it took me four days to verify it according to the invoices. On the invoices were some original boxes of stovepipes, that is to say, some which had never been opened. While going around with the Quartermaster-Sergeant, on the after-

noon of the fourth day, we came to the

boxes of stovospipes. Being original packages, I did not order them to be

them slightly in order to see if they were me, for I think a boy who would do A WONDERFUL FORMATION. of the proper weight. I had moved six-that would grow to be a man too good teen or seventeen of them, when one seemed to be unusually light, and I directed the Sergeant to open it. He did so; raised the lid of the box slightly, and oked in. Insticed him quickly drop the lid and start back with a frightened lo k on his face, and I said: "What's the matter, Sergeant, i-n't it all right!" 'No, sir, there's no stovepipes in there,' he half gasped out. I said: "What is there in the box?" He said: "There's bones, human bones, sir. I saw a skull." The truth then flashed across my mind. I had made a mistake and had shipped the wrong stovepipe box to the old homestead in New England. I paid the Government the price of one box of stovepipes, gave the old Quartermaster a full receipt, had the remains nicely buried in San Francisco, and until this moment I have never breathed it. But a lovely white marble monument in that pretty little New England town marks the last resting place of my box of stovepipes.

II.

I have not, so far, given Lieuteant D.'s father, a reputation for veracity in his stories. The mention of the Vigilance Committee a few moments ago reminds me of one on him which will illustrate his character in another respect. In 1850 he was in a mining camp then Placerville. Hangtown was well named. for it was the headquarters of the Vigilance Committee in that portion of the State, and more hangings of lawless than in any other village, town, or city on earth. The little community had long suffered from horse and mule thieves. but the scoundrels were so adroit and knew the country so well that they were seldom captured. Once in a while, feeling secure, one would become indiscreet or unwary and would be captured and then finally a determined effort was made. and he was captured while riding away on another man's mule. He was brought to camp, pleaded not guilty, but was morning. D., who was a member of the guard the fellow during the night.

One by one the tired miners went to Night settled down, and D. was left sitting on a box, his rifle across his knees, while the outlaw was bound securely with ropes and tied with his back along toward midnight D. lighted a candle and began reading a Cincinnati newspaper in an endeavor to make the long ours pass quickiy. The camp was in a tall pine forest-the treetops so close toseen miners, rolled up in their blankets. fast asleep on the ground. A few smoldering fires still gave a little light; now and then a momentary flame would shoot up from one of them, brightening the dark night but little, and then through the gloom could be seen D. guarding the prisoner. All was quiet. D. was readng home news, when the prisoner, who had seen the name of the paper, printed in large type at the top of the page, broke the silence by saying in a low

"Stranger, will you let me say a few words to you? I've got only a few hours, and I want to speak to you a little.

"Yes," answered D., in a surly tone, "go on."

"Do you hail from Cincinnati, my friend. I see you are reading a Cincinnati newspaper, and that was my home, and I would like to ask you, if you ever go back that way, to tell a little lie for me, and say I had been killed fighting the Indians, for it would break my poor old father's heart if he heard the truth."

"I'll do it." answered D. "But don't call me your friend."

man talked D. wondered where he had ing outlaw, his face hardened by exposure and dissipation, could still be en the likeness of the schoolboy who had run away from home to California.

calling you my friend, but you were seemed to me I had seen you before. Did you go to the Jesuits' school in Cincinnati when you were a little boy, for your face reminds me of a youngster I think? I remember him very well, because one day he was being but lied by a bigger boy; he was delicate and couldn't defend himself, and I

turned in and laid the bully out." 'Yes, Bill, " said D., "I was the boy and I remember it all. But I am sorry to see you where you are. I didn't think you had gone so low, And now, Bill, you have got to die in the morning, and if you have any messages that you want to send home you had better give them to me, for your time is short. I will necessary I will cover it up with a thou-

sand more." After remaining in silence for some time and evidently in deep thought, D. "Bill, do you think after this experien e, if you were free again, that you would lead a decent life and "Yes," said be ome a good citizen." Hill. "I would, but there's no show for

me now. Well, Bill, if you will promise me faithfully that you will never steal again. that you will always try to do right, I will let you go, in remembrance of the opened, but satisfied myself by moving time when you licked that bully to save fully in preventing diseases.

to hang."

it and save yourself, for they might hang you in my place, and I would rather stay and take my medicine than A do that,"

"Never mind about that, Bill. Talk low and we will arrange the plan. I will cut your ropes and give you my knife. In the morning I will be found asleep, my knife taken, and you gone. When you go down the caynon take my mule. Be sure about it, for my life may depend on that. He is the dun-colored one near the stream; he wears a horse-hair halter. You can't miss him, but be careful. Then make your way north, Bill, sell the and deposit the money to my mule, credit in San Francisco." The ropes were cut and Bill was free, and, while thanking D. and nearly crushing his hand in saying good-bye, D. said to him: "Bill, I want to ask you one question more—did you steal that mule?" "Yes, I did, Frank. Good bye and God bless you for this." He made his way stealthily down the canyon and was off.

