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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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The population of Greece is increasing at a greater ratio than that of any other European country.

Lunacy appears to have increased in Scotland to a startling extent. In 1888 there were 5524 lunatics on the register of the Lunacy Commissioners, but now there are 12,395.

The British Government proposes to build a very extensive barracks at Halifax, which, in case of war, would be occupied by troops on their way to India by way of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The site for these barracks has already been selected.

One of the greatest modern industries, asserts the San Francisco Chronicle, is the product of beet sugar. Its creation has given employment to a vast number of persons, and has so cheapened sugar that it is within the reach of the lowest-waged workman.

The farm products of Vermont this season will realize \$30,000,000, which, declares the New York Commercial Advertiser, is the best year's showing for the Green Mountain State farmers since the war. Improved methods of culture are largely credited with the prosperity.

The civilized nations of the earth have agreed to co-operate in taking a photographic chart of the heavens. Some twenty telescopes are to work four years, and will result in mapping probably twenty-five millions of stars; with longer exposures probably two thousand millions could be photographed.

An expert (Hoard's Dairyman) says: "The cow is winning her way into the hearts of the Southern people. One instance in proof thereof is the first consignment of cheese ever received in St. Louis from Arkansas, which reached that market lately from the Grand Prairie Dairy Company, at Stuttgart, Ark."

The project of domesticating the Siberian reindeer in Alaska promises well, thinks the Boston Transcript. Captain Healy, of the revenue steamer Bear, purchased several deer of the Siberian natives during his recent cruise and brought four to Alaska. There is little doubt but that they will thrive, as the moss upon which they feed is plentiful in Alaska, and that climate is almost identical with that of Eastern Siberia.

Canada gives a geological survey only \$60,000 a year, while, contrasts the Chicago Herald, the various geological surveys in our own country absorb nearly \$1,000,000 annually. Yet Canada makes a fine showing with this modest sum. The annual geological records are in part records of original discovery and research, and, with their fine maps and photographs, are as interesting as many books of travel. Canada contains the largest unknown areas of the American continent.

Savage or half-civilized princes often prefer death to exile in a foreign country. Maitoia, the King of Samoa, jumped overboard when the Germans took him to the Gilbert Islands, and was not rescued with his own consent. Three chiefs of the Comoro Islands, off the East African coast, were taken away from home three months ago on account of the revolution which they headed against the French. They were very unhappy on board ship, and when the vessel reached Obok they tried to jump overboard, and were placed in irons to prevent further suicidal attempts.

It is said that a few years ago some of the members of foreign legations in Washington gave the police no end of trouble. They knew that they could not be punished for any ordinary misdemeanor, and frequently raised a row on the streets. When arrested they had to be released as soon as identified. Finally the police tried a new dodge. They had a few sluggers leading around the station, who made it a point to pitch into the foreigners, and give them black eyes and bloody noses. This quieted the riotous members of the legation, and for some time past they have given the police very little trouble.

Californians now engaging in the cultivation of prunes find the profits very tempting, being about one dollar a tree, or \$100 the acre. This rate increases as the tree grows older until the fruit each year is worth almost two dollars. Ex-Secretary of State Thomas Beck has given up everything else to engage in the cultivation of the prunes. The Pajaro Land and Fruit Company was recently formed for the purpose of raising this fruit in large quantities. It has bought 600 acres of land in Pajaro Valley, and will plant an orchard of French prune trees. They will be from four to six feet in height when put into the ground. The best of these trees is to be two years old at the grafting one year. Next year they will begin to yield fruit. The average life of a tree is thirty years.

E-LIM-IN-AH-DO.

'T was in the bazars of the Smyrniotes that we heard the lingering call, With its mellow, musical, bell-like notes, And its rhythmic rise and fall.

It soared o'er the camel-driver's shout, And the hale-bent porter's angry frown—

E-lim-in-ah-do!

There were the fogs of Omoozoo, Large and luscious and bursting ripe; And from a cave near there blew

The tempting scent of the water-pipe; But Tiro's grapes would have hung in vain Upon the vines had we heard that strain—

E-lim-in-ah-do!

Amber, clear as a prisoned ray Of the morning sunlight, was forgot; Rugs, rich with the hues of dying day,

From the looms of Persia, lured us not, While the motley Smyrniote swept by, We hung on the sound of the witching cry—

E-lim-in-ah-do!

