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Rates of Advertisements.

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Mater Amabilis.

Down the goldenness of streams, Tides of dreams, The fair cradled man-child drifts; Sways with cadenced motion slow, To and fro, As the mother-foot poised lightly, falls and lifts.

Uncle Ben's Ghostly Ride.

My Uncle Ben believe in ghosts? Of course he did; he used to say: "No modern mansion of stucco and plaster for me; give me a grand old house, all covered by ivy and hidden by trees whose walls are hung with tapestry, and whose passages, extending from room to room, make the blood curdle with their gloom and length. Why, sir, there is something enlivening even in its decay; the dampness of its walls, and the cracks in the discolored ceilings, which only suggests to the vulgar mind ague and rheumatism, are evidences to me of its venerable age and respectability. The very mice that scamper up and down in the time-worn wainscoting give me a friendly greeting that I never meet in your new-fashioned houses, built for a race of mammon-worshippers who have made their wealth out of shoddy and petroleum."

introduce me to a bona fide ghost I'll give in. I believe only in the things I understand. "Joe, if you only believe in what you understand, your creed will be shorter than that of any man I know." "Can you give us any proof? Can you mention one instance in which the specter has appeared to any one you know?" "A hundred, if you wish it," said the old man. "One will do; give us one genuine case and we will believe." "I will; listen. The story that I am about to relate is an incident that happened to myself some twenty years ago, and for the truth of which I can vouch." "Well, proceed."

phantoms that 'come like shadows—so depart.' The night was chilly, and, as I wrapped my cloak around me, I began to shudder, as I wondered if, by any possibility, there could have been any truth in the strange story that I had heard. I gradually felt, like the man in the play, that all my courage was oozing out at my fingers' ends. "Oh, uncle, afraid!" cried one of the boys. "Yes, my boy, I must confess it, for the moment I began to wish I was back in the comfortable dining-room." "Suddenly the clock struck the hour of midnight. "As the last echoes died away, I heard in the distance a sound like the noise of a carriage and horses rapidly approaching. My blood began to curdle in my veins; it came nearer and nearer; and, at last, I saw a curious, old-fashioned vehicle coming toward me at a furious pace. "For a moment I was speechless, but, mustering all my courage, I cried out to the coachman to stop. He did so, and then, to my intense surprise, I saw that his head had been severed from the trunk. The ghostly head lay by his side on the coach-box, which perhaps accounted for his being able to hear my cries. "As the carriage stopped he sprang to the ground, flung open the door, let down the steps and signed for me to enter. By this time my nerves were well braced up, and I jumped in without any fear. "Upon entering the coach and taking my seat I found myself opposite an old gentleman who was dressed in the costume of the commencement of the reign of George III. Upon his head was an old-fashioned tie-wig, and in his hand was a naked sword which was still covered with blood. His face was of an unearthly pallor, and had upon it a scared look, which did not make him a very pleasant-looking traveling companion. "For some time we sat face to face, and when I found that he did not appear to take the slightest notice of me, I began to be more at ease. At last I thought it would be very unwell to ride in the old gentleman's coach without speaking to him, and I also felt inclined, as I had never before met with a real ghost, to make his acquaintance. So I, by way of opening the conversation, said: "A splendid night, sir." "The elderly party in the tie-wig made no reply. "In a hurry to get to town, I presume? I am very much obliged to you for the lift." "Still no answer. After this we both sat for some time in silence; the ghost seemed buried in thought, and I remained watching him with great interest. At last, the night being chilly for the time of year, and the coach having about it a peculiar atmosphere like that of a vault, I began to feel extremely cold. After a while the old gentleman grew quite sociable, and began to talk; he complimented me upon my bravery in daring to stop his carriage. For just one century he had, once a year, driven along this road without meeting any one who had the courage to ride with him; and, through me, he would be released from all further punishment, which was to last until some brave fellow accompanied him in his drive and conversed with him. "For this release he heartily thanked me, and said that, for my courage, I should be lucky in my business speculations; and, as you are aware, he turned out a true prophet. "Did you talk about anything else?" asked Joe. "Oh, yes. My old friend had as much curiosity as a woman," said Uncle Ben, who, I need not say, was an inveterate bachelor. "We had a conversation about London. It appears that he had been a great beau in his time, and he considered himself an enormous favorite with the ladies. He wished to know who was the reigning toast, and was much disgusted when I told him that toasts had gone out of fashion. "Was that all?" "Oh, no. He told me where the best civet and pomatum were to be bought, and who was the best peruke-maker; and was still more surprised when I said that no one wore wigs now, except lawyers and coachmen. He asked if traveling was as dangerous as ever; though he confessed that he had not been much troubled lately by the knights of the road. He said that one rode up to stop him twenty-five years before, but the sight of his headless driver had so frightened him that he put spurs to his horse and disappeared as if he had had twenty Bow-street runners at his heels. "Did you not ask what became of him on the other nights of the year, when he was not out for his drive?" "He said that, in company with the innumerable shades who were condemned to occasionally visit the earth for crimes committed during their past lives, he passed his time hovering round his old haunts, longing to become visible to his descendants, and to assist them in times of trouble, but unable to do so. As we conversed, the time rapidly slipped away; and at length the lamps of London became visible in the distance. After thanking the old man for his courtesy, I suggested that I might now alight as I had a great many friends in town that I should like to visit; but he shook his head. "No, no," said he; "we are at the mercy of my coachman; he has the entire command during our drive, and he will only stop at the place he picked you up. See, he is turning the horses round; we are about to return." "If the journey to town seemed short,