As morning dawned in the camp and the miners began stirring, they naturally looked to see their prisoner. There was D. fast asleep on the ground, his knife taken, the ropes cut and lying at the foot of the tree, and the prisoner gone. There was great excitement. Two or three ran called Hangtown, but now known as to D., roughly shook him, and, with much profanity, asked him if he knew the cuss had escaped. D. rubbed his eyes in a sleepy sort of way, jumped to his feet excitedly, and told the miners characters were going on there per hour that the prisoner must have seen him fall to sleep, then had carefully taken his knife without waking him, cut his ropes and gone. The men were very much enraged. D. was made a prisoner. Some went so far as to say that D. ought to swing in the outlaw's place, and from being the best liked man in camp he became an object of contempt. He seemed tried before a court of vigilantes. The to feel very badly; he looked morti-leader of this gang of thieves had never fied, and heartbroken over his been caught, and things got so bad that trouble. A pursuing party had been finally a determined effort was made, sent out, but Bill had three hours' start, and it soon came back unsuccessful, but with the agreeable news that the outlaw had stolen D.'s mule, and they sentenced to be hanged on the following morning. D., who was a member of the Vigilance Committee, was detailed to he was soon released with a severe reprimand for his carelessness. But as D. told me afterward, once or twice he was pretty anxious, for he did not know what his enraged comrades would do.

A month ago I saw D. in New York. where he now resides, and in the course to a tree only a few feet away. The over-land mail had arrived that day, and of our conver-ation I said to him: "As a matter of curiosity, D., did you ever get your money for your mule?" "Yes," snid D., "about six months later the sum of \$250 was deposited to my credit in San Francisco by a person unknown gether that they shut out any light from to the bank, and five years later," conthe stars. Here and there could be tinued D., going to the safe and handing me a letter, "I received this letter, which I have always kept as proof that Bill was good a man to nang:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, —, Jan. 4, 1856. DEAR FRIEND FRANK: I made my er My DEAR FRIEND FRANK: I made my escape as you know, and sold your mule for \$225. It was the best I could do, Frank. I got the money and scraped together \$25 more and left it in San Francisco for you. The \$25 was for the use of the mule—he was a good one. I then came here and have stayed. I am one. I then came here and have stayed. I am well off and am respected as a good citizen, as shown by my election as Mayor last year. as shown by my election as Mayor last year.

You saved my life, my dear friend, when
I deserved to die, so don't be offended,
Frank, when I tell you that if you or yours
are ever in want of a home or need a dollar
you can always have mine and always count on every cent I have in the world. Yo grateful friend, WILLIAM S.

I finished the letter and looked at D., whose eyes were moist as he said: "Yes, and that man is one of the most prominent, respected, and influential citizens in the Northwest to-day,"-New York Times.

## The Color of Birds' Eggs.

Many birds make their nests in lofty trees or on the edges of precipitous cliffs. Of these, the eagles, vultures, and crows are conspicuous examples. They are, for the most part, too powerful to be Something familiar in the prisoner's afraid of the marauding magpie, and voice struck D., however, and as the only fear the attacks of beasts of prey, among whom they doubtless classify the heard that voice before, and finally human race. They rely for the safety of settled on the man as Bill S., who had their eggs on the inaccessible positions been a big boy and in a higher class at of the nest. Many of them also belong St. Francis Xavier's College when he to a still larger group of birds who rely himself was a little boy there. And in for the safety of their eggs upon their the tall, broad-shouldered, brawny-look- own ability, either singly, in pairs, or in colonies, to defend them against all aggressors. Few colonies of birds are more interesting than those of herons, cormorrants, and their respective allies. These "Excuse me," said the prisoner, "for birds lay white or nearly white eggs. Nature, with her customary thrift, has apparently, it would have been wasted effort to do so; but the eggs of the guillemot are a remarkable exception to this rule. Few eggs are more gorgeously I knew there whose name was D., Frank colored, and no eygs exhibit such a variety of color. It is impossible to suppose that protective selection can have produced colors so conspicuous on the white edges of the chalk cliffs; and sexual selection must have been equally powerless. It would be too ludicrous a suggestion to suppose that a cock guillemot fell in love with a pinin-colored hen because he remembered that last season she laid a gay-colored egg. It cannot be accident that causes the guillemot's eggs to be so handsome and so varied. In the case of birds breeding in holes se tell the lie you asked me to tell, and if cure from the prying eyes of the maranding magpie, no color is wasted where it

The more deeply nature is studied, the more certain seems to be the conclusion that all her endless variety is the result of evolution. It seems also to be more and more certain that natural selection is not the cause of evolution, but only its guide. Variation is the cause of evolution, but the cause of variation is unknown-Nature.