Those out of the jostling crowd he came With his cork-necked flask and his clink of glass;

As keen of eye and supple of frame As a Lydian pard we saw him pass—

Saw him pass, and above the roar Caught the lilt of his call once more—

E-lim-in-ah-do!

Who can measure melody's power? It sways the soul with the same strange spell

On lovely lips in a lady's bower, Or those of a vagrant Ishmael, And still floats back with its thrilling bars, The strain from the Smyrniote bazars—

E-lim-in-ah-do!

—Clinton Scudder, in Atlantic Monthly.

DOROTHY'S DIAMONDS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAYES.

"You can't be in earnest, Dot!" said Ralph Inray.

"But I am in earnest," protested Dorothy, his wife. "Why shouldn't I be in earnest?"

Mr. Inray laid down the pen with which he had been following a long column of figures. He was a bank accountant, and sometimes eked out his small salary by bringing home the books of neighboring firms to post after his regular day's work was over.

He looked intently at Dorothy. Nor was she by any means a disagreeable object to behold, as she sat by the shaded lamp, stitching away at a piece of yellow China silk which emphasized her purple-black masses of silky hair and the jetty light of her long-lashed eyes.

Some people, to judge by appearance, are born kitchen-maids; others are princesses. And Dorothy Inray, albeit her father was a master carpenter and her husband a bank clerk, was one of nature's aristocrats—slim, taper-fingered and swan-throated, with a delicate complexion and a profile that reminded one of a Roman cameo.

"Why shouldn't you be in earnest?" repeated Ralph. "Because, Dot, there's a fitness in all things. A poor man's wife has no business to wear diamonds."

"Mrs. Clifford wears them!" petulantly retorted Dorothy. "And Job Clifford doesn't get any higher salary than you do."

"But her father is a man of means, Dot."

"And Luella Dixon has the loveliest lace-bari! She showed it to me yesterday."

"Dixon and I differ materially in our financial ideas," observed Inray, shrugging his shoulders. "If a man owns money, I, for one, don't regard it as a very smart thing for his wife to be flaunting around in costly jewels. Come, Dot, give up the idea. Twenty years from now I may be able to give you diamonds."

Dorothy pouted. She sewed away with little, swift jerks of the needle.

"Twenty years from now I shall be an old woman," she uttered.

Mr. Inray laughed.

"I'll risk that," said he. "No, Dot, if my wife were to come out in a pair of diamond ear-rings, my employers would be quite justified in scrutinizing my accounts. The topaz ornaments I gave you at our wedding were good enough for you then. Why can't you be contented with them now?"

Dorothy answered not a word. The needle seemed like a scimitar in the lamplight; the rose-red lips were tightly compressed; and Ralph resumed his pen.

All at once the air seemed to flash into scintillations of light. Dorothy started back with a slight exclamation.

Not a loud word was spoken, as, guided by Mrs. Dixon's advice, Dorothy selected five many-faceted stones, and laid down her little roll of bankbills. Her heart beat loudly, her pulses seemed to race in a mad scamper through her veins as she thrust the diamonds into the bosom of her dress. She did not hear what Sazeda was saying—the murky cabin a-smell before her eyes.

"I'm afraid you feel the swell of the waves, dear," whispered Mrs. Dixon. "Let us get out as quick as we can."

In the same instant a curious expression passed across Sazeda's handsome sardonic face. The cigar box vanished as if by magic—the captain disappeared also.

"A custom house," whispered the little hunchback, madly swinging his lantern to and fro. "All ashore! Quick, signora!"

He thrust the cage of a drooping white macaw into Mrs. Dixon's hands. She nodded shrewdly, and pushed Dorothy across the plank toward the stairs. In her haste, however, the young woman stumbled.

"Quick," cried Luella—"Quick! What's the matter with you?"

"I'm—I'm afraid I have sprained my ankle," wailed poor Dorothy, growing white and sick. "Oh, Luella, wait—"

And that was all she remembered.

