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True Fame.

It may be glorious to write Thoughts that shall glad the two or three High souls, like those far stars that come in sight Once in a century. But better far it is to speak One simple word, which now and then Shall waken their free nature in the weak And friendless sons of men.

NONA.

Nona stood by the window, deeply considering.

How the beautiful prospect, the world of rose-hues, wax-lights and golden promises allured her!

After all, would she be doing justice to herself or the rest if she declined the broader, brighter life stretching out before her?

Every one added to the burden pressing on the Rodman paternal shoulders; the cloud of care had not been allowed to fall upon Nona, but she knew in a vague way that the general shabbiness which had stolen by imperceptible degrees over the family was unavoidable in making the two ends meet; even her support removed would be a lightening of the load.

"I have made up my mind," she said, with sudden resolution, turning to make the announcement just as the door opened and Robert came in.

"Going? That is right," he said, approvingly, while a storm of reproaches and remonstrances broke from the younger boys.

They had a better right to her than Mrs. McIlvane; how would she get along without half a dozen fellows to fight her battles, and—pathetically—what in this wide world would they do without Nona?

"Oh, I will be placed so I can make that all right. Do you think I am going to take all the benefits and give none? There shall be a shower of golden fairy gifts, take my word for it, and such things have a wonderful effect in slaying broken hearts, I've heard."

Mrs. Rodman looked up in surprise at this burst of cynicism from Nona, but the girl had flitted away, with the momentary bitterness welling up into one low, passionate cry as she found herself alone.

"Oh, it is well I am to go where he shows I have worn out my welcome here."

The next moment she was ashamed of herself for that ungenerous and unwarranted reflection upon those whose affection had never failed her, but the knowledge that Robert would willingly see her depart hurt her all the same.

She could not know what stern repression the young fellow had put upon himself, how he had argued that it would be unfair to take advantage of her ignorance when she stood upon the threshold of the sphere to which she properly belonged, or what strong faith he had that she would go through the world unscathed.

She was not one of them properly. Motherly Mrs. Rodman had taken the lonely little orphan into her heart and home.

All the boys from manly Bob down to tiny Steve vied with each other in doing homage to the little queen.

That was the state of affairs when Mrs. McIlvane came in her carriage one day with a proposition that took Nona's breath away.

"My dear," said the stately old lady, "your father was dear to me once as a son. I hope his daughter will not refuse to me the comfort and happiness which she alone can give. Every advantage I can offer shall be yours. These good people have a family of their own; they will not miss you, and it is a very lonely old woman who is begging for the boon of your companionship."

She might have added a very despotical and jealous old woman, too, who had already resolved that the day which should transplant this flower of girlhood into her home should sever her connection with the "good people" to whom Mrs. McIlvane signified her desires with affable condescension. And so Nona passed from the humble home circle into the sphere of wealth, fashion and splendor, where Mrs. McIlvane was proud to introduce her protegee.

The freshness and sweetness which had charmed her patroness had power to charm the world—at least that part of the world which was embodied in Mark Chantrey.

Mrs. McIlvane looked on well content. Mark was her ideal of perfection as nearly as it might be attained among mankind.

"You do not know how to appreciate the honor of his attentions at half their worth," she declared, annoyed that Nona seemed so little impressed. "He is a man who has been free from the foibles of most men; he has never amused himself by paying idle homage to women, and I believe is the more capable of a deep attachment that he has been so entirely untouched during all the years when he might have chosen among the very flower of our belles."

"It argues either very poor taste or a very absorbed mind on his part," answered Nona.

But in her secret heart she was flattered by Chantrey's preference.

She had an honest liking for the man, and enough feminine malice to enjoy a triumph which was so widely envied her; and yet it would be unjust to Nona to say that she coquetted with him deliberately.

She had never stopped to analyze her own feelings, when she was suddenly faced by the crisis which others had foreseen while she had only vaguely felt that it might come. Mark Chantrey had asked her to become his wife.

She sat in her own room "thinking it out."

She was troubled, weary and oppressed.

She had Robert's picture before her, the still boyish face, thinner, paler than it should have been from overwork, the brown eyes wistful and tender as she had so often met them.

Could she, after once taking the delights of wealth, ever willingly relinquish the advantages it held, and go back contentedly to the old, humble lot, with its struggles and privations?

Little by little her look of trouble died out before a growing resolution, but somehow one-half of the sweetness seemed to have died, too, from the fair young face.

