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Going Home.

Where are you going so fast, old man? Where are you going so fast? There's a valley to cross and a river to ford... The road has been rugged and rough, old man; To your feet it's ragged and rough; But you see a deer being with gentle eyes Has shared your labor and sacrifice.

BRICE.

He came up the mountain road at nightfall, urging his lean mustang forward wearily, and coughing now and then a heavy, hollow cough that told its own story. There were only two houses on the mesa, stretching shaggy and somber with grease-wood from the base of the mountains to the valley below—two unpainted redwood dwellings, with their clumps of trailing pepper trees and tattered bannanas, mere specks of civilization against a stern background of mountain side. The traveler halted before one of them, bowing awkwardly as the master of the house came out.

in the chill California night, where he watched his hostess' deft movements with wistful admiration. "Try hunting, Brice; the doctors mostly say it's healthy." And Brice tried hunting as Joel advised. Taking the gun from its crotch over the door after breakfast, and wandering for hours in the yellow wine-like air of the mesa, he came in at noon and nightfall always empty handed; yet no one derided his failure. There was something about the man that smothered derision. And so the hunting came to an end without bloodshed. Whether the doctors were right or whether it was the mingled resin and honey of the sage and chaparral, no one cared to ask. Certain it is that the "pesterin" cough yielded a little, and the bout form grew a trifle more erect.

where an immigrant train, with its dust and dirt, noisome breath crawled over miles of alkali, or hung from dizzy heights. "To-morrow's the third, neighbor. I reckon she'll be long now directly." "That's a fact; what a rattler time is." The days had not been long to Joel. "We'll go in to-morrow, and if they don't come you can stay and watch the trains awake. She won't know you, Brice; you've picked up amazingly." "I think likely Loisy'll know me if she comes." But she did not come. Joel returned the following night alone, having left Brice at cheap lodgings near the station. Numberless passers-by must have noticed the patient watcher at the incoming trains, the homely pathos of his face deepening day by day. The dull eyes grew a shade duller, and the awkward form a trifle more stooped with each succeeding disappointment. It was two weeks before he reappeared on the mesa, walking wearily like a man under a load.

"My brother come a week afore we was leavin' an' he helped us off 'n' came as far as Omaha. He'd done well out in Nebraska, an' he gave me right smart of money when he left. I was took sick on the road—I disremember just where—and they left me at a town with a woman named Dixon. She took care of me; I was out of my head a long time, an' when I come to I told 'em to write to Brice, an' they writ, an' I reckon they took the name of the place from the ticket. I was weak like fur a long spell, an' they kep a writin' an' no word come, and then I recollected about the town it was Los Angeles on the ticket, and then I couldn't think of the place, I'd sent the letters to before, an' I think 'n' worried me, and the doctor said I mustn't try. So I just waited, an' when I got to Los Angeles I kep a askin' for a man named Brandt, till one day somebody said 'Brandt, Brandt,' 'pears to be there's a Brandt way over beyond the Mission.' An' I went there an' they showed me your house. Then a man give us 'a lift on his team a part o' the way, an' we walked the rest. It didn't look very fur, but they say mountains is deceivin'. There's somethin' kind of grand about 'em, I reckon, it makes everything 'pear sort o' small." Mrs. Brandt told Joel about it that evening.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes. BEEF SOUP.—Boil the soup bone until the meat is quite tender, pour the broth in a kettle then rub an egg into dry flour and mix thoroughly until the noodles are quite fine, then add them to the broth slowly, stirring until all are in; boil fifteen minutes, season to taste. A PLAIN BOILED PUDDING.—Slice up a loaf of bread in the morning and pour milk over it. Let it remain so until half an hour before dinner. Then beat up four eggs very light, and mix them with the milk and bread. A teaspoonful of yeast-powder is an improvement. To be served with sweet sauce. Twenty minutes are sufficient to allow for the boiling. APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Quarter and core one apple for each dumpling; then put the parts together, with sugar in the middle; surround each apple with pie crust; if you wish to bake them, put them on a pan like biscuits, and set them in the oven. If boiled, tie each in a separate cloth, and boil for half an hour. Serve, both baked and boiled, with liquid sauce. LEMON PIE.—Grate the rind of one lemon, squeeze out the juice; beat the yolks of three eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar; add one cup of milk; stir all together and bake with an undercrust; then beat the whites of your eggs to a froth, add one very large tablespoonful of pulverized sugar, pour over the pie and brown in the oven. This makes one pie. TO CORN BEEF.—For fifty pounds of meat allow ten pounds of salt and three ounces of saltpetre; rub each piece of meat with a portion of this mixture and lay it in a cold place over night; on the next day repeat the process and again lay the meat in a cold place until the following day; to the balance of the salt and saltpetre add a pound and a half of brown sugar, half an ounce of potash and four gallons of water; boil the brine for fifteen minutes, then skim and set it away to cool; on the succeeding morning pack the meat, having first wiped every piece perfectly dry, pour the brine over it and put a heavy weight on top to keep it under; examine often, and if there is the least indication of the meat not keeping well turn off the brine, boil and skim it and add more salt, or else make a new and stronger brine; let it get perfectly cold before turning over the meat. Farm Notes. Lopped skim-milk is good feed for barn-yard fowls. According to Lawes' tables, the manure of one hen fed with the usual quantity of grain, is worth about forty-seven cents per year. In 100 pounds of dressed pork there are usually fourteen pounds ham, sixteen pounds shoulders, forty pounds sides, sixteen pounds lard and fourteen pounds waste. The hog products are now lower than they have been since the war. No feed produces finer flavored milk, butter, cheese or hams than parsnips, and no roots are better relished by hogs or bovines; 700 bushels may be grown per acre. From a chemist's view, the roots of an acre of clover contains 185 pounds of nitrogen, 240 pounds of lime, forty-five pounds of magnesia, seventy-five pounds of potash, ten pounds soda, twenty-four pounds sulphur and seventy pounds phosphoric acid. A farmer of twenty-five years' experience finds that it pays well to roll pasture as well as meadows, wherever the frost has loosened the grass roots. It may be well to scatter a little grass seed on the bare spots. He who houses his farm implements in the corners of fences, whose fowls roost in the trees during the winter, whose manure-pile leaches into a roadside ditch and who wipes his nose on his coat-sleeve, makes piteous complaint "that farming don't pay."

