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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... 1.00; One Square, one inch, one month... 3.00; One Square, one inch, three months... 8.00; One Square, one inch, one year... 25.00; Two Squares, one year... 45.00; Quarter Column, one year... 20.00; Half Column, one year... 35.00; One Column, one year... 100.00; Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Emperor William pays for his trips on the German Government railroad the same as other mortals.

Says St. Louis Post-Dispatch: If, as scientists assert, Niagara Falls is to disappear, nature will have performed the greatest operation for cataract ever known.

Spain, it is said in Madrid, will presently send 27,500 additional troops to Cuba. Yet let it not be forgotten that Spain still refuses to recognize the existence of a state of war in that island!

During 1893 American rich men gave for colleges and benevolent purposes a round \$20,000,000. During 1894 they increased it to \$32,000,000. In 1895 they gave \$32,800,000, and notwithstanding the hard times of 1896, the gifts amounted to \$27,000,000.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat observes: It is a curious fact that a club of women formed in New York to go to the Klondike has engaged a man to do the cooking and dish washing. Unless he is fastened matrimonially he will be apt to "give notice" when he reaches the diggings.

There is an extraordinary decline in number of persons applying for civil service examinations, the total for the whole country during the current year being only a fourth of the aggregate for last year. This decline is probably due to the fact that many would-be office-seekers are now finding employment in other directions.

It may interest men who are losing the natural covering of their heads to know that an industrious Frenchman with a patience rivaling that of a Chinese puzzle-worker, has made a calculation of the number of hairs on the average human head. His estimate is 127,920. There are probably few authorities in the world to contradict him.

President McKinley expressed what the New York Herald calls a happy thought when he said that the old British fortifications at Crown Point should belong to the Government. There are many relics and ruins of colonial and Revolutionary days in New York that should be preserved and at the same time left open to the people.

The Right Hon. James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," has publicly asserted that women are the scholarly sex and that men are caring less and less about learning, their chief absorption being either business or athletics. He says that in the future all must look chiefly to women to uphold the love of culture and learning, and that the best education for men is the best for women.

Tennessee's Centennial Exposition at Nashville is surpassing all records in exhibition finances. If the attendance continues as large as heretofore it will pay back to the stockholders dollar for dollar and possibly a small dividend in addition. It was an ambitious project to launch in the depth of a business depression, and this success shows that the times have not been half as hard as the talk.

While the State Legislatures of this country have been coping with millinery matters in the way of theatre hats and feather trappings, remarks Youth's Companion, the French Government has recommended that its horses be put into submersibles. The straw manufacturers have been doing a large business in consequence, and summer mortality among horses has largely decreased. The amusement awakened in the beholder at this odd gear is but an echo of that of a century ago when men first appeared carrying umbrellas.

The well-known British statistician, Mr. Mulhall, points out in a paper on the subject that, relatively to population, no European country can vie with New England in the matter of manufactures, the fact being stated that, in the case of the latter, the value of the annual output represents \$319 per inhabitant, while in the case of Great Britain it is but \$115, Belgium \$88 and France \$74. The rate, moreover, at which manufactures have advanced in New England he finds to be incomparably in excess of the rate in Great Britain; thus, the annual value of manufactures per inhabitant of Great Britain was \$111 in 1850, and but \$4 more in 1890, while during the same period in New England it rose from \$104 to \$319. In other words, British manufactures in general, during the last forty years, have done little more than keep pace with the population, while those of New England show a ratio per inhabitant three times greater than that of 1850.

LET US LIVE BY THE WAY.

In the youth of the heart, Ere the glorious ray That washes on life's morning Hath faded away; While the light fingers yet In the eyes that are dear, And the voices we love Still remain with us here; While the warm blood leaps up, And the forest resounds With the tread of the horse, And the bay of the hounds, Oh, ever and always, So long as we may,

MRS. SEABURY'S TRIAL.

By LUCIE D. WELSH.

ELL, now," said Mrs. Beaman, briskly, to the other members of the Sewing Society, "after we voted at the last meeting to get a dress for the minister's wife, I just went up there to see if anything else was needed."