The next day was one of respite. She would not see Mark until evening; then she would meet him and give him his answer.

Mrs. McIlvane was never guilty of making an early appearance, and it argued ill for Mr. Chantrey's impatience as a lover that he was not present when Nona's eyes sought him in the throng.

When he did come he did not immediately join her. He was in close conversation with the editor of a leading paper, and as they drifted near her she overheard the latter say:

"His articles were serviceable from the first in their marked originality and real merit. In securing young Rodman we have made an important acquisition. I tell you he is a rising genius d stined to make his mark."

"Yes," assented Mr. Chantrey, and as his interest in the subject flagged he turned toward the spot where Nona had stood, but she was not there now.

She had found an obscure corner and hidden herself in the shadows.

Ambition and gratified vanity had almost urged her to accept a man for whom her deepest feeling was friendly regard.

She knew it now that her pulses were thrilling and heart beating high with the pride of hearing Robert spoken of in such terms of praise. And realizing her own needs and capabilities, she felt that life held grander possibilities than the empty honor of wifehood, with one who had overcome all the obstacles in his course and attained the placid level of success in which his best efforts were already expended.

Chantrey found her there, and while it would be most unjust to say he did not feel her gentle but unmistakable declension of his suit keenly and sincerely, he was not a man to let a disappointment in love make any difference in the routine of his daily life.

And Nona walked in upon the Rodman circle next evening just as it had been made complete.

"Do you really care enough for me to take me back again?" she asked, smiling tearfully. "Because I have offended beyond redemption. I was never much help, I'm afraid; but you must not think Mrs. McIlvane has spoiled me for all good."

"Dear child," from happy Mrs. Rodman, "it was like losing the sunshine when you left us."

And all the rest were eager with their welcoming assurances—all but Robert. He had not words, but his eyes spoke for him.

He spoke for himself on another subject before they parted for the night.

"If you had not come back to us I should have gone to you, Nona. I hardly dared to hope for this time when I should be saying to you: 'I love you, sweet,' and yet I believed in it so fully that I never lost heart to work and strive. Do you know—"

"I know that I am fated to have a celebrity for a husband," she interrupted; "and that celebrity and that husband is yourself."

Encounter with an Octopus.

Mr. Thomas Beale, who was the surgeon of a South Sea whaling ship, and who afterward printed a "History of the Sperm Whale," gives an interesting account of his encounter while on the Bonin Islands, with a small octopus which had been washed ashore and left by the receding tide. It seemed frightened at first, and endeavored to escape, and in trying to detain it he pressed on one of its legs with his foot. He continues: "But, although I made use of considerable force for that purpose, its strength was so great that it several times quickly liberated its member in spite of all the efforts I could employ in this way on wet, slippery rocks. I now laid hold of one its tentacles with my hand, and held it firmly, so that the limb appeared as if it would be torn asunder by our united strength. I soon gave it a powerful jerk, wishing to disengage it from the rocks to which it clung so forcibly by its suckers, which it effectually resisted; but the moment after, the apparently enraged animal lifted its head, with its large eyes projecting from the middle of its body, and letting go its hold on the rocks sprang upon my arm, which I had previously bared to the shoulder, and clung with its suckers to it with great power, endeavoring to get its beak, which I could now see between the roots of its arms, in position to bite. A sensation of horror pervaded my whole frame when I found this monstrous animal had affixed itself firmly to my arm. Its cold, slimy grasp was extremely sickening, and I immediately called aloud to the captain, who was searching for shells at some distance, to come and release me from my disgusting assailant. He quickly arrived, and taking me down to the boat, during which I was employed in keeping the beak away from my hand, quickly released me by destroying my tormentor with a boat-knife, when I disengaged it by portions at a time. This animal must have measured across its extended arms about four feet, while its body was not larger than a large clenched hand. This little fellow, which it took two men to destroy, when he was out of his native element, was hardly one-tenth the size of the one in New York."

The octopus has another means of self-protection, which, though never failing in the water, is useless when he happens to be stranded on the shore. He is provided with a remarkable organ, commonly called his "ink bag," which is filled with a dense fluid. When frightened or disturbed he discharges this in such quantities as to discolor the water for a considerable space above and around him, and under cover of its inky darkness he propels himself swiftly from the place of danger.

A Smart Newsboy.

