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Rates of Advertising.

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War.

Two mothers lifting prayers unto one God, In alien language and on hostile sod. Two maidens wailing, in a different tongue, The gory mass of silent men among. Two monarchs couch'd in indolent repose, Reaping ambition by their subjects' throes. Foes, that have never done each other ill, Friends, whose sole union is the sin to kill. Banners clutch'd fierce—the death grasp of the brave— A latter'd rag that glorifies the grave. Far-rolling smoke above a vulture plain; Artillery piled on ramparts of the slain. Nature swathed round in one close crimson shroud; Black speechlessness of the low thunder-cloud. The fields unfill'd, the rich Heavens raining death; Weeds in the garden; weeping by the hearth.

HALF AN HOUR OF AGONY.

MR. THUMBLEDIRK'S TERRIBLE PREDICAMENT.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Jasper Thumblodirk, who is forty-three years old and unmarried, dashed into our sanctum and evolved a remark, the intensity of which fairly made our blood curdle. And when he completed the remark, which was neither very long nor remarkably complicated, he picked up a dictionary, hurled it at the proof reader with great asperity, and before that good natured and greatly abused angel of the editorial staff could recover from his emotion and get his umbrella Mr. Thumblodirk was gone. He dashed out of the door, missed the stairway and stepped down the elevator, falling a distance of three stories, but he was too mad and excited to get hurt, and we heard him rushing away down the alley, yelling and swearing till he was out of sight and hearing. As he is usually a very severe man, of habitual reserve, very particular and guarded in his language, we were amazed not only at his words, for which his excited manner afforded not the slightest explanation. During the day, however, we became possessed of certain facts which may give the reader some clew to the causes of this worthy and respectable citizen's violent and disrespectful manner and language. It appears that about two o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Thumblodirk dropped in at the Union depot to ask some questions relative to the arrival and departure of trains, and while passing through the ladies' waiting room, he was accosted by a lady acquaintance who was going east on the T. P. & W. at half-past two. She wished to go up town to make some little purchases, but didn't want to take her baby out in the rain. Would Mr. Thumblodirk please hold it for her until she came back? She wouldn't be gone more than five minutes, and little Ernest was just as good as an angel, and beside, he was sound asleep. Mr. Thumblodirk, with a strange fluter of his feelings, lied, and said he would be only too delighted. Then he took the baby, and the ticket agent, who has two, knew by the manner in which the man took the baby and looked anxiously from one end of it to the other to see which end the head was on, that he had never handled a human baby before in all his life, and promptly closed his windows to shut out the trouble that he knew was on the eve of an eruption. Mr. Thumblodirk is a very tall, dignified man. He was rather annoyed as the mother disappeared through the door to observe that all the women in the waiting-room were intently regarding him with various expressions, curiosity predominating. He sat down and bent his arms at the elbows until they resembled in shape two letters V's, with the baby lying neck and heels in the angle at the elbows, and he looked, and he felt that he looked, like the hideous pictures of Moloch in the old Sunday-school book. Mr. Thumblodirk felt keenly that he was an object of curiosity and illy repressed mirth to the women around him. Now a dignified man does not enjoy being a laughing stock for any body, and it is especially humiliating for him to feel that he appears ridiculous in the eyes of women. This feeling is intensified when the man is a bachelor, and knows he is a little awkward and ill at ease in the presence of women, anyhow. So, as he gazed upon the face of the quiet, sleeping infant, he made an insane effort to appear perfectly easy, and to create the impression that he was an old married man, and the father of twenty-six children, he disengaged one arm, and chucked the baby under the chin. About such a chuck that you always feel like giving a boy with a "putty blower" or a "pea shooter." It knocked the little rose-bud of a mouth shut so quick and close the baby couldn't catch its breath for three minutes, and Mr. Thumblodirk thought, with a strange,

