

FOREST REPUBLICAN

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Statistics compiled from the reports of the Treasurers of every State and Territory show the wealth of the United States to be \$61,459,000,000 outside of the public property.

A somewhat new departure in building practice has been successfully made in Germany. Mortar of the best quality, which is manufactured wholesale, is sold to small builders and private individuals. In bad weather especially, this system has distinct advantages, and it obviates the necessity of making the mortar on the ground.

Burglars recently broke into a house in London, but obtained little booty for their pains. A newspaper, in giving an account of the affair, spoke of much valuable property they overlooked. Acting on this hint the rascals paid a second visit and made a great haul. They left a note expressing their obligations to the newspaper reporter.

One of the two Chinese commissioners now in this country to purchase electric light plants for China was asked in New York if he wasn't afraid that the electric light would kill his people. The bland face of the good-natured agent was wreathed in smiles as he answered: "China can afford to lose twice as many men as America for the sake of light and other products of Western science."

Henry Ward Beecher's country place, Bosobel, a short distance below the Highlands, on the Hudson, has been sold to Thomas M. Stewart, of New York city, for \$75,000. The estate and the improvements upon it cost Mr. Beecher about \$200,000. It was the great preacher's pet institution, next to his church, and many friends from all over the world sent him rare trees and shrubs with which to beautify it.

The Washington Star thinks the Provisional Republic of Brazil makes a mistake in confiscating the late Emperor's property and in changing the names of streets, institutions, etc., called in his honor. It says: "He was not a tyrant of the story books; but a good ruler, great in his ideas and kind in the promptings of his nature. It was his misfortune to rule on a continent and in an age in which Kings and Emperors are going out of fashion."

A feature of life in New York which it is said is not duplicated in any other city in America, is the equestrian parade of men of advanced years in Central Park every afternoon. There are literally hundreds of men, all of whom are beyond the sixty-year limit, or pushing it very close, who ride as regularly as the sun shines. Indeed many of them venture out, when the weather is unpropitious, under heavy riding coats, and when their sons prefer to sit in the stuffy atmosphere of a club smoking room.

Even German soldiers must eat, and the tremendous reduction of effective productive force accomplished in the Kaiser's dominions by the combined effect of emigration and enforced military service has so diminished agricultural production as to drive Bismarck to seriously consider the importation of Chinamen, to work the farms of the Empire. There is but one thing more costly than European peace, says the Detroit Free Press, and that is European war. Americans can afford to have their little standing army laughed at, contented that no more than a toy force is necessary.

In the opinion of the San Francisco Chronicle, "there is more talk than any thing else about war in Central America. Every petty village row or neighborhood squabble is called a revolution, and every fight between roving bands of ruffians or outlaws is magnified into a war. The latest rumor was that Guatemala and Salvador were shortly going to war, though what either of them has to fight about is past finding out. If they do not keep the peace and mind their own business, it will serve them right to have Mexico swoop down and gobble up the whole five States of Central America, and Mexico, it is believed, would be very willing to do it."

The most polite nation in diplomatic intercourse is not France, but Belgium. When the Belgian authorities addressed a letter to this Government, asking if the United States still claimed as citizens all children of alien parents born here, the communication closed with: "I should be grateful if your Excellency would have the great kindness to furnish me with this document and give me the information desired. Thanking your Excellency in advance, I embrace, etc. Wishing to know what were the regulations of the United States in regard to peddling, the Belgian minister concluded with: "I have the honor to have recourse to your Excellency's good offices, begging you to be pleased to acquaint me with the laws and regulations which are in force in the United States regarding peddling. I avail myself, etc."

IN THE EVENING.

In the evening of our days, When the first far stars above Glimmer dimmer, through the haze, Than the dew eyes of love, Shall be mournfully revert To the vanished morn and Mays Of our youth, with hours that hurt— In the evening of our days?

Shall the hand that holds your own, Till the twin are thrilled as now, Be withheld, or colder grown? Shall my kiss upon your brow Falter from its high estate? And, in all forgetful ways, Shall we sit apart and wait— In the evening of our days?

Nay, my wife—my life!—the gloom Shall enfold us yuletide; And my smile shall be the groom Of the gladness of your eyes! Gently, gently as the dew, Mingles with the darkening morn, I shall fall asleep with you— In the evening of our days. —James Whitcomb Riley, in Lippincott.