Did you ever see that little mite of a newsboy who goes skipping about Fourth street in the vicinity of the Gazette and Commercial offices like the last mosquito in a house full of fat boarders just in from the country? Well, that boy isn't much bigger than a washerwoman's bank account, but he can sell more papers than a full grown man. It's really interesting to see him flying about the street like a chicken hunting for its head—first on one side—then over to the other—tumbling about under people's feet—climbing up a man's leg to shove a paper into his face—losing his hat and running back to get it—here one minute—away down yonder the next—all eyes and ears—seeing every hand that starts toward a pocket, and getting at the side of its owner before the nickle can see daylight. He's little, but he's "business," and is said to support a widowed mother by his exertions. We don't think the sluggard would fool away any time in keeping an eye on him for a spell.—Cincinnati Sunday Breakfast Table.

A Railway Hen.

The Shelbyville (Tenn.) Gazette is responsible for this hen story: A hen made a nest in a box in a baggage car, and in the course of time had fifteen eggs, and stuck to them through thick and thin, night and day, except to step off the train occasionally, while it waited, to get food, and at last hatched thirteen chickens, notwithstanding the rumbling, rolling process the eggs passed through. Mr. Shiver (baggage master) says that after the setting process began, she would frequently, when off the nest in search of food and water, get left by the train at Shelbyville, and sometimes at Watrace; and on such occasions she would quietly wait for the train to return, and sometimes meet it as it came in sight, and fly into the baggage car and get on to the nest immediately. When the train stopped for wood she would sometimes fly out to get something to eat, and when the car-bell rang, she would fly back immediately. She would sometimes manifest her joy when the train appeared by cackling at a high rate. Mother and chickens are doing well.

Reverts of Maniacs.

There are many instances on record, says a writer, where the keen wit of maniacs has discomfited sane friends. Your true maniac may lack sound sense, but he rarely wants in versatile wit. "What brought you here?" asked a pert visitor. "What will never bring you—too much brain." Well, "this causes one-third of the cases of the largest asylum in America. Many inmates possess culture and talent to an eminent degree. Some of the most gifted men I ever saw have spent a large slice of their blasted lives within the gates of despair. A distinguished professor thought to puzzle a maniac by the query: How long, my good fellow, can a man live without brains?" The patient at once replied: "I don't know, doctor. How old are you?" A Mr. Mann, startled at meeting a lunatic armed with a club, tried to soothe him with a pun: "I am a double man; one by both nature and name. The other rejoined: "Do tell! Why, I am a man beside myself. We two will fight you two." Clubs won. A young lady who devoted herself to her artist brother, whose mind was a little unhinged, once narrowly escaped falling a victim to one of his whims. One day he showed her a carving knife, with the cheerful remark: "Mabel, my dear, an odd idea occurs to me. I must paint the head of John the Baptist. Yours is an excellent study. So, if convenient, I will cut off your head. Lay it gently in my lap. My razor is exceedingly sharp. I will scarcely hurt you. Now then, Mabel, you are bound for heaven, sweet!" His face showed no sign of jest. The lady felt her story was in chapter last. He grasped her hair. "Well, Harry," said she, "that's a good idea. But why spoil my new lace? Let me go up stairs and change, won't you, dear?" He nodded sullenly, and she escaped.

Celestial Employment.

After the labor of the day is over, the weary Chinaman in San Francisco betakes himself to the club-room, theater or opium-den for an evening's enjoyment. The club-rooms are filled nightly. The Chinaman is an inveterate gambler. With him it is one of the necessities of life. He will stint his stomach to save a few cents to gratify his insatiable desire to win or lose. He does not seem to care what the game is. It is said in many places in China it is no unusual sight to see rich merchants carrying large beetles and grasshoppers in the large sleeves of their coats. A certain mark is placed on each insect. A saucer is produced, and two of the beetles are placed in it to fight a battle. The respective owners make their bets, and the battle goes on until one or the other of the insects is killed. The same things are done with tame quails, which are bred and tamed in the same manner as game cocks. Since the effectual raids made by the police upon the game of tan-tan, and the severe penalties imposed upon all who are arrested for playing it, the game has generally been abandoned. The game which is now universally played is "dominoes." The Chinamen have been raided so much during the past year that the appearance of a police officer at the door of one of their club-rooms instantly creates a panic, and it requires the assurance of the officer that everything is "all right" to quiet them down.

Action of Cold upon Milk.