terrible sinking of the heart, that it was just possible he might have overdone the thing. A short, young woman in a kilt skirt and a pretty face, sitting directly opposite him, said, "Oh!" in a mild kind of a shriek, and then giggled; a tall, thin woman in a black bombazine dress and a gray shawl, and an angular woman in a calico dress and a sun bonnet, gasped, "Why!" in a startled duet, a fat woman with a small herd of children and a market basket, shouted, "Well!" and then immediately clapped her plump hands over her mouth as though the exclamation had been startled from her, and a tall, raw-boned woman who wore horned spectacles and talked bass, said, "The poor lamb!" in such sepulchral tones that everybody else laughed, and Mr. Thumblodirk, who didn't just exactly know whether she meant him or the baby, blushed scarlet and felt his face grow so hot that he smelt his hair. And his soul was filled with such gloomy forebodings that all the future looked dark to him. The baby opened its blue eyes wider than any man who never owned a baby would have believed it possible, and stared at Mr. Thumblodirk with an expression of alarm, and a general lack of confidence that boded a distressing want of harmony in all further proceedings. Mr. Thumblodirk viewing these signs of carelessness with inward alarm, conceived the happy idea that the baby needed a change of position. So he stood it upon its feet. It is unnecessary to tell any mother of a family that by the execution of this apparently very simple movement, the unhappy man had every thread of that baby's clothes under its arms and around its neck in an instant. A general but suppressed giggle went around the room. Mr. Thumblodirk blushed, redder and hotter than ever, and the astonished baby, after one horrified look at its strange guardian, whimpered uneasily. Mr. Thumblodirk, not daring to risk the sound of his own voice, would have danced the baby up and down, but its little legs bent themselves into such appalling crescents the first time he let the cherub's weight upon them, that the wretched man knew in his heart of hearts that he had forever and eternally most hopelessly "bowed" them, and felt that he could never again look a bow-legged man in the face without a spasm of remorse. As for meeting the father of this beautiful boy, whose life he had blighted with a pair of crooked legs—never, he would face death itself first. And in coming years whenever he met this boy waddling to school on a pair of legs like ice-tongs, he would gaze upon them as his own guilty work, and would tremble lest the wrath of the avenging gods should fall upon him. Alarmed at the gloomy shadows which these distressing thoughts cast over Mr. Thumblodirk's face the baby drew itself up into a knot and wailed. Mr. Thumblodirk balanced it carefully on his hands and dandled it, for all the world as he would "lift" a watermelon. Instantly the baby straightened itself out with such alarming celerity that the tortured dry nurse caught it by the heels just in time to save it from falling to the floor. "He'll kill that child yet," said the gloomy woman who talked bass, and Mr. Thumblodirk felt the blood curdle in cold waves in his veins. By this time the baby was screaming like a calloppe, and the noise added inexpressibly to Mr. Thumblodirk's confusion and distress. He would have trotted the baby on his knee, but the attempt occasioned too much comment. The fat woman with the market basket said: "Oh-h, the little dear!" And the short, pretty woman snapped her eyes and said: "Oh-h-h! how cruel!" And the woman in the black bombazine, and the woman in the sun bonnet said: "Oh-h-h! just look at him!" And the woman who talked bass said, in her most sepulchral and penetrating accents: "The man's a fool." And the baby itself, utterly ignoring the fact that Mr. Thumblodirk was laboring in its own interests, threw all the obstruction it could in the way of further proceedings by alternately straightening itself out into an abnormal condition of such appalling rigidity, that Mr. Thumblodirk was obliged to hold its head tightly in one hand and its heels in the other, and then suddenly doubling itself up into so small a knot that the poor man had to hold his two hands close together, like a bowl, and hold the baby as he would a pint of sand, and these transitions from one extreme to the other were made with such startling rapidity and appalling suddenness, that Mr. Thumblodirk had to be constantly on the alert, and his arms ached so, and he exhibited such signs of fatigue and distress that the depot policeman looked in to say to him that if he was tired out, he would send in a section hand or the steam shovel to give him a spell. It seemed to Mr. Thumblodirk that he never heard so much noise come from so small a baby in his life. The more he turned it around and tossed it about the more its cloak and dress, and skirts and things became entangled around its neck, and now and then the mass of drapery would get over the baby's face and stifle its cries for a second, but the noise would come out stronger than ever when the tossing little hands would tear away the obstruction. And the louder the baby screamed the faster the vigorous, fat legs flew, kicking in every direction, like crazy fly-wheels with the rim off. Sometimes Mr. Thumblodirk made as high as a hundred and eighty grubs a minute at those legs and never touched one of them. He was hot,

blind and wild with terror and confusion. Once he tried to sing to the baby, but when he quavered out a "Hootchy, pootchy, puddin' and pie," the women laughed, all but the gloomy woman who talked bass—she sniffed, and he stopped. He gave the baby his pearl-handled knife, and the innocent threw it into the stove. He gave it his gold watch, and it dashed it on the floor. He gave it his emerald scarf-pin, and the baby put it into its mouth. The pretty woman screamed. The sad woman in the bombazine shrieked. The angular woman in the sun-bonnet yelled, "Oh, mercy on us!" The fat woman with the market-basket called wildly for a doctor. The gloomy woman who talked bass shouted hoarsely: "He's killed it!" And Mr. Thumblodirk hooked his finger into that child's mouth and choked it until its face was purple and black, trying to find that pin. And Mr. Thumblodirk couldn't hear even the chattering woman. It beat the air with its clenched fists, and thrashed and kicked with its fat bare legs, and wailed and howled and choked and screamed and doubled up and straightened out until Mr. Thumblodirk, stealing his nerves to the awful effort, clasped the screaming baby in his arms and rose to his feet. He was going to go out and throw himself and the baby under the first train that came along. The baby's mother sprang in through the door like an angel of mercy. She took the baby in her arms and with one slight motion of one hand, had its raiment straightened out so exquisitely smooth there wasn't a wrinkle in it. The baby lay in her arms as placid, quiet, flexible, graceful and contented as a dream of Paradise. The mother thanked Mr. Thumblodirk for the agony and torture he had endured so patiently for her. This was the way she thanked him. She did not look at him. She looked straight out the window with a stony glare, and said, in tones that made the thermometer shiver: "Mr. Thumblodirk isn't a very good nurse, is he, baby?" All the women smiled, except the gloomy woman who talked bass. She nodded approvingly. The baby looked up into Mr. Thumblodirk's face and laughed aloud. What Mr. Thumblodirk said when he dashed in at the sanctum last evening was this: "By the avenging daughters of Night, the everlasting, snake-haired Erynnes, the terror-haunted shades never knew the horrors that haunt the soul of a sensible single man that tries to take care of some other fool's howling, squalling, squirming baby!"—Burlington Hawk-eye.

