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The Honest Farmer.

Happy I count the farmer's life. His various rounds of wholesome toil; An honest man with loving wife, And offspring native to the soil. Thrice happy, surely—in his breast Plain wi-dom and the trust in God; His path more straight from east to west Than politician ever trod. His gain's no loss to other men; His a'lwat blows inflect no wound; Not busy with his tongue or pen, He questions truthful sky and ground. Partner with seasons and the sun Na'ure's co-worker; all his skill Obedience, ev'n as waters run, Winds blow, herb, beast their laws fulfill A vigorous youthhood, clean and bold; A manly manhood, cheerful age; His comely children proudly hold Their parentage best heritage. Unhealthy work, false mirth, chicanes, Guilt—needless woe, and needless strife—O cities, vain, insane, insane! How happy is the farmer's life! —Fraser's Magazine.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

A wide cook-kitchen, with a breath of grape blossoms coming in at the open windows, and a glistening tin pan on the table full of dewy, scarlet strawberries waiting to be boiled—this is our scene; and our dramatic personae consist of Mrs. Perkins, whose drowsily-clicking knitting-needles, keep time to the purr of the overgrown Maltese cat, and a pretty young girl with rather a flushed face, who had just entered from a doorway leading to the hall. "Well," said Mrs. Perkins, looking up with that ineffably wise expression which is imparted to the human countenance by round silver spectacles perched obliquely on the bridge of the nose, "he ain't asleep, is he?" "Yes, he is," was the answer. "Glory be thanked for that, at least," said Mrs. Perkins, apparently impaling hers on a long knitting-needle, which, however, entered harmlessly into the "horn sheath" that she wore at her side, ceased in a scalloped red flannel. "There will be five minutes of peace, at least. You're tired, ain't you, Dora?" "Yes," said Theodora White, "I am rather tired."

riedly entered the apartment and came to his bedside. "I've been thumping on the floor till my arms are ready to drop out of their sockets!" he groaned. "Are you all deaf down stairs? or has old Perkins forgotten there is any one in the world but herself and her snuff-box?" "I'm very sorry, uncle!" "Actions speak louder than words!" snarled Uncle Joseph, ungraciously. "How do you feel now, Uncle Joseph?" asked Theodora, soothingly. "I'm worse!" "Are you?" "Pale higher—skin hot—face flushed; of course I'm worse. This confounded hot room is enough to throw any one into a fever! Open every door and window—quick!" Without an instant's hesitation Theodora unbarred the blinds, and threw open the four large windows and two doors. The light from the western sky steamed like a flood of fiery radiance into the room; the draft, whirling through, caught up newspapers, fluttered the leaves of books, and even upset Uncle Joseph's pet bottle of medicine. "O-w-w-w!" roared the sick man with vehemence, that proved his lungs at least to be quite free from disease; "do you want to blind me—to blow me away?" "You told me to do it, Uncle Joseph!" "Shut the windows, quick—draw the curtains!" groaned Uncle Joseph. "Who's that battering down the door?" "It's only a very gentle knocking uncle."

that I don't mean what I say. Get me some more—quick! If I hadn't been bedridden for a year, I could go twice as fast as you do!" he added, grumblingly. "I never saw such a snail in my life. Oh, dear! to think I shall never walk again!" Uncle Joseph lay counting the seconds until his niece brought in a second bowl of gruel, this time so deliciously made that even he could not find fault with it. "Uncle," said Theodora, as she set it on the table at the bedside, "the doctor said, yesterday, that he really thought, if you were to try, you could walk as well as anybody!" "The doctor's a fool," said Uncle Joseph, "and you may tell him so with my compliments!" "I will, uncle, the next time he comes."