An abstract from a paper read before the French Academy of Science gives the result of numerous experiments made by exposing milk to different temperatures ranging from 32 deg. Fahr. to 100 deg. Fahr. The following facts were elicited: 1. The rise of cream is more rapid as the temperature to which the milk is exposed approaches 32 deg. 2. The volume of cream is greater when the milk has been efficiently cooled. 3. The yield of butter is also greater when the milk has been exposed to a very low temperature. 4. Finally, the skimmed milk, the butter, and the cheese are of better quality when prepared under the above circumstances.

While it is impossible to offer a satisfactory explanation as to the reason why artificial cold should produce a beneficial effect upon the yield and quality of products derived from the milk, it is probable that it may tend to arrest that fermentative decomposition which is so prone to set in with organic fluids, and thus, by preventing incipient alteration, indirectly to improve the quality of the material.

The practice of warming the dairy in the winter time so as to maintain its atmosphere at a constant temperature of about 60 deg., is therefore objectionable; the pans should stand in running water at as low a temperature as can be practicably obtained.—Home and Farm.

Interesting to Tea Drinkers.

A writer in an exchange has the following to say about tea: The nose is one of the best judges for distinguishing good tea, and how to prepare tea properly art teaches us. To obtain a beverage very aromatic and only in a small degree astringent you must infuse the tea for half an hour in a very small quantity of cold water, and then add the boiling water, pouring the tea, before it is very brown, into the cup. The cold water saturates the whole texture of the leaves and produces the same advantages as when we wish to obtain good broth from butcher's meat, and the boiling water separates the tannin from the caffeine, which is precipitated when the infusion begins to grow cold. In effect, if you take tea in the Russian fashion, in a drinking glass, you will see the tea grow turbid almost as soon as it is poured out. I think it is wise to take only the first infusion, which contains from four to six times as much useful substance as the second. This last has the inconvenience of being only in a very small degree aromatic and in a high degree astringent. The addition of a few drops of lemon juice, or of any other vegetable acid, renders tea more exciting; and this custom prevails among poor Chinese and many Russians. The addition of an alkali, on the contrary, makes tea less stimulating and in some measure narcotic. In Chinese Tartary, in Cashmere, and in other countries of Asia, the leaves of tea are eaten, cooked in various modes with butter, flour and soda, and the richness of the leaves in albumine explains their nutritive power. It is said in the travels of Huc, Cabot, Auchterlony and others, that a good soup of tea is one of the best aliments for those about to undertake fatiguing journeys in lofty mountains. Tea excites the movements of the heart less than coffee, is less hostile to sleep, and is less fit to sustain intellectual labor; but more than coffee it increases the eliminative activity of the skin and respiration. In many persons it produces an astringent effect on the intestine and a troublesome constipation. More than everything, experience avails to indicate to any one whether, from the state of his nerves, his brain or his digestion, he ought to prefer tea or coffee. In every fashion it seems to be proved that after dinner the Chinese leaf ought to be preferred to the Abyssinian berry. In very cold countries and on very cold days, and consequently with supreme reason in the Arctic zone, tea is the best of drinks, as all travelers have demonstrated. Dr. Kane did not hesitate to call tea the "great panacea of Arctic life." The excessive use of tea, especially green tea, produces obstinate wakefulness, nervous tremblings, convulsions, cramps of the stomach, palpitations of the heart and so on.

Hanged for a Bet.

There are not wanting instances of persons who have hanged themselves, for motives of curiosity or amusement. A remarkable case of this latter description formed the subject some years ago of one of those many curious investigations which have taken place from time to time at Bow street.

On April 15, 1812, two men were charged before the magistrates under the following curious circumstances: A constable who was passing along Hempstead road on the previous evening observed a stout man six feet high hanging by his neck from a lamp-post attached to a wall, having been tied up and "turned off" just before by a short man. The officer rushed to the spot, and when he arrived there the handkerchief by which the tall man was suspended gave way, and he fell to the ground. His eyes were protruding from their sockets, and he was nearly "gone;" but, on recovering himself sufficiently to stagger on his legs, he immediately struck the officer so violent a blow on the nose as nearly to knock him down. Both men were with difficulty secured, when they explained that the tall man who was being hanged was simply paying a "debt of honor."

