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RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion.....\$ 1 00 One Square, one inch, one month..... 3 00 One Square, one inch, three months..... 7 00 One Square, one inch, one year..... 20 00 Two Squares, one year..... 35 00 Quarter Column, one year..... 20 00 Half Column, one year..... 15 00 One Column, one year..... 10 00 Legal advertisements extra charge for lines over 10 lines. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

Of five people, who on their dying beds last year confessed to great crimes, only one told the truth. In the other cases it was shown that the "confessors" could not possibly have had anything to do with the crimes.

There is a depression in the English marriage market. Population is increasing, but marriages are decreasing. Divorces are increasing. The Registrar General decides these vexed questions: Is a divorced husband a widower or a bachelor? Is a divorced wife a widow or a spinster? They are bachelor and spinster, he says.

The Industrial Gazette of St. Louis makes the announcement that there has just been uncovered near Tuscaloosa, Ala., a bed of hematite iron ore, six to ten feet thick, which analyzes sixty-two and one-half per cent. of metallic iron, and is believed to be the most extensive and valuable deposit of the kind in the United States.

The Boston and Maine, the Eastern, the Boston and Lowell and the Fitchburg railroads have decided to erect a mammoth union station in Boston. The cost of the proposed structure will be in the vicinity of \$5,000,000. Sixteen tracks will be run into the building, and a room for 200 passenger cars will be provided.

Correspondent in Berlin says that the general house servant in Germany is not to be envied. Work begins often long before daybreak and continues sometimes till past midnight. The floors must be scrubbed every other day and the windows washed every week; for this a broom is not down, but a brush is the article used. All the arduous duties which she performs the servant gets only sixty cents a week.

The Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society furnishes this data of the proportion of the world's population devoted to religious faith and to heathen darkness: "Protestants, 116,000,000; Greek church, 2,000,000; Catholics, 190,000,000; Mohammedans, 170,000,000; 8,000,000 Hebrews and 850,000,000 heathens." There's plenty of missionary work left for all the churches.

Two well-known cattlemen of Henrietta, Texas, have contracted with a firm in Montreal, Canada, to furnish them by June 1st, 6,000 head of cattle from yearlings to six-year old cows for \$90,000. The cattle are to be used for breeding purposes. The Galveston News says that this is the first sale of cattle ever made direct to Canadian buyers, and Texans believe that it will develop into a brisk trade.

In answer to the question, "What speed is attained by the fastest steamer in the world?" the New York Sun replies: "The ordinary good torpedo boats in foreign navies make about twenty-two miles an hour over the measured mile. There are a few, including the American boat Stiletto, that can make twenty-five miles an hour. The fastest boat in the world is the French torpedo boat Ouragan. She is credited with about twenty-nine miles an hour. At that rate she would move as fast as ordinary passenger trains between New York and Chicago average."

The Scottish Geographical Magazine, contains an interesting paper by Sir Charles Warren on the present condition of Palestine. Though not very hopeful in tone, it asserts that the influx of Europeans is altering the country for the better. There are "places where cultivation has been fostered by societies, and where the whole climate has altered." The plains are in great danger from the vast billows of sand which are gradually rolling inwards from the sea. In the north they are thirty to forty feet high, while in the south they have reached the height of several hundred feet, and have quite covered up the old land of Goshen.

If any person fond of travel has a fancy to explore a savage country it may be wise to first estimate the cost. The luxury comes high. It has been estimated that the average expense incurred by exploring parties in Africa is over \$15 a mile. Stanley's trip across the continent is said to have cost about \$60,000. Dr. Holub, who was recently killed while working his way from South Africa to the Great Lakes, took with him an outfit that cost \$25,000. The money expended by most important expeditions varies from \$10,000 to \$40,000. An explorer's force of porters and other native assistants varies from about forty to 250 souls. Mr. Stanley's present expedition includes about 1,000 persons, and his traveling outfit and trade goods have cost something over \$100,000.

