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Twenty-five years ago there were but two places along the Jersey coast of any importance—Long Branch and Cape May. Then the total valuation of the seaboard was less than \$7,000,000, while the last report of Comptroller Anderson gives the astonishing valuation of over \$100,000,000.

Epaulettes, abolished by law in the French army in 1884, were restored recently to the shoulders of French soldiers. The removal of them caused great dissatisfaction in the army, and their restoration, which is credited to General Boulanger, has increased his popularity in the army.

A new departure in the ways of women is the formation of a fire brigade. According to the London Firemen, this has been done by a thousand girls employed in a Liverpool cigar factory. They are well officered and drilled, and at a recent blaze in the factory turned out "to a map," and did most effectual work in putting out the flames.

One of the secrets of success on the part of French cooks is that they measure ingredients with the accuracy of a prescription clerk. Every one knows that it is impossible to make domestics measure anything for cookery in this country. The French nurses are also very careful in administering medicines, to give prop- erly sized dose and at time directed.

Bicycles are to be utilized in the French army. The War Minister, after witnessing trials of bicycles, tricycles and velocipedes, has chosen the first of these machines as the most useful model. A certain number of infantry soldiers in each corps will be trained to ride the bicycle, in order to carry dispatches when on active service, and thus leave the cavalry free for other duty.

After banishing beer the Prohibitionists of Iowa now making a crusade against cider. In Des Moines recently the Prohibition spies seized a keg of cider belonging to one Jacob Hueglin and accused him of violating the law in having so deadly an agent of intoxication in his possession. As it was not strong cider, he believed he was not violating the law in using it. But the justice of the peace declared the fluid to be intoxicating and ordered it to be destroyed. The head of the keg was accordingly knocked in and the contents poured in the street as a warning to all other offenders.

An army officer says that small as our army is, there is an excessive percentage of desertion from it, although the men are far better fed and paid than any other soldiers in the world. The reason is that a great number of men enlist for the purpose of being sent out West, and then deserting. This class is very large and exceedingly hard to deal with, as it is next to impossible to apprehend them, owing to the general feeling throughout the mountain regions that they have escaped from a kind of slavery. Another class liable to desert consists of young men of good family who have become dissipated, and enlisted in a moment of despair. But the strangest class is that of the chronic deserters.

"Only three Presidents before Mr. Cleveland," says the Washington Star, "have had the pleasure of celebrating their semi-centennials while in that office. There were James K. Polk, Franklin Pierce, and Gen. Grant. James A. Garfield would have been fifty years old had Guiteau's bullet been a month later in concluding its fatal work. President Cleveland has the advantage in years of many of his predecessors. Washington was fifty-seven when he was inaugurated, John Adams sixty-two, Jefferson, Madison, and John Quincy Adams fifty-eight; Monroe was fifty-nine, Jackson sixty-two, Van Buren fifty-five, and Harrison sixty-eight. Gen. Grant was the youngest and Harrison the oldest of the Presidents."

The Michigan Legislature has made a law giving a reward of one cent for each sparrow killed in that State, the expense to be made a county charge and payable by village or town clerks. "This," says the Cultivator, "will probably thin out what has become in many localities a great nuisance. The sparrows in Northern States live chiefly in cities and villages, where they can find shelter, and are especially destructive to grain and fruit near the suburbs. In Spring they eat fruit buds when nothing else offers, and thus do greater damage than at any other season. With a reward of one cent for each one killed a profitable business might be done in killing them, and the experiment in Michigan might well be repeated elsewhere. The sparrow breeds rapidly, and one of its worst offences consists in driving away the native birds much more valuable than itself."

WAITING.

Serene I hold my hands and wait; Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea; I rave no more 'gainst time nor fate, For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays, For what avails this eager space? I stand amid the eternal ways, And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day, The friends I seek are seeking me; No wind can drive my bark astray, Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone? I wait with joy the coming years; My heart shall reap where it has sown, And garner up its fruit and tears;

The waters know their own and draw The brook that springs on yonder height; So flows the good with equal law Unto the soul of pure delight.

The floweret nodding in the wind Is ready plighted to the bee; And, maiden, why that look unkind? For, lo, thy lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky, The tidal waves unto the sea; No time, nor space, nor deep, nor high, Can keep my own way from me.

—John Burroughs, in Albany Journal.