The two had been "tossing" in the afternoon, first for money, then for clothes; the tall man having won the other's jacket, trousers and shoes, they agreed to toss up which should hang the other. The short man won the toss, and forth with proceeded to hang the tall man on the lamp-post. The tall man urged that had he won the toss he would in like manner have assuredly hanged the short man; but the magistrates, expressing their horror and disgust at the whole story, sentenced both prisoners to find bail for their good behavior. Not having bail they were committed to Bridewell.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Rock county, Wis., boasts of its wealthy farmers, fifty of whom are said to be worth \$100,000 each, one hundred \$50,000, and two hundred have \$10,000 and upward.

Items of Interest.

There are eight doctors in the present Congress.

It is a common saying that "like cures like," but what cures dislike?

Gen. Miles, the Indian fighter is married to a niece of Gen. Sherman. He is a man of striking and imposing presence.

From a boy's composition on hens: "I cut my Uncle William's hen's head off with a hatchet, and it scared her to death."

Detectives would be of no use in this world if rogues could only hide themselves as effectually as a collar-button when it suddenly drops from your fingers and you haven't but two minutes to catch the train.

An exchange tells how the joke was on him: "A bright little girl of our acquaintance asked us the following conundrum: 'How many letters in a post-man's bag?' We gave it up, and she said there were three—b-a-g."

Among the children exhibited at the baby show in Boston was a girl four and a half weeks old, and weighing one pound and a half. She was apparently in good health. There were 347 babies exhibited, and \$1,775 in prizes given.

A certain famous wit was invited to dinner by a miser, who placed on the table two microscopic cutlets, with the ominous comment, "You see your dinner." The wag promptly helped himself to both, and retorted, "Yes, but I don't see yours!"

Patent Rights at Auction.

George W. Keeler held another auction sale of patent rights, consisting of 104 lots, in New York recently. There was a large attendance, and good prices were realized. A lamp extinguisher brought \$1,200; a self-acting spinning mule, \$450; a blacking-box holder, \$560; half-interest in a self-closing gate hinge, \$450; a machine for splitting kindling-wood, \$450; a folding spring bed, \$900; a sponge cup (New York State right), \$225; an improved chair (half-interest), \$400; an improved glue dryer, \$425; a new, waterproof explosive compound (fireworks right), \$675; an improved lamp chimney, \$250; another, \$1,000; a triturator, to supersede the druggists' mortar and pestle, \$400; a breechloading toy cannon, \$100; an improved bevel, \$100; a new method of setting fence posts, \$240; a new strap buckle, \$175; an improved churr dasher (part interest), \$100; a contrivance for holding poison intended for rats or other vermin without danger to other animals or children, \$120; an improved boot-jack, \$380; an improved churn, \$205; an improved lantern for miners' hats and conductors, \$1,450; a combined scissors sharpener, screw-driver and button-hook, \$300; a safety oil can, \$500; a double faucet for both hot and cold water (New England States), \$140; an improved mechanical movement, \$200; a double-bladed draw-knife, \$100; a self-lubricating car wheel (except Pennsylvania), \$625; a pretty device in toy building-blocks, \$495; an apparatus, by means of which the horse attached to a cart or dray furnishes the power to lift goods from vessels and other places into the vehicle, \$850; an improved apparatus for testing steam pressure, \$100; an elastic sole for horsehoes, \$200; a new folding stool, \$150; half interest in an improved drip-pun for barrels, \$700; an improved sash fastener, \$140, and a combination toy, resolvable into ten articles (half-interest, subject to a royalty of twelve cents per dozen, and one-third the net profits), \$1,450. An improved stove-pipe went for \$40; an apparatus for showing the names of approaching stations in railroad cars, for \$60; a music stand that can also be used as a nursery table, \$400; a convertible portmanteau and bath-tub, for \$85; a machine for making horsehoes with the toe and heel calls on, for \$50, and several other articles. The sale realized over \$18,000.

Egypt's Obelisks.

Egypt is rich in obelisks. Among the ruins of San—the Zoan of the Hebrews in the Delta, lie no less than ten, all overthrown and some shattered. At Heliopolis, an obelisk sixty-eight feet high, which was four centuries old when Moses was born, still stands erect. In the temple of Luxor there is one of seventy-five feet in height, the mate of that in Paris. Karnak possesses four, two of which are ninety-two feet high; and in the granite quarries at Assouan lies a supreme monolith of ninety-five feet, which appears to have been left there on account of a flaw in the stone. All these keep their original places, and the ruins of the ages recorded in their inscriptions lie around them. The obelisk which is destined for New York has a height of seventy-one feet, with a base of seven feet seven inches square; its material is the rose-gray granite of Assouan, the ancient Syene.