the journey back was still shorter. The old man told me a hundred anecdotes of the people of his time. He had been a staunch Jacobite, and he told me all about young Cavalier, and painted the 'March to Finchley' in words that did full justice to Hogarth's picture. The statesmen, wits, and soldiers of the last century appeared to stand before me in the flesh, and I never enjoyed a drive better than the one I had with my ghostly ancestor. "As the clock struck one, we pulled up at the old moss-covered milestone where I first stopped the coach. Once more thanking me for the inestimable favor I had done him, the old gentleman signed to the driver to open the carriage door. I got out, and, as I turned round to bid him good-by, I found that the whole cavalcade—coach, horses, driver, and old gentleman—had vanished into thin air, and I was alone. "Alone?" exclaimed his hearers. "Yes," said Uncle Ben; "but the strange thing was that I became insensible, and knew nothing more until I was found the next morning lying beside the milestone. "I thought so. You fell asleep and dreamed that you saw the phantom cortege," said Joe. "No, sir, it was no dream. When I saw that carriage, and when I rode in it, I was as much awake as I am now; and when you are as old as I am, and have seen as many wonders, you will be surprised at nothing, and will own that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy."—Belgravia.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. Medical Hints. CURE FOR HOARSENESS.—Spikenard root, sliced and bruised, and then steeped in a teapot containing equal parts of water and spirits, and the vapor inhaled, when sufficiently cooled, will relieve the soreness and hoarseness of the throat or lungs, when arising from a cough or cold. REFRESHING DRINKS IN FEBRUARY.—Boil one and a half ounces of tamarinds with two ounces of stoned raisins and three ounces cranberries, all in three pints of water until two pints remain; strain, and add a small piece of fresh lemon peel, which should be removed in thirty minutes. TO KEEP THE FEET WARM.—Previous to retiring at night, and before undressing, remove the stockings and rub the feet and ankles briskly with the hands. During the day, wear two pair of stockings composed of different fabrics, one pair of silk or cotton, the other of wool, and the natural heat of the feet will be preserved, if the feet are kept clean, and the friction of the same is not omitted at night. RULES FOR THE SICK ROOM.—1. Bring in fresh flowers or something new every day; even the commonest green thing is better than nothing. 2. Don't talk about anything unpleasant. Talk about something that will lead the patient's thoughts away from his aches and pains, and leave him in a cheerful and restful state of mind. 3. Follow the doctor's directions implicitly. 4. Never ask a sick person what he wants to eat. If he asks for anything that will not injure him get it if you can. Never bring him much at a time. A little bit in a dainty dish will sometimes tempt the appetite when a large quantity would cause nausea. 5. Expect sick persons to be unreasonable. They will fret and complain, no matter what happens, and must be born with patiently. Fruit Cellars. In order to keep fruit, several conditions are important. In the first place, the atmosphere of a fruit room should be dry, there should be no more dampness than ordinarily exists in the cold outside air. The room should be susceptible of ventilation in proper weather, not by direct currents of air, but by air modified before it reaches the fruit. A fruit room must be frost-proof; it must be clean and accessible. As regards location, it may be placed on a side hill, the excavation opening to the south; or it may be placed under a barn or stable, or other convenient out-building. Ten years ago we constructed a fruit cellar under our stable, and it has proved so satisfactory that we venture to give a brief description of it. The division walls are constructed of brick, and the apartments are two in number, an outer and inner room. The outer room is but partly underground, and is ten by twelve in area, and eight feet high. The inner room is wholly underground, and frost-proof; it has four brick walls and a cemented floor. In this room the fruit is stored early in December, when the weather becomes cold. The outer room holds the fruit during the autumn months after it is gathered, and is cool, well lighted and dry. The windows are left open and a free circulation of air allowed so long as no danger from frost exists. When the fruit is taken to the inner room, the door is closed, and no light admitted. Ventilation is secured in moderate weather by opening the inner door and throwing down a window in the outer room. In this cellar we kept apples of last season's growth until the present winter, in perfect condition. Some of these apples, exhibited at the autumnal agricultural fairs, were pronounced as fresh as those of last season's growth.—Boston Journal of Chemistry. Frozen Combs of Fowls. In cold climates fowls with very large combs, like those of the Leghorns, are liable to get frozen; in fact, these large comb breeds must be kept in a warm house if freezing is to be entirely prevented. When the comb of a bird is found to be frozen, it should be thawed out by the application of cold water, either by pouring the water over the head or by immersing the comb while the fowl is held in the hand. After the frost is entirely removed, and the comb and wattles carefully rubbed dry with a soft cloth, they should be smeared with glycerine, to be followed by a fresh application every day until the comb is restored to its usual appearance. If the frozen comb has been already thawed out the same to prevent the soreness. Grease of any kind may be used, and some poultry breeders make an ointment for frozen combs by melting a little rosin in hot salt lard. Almost anything which will exclude the air from the raw flesh will assist healing and do good. Propagation of Hyacinths. The gardener to the University of Berlin has found that hyacinths may be propagated by their leaves, and this method would appear to specially recommend itself where the object in view is to raise a large number of specimens of new rare varieties. The leaves require to be cut off as near to the bulb as possible, put in a saucer, and covered over with a thin layer of sandy leaf mold, the same as geraniums are propagated. The saucer having been placed in a greenhouse or frame close to the inner surface of the glass, in eight or nine weeks' time the extremities of the leaves will begin to turn dry, a sure sign that bulbs are growing out of them. The leaves selected for propagation must be fresh and green, the latest time at which they should be removed from the plant being the close of the flowering season.