BURGLARS.

"Now, see here," said Deacon Parley to his two daughters, "things kinder looks as if I wouldn't be home to-night, and there's all them contributions for the yaller-fever sufferers up chamber in the red closet (tarnation fool I was to take charge of 'em). There is about two thousand dollars altogether, and that's enough to tempt thieves. Ef your ma was to hum, I wouldn't feel skeered. She's a woman of sense and experience, but Sarcy Ann had to hev her twins just at this particular occasion, and there is your ma off for a week."

"Why, pa, nobody knows the money is here," cried the second daughter, Kitty. "They'd be more likely to expect to find it at the store in the safe." "That's just why I fetched it up," said the deacon. "I hev got to produce it up to the church meetin' to-morrow, and I'd feel purty cur'in if I had to go and say 'twas stole—and them boys is so long-tongued and gabby. Can't sell a pound of flour without tellin' all creation all they know. So I led them to believe I'd put it in the safe, and made a lot of fuss about their lockin' up keeful, and meanwhile hum I fetched it."

"Well, that was cute!" said Kitty. "Leave pa alone for fixing things," said Mattie. The two girls were remarkably fond of their father, and believed him the wisest of men. As he got ready for his journey, they hovered about him, bringing him his gloves, tying his Sunday cravat, putting little dainties in his traveling-bag, filling a small bottle with lemonade, in case he should grow thirsty, parting his hair so that the bald spot on top wouldn't show, and listening to his counsel.

"Ef I ain't to hum," said he, "you'll find the rifle and the pistol both loaded; but I guess the bolts and bars on this here house is all good. You jest see to them, and it's all right. Fasten up early. Don't go away nowhere, and see you don't let no beggars in." All of which the girls solemnly promised, and kissing their father, waved their kerchiefs from the porch until he vanished at the turning of the road that led to the station.

Usually the Parley farm-house boasted both a maid and a man. But it so happened that the last man had fallen in love with the red-checked 'help,' and that they had married and departed together only the day before. The new servants had not yet arrived, and the farm was in a lonely place, and the mother—as the deacon had said—was at her daughter's, where two little "strangers" had arrived together. Still the girls, healthy, merry, and not at all imaginative felt no alarm. They went to work with a will to tidy the house. They had a pick-up dinner in the kitchen, and they took their crochet work and a couple of novels on the porch in the afternoon.

much faster at such moments than we can believe. It was quite dark when Kitty flew in at the front door, and Mattie bounced in at the back at the same instant. Neither of the girls guessed that the other had been absent. The kettle was boiling, so Mattie made the tea and set the table and rang the bell, taking the patterns behind a platter on the dresser, and Kitty entered at the signal, expecting a scolding for keeping tea waiting, but none came.

"The girls took their tea, chatting pleasantly over it, and then Mattie said: "Suppose we lock up and go up to our room. It does feel a little spookish down stairs alone." "It does," said Kitty. "Down cellar first and then everywhere else."

Parley farm-house was well provided with bolts and bars, and every room had good locks of its own. The girls fastened everything on the lower door, and then went up to the front room, where their parents slept, to see to the windows, though it was probable that their father had attended to that before he went away. Kitty went first with a candle, Mattie followed. She had stayed to put the cat into the wash-house, and now came up on the full run with that feeling that some unseen thing is behind you grabbing for your back hair, which seems to indicate that all women have a disposition to believe in the supernatural—for who among us has not felt it.

"She had just got to the top step when she heard Kitty scream violently, and heard something fall. As she rushed in to the room, she saw that it was in darkness—Kitty had dropped her candle. "Kitty!" cried her sister, "what is the matter?" "Oh, don't ask me!" wailed Kitty. "Get a match. Oh, oh, oh!"

Mattie groped about, bumping her head against the bedstead, the wardrobe, and her sister's head, before she found the match-box. But it came to hand at last, and then she struck a light, found the candle, and lighted it. Kitty sat on the floor rocking to and fro and moaning. "What is the matter, dear?" pleaded Mattie. "Oh! don't you see!" sobbed the sister. "Don't you see?"