A Terrible Mutiny. Commander Rodgers of the United States steamer Adams writes to the secretary of the navy from Sandy Point, Straits of Magellan, giving an account of a mutiny among the soldiers and convicts at that place. He says: "It appears that the plan of the mutineers was to take possession of the German steamer Memphis and go off in her, or failing in that, to take the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamer then about due from Valparaiso. I got under way with all despatch, and arrived here (Sandy Point) on the evening of the 14th. On the way up the guns were loaded, as well as the small arms, and all preparations made for any emergency. I found the Chilean corvette Magellano already here, having come down from Skyring-Water, where she had been employed surveying. I went on board her and found the governor of the colony there, and have since gathered the following particulars of what seems to be the most terrible mutiny on record, so far as numbers are concerned. It appears that about midnight on Sunday, Nov. 11th, the people of the town were alarmed by the discharge of artillery and firearms. The first murder committed seems to have been that of the captain of the company of soldiers, numbering about one hundred, who were regular artillery troops. They mutilated the captain in the most horrible manner, and then opened fire with several pieces of artillery upon the governor's house, directly in front of the barracks. The governor, upon making his appearance, was knocked in the head and left insensible. He, however, recovered after some time, and made his escape to the country. His family also escaped, almost naked, to the woods. The mutineers then released the convicts, and altogether numbered nearly 200, armed with Winchester and Spencer rifles. During Monday, Nov. 12th, the mutineers seemed to have committed the most incredible excesses in the way of wanton killing, burning, and sacking. On Tuesday, Nov. 13th, the mutineers deserted the place and took to the country, carrying with them all the public funds and much private property. The last heard from them was that they numbered ninety-four armed men, and were about two days' march from here on the way to Santa Cruz. As a last act of destruction, they burned all the public property and a number of stores; in fact, the best part of the town is in ashes. Upon my arrival the streets were strewn with the dead bodies of the killed, thirty of which were soldiers, who had been shooting each other indiscriminately. It is estimated that at least fifty persons were killed. Many dead and wounded were burned in the buildings. The hospital was burned with five wounded men in it.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. Different Ways of Preparing Cabbage. A lady writes the Farm Journal: An excellent cold slaw is made by shredding a solid head of cabbage with a thin, sharp knife or a slaw cutter, then placing the cut cabbage in your dish, pour over it a dressing made by heating a pint of vinegar scalding hot, then beating into it quickly one beaten egg, with a lump of butter as large as a walnut, and a tablespoonful of sugar. The cabbage should be thinly sprinkled with salt and pepper as it is put in the dish. To fry cabbage, chop or shred quite fine, have a spider hot on the stove, in which is a small quantity of butter or meat drippings, season and put in the cabbage, and cover tight, stirring often and taking care it does not scorch on the spider. Cooked in this way it is very sweet and nice. Cabbage makes a nice dish also cooked, by dropping into salted boiling water, and when taken out, minced fine with a knife, then pouring over it a dressing made by taking a piece of butter the size of an egg, and a coffee-cupful of boiling water; cut up the butter with a half-teaspoonful of flour, and stir it gradually in the hot water. When it boils, stir in a dessertspoonful of vinegar, and a dust of pepper, with a little salt. For the sauce, thick sweet cream is an excellent substitute. For hot slaw, prepare the same as for cold slaw, cook tender, and pour over the dressing, or merely season with vinegar before dishing up. Somebody has said that corned beef with boiled cabbage makes the best 366 dinners a man can eat in a year. To realize the full measure of excellence, the quality, curing and cooking of the beef should be considered, but with this we have nothing to do. As to the cabbage, have a solid head stripped of the outside leaves except one layer, divide it into quarters by gashing down nearly through to the lower end of the core. Skim the floating grease as nearly as you can from the top of the water in your pot of boiling beef, and about one hour before dinner drop in your cabbage and keep it boiling steadily and slowly until you are ready to dish it. Now carefully lift it out with a skimmer and lay on a platter, draining well, take off the outside layer, and your cabbage will come out clear from grease or scum. Recipes. APPLE CUSTARD.—Peel and core six apples; set them in a pan with very little water, and stew them until tender; then put them in a pudding-dish without breaking; fill the centres with sugar, and pour over them a custard made of a quart of milk, five eggs, four ounces of sugar and a very little nutmeg; set the pudding-dish in a baking-pan half full of water, and bake half an hour. Serve it either hot or cold at the dinner. BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—To a quart of buckwheat add two level spoonfuls each of Indian meal and wheat flour; mix with warm water; add a cup of sweet yeast and a teaspoonful of salt. In the morning, before baking, pour off a cup of the batter and set in a cool place for the next morning, then beat the remainder briskly for a few minutes, add a scant teaspoonful of soda and bake at once. HACHED FOWL.—Take the meat from cold fowl, and cut it in small pieces. Put half a pint of well-flavored stock into a stew-pan, add a little salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and thicken with some flour and butter; let it boil, then put in the pieces of fowl to warm; after stewing sufficiently, serve with some poached eggs laid on the hash, with a sprig of parsley in the center, and garnish round the plate with pieces of fried bread. COUSING BEEF.—For 100 pounds of beef take seven pounds salt, two pounds sugar, two ounces saltpetre, two ounces pepper, two ounces soda; dissolve in two and a half gallons of water; boil, skim, and let cool; when a scum rises after a few weeks scald the brine over, and by so doing and keeping meat entirely covered with brine, it will keep a year and more. Foul Cisterns—Cause and Cure. The principal cause of the disagreeable odor of cistern water is stagnation, or the motionless condition it remains in for long periods of time. Springs, streams, clouds and all fresh and salt bodies of water are in almost-constant motion; constantly receiving and emitting air, heat, cold and mineral substances, and changing position, form or density. Thus the Almighty keeps this fluid pure, healthful and invigorated. But in tightly-covered cisterns the reverse of all this is measurably true. Except as the water is moved by every rain storm pouring in, or every painful drain out, the mass of liquid is silent, motionless, and soon becomes stagnant, putrid, dead. In a short time a coat of filthy sediment covers the bottom and sides of any and every cistern. The cistern cover excludes the rays of the sun that would hasten decomposition. The supporting and surrounding earth also keeps the water at a lower temperature, and tends to disinfect and protect it in a healthy condition. Any mechanical contrivance that would produce motion and aeration—that would mingle pure air with the standing water—might preserve it in nearly its normal condition. But this would be expensive and, generally, impracticable. Therefore, have two or more small, cheap, cement, brick or stone cisterns in, or better still, outside of every farmer's house. If one of these small, cheap reservoirs, that will cost less than a year's tobacco or liquor, is in warm weather, emptied and washed clean every two or three months, rain water, comparatively pure, will generally be ready for every day use.