THE WAY OF IT. This is the way of it the wide world over: One is beloved, and one is the lover; One gives and the other receives. One lavishes all in a wild emotion, One offers a smile for a life's devotion; One hopes, and the other believes. One lies awake in the night to weep, And the other drifts into a sweet sound sleep. One soul is aflame with a God-like passion, One plays with love in an idler's fashion; One speaks, and the other hears. One sobs: "I love you," and wet eyes show it, And one laughs lightly and says: "I know it." With smiles for the other's tears. One lives for the other and nothing beside, And the other remembers the world is wide. This is the way of it, sad earth over; The heart that breaks is the heart of the lover, And the other learns to forget. For what is the use of endless sorrow? Though the sun goes down, it will rise to-morrow, And life is not over yet. Oh! I know this truth, if I know no other, That Passionate Love is Pain's own mother. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox

HAD HE A HEART? BY A. D. HALLIE. "I'm tired now, and sleepy too, Come put me in my little bed." So she softly sang, and then she gasped and rubbed her eyes. "O, Willie Moore, if I had you here I'd comb your little head for you with a three-legged stool, I would, you rascal. Two o'clock in the morning, packing not half done, and your precious wife with her back broke." Thus groaned sleepy, tired little Henrietta Moore (nee Henrietta Miles), professionally known as Mlle. Henrietta Millestroll, late of the Theatre. A little over seventeen years of age, slight but perfect in form, with a pure, fresh complexion, blooming cheeks, clear, blue eyes, and movements of free, undulating grace and flowing ease, with irregular features and changeable expression, which would have delighted an artist and driven a photographer to despair, she was a sprightly little beauty to gladden the eyes of those who loved a good, pretty face. The room in which she waited for her husband was by no means tidy. Two half-packed trunks stood open; upon the bed and floor dresses and coats, shirts and skirts, lay scattered in confusion. William Moore, just of age, inclined to be fast, good-looking, soft of heart and head, until lately a bookkeeper in a commission house, had a week before married this child of the theatre for love thereby pleasing himself, gaining his idol, and losing the friendship of his highly respectable relations and his situation—for which he cared little. The young couple were to start on the morrow in the noonday train for Chicago, where William was to invest the \$2,500 just paid into the bank subject to his order, his portion of his father's estate, with an established firm in whose house he was also to fill the position of book-keeper.

He had gone out early in the evening to have a farewell supper with some friends. It was 2 o'clock, a. m., and he had not yet returned. Henry (she was always called Henry) gaped again, and then seizing a pretty little gray traveling bonnet (just new) from the bed, she went through, for the twentieth time, with the "trying-on" process. She heard the front door shut and listened; the step upon the stairs was slow and dragging. "Tain't Willie," she sighed, and turned again to the mirror. The door of the room was thrown open. "Why, Willie!" It was her husband. He entered the room in silence, his dress disordered, his face pale, and his hands trembling. He sank into a chair and looked at her in despairing sadness. He had been drinking, but was nearly sober now. The wife began:

"You're real mean to go and leave me all night by myself and go get tight, and all the packing to do yet; it's shame of you, so it is." "All right, Henny. Pitch into me! Go ahead! But you needn't pack any more. We can't go!" "Needn't pack any more! Can't go!" she echoed, with surprise. "Why not?" "Cause I'm dead broke; lost every rap. There! now it's out!" he said, dashing his hat on the floor. She turned on him fiercely:

"William Moore, do you mean to tell me, after all you promised me, that you've been—" and a look finished the question. "Pitch into me—pitch in, Henny," he groaned; "I started for only one game after supper, and kept on and on, and—now it's all gone, every rap!" and, poor, weak sinner, the tears began to fill his eyes. "Will Moore, you're a—," commenced the wife; but, looking at him, the big, good-looking boy of a husband that she loved so well, the harsh words died upon her lips, and she went and sat upon his knee and cuddled him, saying:

"Oh, Willie, I'm so sorry. I had hoped so much—so much—and now it's all over;" and she gave a deep, sobbing sigh. "Is it all gone, Willie? Who was it?" she asked, after a time. "Cleaned out; every cent," he answered. "After supper I'd been drinking some, and Chick Lawton proposed a game—and I didn't think of what I'd promised you—and I didn't lose much; I'd have won every cent back, sure, only old D. D. came in, and he roped in and took a hand; and he's got my check for every cent we have in the world. Oh, Henny, I don't care for myself; it's you I'm thinking of, and that makes me nearly crazy."