SEWING RAG CARPETS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

It was a small, unpainted house, stained an indescribable hue by the suns and rains of half a century, a row of stiff, Lombardy poplars in front, and beneath the windows, in a narrow bed, outlined by strips of board, blossomed four o'clocks, "youth and old age," and gaudy African marigolds, which seemed to hold up their orange torches with a distinctly defiant air. Green paper shades veiled the windows, and a knocker, with an eagle's head, hung in the upper centre of the door.

Every one has seen such houses along the country roads where the Queen Anne craze has not yet penetrated, and orchids and Japanese foliage plants are unknown.

Miss Fossett and her niece, Mary Ann, sat in the little front room sewing rags for a carpet. A bright wood fire crackled and snapped in the air-tight stove, for although the sun shone bright on the African marigolds and four-o'clocks, there was a keen wind blowing, and the dead leaves were carried in all directions. The cat was asleep among the balls of rags which made a parti-colored mountain in one corner of the room, and the wooden clock ticked shrilly on the shelf alongside of a case of dried butterfies and a plaster of paris parrot with a broken beak.

Miss Fossett was elderly and spare, with a false "front, which did not in the least match her back hair, and spectacles. Mary Ann was slight and gracefully rounded, with dark, solemni eyes, and lips redder than wild raspberries.

To Miss Fossett everything in the world was subsidiary, just at present, to the finishing of the carpet-sewing. To Mary Ann there was nothing in all the universe which was actually impossible. There is just this difference between sixty and sixteen.

"I was a-calculator," Miss Fossett droned on, as she drew the swift needle in and out, "to get this one carpet wove after snow-fall, but I guess it'll be a close shave now. I didn't know, if I could get my spare chamber carpeted, but that the school-ma'am might come here to board; and three dollars a week is three dollars a week in these times."

"Yes, I know, aunty," said Mary Ann; "and why shouldn't she come? We shall soon have the carpet ready for the loom, and, in the meantime, why shouldn't she be satisfied with a rug or two laid down by the bed and in front of the bureau?"

"Haven't you heard?" said Miss Fossett, stooping to regain her spool of linen thread, which had rolled away under the cat's snug resting-place. The school-ma'am's going to be married, and the new teacher—Eliab Ray—he boards to him. I don't b'lieve he'll get along better than Miss Marston did, if he is a man-teacher."

Mary Ann's eyes lighted up. "To be married?" said she. "Yes," nodded Miss Fossett. "Who is she going to marry, Aunt Fossett?"

"Our next neighbor," said Miss Fossett, grimly. "Mr. Fairweather?"

"Yes, Mr. Fairweather. It beats all!" Miss Fossett added—"to think you shouldn't a heard it afore now! Why, she's goin' to her a dove-colored silk dress from Bridgeport, and a store hat, trimmed with stuffed birds and a real brooch shawl! Must ha' laid up a sight o'money, I should s'pose."

Mary Ann was silent. It was a question whether or not she heard the stream of idle chatter that flowed uninterruptedly from her aunt's lips.

For herself she gazed away, and uttered never a word. John Fairweather to be married to Alda Marston! The news had fallen like a thunderbolt into the peaceful serenity of her heart.

In novels she had read, many a time and oft, of the duplicity of man, but the fact had never come so near home before. The two women sewed diligently at the carpet-rags until dusk. Miss Fossett had no idea that any one could desire rest from so delightful an occupation, and Mary Ann scarcely knew what she was doing. A sort of stupor seemed to numb her senses.

"Guess we'd better stop a spell now," said the old lady. "Just you run out to the well and fill the tea-kettle, and I'll set out the apple-sass and doughnuts and rye biscuits. We won't hev no regular meal, being there's such a hurry with the rags."

Mary Ann stuck her needle into one

of the red-flannel leaves of the housewife, which was fashioned like a miniature book, dropped her thimble into her pocket and vanished.

She did not go straight to the well though. She stole up the winding wooden stairway first into her own room, where the yellow glow of the sunset yet lingered, and took two or three dried rosebuds and a sprig of scented geranium from a little box in the corner of the table-drawer.

Looking at them for a moment, she opened the window and flung them out into the grass below.

"I have been a fool long enough," said she to herself.

And then she went forth to the well and filled the tea-kettle, listening vaguely as she did so to the melancholy "cheep-cheep" of the crickets in the stone wall.

"Mary Ann!" a voice uttered. Mary Ann started so violently that she had nearly dropped the tea-kettle.