Items of Interest. The people of New York city are at the mercy of 3,000 steam boilers. In Garland, Col., they rang out the old year with four murders, and ushered in the new with one. Such is the hydrophobia scare in London that the police are capturing dogs at the rate 200 a day. The baker and his customer: A kindred nature show: The latter needs the "staff of life." The former kneads the dough. "I live in Julia's eyes," said an affected dandy in Colman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "since I observed she had a sty in them when I saw her last." An old slaw sitting on the wharf the other day very soberly remarked: "I began the world with nothing, and I have held my own ever since." A terse and suggestive biography. A teacher, who in a fit of vexation called her pupils a set of young adders, on being reproved for her language explained by saying she was speaking to those just commencing arithmetic. Editor: We go to press early this week. Have you got anything in your head? Contributor: Yes, I have. Editor: What is it, a story or some verse? Contributor: No, a bad cold. One Philadelphian died last year at the age of 102 years, and another at 115 years. More women, as usual, lived more than 100 years, one being 101 at the time of her death, another 102, two others at 103, and one 106. A Boston firm forwarded a draft for half a million francs (\$100,000) in an envelop directed to a correspondent in "Paris," and another heavy draft to "London." The post office clerks sent the first to Paris, Me., and the other to London, Ontario. According to a foreign book on "Kisses," about 150,000,000 kisses are given daily. Russia leads, at a rate of 30,000,000; Germany next, with 20,000,000; France, 18,000,000; England, 13,000,000; and Saxony, 1,200,000, especially Dresden, which does 90,000. A stranger was strolling about Costello's tannery, and accosted Pat Daily, the bark grinder. "Is there a man about here with one eye by the name of Jerry McCarthy?" "That's the name of his other eye?" said Pat, who has an intense horror of being "sold."—Rome Sentinel. "Liver-eating Johnson," the terror of strolling Indians in the Upper Missouri river country, is reported killed. He once ate the liver of an Indian against whom he had a revenge, and from that incident got his name. His pastime was killing Indians, and he is credited with a bloody roll of the slain victims of his hatred larger than any other man who lived on the frontier. Refinements.—A sort of thingum- Robert or Walter-you may call it, "I intend to plant a row of Henry-crack beans." "This memorial is a very James-crack affair." "Incomprehensibility is a Mary-syllable." "He had been quite a Benjamin-factor to me." "Never talk of people by their Nicholas-names." "The negro played upon his ban-Joseph." "He looks as ghostly as a spectre or a phan-Thomas." "I want a little Patrick of butter." "Wipe your feet upon the Matthew." Harriet Lane and "Dolly" Madison. A Washington correspondent says: Harriet Lane, President Buchanan's niece, who presided over his household, and who is now the wife of Henry Elliott Johnson, a Baltimore merchant, is probably the most beautiful woman who ever lived in the White House. She was a golden blonde with violet eyes, and came to Washington after a career of dazzling brilliancy in the royal court of England. A British man-of-war was named after her by order of her majesty the queen. Her receptions at the White House are remembered as the most brilliant ever known, and old residents here will never cease telling of them. "Dolly" Madison was a different woman—more like Mrs. Hayes. She really presided at the White House for sixteen years. During Jefferson's administration, while her husband was secretary of state, and immediately after, during her husband's eight years term as President. So popular was she, that an act of Congress was passed unanimously conferring upon her the franking privilege for life, and the Senate unanimously adopted a resolution admitting her to the floor of its chamber. She was the only woman upon whom these honors were ever conferred. "Dolly" Madison continued to live in Washington after her husband's death, and erected a house on Lafayette square, diagonally opposite from where Charles Sumner used to live. She died there in 1849, and her obituary in the National Intelligencer announced that she was the most popular woman in America. Another Buried City Discovered. A new Pompeii has been discovered in Italy. At the foot of Mount Gargano a buried town has been laid bare, the houses being twenty feet below the surface. A temple of Diana was first brought to light, then a portico composed of columns without capitals, and, finally, a necropolis covering nearly four acres. The Italian government has taken measures to continue the excavations on a large scale, and has already discovered a monument erected in honor of Pompey after his victory over pirates. The town is the ancient Lavinium, of which Cicero and Livy speak, and which was buried by a volcanic eruption.