Turks Sacking a Town. The Elena correspondent of the London Times writes: We are in Elena after a sharp day's fighting, characterized, I am glad to say, by few of those acts of ferocity which have disgraced so many Turkish successes. There is not a stern opponent to the Bashi-Bazouk system than Suleiman Pasha, but these Turkish and Circassian free lances have been raised by the central government into a situation quite beyond control, and any attempt at suppression would transform them even into less controllable brigands. We are in Elena, and the sack of the place is now in full swing. From the window of the house in which I have sought a few minutes of quiet to jot down these notes, and which overlooks the long main street of this little town, I see the ruin progressing fast. To give an idea of the scene in this street it needs to be photographed in panorama and presented in its ensemble. Word-painting gives but a feeble notion of it, because the simultaneity of the incidents is lost. Thus, if I say that the Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians are battering doors and shutters with the butt-ends of their muskets, slashing window-frames to pieces with their yataghans, blowing off locks with their revolvers, throwing the contents of house and shop into the street, still it is only two or three houses that the reader pictures to himself, while what I want to describe is going on on both sides of the way all down the main street of Elena, which is a good deal more than a mile long. In the byways, too, so far as they lend themselves to such work, the depredators are at work howling and hooting, drunk with the joys of spoil and red-hot with the excitement of destruction. It had been intended to take precautions to prevent the sack of the town by irregulars. Three companies were to have been told off to protect the spoil from the hands of those who had done nothing to entitle them to participation in the loot; but in the excitement of the victory it was not carried out, and thus the irregulars are securing for themselves or recklessly waiving, the great bulk of the booty. I was in so soon after the troops that when I went up the street it was comparatively empty. On a little bridge over a rivulet which crosses one end of the town lay three Russians dead, and the way was almost barred by a dead horse lying still harnessed to a broken fourgon; but as I went on the Bashis came rushing past and soon the street was filled. Shop after shop was burst open. Now a grocer's, from which skins and bladders filled with cheese and Russian butter were thrown into the street; here sugar was the attraction, and the Bashis thrust the white sugar lumps by handfuls into their breasts and into the folds of their turbans, and when they were stuffed, scattered the rest about the street. It must have been a Bulgarian feast day yesterday, for in all the grocers' and bakers' shops there was holiday cake, upon which the Bashis pounced with childish delight. Now a draper's shop was tapped, and the yards and rougher goods were thrown out to be trampled under foot, while the long yards of calico and cloths were dragged forth, the pillagers chopping off with their yataghans such lengths as they could secure. From the wintners the casks of wine were rolled into the street and the heads stove in, bottles were hurled into the air and came smashing down among the crowd by the score. From time to time a troop of snared pigs would come rushing into the street, hounded out of their styes by the side currents of the looters. Then there was a shout and a chase, and the poor beasts were bayoneted or shot by rifles and revolvers recklessly fired amid the crowd. Before a silk store lay an old Bulgar, shot through the chest, lying as he fell, and a little further, laid out stiff and straight under the projecting front of a cook's shop, was the body of a Russian, clad in shirt and drawers, clean and fine of texture, apparently the remains of some civil functionary. Rhyming Legislators. During a recent dry debate in the House of Representatives the Virginia Legislature a resolution was circulated among the members, drawn up by "the committee on game," and offering a prize for any man who would find a rhyme to "Terrapin." A Richmond correspondent says the resolution brought out the following poetical donations: You ask for a word to rhyme with Terrapin, I could bet my drink were all pure gin. —Hanger. I think that Terrapin Would rhyme with hair-pin. —Hunter. (It ought to but it don't.) The wretch who kills a Terrapin Commits a most egregious sin. —Wallace. Soup made of the Terrapin Will not hurt a fellow's within. —Hewlet. A good stew made of Terrapin Is fit for a seraphim. —Bocock. Were I asked what is a Terrapin, 'Would call it a fish without a fin. —Edmonds. The blamed fools who rhymed on Terrapin, Ought to have a larrapin. —Speaker Allen. The way to give value to a diamond-blast Terrapin, Is to change its back as though the diamond were a pin. —Wilder. I would rather be a creeping scarpin Than a skill pot Terrapin. —Robinson. How sweet to sit in your merry lan And eat good stew of Terrapin. —Fraser. I would fight sooner a Terrapin Than an old female barradin. —Taliaferro. I think there is no fairer din Than to hear the hounds trail a Terrapin. —Hall. The women of Alaska are noted for the beauty and great length of their hair, which often falls in glossy ringlets below the waist.