And Mattie, staring about her, did see. The door of the red closet—the treasure-house where the collection for the yellow fever sufferers had been locked up—was wide open. Not only was the cash-box gone, but the bundles of linen, stockings, gowns, cloaks, and shawls also to be seen South had vanished, and pinned to the door was a large placard bearing these words, written in blue pencil:

"Thank you for making it so easy for us. We didn't have a night of trouble, and a whole hour to help ourselves. We had quite a little lunch, too, out of the battery. Good-bye!" "Burglars!" "Kitty," said Mattie, "don't you almost wish they were dead?" "I do," said Kitty. "Why, it seems to me that to face pa to-morrow will be more than I can stand."

"If you had seen the man who did this, he'd have been a sight to see. He'd have had an injury we've done him. He'd have to take the congregation and tell that story. He'll have to make it up out of his savings. Poor pa! Oh, oh, oh! and all because I went over to the Dusenbury's for a nasty little paper pattern I could have done without—all my fault, all mine!" "No, dear," said Kitty. "I didn't know you went out before; but I was away a whole hour, over at the post-office. I met Selma's mother, and she had a lot to say, and they hadn't fixed the letters, so you see, I left the front door unguarded. I did it. They came in at the front door. Oh, dear, dear, dear! What a wicked girl I am!"

MONEY-PASSING FRAUDS.

"Well," said old Parley, "I'll say for you you don't try to cast blame on me, and you don't tell fibs." "I wish you could sell us for slaves and take the money," said Kitty. "Slavery times are over," said Parley, "or I could black you up and do that. Well, gals, I'll look pretty, won't I, tellin' this to the folks in church? I'll look real smart, and I feel so, too. I'll hev to sell the three-acre lot to raise the amount, I guess, and all because I trusted a couple of gals. Why, I thought your ma's daughters and mine would hev a little common sense born into 'em, but you bada'd, it seems."

"No," said Kitty, "I haven't." "I haven't either," said Mattie. "Well, come upstairs and let's see whether you haven't made no mistake," said Mr. Parley.

"I only wish we had," said Kitty. But they followed their father, who was taking it better than they hoped he would. There stood the red closet open; there was the placard on the door. "Yes," said old Parley, "them contraband ain't in the closet, and you must hev felt sort of funny when you read that notice, gals. But did you look under the bedstead? It's a big old-fashioned one with a valance—may be the burglar is there yet?" and he laughed. "Look," said he again, Kitty gave one startled glance at her father's face and went on her knees beside the bed. She threw the chintz valance back and gave a cry. There were the bundles, the bags, the rolls, the parcels that had vanished from the red closet, and there, too, was the cash-box, shining and bright, and the prettiest thing to Kitty's eyes at that moment, that she had ever seen.

"You see, girls," said old Parley, as his daughters dived with joyous squeals under the queer old hair-loom with its tester and valance, and reappeared with one thing after the other, "I did come home last night, after all, and I found the house empty and all flying, and I thought I'd play a joke on you. I pretty near came in when you bellered so, but you deserved a lesson. I slept up garret for once—locked into the man's room. Still, for all, I will say I've found out you're real good girls to each other, and that you not considerable on your old dad, and you can kiss me."

"It wasn't a bit more than we deserved," said Kitty. "And don't it feel nice to have it all turn right after all!" "Indeed it does," said Mattie. And how old Parley tells that burglar story down at the store once a week on the average.—Fashion Bazar.

Nearly Buried Alive. In view of the many strange nervous, cataleptic and kindred conditions which are so common nowadays, it is not unreasonable that attention to the possibilities, which would seem occasionally to occur, of premature burial. A narrow escape of this was recently communicated direct to the writer.

The lady was the wife of the medical officer attached to the 4th regiment. She was stationed at—Island, where, at the age of twenty-eight, she was safely confined. Shortly after this she was walking out with an attendant when she was taken suddenly ill with a painful spasm of the heart—what appears to have been an attack of angina pectoris—and was conveyed indoors and propped up with pillows, suffering great pain, and, although medical attendance was summoned, nothing was of avail, and she died—at least, in the opinion of those around her. It was the custom there to bury at sundown any one who died during the day.

MONEY-PASSING FRAUDS.