It was Miss Marston who had come unexpectedly up the path, with a bunch of colored maple-leaves in her hands.

"Oh, Miss Alda, how you startled me!"

"Took me for a ghost, eh?" said Alda Marston, laughing. "But I wanted to see you, Mary Ann. Goodness me," intently scrutinizing her face by the last fading gleam of daylight, "how pretty the child is growing! I don't blame John for being bewitched about her."

"Did you want anything?" said Mary Ann, bridling up a little.

"I want you, child," said Alda Marston, in the pretty, domineering manner which, being a "school-ma'am," she had naturally acquired. "Can you help me with my sewing a little, this week?"

"I am afraid I cannot," said Mary Ann, with her face turned away.

"Oh, Mary Ann—and I had counted on you!"

"I cannot!" frigidly repeated the girl. Miss Marston stood silent a minute or two.

"But you haven't congratulated me yet, Mary Ann," said she, coaxingly. Mary Ann withdrew herself spasmodically from the light touch of her hand.

"I'm sure I hope you will be very happy," said she. "No, I don't either; I don't hope anything of that kind!"

And she fled away, sobbing and holding tight to the tea-kettle, whose spout dripped all the way in a most lachrymatory fashion.

The kerosene lamp was lighted, when she reached the room where the balls of carpet rags were piled up. John Fairweather himself was leaning against the wooden mantle arch with his elbow in dangerous proximity to the case of dried butterfies, but her aunt was nowhere to be seen.

"She has gone upstairs," the young man explained, in answer to Mary Ann's bewildered look, "to get a bag of hops for old Mrs. Hubbard's neuralgia. Are you ill, Mary Ann? You look so white and weary."

With gentle authority he took the tea-kettle from her hand, and set it on the stove, Mary Ann helplessly regarding him the while.

How tall and straight and handsome he was! How pleasant shone the light from his genial, hazel eyes! How dearly she had learned to love him! And now it must all be undone again! Was it not almost wicked to allow herself to look admiringly upon the face of the man who belonged to Alda Marston?

With these thoughts in her heart, it was no wonder that her expression grew frigid as an icicle. She paid no heed to his question.

"Miss Marston was out by the well just now," said she. "You will find her there."

"Miss Marston, eh?" said Mr. Fairweather, with provoking equanimity. "That reminds me—you haven't told me yet what you think of our family arrangements? Were you surprised?"

Mary Ann looked at him in amazement, almost in anger.

"Of course I was surprised," said she. "But," gathering all her presence of mind, "I don't know why. It is no business of mine!"

"But it is, though," said John Fairweather. "It has only driven me, a little sooner than otherwise anticipated, to ask you to listen to my suit. Miss Alda must not imagine that she is the only person in the world who can get married."

Mary Ann drew herself up. "Mr. Fairweather," said she, "I must beg you to remember yourself. We are not Mormons here. Neither are you any relation to Bluebeard. In this country a man can have but one wife!"

Mr. Fairweather looked puzzled. "An indisputable fact," said he. "But I know of no one who is contradicting it."

"How—how dare you insult me with such words as this?" cried poor Mary Ann. "You, that are engaged to Miss Alda Marston!"

"But I am not engaged to Miss Alda Marston!"

"Mr. Fairweather!"

"I am not, indeed," he said. "Dear little Mary Ann, do not look at me with such incredulous eyes! Miss Alda Marston is affianced to my father. She is to be my step-mother, next month; and as I would naturally, under the existing circumstances, prefer a home of my own, I want you to be his household angel!"

"Not another word was spoken. Mary Ann's soft, yes, brimming over with glad tears, were lifted to John's face. She stole toward him and hid her crimson cheek against his shoulder; his arm tightened itself, in the most natural manner in the world, around her waist. And when Miss Fossett came down stairs with the bag of hops, the two were busily engaged in picking up the balls of carpet-rags which had rolled away in every direction.

"Cats are a dreadful bother when there's work around!" said Miss Fossett. And after John Fairweather had gone home with his stepmother-elect (Mary Ann wasn't the least bit in the world jealous of Miss Alda Marston now), the girl crept out in the dew and starlight to pick up the dried rosebuds and the scented geranium-leaves.

"Oh, what a fool I was!" she whispered softly to herself; "and how happy I am at last!"

She helped Miss Marston with her dresses, after all; and when the rag carpet was sewn and woven in rainbow stripes, it occupied the place of honor on Mrs. John Fairweather's dainty little kitchen floor.