"You ought to have thought of me before it was too late, Willie." "I know, Henny; but it was only a little game with Chick. He wouldn't have taken it all from me like old D. D., when he saw I was tight. Chick's a good fellow—everybody says so—but old D. D. has no more heart than a turnip." "Hearts and good fellows! Don't talk to me!" said the little wife, sharply. "Chick Lawton has no more heart than I don't know what. I know more about Chick Lawton than you do Willie. He's a scoundrel, that's what he is. But I didn't think Mr. Dodge would have done it; I thought better of him." "He's got no heart, Henny, D. D. hasn't; you ask Chick if he has," groaned Willie. "Oh, bother! Chick! I wouldn't speak to the rascal. Mr. Dodge can treat one like a lady, and that's more than your Chick-chicken-hearted-Lawton can do," answered the wife.

And then for a long time they were silent; finally the brave, self-reliant, child wife said to her boy husband: "Willie, will you promise me, once more, never to drink or play another card?" "Henny, dear," he answered, like a repentant schoolboy, "if you'll only forgive me this time I'll never drink or play a card again, so help me God!" "Good boy! then kiss the book," and she held up her bright red lips. "And now, Willie, let's get some sleep, and to-morrow we'll attend to everything. All this finery we've bought to cut a dash with in Chicago we'll either pawn or sell, and we'll go to New York or somewhere, and you can get something to do, or I can get an engagement and go back to the old business."

Soon all was dark and silent in the room. The man slept, but the little wife prayed, as well as she could, to Him to give us this day our daily bread, and that the husband whom she loved, and for whom she was willing to work and save, might have strength to keep his renewed pledges. In the morning Henry, sharp little business woman that she was, with a loving kiss hurried Willie off to find some one who would buy her new useless finery, which, with a sigh, she proceeded to arrange. She was a woman; it was a sore task to part with the pretty dresses just bought. As she was kneeling at her trunk there came a tap upon the door. "Come in!" she cried.

A man entered; it was Delos Dodge, professional gambler. Henry started to her feet and faced him, looking like a little fury. Delos Dodge had nothing of the reverend character which the title D. D. that his associates bestowed upon him would have indicated, unless it might be his appearance. Faultlessly dressed, with no display of jewelry, a smooth, pale face, and quiet deportment that nothing was ever known to disturb, a white neck-tie, would have transformed him, so far as looks went, into a modern minister of the gospel. But the spare chin and firm mouth and the cold, fixed glare of his eye showed "old D. D." to be a man that it would not do to affront; a few men risked his anger, and most of them lived to regret it.

He entered the room and closed the door, and then said, most politely: "I beg your pardon for disturbing you, Mrs. Moore, but the servant informed me that your husband was here. I wish to see him. Busy packing to start, I see." Then Henry—poor Henry—poured out upon him, the man who robbed her husband, her heaped-up wrath: "Packing to go 'way, you impudent villain! You know that we can't go 'way when you robbed—yes, robbed—my poor Willie, after making him drunk, of every cent he had in the wide world. Oh, how I hate you! And you have the insolence to come here, after all, and look me in the face and ask me about going 'way. You'd like to see the poor boy starve, all of you—that's what you want. But I'll spite you. I'll work for him—work for him, yes, till I drop dead."

Henry stopped to take breath, and then Delos Dodge spoke calmly and quietly: "Mrs. Moore, please listen to me for a few moments. Your husband is young, and rather foolish and weak, but I like him, and I like and respect you; you are an honest, good girl. I went to our rooms last night, and found your husband, decidedly the worse for liquor, playing with Mr. Lawton. Mr. Moore had lost all his ready money, and applied to me to cash his check for a considerable amount. I knew what would happen, and forced myself into the game much to the disgust of the others. In three hours I had your husband's checks for \$2,500 in my possession. Here they are," continued D. D., producing them from his vest pocket. "I came here this morning, trusting to find Mr. Moore alone. You will do as well. What I now do with these checks you will please tell me; it would ruin my enviable reputation." And Delos Dodge, the gambler, with a low laugh as he tore the checks in small bits and scattered the pieces on the floor of the staring, astonished little wife.

"Oh, D. D.—Mr. Dodge, I mean—How can I thank you?" she cried. "By saying nothing of this to any one and get your husband. Pack up now and get him away from here, and tell him from me to drop the drink and the play; he hasn't the head for either. And, now, good-by, Mrs. Moore, and a pleasant journey and good fortune to you," and he held out his hand. "Please forgive me for what I said, won't you?" she begged. "Oh, certainly; 'twas but natural, and did you good. Good-by," and again he held out his hand. She looked up at him. If her friends had heard of what she next did, they would have said: "That's just Henny all over." She reached up, put her arms about his neck, drew his head down and kissed him. Then she sank upon the floor, sobbing, woman-like, for joy.