"Diamonds, my dear—diamonds!" echoed Aunt Rhoda. "Just cut glass,

"It's impossible!" breathed Dorothy. "But it is possible, and I'll tell you how. Come closer, dear; not a soul must know of this. Dixon has helped a shipping merchant on the docks to get his cargo in—Dixon knows a man in the custom house, you see—and he has given us a point. There was a Brazil schooner came in last night, laden with bananas. The captain has friends in the diamond mines up among the mountains."

"You don't mean—"

Mrs. Dixon laughed—a shrill, excited laugh.

"It's really quite interesting to visit those odd little foreign vessels," said she. "I'll take you there, dear, if you'd like!"

"Is that the way you got your diamonds, Luella?"

"Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies," merrily retorted Mrs. Dixon. "You have the same chance that I did. It's the duties on these luxuries that makes the catch. Captain Sazeda is in a hurry to get back to Rio Janeiro. If we go on all we'll have to go to-night."

"But it's Ralph's late night at the bank!" hesitated Dorothy.

"All the better. He mustn't know a word of it. Men are so ridiculous about such things. I never would have breathed a word to you if I had supposed you would betray me!"

"I won't! I won't!" cried Dorothy, her cheeks flushed, her dark eyes sparkling.

"Oh, Luella, do you think my poor little seven-dollar bill will buy anything fit to look at?"

"Great bargains are sometimes obtained in that way," nodded Mrs. Dixon. "But, good gracious, is that eleven striking? And me due at my dressmaker's at half-past ten. I must go, Dorothy. Remember I'll call for you at seven. Not a minute before dark, you see. Sazeda will send up the cabin boy to show you the way. Put on your waterproof, and wear your oldest hat and veil, and make some excuse to Bridget, mind, sharp seven!"

All day Dorothy Inray went about her occupations like one in a dream. The strange, fantastic nature of the adventure appealed to the romantic side of her being.

She longed for diamonds as a desert wanderer longs for cooling fountains. She could tell Ralph that she had hired them, that some of their relations up in Canada had bequeathed them—she could make up any sort of a story to pacify him. The rest must wait. Aunt Rhoda would surely be in no haste about her black brocade gown!

And Dorothy felt that thinking in what shape the stones—precious sparklers from far Southern mines—should be set.

Seven o'clock came—a raw, smoky twilight, filled with fine, drizzling rain—and Dorothy and Mrs. Dixon were picking their way along the narrow, half-lighted streets on the edge of the wharves, where the wind was full of saline odor, and the crowded masts and smoke-stacks seemed to overshadow them like some outlandish sort of forest.

A stunted lad in tattered garments trotted along in front of them, whistling as he went, and now and then casting a backward glance to make sure that they had not lost their way.

Presently he plunged into a crazy old house which seemed to balance itself on the black tides below.

Mrs. Dixon followed—so did Dorothy Inray, after one startled glance around. They descended a flight of ruinous stairs, crossed a rude gangplank, and found themselves on a stupendously dirty vessel, smelling of tar and onions, and rocking back and forth with the swell produced by the ferry-boats that came and went at intervals.

A humpbacked little man in tarnished velvet sat on a bucket turned upside down, holding a lantern which he swung toward a cabin door beyond.

"Ha, Gaeome!" he uttered, "Zo signora she come to see zo parrot an zo cockatoo! She is welcome. Walk zat way, please."

And Dorothy and her friend descended into a low-ceiled, dirty place lined with cages of numberless shrieking foreign birds, and a jound-looking young man with a mandolin slung around his neck was leisurely picking out a tune by the light of a smoke-blackened lamp.

He looked at Mrs. Dixon, who nodded her head, while Dorothy stood trembling and a little sea-sick at her side.

He laid down the mandolin, bowed not ungracefully to Dorothy, and closing the doors with vigilant care, opened a shallow cigar box which lay on the table.

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and nothing more. Bright pebbles that one can pick up anywhere."

"But Mrs. Dixon—"

"Don't talk, dear," said Aunt Rhoda, with a wave of her hand. "Ralph made me promise not to let you get excited. But I think it's best to tell you the whole story at once. They've cut and run, the lot of 'em—Dixon and his wife, that Sazeda fellow and all. They palmed off a lot of those false jewels on people who supposed they were buying smuggled diamonds, and the ship was found deserted the next day. Where did we find you? Why, fainting away all alone on the dock steps. I had followed you. I had come in that morning, and was in the next bedroom all the time that woman was putting her falsehoods down your throat."