"Isn't it pretty, John?" she cried, the first day it was laid down.

"The prettiest thing I ever saw in my life," said Mr. Fairweather, looking straight into his wife's face.

And Mrs. Fairweather laughed and blushed, and said: "Now, John, don't be a goose!"—Saturday Night.

Usefulness in Old Age.

Suppose, then, says the New York Home Journal, we agree to call no man old till he is past sixty-three. Let us set down the names of some of the illustrious people of the world who have prolonged their days of usefulness after that age. We shall make a table of them, and begin with those who have died at seventy—that is to say, with those in whom the springs of life have not stood still till they have had at least seven years of old age. It will be found, however, to be far from exhaustive, and every reader may find pleasure in adding to it from his own stock of information:

Table with 2 columns: Age at Death, Name. Includes Columbus, Plato, Wordsworth, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Kant, Thiers, Wm. Cullen, Buffon, Edward Young, Sir Edward Coke, Lord Palmerston, Allan Ramsay, John Locke, Charles Darwin, Thorwaldsen, Handel, Frederick the Great, Dr. Jenner, Haydn, Dugald Stewart, Bossuet, Thomas Telford, Sir Joseph Banks, Lord Beaconsfield, Galileo, Cornelius, William Harvey, Robert Stevenson, Henry Cavendish, Plato, Wordsworth, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Kant, Thiers, Wm. Cullen, Buffon, Edward Young, Sir Edward Coke, Lord Palmerston, Allan Ramsay, John Locke, Charles Darwin, Thorwaldsen, Handel, Frederick the Great, Dr. Jenner, Haydn, Dugald Stewart, Bossuet, Thomas Telford, Sir Joseph Banks, Lord Beaconsfield, Galileo, Cornelius, William Harvey, Robert Stevenson, Henry Cavendish, Earl Russell, Edmond Halley, Carlisle, John Wesley, Michael Angelo, Sophocles, Titian, Fontenelle.

Gardening Under Difficulties.

The Chinese are a very industrious people, and nothing is allowed to go to waste that can possibly be utilized. As the Empire of China is the largest on the globe, and contains nearly half of the entire number of the human race, the necessity of economy is very apparent. They not only cultivate the land, but all of the lakes, ponds and marshes are gardens in which aquatic plants, suitable for food, are largely raised. Among these the water chestnut is pre-eminent, and is said to be of a very palatable and wholesome nature. In a narrative of Lord Macartney's Embassy to China, it is related that His Lordship's attendants, in passing through a part of that Empire, saw a man cultivating the side of a precipice, and, on examination, they found he had a rope fastened around his waist, which was secured at the top of the mountain, and by which he let himself down to any part of the precipice where a few yards of available ground gave him encouragement to plant his vegetables and his corn. The whole of the cultivated spots, which were at some distance from each other, appeared to be not more than half an acre, and near the bottom of the precipice, on a hillock, he had a little hut, where he supported a wife and several children in this hazardous manner.—American Agriculturist.

A Useful Monkey.

A very valuable monkey is the chacma of Africa. When young, this baboon is very teachable, and is often kept by the Kafirs as a domestic animal. He takes the place of a dog, growling when a stranger comes near; and if it becomes necessary to defend his master's property, he is much stronger than any dog. The chacma easily learns to blow the bellows of a smith, and to drive horses or oxen; but his greatest use is in that country is to find water. In the hot season, when the earth is parched, and springs and streams are dry, the owner of a tame chacma takes him out to hunt for the water they all must have.

The intelligent monkey seems to know what wanted, or perhaps he knows by his own feelings what to look for, and he goes carefully over the ground, looking earnestly at every tuft of grass, and eagerly sniffing the breeze on every side. Whether he scents it or not is not known, but if there is water in the neighborhood, he is sure to find it. It may be a deep spring, in which case he sets to work digging down to it; and it may be a certain very juicy root, which often serves instead of water. He gets that out also; and let us hope he has his full share of it, to pay for his work.—St. Nicholas.

A Mis-Take.

A gentleman who had but a slight acquaintance with a young lady and was in doubt whether she would accept a present from him, sent her some caramels with the following note: If this to a Miss Proves amiss, The candies take As a Mis-take.

—Carl Pretzel.

BILL NYE DISCUSSES PIE.

SETTLING A GASTRONOMIC POINT RAISED BY FOUR DRUMMERS.