Fashion Notes.

Black tureen lace is the latest novelty. Madras styles prevail in rich jewelry. Mosaic buttons are the most fashionable. Pressed fringe for trimming dresses is new. Long waists and short skirts gain in favor for children. New linen handkerchiefs for gentlemen resemble checker-boards. Fur bonnets are fashionable with all costumes trimmed with fur. Coral and gold necklaces, of fine and delicate workmanship, are in favor. Silk-covered cologne bottles are among the pretty additions to the toilet table. A new bonnet is called the "Marie de Mediet," and has the front shirred on wires. White flannel chemises are fancifully embroidered with cardinal or blue silk. White organdy is the popular material for evening dresses for very young ladies. Pug dogs in enamel and gold, with jewels for eyes, have appeared for sleeve buttons. An imported feather trimming, made of ostrich-down woven on a surface, is a novelty. Chamisole-skin suspenders, stitched in bright colors, are something new in gentlemen's wear. Skirts of felt, morocou and mohair are all worn, and in various colors, but red is preferred. Birds' wings, claws, and heads, either gilt or silver, are the newest ornaments for winter hats.

Dangers of the St. Bernard.

Recently five travelers started about one p. m. from the Cantine of Prez, in Switzerland, for the great St. Bernard. Snow was falling thickly, and a violent wind was blowing it along in blinding clouds; still, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the proprietor of the cantine, they determined to continue their journey. Night overtook them at the bridge of Mudry, about an hour's distance from the convent. Three of the party soon after became so exhausted that they were unable to proceed, but the others started for the hospital, where they arrived about three a. m., having mistaken their way and wandered about several hours in the dark. The monks immediately set out for the rescue of the other three travelers, taking with them their dogs and a good supply of restoratives, and after some hard work, they succeeded in discovering them—the one dead, and the legs and arms of the other two frozen. One of the two survivors died shortly after his removal to the hospital, but the other is in a fair way to recovery.