Mutilating Bank Notes and Sending Them for Redemption.—"Raising Bills—Plugging Coins." "Only those who are daily engaged in banks or banking can form an idea of the clever tricks that are resorted to by rascals in order to cheat people out of their money," said a banker to a Boston Globe reporter.

"Lots of counterfeiters, I suppose," remarked the latter. "There are enough, but counterfeiting is an old-fashioned and very risky way of 'doing' people. What would you think of employing real, good American bills to cheat people with? It has been done time and again."

"How?" "Through the redemption laws, for one way. Here is a copy of the 'Regulations governing the issue and redemption of United States currency and coins and the redemption of national bank notes.' You see clause 21 reads: 'Notes equaling or exceeding three-fifths of their original proportions, and bearing the name of the bank and the signature of one of its officers, are redeemable at their full face value.' 'Now some sharp rascals took a number of notes of the same denomination and bank of issue, and so tore or cut them that less than three-fifths of the bill was removed, and then had the mutilated bills redeemed by the United States Treasury. The fragments which they had cut out of the bills they pasted cleverly together, making an apparently whole and good bill of them, which was passed upon some unsuspecting citizen, who in turn passed it on until it eventually wandered to the Treasury, where it was branded as worthless and returned to the last unfortunate owner. The only way to detect these bills is by the number, which must, as you probably know, be the same on both ends of the bill. This same trick has been done with worthless fragments of bills that have been rejected by the Treasury as too small for redemption."

"Then regular bills have been very skilfully split, that is, cut in two so that the back and front are in separate pieces; then the pieces are torn, and mended by pasting them upon a scrap of paper. This paper covers up the blank side and disguises the 'split,' making the half bill look like a whole one, and in this way each half is passed for the full value of the bill.

"Another trick with a genuine bill, but one which can only be worked upon people who do not handle a great deal of money, is 'raising' it, that is, erasing the letters and figures which denote the denomination of the bill, and substituting a larger amount. "For instance: A one-dollar bill can be raised to a 10, or a 10 to a 100. This kind of work is generally done with a pen either upon the bill itself after the original engraving has been erased, or upon paper which is pasted on. No matter how well it is done, however, and I have seen some wonderful specimens of expertise in this line, a penman's work can never be made to look like an engraver's. A practiced eye can detect it in an instant, and beside the feeling of a bill that has been so tampered with is different, and often betrays it.

"Another humbug that is openly perpetrated is the gold half and quarter dollar business," continued the banker. "Some years ago, away back about 1849, I think, parties in California started private mints because gold was so plenty and coinage so hard to get out of the Government. Well, there was little or no objection to that, but after awhile the San Francisco mint was established, and then these private mints died out except in the case of some jewelers, who coined halves and quarters in gold. These were fairly good in weight and quality at first, but they gradually made them poorer and smaller until a few years ago the Government interfered, and every bit of gold found that was marked with the name of 'United States of America,' or with the words 'half dollar' or 'quarter dollar' that had not been struck by the United States or some other Government was seized, cut in half and returned thus.

"The manufacturers of these things were informed that thereafter any person making a coin of any kind, or anything to represent or be used as a coin, would be prosecuted for counterfeiting. Six or ten of all these 'halves' and 'quarters' were stamped 'California Gold Charm,' with the letter 'H' on the larger one and 'Q' on the smaller. "These 'charms' are now sold for halves and quarters, but they are worthless little scraps, made of such poor gold that it will not stand the acid test, and so little of that even that their real value is not 10 cents on a dollar."

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

PROPER USE OF VEGETABLES. Potatoes are the proper vegetable to accompany fish. All kinds of vegetables may be served with beef, although green peas are more appropriate for veal, mutton or poultry. Corn should never accompany game or poultry. With venison, currant jelly, Cabbage, apple sauce, parsnips, carrots and turnips should be served with pork. Macaroni with cheese should always accompany woodcock. Green peas and watercress, wild ducks, Apple sauce, turnips, cabbage, wild or tame geese.—Table Talk.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMIES. When pillows begin to show signs of wear, rip open the end seam and fold so that the side seam will come in the center of the pillow. Sew up the end again, and your pillow will wear as long again, as the wear is now upon that part that has had but little wear heretofore.