"And I knew, in Ralph's absence, that it was my business to look after you. Bridget was with me, and together we got you home. Much that other woman cared whether you lived or died! She has left you to your fate. No, Dot, no; don't look so grieved! It was a false step, but the Lord has mercifully preserved you, and now we'll wipe off the old scores and begin again."

And Dorothy had just enough strength left to press her lips to Aunt Rhoda's withered hand.

"Ralph," she said, when she was quite recovered, "if ever you are able to buy me any jewels—"

"Which I certainly shall do, dot, one of these days," he gaily interrupted.

"Don't let them be diamonds. I hate diamonds! I never want to see one again. Turquoises, amethysts, whatever else you please, but not diamonds!"

"Well, it shall be as you please," said Ralph. "Your bright eyes, love, are all the diamonds I want!"

"Oh, Ralph," sobbed Dorothy, "how good you are to me! How I love you!"

What Becomes of All Old Hats?

What becomes of all old hats? "We have about 200 old hats strewn along under the counters and in the back room," said a South Clark street hatter.

"From ten to twenty-five tramps come in daily and ask for a hat, yet our refuse supply seems undiminished. The tramps are glad to see cool or rainy weather at this time of the year. They know that it will drive in the straw hats, and they will fall heir to them. After these straw hats have done service all summer the tramps wear them all winter. For a summer hat the tramp gets the cast-off winter hat. He reserves the fashion. A great majority, however, take their old hats home and lay them up for a rainy or a snowy day. Some people will wear a straw hat two seasons, but the great majority give them to the charitable institutions. A great many hats are left to be called for. If not called for within thirty days we give them away. Sometimes sharpers attempt to buy hats on us. A small man left his hat here, leaving a cut-of-crown hat. The one he left was out of shape, had lost its gloss and color, and was worthless. He did not say that he would return for it, nor did he say that he would not. We put it aside, but when he called for it we could not find it at the moment. He then claimed that it was a good hat and demanded \$5 for it. We made a thorough search, found the battered tile and handed it to him. Seeing that his scheme had failed he threw the old hat into the street."—Chicago Times.

Providers of Free Lunches.

The free lunches of upward of 800 saloons in New York are furnished by the concern. A bunch of hot sandwiches, herring, baked beans and crackers and cheese is furnished at \$1 per day. The price ranges all the way up to \$50. A \$50 lunch comprises a big tureen of soup, cold lamb, roast beef and corned beef, four or five big baked pike, chicken, clam, oyster, sardine or Broe cheese sandwiches, varied daily; lobster and chicken salad, and olives, pickles, lettuce, etc. Everything is of the best. It takes ten cooks the better part of the night to get the lunches ready for fifteen wagons to distribute early in the morning. The solids are placed in baskets and the liquids in earthen jars. When the lunch is delivered at a saloon the attendant hands back what is left of the previous day's delivery. That is part of the contract. The "cold pieces" are sold to keepers of cheap boarding-houses. The average price paid daily by the customers of this firm is \$15. It pays both the caterers and the saloon-keepers. A first-class saloon cannot be run now without an appetizing and well-served free lunch. An elegant establishment not far from where I live never made any money until a few months ago, when a couple of enterprising young fellows took hold of it and set out a free lunch fit for an epicure. Business picked up with a rush and the new proprietors are getting rich fast.—New Orleans Picayune.

Curiosities About Gold.

Gold is so very tenacious that a piece of it drawn into wire one-twentieth of an inch in diameter will sustain a weight of 500 pounds without breaking.

Its malleability is so great that a single grain may be divided into 2,000,000 parts and a cubic inch into 9,523,809, 523 parts, each of which may be distinctly seen by the naked eye.

A grain and a half of gold may be beaten into leaves of one inch square, which if intersected by parallel lines drawn at right angles to each other at distance only the one-hundredth part of an inch, will produce 23,000,000 little squares, each of which may be distinctly seen without the use of a glass.

The surface of any given quantity of gold, according to the best authorities, may be extended by the hammer 310,184 times. The thickness of the metal thus extended appears to be no more than the 568,020th of an inch. Eight ounces of this wonderful metal would fill a silver wire of sufficient length to extend entirely around the globe.—Behoboth Sun Day Herald.