"I've been thinking," interrupted Mrs. Lane, a gentle-faced little woman, "that perhaps you'd better give the money to Mrs. Seabury, and let her get just what she wants for herself. What do you think about it, Mrs. Beaman?"

"I don't think nothin' about it," retorted that lady, sharply. "She hasn't got no judgment. I know well enough. She's low rusty that black dress of hers! If she'd a bought somethin' that wouldn't get rusty she'd a showed judgment. I say! It wouldn't be right to give her money to spend, and I, for one, would be against it."

Mrs. Beaman glanced around the little circle. She was a large, portly woman, with a massive double chin and keen black eyes. Her mouth had a habit of shutting tightly, and she would press her lips together until only a line was visible. She was dressed in a bright blue woolen gown, made perfectly plain, and ornamented about the neck by a ruffle of red silk. She was a wealthy widow, and as president of the society and the largest subscriber in the church, her word was law with everyone.

Mrs. Lane was the only person who ever dared to argue with her, and to-day she made a feeble effort to defend the minister's wife. "Perhaps Mrs. Seabury didn't have money enough to buy a good black dress. They must have got awful behind with his not preaching for so long. And really, it doesn't seem as if I should want any one to buy a gown for me."

She looked around for a supporting voice, but there was none. "Well, now I'll tell you just how I feel about it," said Mrs. Beaman. "If I wasn't a very good judge of dress goods, and somebody that was shoddy and pick me out a dress that would wear, and wouldn't fade nor cockle with dampness nor nothin', and should buy it, and pay for it, I should feel to be thankful, I know."

There was a subdued murmur of assent from the other women. "As I was saying when somebody interrupted me," went on Mrs. Beaman, with a severe look at Mrs. Lane, "I went up to Mrs. Seabury's to find out if anything else was needed. Well, now, I tell you it made me feel bad! Mrs. Seabury was tryin' to cut out a dress for Nannie—that's the one next to the youngest—and she didn't have half cloth enough. The biggest twin was washin' the dishes, and the other twin was tryin' to keep the baby from cryin'. He certainly is the fussiest baby I ever see. He yelled the whole endurin' time that I was there, but his mother said she didn't think he was sick. Then Johnny had the tooth-ache, and he bawled more of the time, and Mrs. Seabury was just as patient with 'em all, and just as perlit to me, as 'em all, and I didn't see the minister, for he was writing his sermon, but I did have quite a talk with her. Why, they ain't got nothin' to wear, and no money to buy anything with. She didn't want to tell me, but it came out a little at a time."

Here she paused for breath, and Mrs. Driscoll, a tall, gaunt woman with a little wisp of hair twisted into a knob on the back of her head, made a remark. "They must be awful shiftless people, I think. I don't believe she's got no faculty." "That ain't either here nor there," retorted Mrs. Beaman. "They ain't got no clothes, sure, and that's more our business than whether they've got any faculty."

ing. Mrs. Lane had told the truth when she said Ann Beaman hadn't no taste.

Mrs. Seabury took the sampler in her hand. It was strong and fine, and Mrs. Beaman had said. Esther stopped crying to see how the cloth affected her mother.

Mrs. Seabury possessed a quick imagination, and a keen sense of the ridiculous which the long years of hardship had not dulled. Already she saw in her mind's eye the family of five, clothed in that startling plaid, marching into church.

It was too much for her to bear. She leaned back in her chair and laughed and laughed.

"Why, mother, how can you?" asked Esther, indignantly. "Why didn't they make a coat for father at the same time? It would be just as suitable for him as it will for you. Oh, have we got to wear them?"

"I'm afraid we shall have to, dear. There really is no money to buy anything else, and we can't go without clothes. We must be thankful for what we can get."

She could laugh no more, but was just on the verge of tears.

"If it wasn't so queer I wouldn't mind. Why didn't they get some plain color? Rebecca says her mother selected it. I didn't say to talk about it—I couldn't. Rebecca walked part way home with me, and she talked about it all the time. Her mother paid for most of the cloth, and the society is making it up. How could they do such a thing? And poor Esther burst into tears now."

"Rebecca thought we'd be pleased," she added.