Mr. Dodge walked down the stairs very slowly. His face was paler than usual, and there was a slight moisture in the cold gray eyes that softened their stony glare. As he passed through to the street upon the steps of the house he found Mr. Chick Lawton. "Why, hello, D. D.," exclaimed Chick. "What are you doing here? I saw Billy Moore rushing down street, and I thought I'd just drop round and cheer Henny up a little; but you was ahead of me, you old 'possum. Billy's down on his luck this morning, I guess, and I'm so tender-hearted that I thought I'd come and offer them a V or an X. I'll just run up and keep Henny company till Billy comes back."

Dodge laid his hand on Chick's arm. "Mrs. Moore is very busy, Mr. Lawton," said he, with an ugly look in his eyes. "Take my advice and don't go up. You had much better walk down street with me this fine cool morning—indeed you had, Mr. Lawton. Come!" Mr. L. did not care to disoblige Mr. D. It might make Mr. D. angry. It was dangerous to anger the quiet Mr. D.; and so Mr. L., who was particularly careful of his "big-hearted" self, trotted down street beside old D. D., who seemed inclined to silence. But Chick hated silence, and soon broke out: "You wouldn't have acted toward Moore as I was about to do—now, you know you wouldn't, you heartless old D. D."

"I certainly would not," was the meaning reply. "I knew it," cried Chick. "That's because you've got no heart, you see. It gives a fellow a cold in the head merely to look at you. Come in here and take something to warm up that cold blood of yours." "I thank you; I seldom drink." "I know it; that's because you've no heart. I actually believe your veins are filled with ice-water. Come in and take something warming," persisted Chick. "Go on and get your drink. Excuse me. I have something on my lips that I don't want to wash off," was the quiet rejoinder, and Dodge passed on down the street.

But there was a warm feeling on the left hand side, under old D. D.'s spotted shirt-bosom. Had he a heart?—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Shopping in Cairo. An Egyptian peasant, when asked the price of anything he has for sale, will say: "Receive it as a present." Customs change not in the East, and thus, hundreds of years ago, Ephron answered Abraham, when he expressed a wish to purchase the field and cave of Machpelah. This answer is a common form of speech, and the peasant knows that no advantage will be taken of it. When he is again asked to name a price, he gives one, which is generally exorbitant. If the would-be buyer is also a peasant; then the two begin a contest, so vehement in tone and posture, that a stranger, ignorant of their language, would think they were quarrelling.

A rural Yankee delights in a horse-trade, not merely because it may bring him a better horse, but for the pleasure which the trade affords him. An Oriental merchant and his customer find a similar pleasure in buying and selling. The process may be long, but it is never tiresome to them. When a shopkeeper of Cairo is asked the price of an article, he asks more than he expects to receive. The customer declares the price exorbitant and offers one-half the sum named, which the merchant declines to accept. The customer then takes off his shoes, and, mounting upon the raised seat, seats himself beside the merchant, fills and lights his pipe. Then the contest begins. The shopkeeper lowers his demand, and the customer bids a little higher. Sometimes the customer interrupts the contest by introducing an irrelevant topic, as if he had determined to bid no higher. But the haggling is soon resumed, and continues, until the two meet half-way between the sum first demanded and that first offered. If the purchase is a large one, the merchant calls to the boy of the nearest coffee-shop and orders him to bring coffee. It is served to the customer in a small chibuk cup placed within a cup of brass. As soon as the customer has departed, his servant reminds the merchant of his presence, and receives a small sum of money.—Youth's Companion.

Savage Foes of the Congo. "The most dangerous savage foes we have to fear," said Stanley, the explorer, "are buffaloes. We lost five men during my last visit to the Congo; from these animals; three were killed by crocodiles, one by a hippopotamus and one by a buffalo. There are large numbers of hippopotami along the Congo and its tributaries, and thousands upon thousands of crocodiles. The latter are by far the most insidious foes we have, because they are so silent and so swift. You see a man bathing in the river," said Mr. Stanley, "with one of his vivid, graphic touches: 'he is standing near the shore, laughing at you, perhaps, laughing in the keen enjoyment of his bath; suddenly he falls over and you see him no more. A crocodile has approached unseen, has struck him a blow with its tail that knocks him over, and he is instantly seized and carried off. Or, it may be that the man is swimming; he is totally unconscious of danger; there is nothing to stir a tremor of apprehension; but there, in deep water, under the shadow of that rock, or hidden beneath the shelter of the trees yonder, is a huge crocodile. It has spotted the swimmer, and is watching its opportunity. The swimmer approaches, he is within striking distance, stealthily, silently, unperceived, the creature makes for its prey; the man knows nothing until he is seized by the leg and dragged under, and he knows no more! A bubble or two indicates the place where he has gone down, and that is all."