ON STONEWALL JACKSON.

A NORTHERNER'S ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER AND CAREER.

Interesting Views by Rev. Henry M. Field, D. D., on the Confederate Leader, Published in "Harper."

Rev. Henry M. Field, D. D., the well known Northern divine, has an article in Harper's Magazine on the life and character of General "Stonewall" Jackson. The reverend writer says:

The midsummer of this year (1891) witnessed a scene in the mountains of Virginia that recalled the events of a past generation. The 21st of July was the thirtieth anniversary of Bull Run, where North and South met in the first battle of the war, for the engagements in West Virginia, near the Ohio, hardly rose to the dignity of battles. But Bull Run was a conflict of armies, in which both sides took their first lessons in war, and out of which came at least one great soldier, who stood so firmly while the battle raged around him that others who were broken and dismayed took courage as they saw his unshaken column standing "like a stone wall," from which he received the name of "Stonewall" Jackson. This was the hero to whom a monument was now to be unveiled in Lexington, where he is buried.

Of those whose names stand beside him on that bloody day thirty years ago, almost all had followed him to the grave; but the survivors, the shattered wrecks of war, came from far and near to do honor to him who once led them to battle, and wept with overpowering emotion at the grave of their beloved commander.

The demonstration furnishes an occasion for a Northerner to give his opinion of this extraordinary man. The years that have passed have removed us so far from the great tragedy of war, and from the passions it aroused, that we can do justice even to those who were in arms against us; and no one can read the history of Stonewall Jackson without recognizing in him all the qualities that go to make a popular hero. As a soldier, some competent critics rank him as the first that the war produced on either side. Not that he was at the head of the largest army, or undertook the most extensive military operations, but that with the means that he had he accomplished more than any other commander. He had made a study of the campaigns of Napoleon, and saw that success lay not merely in having "the strongest battalions," but in secrecy of design and the rapidity of execution. In the latter he outdid even Napoleon himself, training his men to such a pitch of endurance that he could "rush" them twenty-five miles a day over a broken country, across rivers and over mountains, and fight a battle as the sun was going down. Nothing in the war gave more decisive proof of military genius than the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley in the spring of 1862—the only one in which he could do absolutely alone, with no interference from those above him—where he was pitted not against one army, but four (under Banks, Fremont, Shields and Milroy), advancing upon him from different quarters, and outmaneuvered them all, attacking and defeating each in turn, till he drove them, one after another, out of the valley, where he gave them all the slip, as I crossing the Blue Ridge in one of his rapid marches, suddenly appeared on the flank of McClellan's army before Richmond. That decided the Peninsula campaign, when he turned north, and by a bold movement threw himself between Pope and Washington, and the second Bull Run proved far more bloody than the first. All this is matter of history which it is not necessary to recall, nor to follow the tireless soldier to Harper's Ferry, to Antietam, to Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, where he fell at the very moment that the great flank movement which he had conceived as I conducted had struck the Union Army with a shock from which it recoiled and could not recover, but sought safety on the other side of the Rappahannock, which it had crossed only a few days before in all the confidence of victory. This is a record of continued success of which it is hard to find another example in our own history, or, indeed, in any other.

Cruel Punishments in the Past.

In the matter of punishments, we have entered upon a time of greater cruelty than prevailed under the Pharaohs. Men are boiled and women burned for poisoning; heretics are still burned—in 1535 one thus suffered for denying the divinity of Christ; ears are nailed to the pillory and sliced off for defamation and seditious words; long and cruel whippings are inflicted—in one case through Westminster—and London for forgery. An immense number are hanged every year; the chiroileter Machyn continually sets down such a fact as that "on this day XII were hanged at Tyburn, VII men and V women." Mariners were hanged at low water at Wapping for offences committed at sea; the good old custom of pillorying was maintained with zeal; and the parading of backsliders in carts or on horseback was kept up. Thus one woman, for selling fry of fish unlawfully, rode triumphantly through the town with garlands of fish decorating her head and shoulders and the tail of the horse, while one went before beating a brass basson. Another woman was carried round, a distaff in her hand and a blue hood on her head, for a common scold. A man was similarly honored for selling mussy pork; and another, riding with his head to the animal's tail, for doing something sinful connected with lamb or veal.—Harper's Magazine.