Recent observations suggest that perfumes and odors of flowers operate power-

"But Frank," said Bill, "can you do PECULIAR BACTERIAN GROWTH ON A YOUNG GIRL.

> Frog Growing on the Side of the Little Maid's Head-The Mother's Story.

A recent number of the St. Louis Reublican says: Dr. E. Younkin, the wellknown practitioner and editor of the n Medical Journal, returned yesterday from a professional trip to Illinois, wherein he was confronted with one of the most remarkable cases in the history of medical practice. To a Republican reporter the doctor last night gave the folowing account of the case; "A few days ago I was called into Illinois, eighty miles south of St. Louis, and on learning that there was a peculiar case of 'mother's mark' in the vicinity, I determined to go and see it. When I reached the country home, I was shown a pretty, vivacious maiden of ten summers, with a mischievous sparkle in her young eyes, and someting sitting on her head bearing a strong resemblance to a frog or toad. The little girl was perfectly formed and had never been seriously ill and was pretty, but at the sight of this ill-formed monster's head, looking out from the seat of reason, one's first impulse is to shrink from it and shudder as one brought suddenly to confront a reptile. I drew near, however, and examined and was convinced. Near the top of the head, on the left parietal bone, there was a patch destitute of hair, in the centre of which was situated the toad. I looked again and it appeared more like a frog when it floats on the smooth surface of the water, with its head and shoulders

in sight." "Has it eyes, legs and a mouth?"
"Well, the front half of the little animal was above the general contour of the scalp, but the legs seemed to be buried in the cranium, just as they would be in water if the animal was swimming. The head and mouth are well defined, but the eyes are missing," "You say the mouth is well defined?"

"Yes, sir; I opened it with my own fingers, and felt almost afraid it would bite me, although the teeth were not There was a mucous substance perceptible, that added much to its natturalness, and left an impression that it could eat, just the same as any other mouth."

"What is the exact position of this additional head on the child's head?" "It is situated on the left side, on the parietal bone, rather near the top of the head, and when one sits on the right side of the little girl and looks at the frog, it looks for all the world as if it contemplated springing directly into the beholder's face."

"How large is this bacterian growth?" "At present it is about half the size of the natural frog or toad, and for half an inch around its body there is a smooth, epithelial border, destitute of the hairy the head was covered with a thick covering of auburn hair, and the little girl seemed even prouder of her 'toady.' she called it than she did of her beautiful locks,"

"Of what color is the frog?" "The color is that of the true skin, but the parents informed me that during a wet or rainy time, or seasons of even cloudy weather, it turned a little purple, as if wanting to take to water, its natural element.

"Is the sense of touch communicated freely from this to the brain?"

'Yes, the sympathy is complete, and a probe or a puncture of 'toady' produces pain as instantly as would be caused by touching any other member." "Do you think this 'incubus' can be removed, or has it a vascular connection that would make that operation unsafe?"

"It has no vascular connection, as is often the case in sim lar freaks, but can be removed at any time without danger. I offered to remove it, and guaranteed complete and speedy restoration, but the little girl objected to parting with her pet, and some country physicians had told her parents that it would not be safe to remove it, and so they objected."

"How do you explain this curiosity?" "Well, sir, it has long been a question among the medical fraternity as to whether there was any such thing as a mother's mark,' and I have heretofore been a doubting Thomas, but since I have seen this, and heard the mother's story, I will come down off the fence and admit that it is possible for the mental to make a lasting impression upon the physical nature.

"What is the mother's story?" "Simply this: She states that while walking through a wood, she accidentally stepped on a tond, which gave her a great tright. She was at the time barefoot, and at first thought it was a snake. As she looked down she saw the toad sticking half way from beneath her foot, with its head protruding. This was undoubtedly the reason of the mark on the head of the child,"

## A Suail Race.

I'm told that a foolish Frenchman, as a new amusement for his idleness, has invented the sport of smail racing, course a a long, smooth board, at the end of which is a lighted candle. the room is darkened the snails naturally begin to creep along the board toward the flame. To make the race more interest no various obstacles are placed across the board, and the fastest susils, so to speak, are burdened with This sort of thing may pellets of clay. do to amuse a Frenchman whose time hangs heavy on his hands, but the best evense for it that I've heard is a verse supposed to come from the snails themselves. Here it is:

Our motto is "Festina lente." And it's better than ten out of twenty; For the later you start and the slower you The sooner you'll learn who is beaten, you

-St. Nichelas

## All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-terly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in savance.