WISE WORDS. Spend less than you earn and you will be rich. One may do without minkind, but one has need of a friend. The court is like the sea—everything depends upon the wind. The tree overthrown by the wind had more branches than roots. There is no better excess in the world than the excess of gratitude. One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid. A good way to make the children tell the truth is to tell it yourself. True benevolence is to love all men. Recompense injury with justice, and kindness with kindness. Oh, how small a portion of earth will hold us when we are dead, who ambitiously seek after the whole world while we are living. Water that flows from a spring does not freeze in the coldest winter. And those sentiments of true friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity. Experience has taught me that the only friends we can call our own, who can have no change, are those over whom the grave has closed; the seal of death is the only seal of friendship. The luxury that drains off the strength of men is a poor substitute for the hiring of themselves to some honest labor. Better to have been bred and born in the house of honest toil. It is the glorious prerogative of the empire of knowledge that what it gains it never loses. On the contrary it increases by the multiple of its own power; all its ends become means; all its attainments help to new conquests. Honor to the true man who takes his life in his hands, and at all hazards speaks the words which is given him to utter, whether men will hear or forbear, whether the end thereof is to be praise or censure, gratitude or hatred.

Oscillations of the Earth's Crust. First among these oscillations of the earth we may notice the slow up or down movements which are probably of the same general nature and of the same origin as the movements which build the continents, only much more rapid; so rapid, indeed, that they may be observed from decade to decade, or, at least, from century to century. In this class we include the down-sinking of the coast of New Jersey, the uprising of the northern part of Scandinavia, or the oscillation of the shore on the coast of the Bay of Naples. These movements which, though in a geological sense rapid, rarely change the level of the land more than a foot or two in a century, appear to be divided in three distinct classes as follows: First, those which are due to the imposition of a heavy weight upon the earth's surface, or to the removal of such a weight. A good case of this is the deep depression of the northern part of North America, where the glacial sheet came upon it, and its rapid re-elevation when the ice melted away. Next, those which are due to the formation of a great fault or break through the rocks as they are shoved about by the compressive forces which build mountain chains. And, finally, those which are due to the movements of volcanic gases and the lava which they propel toward the crater, whence, in time, they are to be discharged. Of these slow movements the most interesting, because the best known, is that which is shown by the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Serapis, near Naples. We see by the evidence of these ruins that the temple has sunk down since the Christian era, so that the marine animals bored into the marble columns at the height of more than twenty feet above the present level of the sea; it then rose up to its original level, and is now again sinking at the rate of one inch in three or four years. A similar movement connected with the process of mountain-building has been observed at Subiaco, about forty miles to the north of Rome. A hundred years or so ago the church of Jenne was invisible from Subiaco, while now it is in plain view over the summit of the intervening mountain. This change can only be explained by an alteration in the height of the mountain.—Serbia's Magazine.

Extraordinary Contempt of Court. An extraordinary incident has just occurred at the Rouen Court of Appeal. Three men who had been sentenced to various terms of imprisonment at Havre appealed to the Rouen Court. They were brought in together, and on the first prisoner being asked the question, "Have you appealed?" he replied, "Yes, I did so to see if the Rouen Judges are as great rascals as those of Havre." This piece of impudence produced a great sensation, and the man was forthwith condemned to one year's imprisonment for insulting the magistrates. What was the general surprise when the second prisoner, on being asked the same question, returned an identical reply. This time the Judges dealt out a double penalty, and he was sent off with two years' imprisonment on his back. No one doubts that the third man would dare to face the Court in this insolent fashion after the punishment to which his two companions had been treated, and a thrill of amazement ran through the audience when, in answer to the formal query, "Have you appealed?" he returned the same reply: "Yes, I did so to see if the Rouen Judges are as great rascals as those of Havre."