Watch the tablecloths, and at the first thin place making its appearance, darn it carefully with the ravelings, saved for that purpose when the tablecloth was made. In this way it will look much better than if neglected until a hole is worn through, when it must be patched. Make carving-cloths from red-and-white checked linen toweling fringe all around and place over the tablecloth at the carver's place; also one opposite, where the mistress sits. They help to save the wear of the cloth at the edge of the table. Three-quarters of a yard is none too long. This toweling also makes good every-day napkins, cut in squares and hemmed.

Make school napkins for the children to take with their dinner, from bleached cotton cut in squares and fringed, then feather-stitch with red (ravelings from red tableting will do), and work an initial or the name in the center. They are ornamental as well as useful.—American Agriculturist.

HOW TO ROAST A DUCK. In choosing ducks for roasting, get those with thick yellowish feet and plump bodies. Dress the same as a chicken, but to insure tenderness they should hang a day or two before using, if the weather will permit. Make a stuffing of bread crumbs well buttered, and season with pepper, salt, sage, or thyme, a little very finely chopped onion and one egg. Mix all together lightly, stuff not very full, sew up, tie so as to draw the legs close to the body and throw up the breast. Roast in a good oven and baste frequently. Not long before serving, dredge them with flour. Young ducks will cook in from thirty to forty minutes; old ones require from forty-five minutes to an hour. When done, make a brown gravy and pour some of it around, but not over the duck; also, send some to the table in a tureen. If the flavor of onion and sage is not liked by all, one of the ducks should be left unseasoned. It is always well to parboil old ducks before roasting. Currant jelly, apple sauce, and green peas, if obtainable, are nice accompaniments for this roast. It is said the choice parts in serving are the 'leg of a swimmer and the wing of a flyer.' To remove the fish flavor of wild ducks, parboil them with an onion, or baste them for a few minutes with hot water, to which has been added some slices of onion. Afterward, baste without using the onion.—Farmer's Blade.

RECIPES. Corn Cake—Two eggs, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one pint sour milk, one teaspoon soda, and a little more than one pint of corn meal. Cabbage Salad—Take one pint of finely chopped cabbage, and turn over it a dressing of three tablespoons lemon juice, two tablespoons sugar, one-half cup whipped cream, thoroughly beaten together.

Roast Shant—Put a quarter of a shant on a dripping pan without water, sprinkle with pepper and salt, baste with butter. Let cook two or three hours; when done, pour in half teacup of walnut catsup. Serve with baked apples. Baked Eggs—Fill the egg dish with the whites beaten; make a hollow in the center, and put in the unbeaten yolk; scatter over the top a little salt and pepper, and bake about two minutes.

Breakfast Puffs—Take two quarts of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, half a teacup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, four eggs, and one quart of boiled milk; stir well, fill greased puff bowls two-thirds full, and bake in a hot oven. Sweet Potatoes—Wash and boil tender, peel and slice. Cover the bottom of a baking dish with a layer of slices, spread thickly with butter and sugar, then more potatoes, butter and sugar, filling the dish. Set in the oven until the top is brown. Roast Turkey—Plump your turkey by plunging in boiling water. Prepare a dressing of bread crumbs, butter, pepper and salt. Place the turkey on a dripping pan, spread with bits of butter, turn and baste often. When nearly done glaze with the white of an egg. Make gravy and serve with wild plum jelly.

Economical Pudding—Four cups of flour, one of suet, two of dried cherries, one of dried raspberries, half a cup each of finely chopped dried apples and peaches, one and a half cups of molasses, and two well beaten eggs; mix all together, add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and mixed spices. Serve with hard sauce. The Violet Harvest. The violet harvest in Southern France and Italy is extremely good. Three trains daily bring large cargoes of violets to Paris, packed in light fruit baskets. The contents of the evening train are kept for Paris consumption, while the violets that arrive in the morning are sent chiefly to England. What are our farmers about that they do not also grow violets in winter?—Court Journal.

LIFE IN THREE ASPECTS.

MORNING. Asleep in a rustic cradle Lay a tiny little one, Wrapped in a robe of whiteness, And kissed by the rising sun, That shone in his crimson glory On the downy baby head, And tenderly touched the dimples In the fingers above the breast.