Marriage and death notices gratia.

Job work-cash on delivery.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one invertion ...... 1 04 One Square, one inch, one month...... 8 00

One Square, one inch, three months, ...... 200

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

UP-HILL Does the road wind up-hill all the way? Yes, to the very end. Will the day's journey take the whole long

From morn to night, my friend. But is there for the night a resting place! A roof for when the slow, dark hours be

May not the darkness hide it from my face? You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I mest other wayfarers at night!

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock or call when just in

They will not keep you standing at the

door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak! Of labor you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yes, beds for all who come, -Chistina Rosetti.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The cradle of liberty is as solid as its

The most popular trade mark-\$ .-Merchant Traveler.

Who wants a chest protector most?-

A miser. — Boston Courier. The buzz-saw has an off hand way

with new acquaintances. - Boston Bulle A mustard plaster is very sympathet-

tic. When it can't do anything else for you it draws your attention .- Burlington Free Press. After rolling all night in his berth the

steward got a boot thrown at him when he asked the sick passenger if he would have a roll for breakfast. Men curse the wind so chill and raw

That brings the fleecy storm, And then when things begin to thaw They kick because it's warm. —Merchant Traveler. Teacher: The wisest man that ever lived said: "There is nothing new under

the sun." Little Boy (enthusiastically): But I'll bet they never had a baby at his house? A poet has written some lines entitled "I Owe No Man a Dollar." This, if true,

is conclusive evidence that he is engaged in some other business than writing poetry. - Norristown Herald, An up-town merchant said to a farmer: "A dollar will go farther than it

use to." "Yes," the farmer quickly replied, "and it makes the distance in quicker time."—Hudson Republican.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The painter bold winds slowly o'er the lea,
And, as he goes, on fences doth display
"Take Jenkins' pills and from all ills be

-St. Louis Magazine, Jay Gould is said to have gone through

life leisurely. Indeed he has. It has taken him fifty-two years to get this far, and we know pienty of people who reached 1887 in less than half that time. They say that a man can leave an um-

brella out doors in Norway and find it there at any time. This does not show so much that the people are positively honest as it does that they seldom have rain in Norway. - New Haven News.

"What kind of cake do you call that!" asked a young husband at the tea-table. "Sponge cake, is it." what kind of cake did you think it "I thought it might be stomach cake " 'You are real mean, so you are.' -Tid-Bits.

The bull-dog in the show, whose part it was to seize the villain by the throat and hold on for dear life, succeeded at Cincinnati the other night in dragging from under the player's collar the piece of liver which coaxed him on, taking it before the footlights, he sat down and quietly ate it, while the villain escaped.

### Coal in the Metropolis, Oscar W. Riggs says in the New York

Mail and Express: Nearly all the coal brought to New York comes in canal

boats carrying 100 tons, or in cars from fifteen to twenty tons. This coal is not delivered in New York except to retail-The railroad cars and canal boats ers. are first unloaded at some one of the numerous coal depots on the New Jer ey shore. It is sent over to the city in canal boats as a rule, though to some extent in cars. Some of the retailers do a very extensive business, having from ten to twenty different offices. There are many brokers who, while ostensibly dealers themselves, are really supplied from retailers, from whom they receive a commission. The poor in tenements, having no place in which to store coal, are obliged to buy it by the pail, and are thus forced forced to pay about double the usual price by the ton. Cheap flats and some of the tenements are supplied in cloth bags holding 100 pounds; there bags obviate the sprinking of coal dust on the stairs and the rooms, and are really a useful invention; the quantity of coal they contain usually costs about thirty cents, but this price was doubled recently by reason of the cearcity. The companies in the Pennsylvania coal combination produce in the aggregate =2,000,000 tons annu-New York, Philadelphia and Boston are the great coal markets. Philadelphia, though nearer the coal fields, has at times had to pay quite higher prices than the other two cities, the tax hus levied on its citizens by the corporations which they themselves created amounting in one year, it is estimated, to \$3,780,000. This resulted from the lower rates of freight granted to the more distant market. An inoniry two years ago showed that Philadelphia, at a distance of only ninety miles from the cont fields, paid a retail price of \$6.50 per ton; New York, 120 miles away, paid only \$5.50: Baltimore, 188 miles distant, paid \$6, and Boston, still stranger to say, though 354 miles away, paid only \$5.74 per ton.