Mrs. Seabury had collected her scattered wits during this last speech of Esther's.

"Esther, my dear," she said, "this certainly is a cross for us to bear. But we must try to think of how little consequence clothes really are. The material is strong and warm. It will make us comfortable clothing and we must wear it."

"I do hope the cloth isn't very bad," thought Mrs. Lane. "Ann Beaman hasn't got no more taste than a settin' hen, and I do think Mrs. Seabury would hate to wear anythin' very homely."

She knew it would be of no use to argue with Mrs. Beaman, so she said nothing.

A few weeks after this Mrs. Seabury sat by the window of her little sitting-room trying to amuse the fretful baby. Perhaps if the baby's mother had had less care and hard work the child would not have been so fretful. Even now her mind was filled with worry about the children's winter clothes.

They had literally nothing, and the climate of northern Vermont necessitated something warm.

"Oh, if we could only get out of debt, how happy we should be!" she thought.

Her mind went back to that June day, twelve years ago, when she had married Mr. Seabury. How bright and fair everything had been to them! To be sure, Mr. Seabury was in debt for his education, but they were young and strong and could soon pay the amount. But the children came fast.

When the minister lost his health and was unable to preach for more than a year. The terrible debt still followed them, and now, after twelve years, they were no more able to pay it than they ever had been.

Mr. Seabury had no talent for making friends, and his manner in the pulpit had become diffident and halting. Perhaps he was discouraged with his fruitless struggle against fate. At any rate, he was thankful to get the chance of preaching in the little village of Dunbar, although he knew his abilities were far beyond the capacity of his hearers.

Through all these unfortunate years Mrs. Seabury's faith in her husband had never wavered, and she brought up her children to venerate him.

Her sad reflections were suddenly broken into by the entrance of Esther, the largest twin.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she cried, throwing herself at Mrs. Seabury's feet and bursting into tears. "I never can bear it in the world! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" And her speech was choked by an agony of tears.

"What is it, Esther darling?" cried Mrs. Seabury, laying the baby on the lounge, regardless of its wails. "Tell mother all about it, dear."

It was very unusual for Esther to break down. She was only eleven years old, to be sure, but in wisdom and experience she was twenty. She could scarcely remember when the burden of the housekeeping had not rested on her slender shoulders, while Hope, the smaller twin, had always had a baby in her arms.

"Tell me, Esther dear," repeated the anxious mother.

"Oh, mother, those awful dresses! We never can wear them—we never can! All just alike! And how the baby will look in a cloak of it! And poor Johnny has got to have a Spencer, and it is such awful cloth!"

"Calm yourself, Esther, and tell me what this is all about. I don't understand in the least."

"I went down to see Rebecca Beaman this afternoon," said Esther, controlling herself with a great effort. "Her mother asked me to wait in the parlor a few minutes for Rebecca was busy. The dining-room door was open a little, and I could hear her sewing in the room. All the ladies who belong to the sewing society were there, and oh, mother—here Esther began to cry again—they are making some clothes for us, and Rebecca was trying on my dress. They are going to make us each one, and a Spencer for Johnny, and a cloak for the baby, all off the same piece of cloth, and here is a bit I picked up from the floor. Isn't it dreadful?"

It certainly was. As Mrs. Beaman told the ladies, it was a plaid. The predominant color was purple, and there were lines of green, red and yellow, the yellow being the widest. One dress of it would have looked strange, but the appearance of a whole family clothed in it would certainly be strik-

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Mrs. Seabury hesitated a moment, then continued:

"It wouldn't be quite honest for me to say that I liked the garments or that I really enjoyed wearing them or seeing the children wear them; but I never have lost sight of the fact that your intentions were of the very best."

"Well, now," said Mrs. Beaman, heartily, "I'm glad you don't bear me no ill will for making you all look like a menagerie. I guess those things won't do to wear down where you are goin', though. So, if you'll just get all the clothes together, I'll take 'em home and color 'em so you'd never know what they had been."

Mrs. Beaman was as good as her word, and the twins rejoiced in dark blue dresses, while Nannie and Johnny appeared in brown. Mrs. Seabury's gown came home a fine black, warranted never to grow rusty. Mrs. Beaman had no equal in the county when she once began to color.