Some Remarks Upon the Relations Between Hotel Proprietors and Commercial Travelers.

I am in receipt of the following letter.

CONCORDIA, Kan., March 22, 1887. MR. WILLIAM NYE: Knowing that you are a friend of the traveling man, we do not hesitate to ask your opinion or advice as to what course we should pursue in a matter of vital importance to us. The proprietor of the Halliburton House, Red Cloud, Neb., the leading hotel here, insists upon cutting one pie in sixteen pieces, which only gives one sixteenth of a pie to the commercial man. We have remonstrated with him about this, but without avail. What shall we do about it? Please advise us. Yours amatively, WILLIAM NYE, HENRY HICKS, GEORGE THOMPSON, E. C. LINDSAY.

REPLY. ASHEVILLE, N. C., March 29, 1887. Messrs. Reed, Hicks, Thompson and Lindsay, at large.

GENTLEMEN: Your favor, dated at Concordia, Kas., 22d inst., is now in front of me as I write. I hate to come in between the commercial man and the hotels in a case of this kind, especially in order to monkey with relations that are really strained; and yet something ought to be said at this time or we may easily foresee that the overworked American pie will at length be compelled by reason of brain fog to abandon the proud position which it now holds relative to our interstate commerce.

I would like to treat this matter in a way to insure harmony between the traveling man and the hotel, if possible; and yet I must confess that I cannot refer to pie in a purely unpartisan spirit. Pie, I may truthfully say, seems to lie nearest my heart at times than anything else within the great realm of groceries.

I know that commercial men are prone to ask too much of the hotels at times, and thus they inflame the proprietors. I have known of many such instances in which the tourist was clearly in the wrong; but the outrages were always perpetrated by traveling men whose early lives had been passed in obscurity. They were men who knew how to catch a train or tell in a rich Union-Depot tone of voice how many goods they sold in that town, but they do not adorn society very much. These are the exception, however. They are men who represent small houses, and sleep on four seats in the day-coach, with their feet on the velvet collar of the unassuming capitalist who sits in the adjoining pew.

But I was a traveling man once for two weeks, and I have always sympathized with those who followed this business for a livelihood. For some years I had yearned to be a commercial man with a sorrel traveling-bag and a bold signature. I intimated to several large concerns that my services could be secured at a nominal figure, but there is nothing so puffed up or so egotistical as a prosperous business house, and so they continued to struggle on without me.

Finally I went on the road in the interests of a preparation that would take an old pair of second-hand lungs and brighten them up so that a man needn't be ashamed to dress up in them and wear them into the best society. People say that traveling men are too forward and too bold, and ought to do a little more of the blush-unseen business, but I found when I was on the road that I had to be bold, especially at the hotels, for the clerks were bold, the porters were bold, and the dining-room girls were also in several instances extremely so. If I did not demand the best chamber I generally got tea-chest No. 6 5-8, and no knob on the door, and when I would punch the button on the annunciator it would fall off with a low tremulous sound and roll under the bed.

Speaking of door-knobs, reminds me of a hotel man in Washington Territory who had a novel way of keeping these handles clean at a slight expense. He has knobs on all doors and they are so arranged that they may be easily removed. He has two sets for the house—one set being white and the other a dappled bay. When one set gets soiled he removes the knobs, placing them in the soap dishes of the various rooms, where the guests rinse them off thoroughly in a vain attempt to get a lather out of them. After they are dried the proprietor replaces them on the doors and the soiled set go into the soap dishes. This hotel is now called the door-knob chop house, and with the slippery elm towel adopted there a polish is given to the guest which he might otherwise never secure.

Gentlemen, in conclusion, I hardly know what to say, unless it be to add that whatever you may decide to do toward the purification of this great pie evil, provided you do not actually endanger human life, you may safely rely upon me and count me in. Pie enters into the life of every true American, and an unfair division of pie will certainly lead to open hostility and possibly intestine war. Do not trust the man who robs you of your pie in order that he may thrust it into his own corrupt system.

The tendency of the age seems to be toward the centralization of pie. This is bound to make the thin man thinner and the fat man fatter. From statistics now in my hands I have ascertained that we have enough pie in America, if properly distributed, to give to each adult, exclusive of Indians not taxed, one-eighth of a full-grown pie and still leave one-sixteenth pie for each child of school age. Gentlemen, this letter is already too long. I can add nothing more unless it be yours, truly.—Bill Nye, in New York World.