How to Know Good Meat. Dr. Letherby lays down the following simple rules for the guidance of those in search of good meat: It is neither of a pale pink nor of a deep purple tint. It has a marked appearance of the ramification of little veins of fat among the muscles. It should be firm and elastic to the touch. Bad meat is wet, sordid and flabby, with the fat looking like jelly or wet parchment. It should have little or no odor, and the odor should not be disagreeable. Diseased meat has a sickly, cadaverous smell, and sometimes a smell of physic. This is discovered if the meat is chopped and drenched with warm water. It should not shrink or waste much in cooking.—Harold of Health.

IMPATIENCE. Like to impatient children when the sky Frowns on some morn of Ion god-for foots day To cheat their happy hearts of outdoor play, We fret when scuds of ill above us fly, And every cloud and menace magnify, Till thus we waste our manhood's strength, as they, Their zest for pleasure in some indoor way, Our age scarce wiser than their infancy. If we could chafe and chase the clouds afar, Rather than borrowed gloom upon them bring, Our gain its lack of grace might palliate, But leave us yet with manliness and fire, That brave defiance to all fate would fling, And by endurance make us strong and great. —William C. Richards, in Harper's.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. A good thing to tie to—A hitching post.—Merchant Traveler. Our present fishery trouble would seem insignificant if somebody would invent a boneless shad.—Puck. "Heavens! Look there!" "Where?" "There—that messenger boy running." "Sh-h! It's his regular meal time."—Pittsburg Dispatch. In this country there are two hundred thousand men blowing in brass bands, and twenty million blowing at them.—Danville Breese. Probably this world couldn't get along without cranks; but sometimes it can't help thinking it would like to try.—Somerville Journal. A married man in words unkind And with much emphasis avers, His wife destroys his peace of mind By giving him a piece of hers. —Merchant Traveler. Husband—"If you only had the ability to cook as mother used to I would be happy, dear." Wife—"And if you only had the ability to make money enough to buy things to cook, as your father used to, I too would be happy, dear." Fogg has said the meanest things any was ever capable of saying. When Mrs. F. left him alone in the house the other evening she remarked: "You won't be lonely, dear?" "No," he replied; "I shan't miss you at all. The parrot, you know, is here."—Boston Transcript. "Give an example of an immovable obstacle," said the teacher. And the smart bad boy at the foot of the class suggested three girls on the sidewalk. The teacher, who usually had to walk in the middle of the street herself, sent him right up to the head of the class and told him to stay there for a week.—Burdette. "Be kind to the animals out on the farm. Let them see a kind smile on your face wreathing; Oh, let the horse pause in the plough as he picks Up the hill, for a moment of breathing; Be kind to the rooster who's winning his spurs, And be kind to the rake when it's teething." —Puck. Trees and Blizzards. I have been much interested in watching the effect of tree planting upon the blizzards. The blizzard drives along the ground, and it has for ages upon ages found no tree to halt or veer it. The settlers on the plains planted trees, however, and these trees now stand as obstacles to the full sweep of the blizzard. A few days ago as a blizzard swept over the country, I passed through a loosely planted grove of trees, cottonwood, silver maples, green ash, etc., and noted with pleasure that among the trees the violence of the wind was greatly reduced and the flakes of snow dropped lazily to the ground, where they rested as contentedly as if they had fallen upon the tree covered hills of New England. As soon as I had passed out of the grove I had to face again the furious flakes, driving horizontally in their mad career over the earth. As often as I passed through a little grove of trees I found that I left the blizzard; but as soon as I emerged from the sheltering trees, the blast struck me again in all its fury. This bit of experience is duplicated thousands of times every day upon the plains. The tree planter has routed the blizzard wherever he has set his little army of trees. The blizzard tyrant no longer rules as will over all the Mississippi Valley. Wherever a grove has come into existence there the blizzard scepter has been broken. True, he rules as fiercely as ever outside of the groves, but as these enlarge his dominion contracts. When once the groves are approximately continuous, and when once they have grown to greater heights, the blizzard will be a thing of the past. The settler upon the plains need not fear the blizzard for more than half a dozen years, if he calls to his aid the friendly cottonwood, maple, ash, and elm. They alone can vanquish this terror of the Western Winter. Let every settler's motto be: "Trees rather than blizzards."—American Agriculturist.