Fashion Notes.

The short dress for the street is at last an accomplished fact. Several rows of knife-pleated lace will be used for trimming mantles. Most of the wide collars and cuffs have a lace frill to stand around the neck and wrists. New ties are of plain silk, the ends finished in embroidery and fringe to represent the tip of a peacock feather. Get sheer striped muslin, or else dimity, and work the edges in colored scallops for drapery for an infant's basket. Satin will be much used for trimming spring and summer dresses. Some of the new grenadines are trimmed entirely with black satin. A half-long sacque or else a dolman mantle of black silk or of camel-hair, with jet and fringe for trimming, is what you want for the spring. Cashmere suits are coming more and more into favor. Cashmere made over silk is exceedingly attractive. Rich garnitures of all kinds are employed on these much admired and very serviceable promenades and dinner suits. Carrick capes promise to be much worn on various spring garments. They are seen on cloth sacques, on basques of plain costumes, on polonaises, on dolmans, on English cloth traveling cloaks, and finally on linen ulsters. The furnishing stores display new costumes of percale, cambric, and Scotch ginghams, trimmed with pleated frills of the material, on which fall scant ruffles of white Hamburg embroidery. The favorite design for these is the pleated basque. Cambric wrappers are also being fancifully made at the furnishing houses. The prettiest of these have a yoke with Watteau pleating in the back, and are made of bordered cambrics, with the border used for trimming down the yoke, pockets, collar and cuffs. Silks of light quality with raised figures are offered for spring costumes, or as parts of combination suits. These are more stylish than checked or striped silks sold for the same money, but they do not wear so well, as the raised figures are apt to fray; they serve, however, for a season, or as long as the capricious fashion lasts. To make yourself look more slender you should wear the princess under-clothing with yoke skirts and with close-fitting chemises that add nothing to the figure. Arrange your hair so that it will add nothing to the size of your head. Braid the back hair, and make a coil of it high on the crown; wave the front hair, and comb it back from the temples. Put velvet buttons on a silk dress trimmed with velvet. Put wide panels of velvet down the sides of the over-skirt, and edge it with fringe. The velvet founce should be so deep that the bottom of the over-skirt will cover the top of the founce, and make the skirt seem to be entirely velvet. Turn the edge of the founce under, and face it with silk. Gathered founces are very scant. Pleated velvet founces are twice the length of the space to be covered. A Kind Act Rewarded. The bread on the waters has returned to a young lady in Clappertown, Pa., after a few years. On December 28, 1873, she met, on a railroad train, a lady who was very ill, and she kindly ministered unto her, taking care of her and accompanying her to her place of destination. When they parted, the sick woman offered to reward the young lady for her kindness and attention, but she would take nothing. The old woman wrote down the name and address, nodded familiarly to her, and said: "You will be paid some day." The young lady never saw her chance acquaintance again, but the sum of \$90,000 has recently been bequeathed to her. The old woman had no relatives in this country, and left all her money to the girl who had befriended her.—Reading (Pa.) Eagle.