The baby's little cloak was left untouched, for he had fretted himself into a better world some weeks before, and the uncouth garment was always a most precious possession to Mrs. Seabury.

Every summer Mrs. Seabury and the children make a visit to Dunbar, spending most of their time with Mrs. Beaman; and the minister's wife never regretted the courage with which she faced her trial.—Waverly Magazine.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Students and physicians in Berlin can now avail themselves of a newly founded circulating library containing only medical books.

The swallow has a larger mouth, in proportion to its size, than any other bird. He needs a scoop-net mouth, for he does all his feeding on the wing.

Place a snake on a smooth surface, as a polished table, and it makes no headway, because it finds no resistance on the smooth surface to aid it in pushing ahead.

An attempt to acclimatize ostriches in South Russia has proved successful. The ostriches born in Russia are much less sensitive to cold than the imported ones, and their plumes are equally good.

Major William J. Davis, Secretary of the Louisville (Ky.) School Board, has sold his collection of fossils to the University of California for \$15,000. Major Davis sacrificed the magnificent collection to pay his debts.

With the assistance of the latest machines, a piece of leather can be transformed into a pair of boots in thirty-four minutes, in which time it passes through the hands of sixty-three people and through fifteen machines.

A new X-ray tube, with adjustable cathode, shows that the exact position of the cathode enormously affects the penetration of the rays, a change of a third of an inch giving a range of penetrative power from the highest to none at all.

The wave length of Rotengens rays, according to Promethius, has been ascertained by Dr. Fromm, of Munich, to be fourteen millions of a millimeter, or about seventy-five times smaller than the smallest wave length of light. The determination was based upon interference phenomena.

In some late experiments on the bursting of small fly-wheels, the first wheel tested, 15 inches in diameter, burst at a speed of 6525 revolutions per minute, or rim speed of over five miles a minute. A timber casing around the wheel was completely demolished, and a piece of the rim was shot like a bullet through four inches of pine and 2 1/2 inches into the hardwood floor.

The scheme of covering the Sahara with forest is pronounced by M. P. Privat-Deschelles utterly impracticable, the arid plateaus being hopeless desert. On a limited scale, however, the valleys—most of which are favored with a small amount of water—may be successfully planted with tamarisk, acacia, eucalyptus and poplar, the last named tree unexpectedly proven the most suitable. In the forest shelter, vegetables and fruit trees may be grown.

Fluorine, remarkable both as the most active of the chemical elements and as the only one forming no compound with oxygen, was with great difficulty isolated by Moissan in 1887. Its liquefaction, just announced by Professor Dewar, adds a new and extraordinary detail to the chemistry of cold. The gas liquefies at a temperature of 185 degrees below zero Cent., and the product is a yellow mobile liquid which has lost the intense chemical energy and become entirely inert.

Horned Toads. Horned toads are numerous all over the southwestern portion of the country, from Texas to California. They are of all sizes, from the little tiny toad to those the size of your hand. They are covered with horns, and have two large ones on top of the head. These horns are not blotched and round, nor do they sit up like our common toad. The horned toad is flat and longer—more slender. His eyes blink and he catches a fly as quickly as any toad. The horned toad is harmless and about the color of the ground; is easily caught, and many have been sent in boxes through the mails to friends in the East, but Uncle Sam has put a stop to that. No more horned toads through the mails. In California the toads are caught by the Indians and Mexicans and sold to sailors, who sell them in Honolulu to catch flies.

Paid For Custer's Supplies. A Western man has, after twenty years' efforts, succeeded in collecting \$75 from the Government for supplies furnished Custer's army on its way to the Little Big Horn.

COME APART AND REST A WHILE.

Come apart and rest a while; There are many coming, going, Whose dry lips forget to smile, Who forget to reap, for sowing; From the bow of a straining tide Best is but one step away.

—A. Willis Colton, in Ladies' Home Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Don't explain yourself too much; give the world a chance to think well of you.—Life.

"She used to be so delicate before she took to the wheel." "Well, she's indelicate enough now."—Detroit Journal.