The History of Pews.

The first seats provided in churches are seen in those of some Anglo-Saxon and Norman edifices still standing in England. They consist of stone benches which project from the wall running around the whole interior excepting on the east end. In 1319 the congregations are represented as sitting on the ground or standing, and it was at this period that the people introduced low, rude, three-legged stools promiscuously over the church. Not until after the Norman conquest were wooden seats brought into use. In 1287 a decree was issued, in regard to the wrangling for seats (which had become a decided nuisance), that no one should call any seats in the church his own except noblemen and patrons, each person taking the nearest empty seat he could find, as he entered the church. From 1530 to 1540, as we approach nearer to the reformation, seats were more generally appropriated, their entrance being guarded by cross-bars, and the initials of their owners engraved upon them. But directly after the reformation the pew system commenced, for there is extant a complaint from the poor commons addressed to Henry VIII. in 1546, referring to his decree that a Bible should be in every church at liberty for all to read, because they feared it might be taken into the "guyre" or some "pne." Galleries in churches were not known until 1608. As early as 1611 luxurious arrangements were considered essential in church pews, and they were raised or cushioned all over their sides, and the seats furnished with comfortable cushions, while foot-stools were also introduced. Next the sides of the pews were made so high that they entirely concealed the occupants from view. Fireplaces were also built in the pews, and every possible convenience added for the comfort of the highly-favored few. But the services were often so long and tedious that the listeners fell asleep, and frequently nodded their approbation of the minister's sermons, while they were totally oblivious of his teachings. Swift's lines, which we quote, allude to the prevailing fashion of church upholstery: "A bedstead of the antique mode, Compact of timber ransy a pew, Such as our ancestors did use, Was metamorphosed into a seat, Which still their ancient nature keep, By lodging folks disposed to sleep." With the reign of Charles I. the reasons for the heightening of the sides of the pews disappeared; and from the civil war they declined to their present height.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Russian Wounded During the War