The Baya's Nest.

The Baya bird of India spends his nights catching fire-flies, with which he plasters his nest. The baya does not kill the fly, but simply attaches it to his nest by means of a piece of moist clay. On a dark night a baya's nest has the appearance of an electric street lamp.—Chicago Times.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Germany leads in paper-mills. Coffee mills are run by electricity. Instantaneous photographs show lip movements.

The experiment is about to be tried in Chicago of running double-decked street cars.

A street railway system, to be operated by compressed air, is to be inaugurated in Leavenworth, Kan. The power will also be applied to factories.

The phonograph has been applied to the telephone, so that any conversation coming over the wires during the day may be readily reproduced.

Phosphorus is now being made by decomposing a mixture of acid phosphates and carbon by the heat of an electric arc within the mass.

The latest innovation in car decoration is a new material called "sill-chrome." It can be used also for depot or other exterior decoration.

On the eastern frontier of the "Dark Continent" coal is so plentiful that by lifting a shovelful of clay off any particular spot it may be reached. But there is no means of transporting it to market.

The range of naval guns is roughly one mile for every inch of calibre for guns less than ten inches, but last year a 9.2 inch breech-loading rifle attained a range of twelve miles. The pneumatic gun has fired a dummy shell two miles and a half.

It is said that the local steam trains between St. Paul and Minneapolis have all been taken off, being unable to compete with the electric road, which is running trips every eight minutes, and is expected soon to change to five minute schedule.

About twice as much energy is required to stop a moving object as to start it. In order to relieve its horses of a great deal of work, the London General Omnibus Company has adopted an ingenious device by which springs are wound up when the omnibus stops. The amount of energy which is thus stored up in the springs is utilized for starting the vehicle again.

A smokeless powder has been prepared at the Newport (R. I.) Torpedo Station, which is credited with having given a rifle bullet the astounding velocity of 2860 feet per second. Moreover, it is stated that at a distance of 500 yards the report of the gun was not heard nor was any smoke visible. Gun cotton pulp is reported to be the base of the powder, but the other ingredients and their manipulation are a Government secret.

A lake has a wonderfully tempering effect on the climate. Thus, according to M. Porel, the quantity of heat accumulated in the Lake of Geneva, Switzerland, during the summer of 1889 was equal to that given off by the combustion of 31,000,000 tons of coal, or the amount carried by a coal train 1129 miles in length. The greater part of the heat is discharged into the air of the valley during the cold season, thus producing a milder temperature in autumn and winter.

Dr. Brown-Sequard in one of his lectures dwells with great emphasis on the importance of general knowledge in the matter of checking coughing and sneezing. He states that coughing can be stopped by pressing the nerves of the lips in the neighborhood of the nose, and sneezing may be stopped the same way. Pressing in the neighborhood of the ear, or right in front of the ear, may stop coughing. It is so also of hiccupping, but much less so than for sneezing or coughing. Pressing very hard on the roof of the mouth is also a means of arresting a cough, and the will itself is often found to be a wonderful preventive.

A Church Built of Coral.

The Seychelles Islands, which are supposed by many to be the site of the Eden of the Old Testament history, form an archipelago of 114 islands, and are situated about 1400 miles east of Aden, and 1000 miles from Zanzibar. They rise steeply out of the sea, culminating in the Isle of Mahé, which is about 3900 feet above the level of the ocean, and is nearly the centre of the group. All these islands are of coral growth. The beaches which surround them are the most beautiful in the world, and are of white calcareous sands inclosed in coral reefs of the most subtle and varied structure.

The reefs form a sort of wall around the island, and when the sun's rays fall slanting on the sands the shore reflects here and there light-tinted rainbows of the most exquisite shades.

The houses are built of a species of massive coral hewn into square blocks, which glisten like white marble and show themselves to the utmost advantage in the various tinted green of the thick tropical palms, whose immense fern-like leaves give pleasant and much needed shade.

The palms grow as high as 100 feet and more, overtopping both the houses and the coral-built church. They are the seashore and cover the mountains, forming in many places extensive forests.—Boston Globe.

Bacon Adjourns a Legislature.