The saddest case of intoxication occurred on Wall street recently. Money got tight.—Dreke's Magazine.

PEACE.

Winds and wild waves in headlong huge commotion Scud, dark with tempest, o'er the Atlantic's breast;

While underneath, few fathoms deep in ocean, Lie peace, and rest.

Storms in mid-air, the rack before them sweeping, Hurry, and hiss, like furies hate possessed;

While over all white cloudlets pure are sleeping In peace, in rest.

Heart, O wild heart! why in the storm-world ranging Fill'st thou thus midway, passion's slave and jest, When all so near above, below, unchanging Are heaven, and rest!

—London Spectator.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Canada will soon thirst for peace if she goes to war on codfish.—Goodall's Sun.

A subscriber wants to know if men make much out of journalism. Yes, dear friend, much more out of it than in it.—New Haven News.

The wolves in Minnesota have chased a lawyer twenty miles over the snow, and the local press denounces them for unprofessional conduct.—Goodall's Sun.

Since Professor Proctor has figured out that the sun is 1,200,000 times larger than the earth a great many people now want the sun instead of just the earth.—Puck.

This is the time that ripping bird songs wake A tender rapture round the plucking rills, And man now doth his very best to shake The chills.

Boston Mamma (to little boy)—"Wald, dear, why do you make so much noise?" Little boy—"It must be because I am Hub-bub, mamma."—New York Sun.

It is astonishing how much scorn, indignation and contempt a woman can put into two words. If you do not believe it just listen while she speaks of some one she dislikes as "that man."—Boston Globe.

APRIL FOOL. When Uncle Sam and Johnny Bull Walked out one morning cool, John pointed to our coast defense, And shouted "April fool!"

Brown—"Why don't you spread your umbrella?" Coles—"Well, to tell you the truth, I'm afraid some one in the crowd will recognize it." Brown—"Then why do you carry it?" Coles—"Afraid some one will call for it while I'm out."—Life.

Little Nell: "I caught sister Maud engaging herself to another young man last night, an' she hasn't sent off the first one yet." Little Kitty: "Ain't that nice; did you tell on her?" "No; she bused me off." What did she do?" "She said if I'd keep quiet she'd give me one of 'em when I grow up."—Tid-Bits.

The Bible of India.

From an article on "The Veda" by W. D. Whitney, in the Century, we quote as follows: "The name Veda has grown to be a familiar one in the ears of this generation. Every educated person among us knows it as the title of a literary work belonging to far-off India, that it is held to be of quite exceptional importance by men who are studying some of the subjects that most interest ourselves. Yet there are doubtless many to whose minds the word brings but a hazy and uncertain meaning. For their sake, then, it may be well to take a general view of the Veda, to define its place in the sum of man's literary productions, and to show how and why it has the especial value claimed for it by its students.

"The Veda is the Bible of the inhabitants of India, ancient and modern; the Sacred Book of one great division of the human race. Now leaving aside our own Bible, the first part of which was in like manner the ancient Sacred Book of one division of mankind, the Hebrew, there are many such scriptures in the world. There is the Koran of the Arabs, of which we know perfectly well the period and author; the Avesta of the Persian fire-worshippers, or followers of Zoroaster; the records of ancient China, collected and arranged by Confucius; and others less conspicuous. All are of high interest, important for the history of their respective peoples and for the general history of religions; yet they lack that breadth and depth of consequence that belongs to the Hindu Veda."

A Pest of Rats in India.

The rat threatens to be as destructive in the Neilgherries as the rabbit is in Australia. The hills are overrun by them. The fields of the ryots are honeycombed by them. On estates hundreds of tea trees have been uprooted by them, and bushes of coffee may be gathered that has been picked by them. Growers of potatoes and vegetables have had their crops destroyed by them, and residents and visitors have experienced what a pest they have become in the houses. It is suggested that the breeding of such birds as the eagle, the hawk and the owl, which prey upon rats, should be encouraged. At present the Neilgherries Game Association offers rewards for the destruction of such birds.—Full Mill Gazette.

From Boarding-House to Palace.

Mrs. Mackay, the wife of the California millionaire, who spends her time in Paris amid foreign scenes of grandeur and "haughty halls of light all in her silk attire," formerly kept a boarding-house in Virginia City, Nevada. A man who used to take meals at her table told yesterday "that it was the best boarding-house there was in the diggings."—New York News.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every moment of time.