During the late war thirty-six trains, specially fitted up for the purpose, were constantly employed in removing the sick and wounded of the Russian army in Bulgaria and Roumelia from the theater of operations into the interior of Russia. Of these trains, twenty-four were provided by the military authorities, seven by the Russian Red Cross Society, two by the imperial family and three by Germany, the average number of carriages in each train being twenty-four. All the sick and wounded in Bulgaria who could be moved were in the first instance carried to Sistova or Simnitza. There they were placed in hospital, their cases inquired into, their wounds bound up afresh, proper medicines and food given to them, and then after a few days rest, they were transported in carriages to the terminal station of the railway at Fratesi. At the Russian frontier a permanent commission of thirty doctors was established. These examined carefully all the patients that arrived, and divided them into three classes. In the first were placed those that were severely wounded or so seriously ill that it would have been dangerous to move them further. In the second class came those who were only so slightly injured or so weak that they would probably be able to shortly rejoin their corps, and these were echeloned along the railway running into the interior; while in the third class were placed those who could be moved with safety, but who were unlikely to recover speedily, and these were sent back into the heart of the country, care being taken to assemble all those ill with the same disease at the same places. Two of the ambulance trains started for the interior every day, the doctors and attendants accompanying them, each being allowed fourteen days' rest after each journey.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Scene in Vera Cruz.

An editor who has been taking a jaunt through Mexico, says that the public washing-place of Vera Cruz is a curious institution. Stone troughs, about three feet high, extend around two sides of a large square. These troughs are divided into compartments which look very much like stable-mangers, and each compartment in addition to the receptacle for the water is furnished with a stone slab upon which the line is rubbed. Probably a hundred brown women, some of them young and handsome, and others old and ugly, were busily engaged in rubbing, smoking and chattering as we passed; none of them gave us more than a passing glance. Their costume was cool but by no means burdensome. The water is furnished by the city aqueduct, and each washer pays a stipulated rate. On the whole, it is a great improvement on the mode of washing practiced in the interior. Such of the linen as was brought out to dry seemed to be delightfully white and clean, but the process, as I understand, is rough on the buttons.

A Cat's Fierce Attack.

The New York World says: At the beginning of the winter Mrs. Sager, a German woman, who lives in the tenement house at No. 22 Sherman avenue, Jersey City, remarked to her husband that their rooms were overrun by mice, and asked him to get a cat. In compliance with her request he one day made her a present of a cat. It was a large-sized cat, entirely black, with the exception of a white spot on the breast, and it had such gentle eyes that it speedily became the pet of the family, and was the favorite plaything of the youngest member of the family, a boy of three, who was in the habit of rubbing its fur the wrong way, pulling its tail and doing all sorts of things to it which ordinary cats do not allow to be done to them. Besides being an ornament, the cat proved to be useful, as it drove all the mice out of the rooms. Last week it presented a litter of kittens to a grateful family, who promptly drowned them. Since then a change was observed in the cat; its tail shunned the fingers of the baby. On Sunday afternoon the cat slept for some time in the cot of the baby. When it woke up it uttered a melancholy moan, and then walked gloomily into a corner. Mrs. Sager took pity on it, and pouring some milk into a saucer, offered it to the cat. The latter turned its head away at first, then it gave a fierce cry and leaped with stiffened tail and distended claws upon Mrs. Sager's breast. "It flew on me like a bird," was the way in which Mrs. Sager described the movement. The cat held itself tightly on Mrs. Sager by sinking its claws into her dress and then tried to bite her neck. It failed in this, but succeeded in burying its teeth deeply in her right arm near the elbow. Mrs. Sager's three children ran into the room attracted by her cries, and managed to take the cat off their mother. But the cat appeared to have become crazy and attacked the three children. Nettie, aged twelve, was bitten on the nose and cheeks; Louis, aged four, on the legs, arms and hands; Margaret, aged nine, was slightly bitten on the foot. The attack was so fierce that Mrs. Sager and her children ran out of the room, leaving the cat alone. A message was sent to the police station, and an officer went to the house and shot the cat after an exciting hunt. The wounds of Mrs. Sager and her children were cauterized and no serious result is apprehended. The only member of the family who was not bitten is the baby. Mr. Sager at the time was away from home.

An Aerial Spy.

Mr. W. B. Woodbury has recently proposed an ingenious idea for taking photographs of an enemy's works from a balloon, without necessitating the presence of an aeronaut in the car. Electrical wires are run along the cable by which the air ship is held captive. Instead of a car a box is provided, inside of which another box is pivoted so that it will keep horizontal. In the inner box is the photographic apparatus, and over the lens is an ebonite shutter moved by the current, to open or shut instantaneously. There is also a sensitized tissue on rollers in rear of the lens, which is operated by clockwork, also controlled by the current. When the balloon is elevated to the required height, the lens properly focused and the tissue in position, the shutter is set in motion by the current, giving instantaneous exposure. A photograph is thus obtained, and by further controlling the clockwork fresh sensitized surface may be exposed and additional images taken.