NOON. The sun cast his noontide splendor On a bonnie, fair-haired maid, As seated in ancient rocker, She backed and forward sway'd; While sitting by still in her sampler, In crimson and gold and blue, She worked with a heart as glad as As the blossoms of hinds that flew.

EVENING. 'Twas the glory of noon has faded From the old eyes' dimming sight, The "Peace," above understanding, Maketh her "Even Light;" While far from the starlit heavens, The moon casts her silver glow, In a silent solemn blessing, On a head like the drifted snow. —P. L. Blakesford, in Good Housekeeping.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Forgery is all right in the iron business.—Merchant Traveler. The safest way to approach a mule is to go the other way around the earth.—Life. Lovers can live on love in the parlor all right, but not in the dining-room.—Dunville's Bazaar. Tailors are like vicious swordsmen—they do their cutting at clothes quarters.—Glas Falls Republican. Dogs are very affectionate. We have even seen dogs that were attached to tin cans.—Burlington Free Press.

There is a reporter on a New York paper who lost an arm in the war. He's a short-hand arm.—Statesman. He—"Well, it is growing late, I fear I must go." She—"Oh, stay a little longer and see the sun rise."—Munsey's Weekly. Roast Turkey—"I feel awfully funny." Cranberry Sauce—"Of course you do. You're stuffed with chestnuts."—Munsey's Weekly. The man who goes on the theory that the world owes him a living, finds it hard to collect even the interest on the debt.—Merchant Traveler. The girls give little thought to affairs of state, but when the subject is bachelors they know how to reduce the surplus.—Binghamton Herald.

Curtain (to carpet)—"Aha, they've whiped you, did they?" Carpet—"Don't care. They're going to hang you."—Binghamton Republican. Little Mabel—"Ma, may I have something to eat?" Mother (impatiently)—"Yes, take this piece of cake, and don't open your mouth again!"—Time. A man told of an adventure which was so horrible that he said it just raised his hair. "Well," said the bald-headed man in the back corner, "I'll guess I'll try it."—Judge. "And is your son doing well at college, Mr. Hankinson?" "Very. So well that the faculty told him he needn't return during the sophomore year at all."—Munsey's Weekly.

Doctor—"And how's your appetite?" Patient—"I can eat very little and drink very little—all I can rely now is my physic." Doctor—"Ah, then, for the present stick to that!"—London Punch. "I think a man is a fool who will carry his umbrella under his arm on a crowded street." "So do I, madam," said he politely; "that is the reason why I always carry some other man's."—Washington Post. Said a wife with looks of distress: "My feelings I cannot express. When you from my presence have run, If you cannot express them, my dear, You must send them by mail, that is clear." Then she explained to hear such a pun. —Goodall's Son.

We read a great deal in the papers about the vanity of women. Probably the people who laugh at it never happened to see a man adjusting his new silk hat before the glass in the hallway, preliminary to starting down-town.—Somerville Journal. Charles—"I adore you, Edith, but, alas! I am poor. However, I have a wealthy uncle, from whom I have expected Edith (sneering)—"Is he married?" Charles—"No, darling." Edith—"Then introduce me to him, there's a dear."—Scraps. A Japanese Trial. The following details of Japanese legal procedure will be of interest. The court is held in a room the largest portion of which is covered by a rostrum usually three or four feet high, the remainder part of the room space being flagged. The object of the rostrum is to accommodate the judges, who sit behind small desks or tables, each table being covered with a green baize cloth. The number of these tables varies according to the court, in the common pleas there being generally three of them, but not all are occupied by judges, for the judge only sits at the centre one, of his right hand being the prosecutor or prosecuting lawyer, and at his left the clerk, each with his table and a little part for writing in black the Japanese syllabets, and of course such a person as a stenographer is unknown. Below this rostrum is what may be called the dock, where the prisoner stands supporting himself by a low railing. The only seats provided to the court beyond those appertaining to the tables at the rostrum are one or two benches at the exterior end of the court for the accommodation of visitors, though prisoners awaiting trial are permitted to utilize them. A jury is apparently unknown to the Japanese legal procedure. At the trial the prosecutor states his case, and then the judge examines the prisoner, who may, however, employ counsel if he prefer. On the completion of the case sentence is pronounced, and the next prisoner called up. —Law Journal.