For the Klondike fever The only cure—alack!—Is to drop a Klondike Into the back.

—Chicago Tribune.

"You ought to go up to Alaska, Mr. Staylate." "Why so?" "They have a night there two months long." He went.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In the Butcher Shop: Customer—"I should like to see a nice calf's head." Butcher Boy—"Yes, sir. Father will be down directly."—Boston Traveler.

Through critics may condemn And praise treat him with rigor, The sculptor, spite of them, Has cut a pretty figure.

—Judge.

No matter how insignificant a man may be there is a girl somewhere in the world who will consider him distinguished looking.—Philadelphia Record.

The people who regard croquet as a quiet, religious sort of a game never tried to cross the lawn after night where the wickets had been left standing.—Acheson Globe.

"But if you must reduce your expenses, why don't you discharge your private secretary?" "What!" "Meet all those creditors personally? I should say not!"—Detroit News.

Private Moriarty (the raw recruit)—"Halt, will you? Who goes there?" Captain Bighead (indignantly)—"Fool!" Private Moriarty (unabashed)—"Advance, fool, an' give th' counter-sign."—Judge.

"I see a party of missionaries has started for Klondike." "Yes, I suppose they intend to operate on the people who are hoarse-browed with tales of their rich finds."—Philadelphia North American.

"Do you consider Meeker a self-made man?" "No; I think he was made to order." "Why so?" "Well, judging from the way his wife orders him around he must have been made for that purpose."—Chicago News.

"A Frenchman says that love is a disease that closely resembles alcoholism." "There may be some truth in that. I have noticed that the gold cure is frequently efficacious in both diseases."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"That was a sensational prayer Dr. Gummus delivered the other Sunday. I wonder if he expected it to be answered?" "Certainly. And it was, too. Why, nearly every paper in the country reprinted it."—Brooklyn Life.

Nay, child him not, though sadness he reveal, Nor seek him out and ask him to be gay, He paid a hundred dollars for a wheel Whose price went down to seventy next day.

—Washington Star.

"Those St. Louis people are making a great fuss over that one-pound baby that was born the other day." "They have a right to. It counts just as much in the census as if it weighed a ton."—Chicago Tribune.

"Don't cry, Buster," said Jimmie-boy, after the catastrophe. "Napoleon didn't cry every time his brother hit him accidentally on the eye." "I know that," retorted Buster. "Napoleon did all the hittin' on the eye himself."—Harpers' Bazar.

"I wonder," said the emotional girl, "why men do not fight for a woman's love as they did in the days of chivalry." "Because," said the disgustingly handsome young man, "it is easier for a fellow to go to a summer resort."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"You say you want to marry my daughter; have you spoken to her?" "Yes, sir," replied the young man, "and have gained her consent." "Well, if she has said 'yes,' that settles it." Then the young man goes home and wonders if he isn't too young to marry such a girl.—Standard.

Dabsley—"Well, I suppose your son will soon begin his last year in college?" Parks—"No, he isn't going back." Dabsley—"Oh, that's too bad. He ought to go through, now that he's got along to the last year. What's the matter?" Parks—"Why, didn't you know that he had a fever, and that his hair had all come out?"—Cleveland Leader.

Shadow of a Sound Wave. On observing an explosion of one hundred pounds of a nitro-compound from a distance of three hundred yards, E. J. Ryers lately saw what he supposed to have been the shadow of the sound wave start from the point of detonation and travel in the bright sunlight for at least half a mile down the valley. This led to camera experiments by Professor C. V. Boys, the result being a series of pictures by an animatograph, showing the wave as a complete circle instead of a semi-ellipse as it should be on the sound shadow theory. The "Boys ring" is astonishingly black to the eye, though appearing as a circular light shading in the photographs. What is the cause is still uncertain, but it is pointed out that the explanation given may be tested by noting whether the phenomenon appears when the sun is clouded.

An Indian Station Agent. The Santa Fe Railroad has selected a full-blooded Indian as station agent at Wilmore, Kan. He is C. H. Bookout, who once worked as a section hand on the road, but learned telegraphy and educated himself in English.