A German Onion Market. I am sure you can not guess what sort of a thing a Zwiebelmarkt is. The word means onion-market, and I will tell you about one which I saw in a German city. I was awakened very early one October morning by the rattle of heavy carts under my window, and drawing aside the curtain, I looked out upon the great square all alive with a busy crowd of men, women and children. There were huge canvas-covered carts, drawn by oxen; great lumbering wagons, with a horse and cow, or a pair of droll little donkeys, harnessed together; dogs and goats were tacked to small wagons that rattled along over the cobble-stones, while the drivers' whips were cracking like hundreds of torpedoes, and every cart, large and small, was heaped with onions. Where had they all come from, for it was barely sunrise then? While eating breakfast, which I took an hour earlier than usual that morning, I asked my landlady about it, and she told me that it was Zwiebelmarkt, and would continue three or four days. It is really the season when the harvest is gathered, and the farmers come to town to sell their country produce; but instead of making it a mere strid time of traffic, they turn it into a grand holiday. The town puts on its gala attire, the shops are bright with all manner of glittering things; street musicians draw around them crowds of happy peasants, who stand and listen in open-mouthed delight; Punch and Judy shows, dancing bears, trained bears, trained dogs and talking birds, are all to be found in tents or booths at every corner. So, you see, it is not by any means made up entirely of onions. As I walked through the streets I found that there were all sorts of vegetables, such as we see in our markets at home at Thanksgiving time; but an air of beauty was given to the whole by the tasteful arrangement of the various articles. Bright yellow carrots, with their delicate foliage, contrasted with white cauliflower and the crisp, curling leaves of red cabbage; turnips, large and small, were arranged in fantastic heaps, their green leaves still bright; and strings of shining onions were piled on the ground in gigantic pyramids, a great deal taller than any man. The peasants take great delight in this holiday season. Whole families come together, and camp out during the night just beyond the city limits, returning each morning before sunrise to their places of sale. The largest collections of fruit and vegetables are left under the care of a guard at night, but the smaller wares, such as poultry, eggs, butter, cheese, nuts, grapes, etc., are packed into the same carts which brought them to the town, and carried off by their owners to the place of their encampment.—Golden Hour.

INDIAN POET-KING. Who Built a Magnificent Tower for the Worship of an Unknown Deity. We find this in a letter from the city of Mexico: I am going to tell you of a trip to the mountain of Tezozingo, famous in Aztec days as being the pleasure garden and retreat of the Indian poet-king, Nezahuacoyotl. From Tezozingo the trip is wildly picturesque and grandly beautiful. The curiously constructed bath of Nezahuacoyotl is cut from a solid block of granite overhanging the brow of the hill. The rock has a smooth surface several yards square, and dropping from its center is a circular basin some three or four feet deep and a dozen or more in circumference. Out of one side is cut a seat for the accommodation of the bather, while rising from the surface a little back is another having a perfect chair form, with a rest on one side for the arm. Protecting the outer side of this is a wall—a part of the same rock—into which seats have been cut, and various little niches in the form of miniature steps, which might have been used by the old Indian monarch as receptacles for his toilet paraphernalia. Following along the still well-preserved path, we came to a chamber cut into the side of the hills, now unroofed and in ruins, the floor being strewn with debris. At the end of this vaulted chamber was a raised platform a foot in height and several feet square, hewn from solid rock, and on either corner, back of this, were niches chiseled out, with fragments of cement still clinging to their sides. We have since learned that between these, above the platform, there still remained at the beginning of the present century a large calendar stone, which was later destroyed by the neighboring Indians in search of treasure. This curious work must have cost its builders a vast deal of labor. Separating himself from the cares of his kingdom, Nezahuacoyotl came for retirement to this beautiful mountain, and here, four times every day for forty days, on bended knees, he offered prayer and incense to the all-powerful god, hidden and unknown. It is said that in answer to these earnest petitions a vision appeared to one of his servants in attendance, directing him to go at once to his master with the comforting assurance that the unseen god had been pleased to accept his prayers and offerings, and would avenge him by the hands of his son, Axoquatzin, a boy of only seventeen years. The king could not accept the supernatural vision which was, however, fulfilled. Nezahuacoyotl, upon hearing of the fulfillment of what he had considered a false prophecy, retired in humiliation to the garden of his palace, and kneeling on the ground gave thanks to the unknown god for his signal benefits, promising to build a temple to his honor, to abstain from idolatrous worship and human sacrifices, and to alone acknowledge the supremacy of the unknown god. In compliance with his vow, he built a tower nine stories high, the interior of which he garnished with gold and precious stones, and the exterior he covered with black cement, embellished with stars. The workmanship was of the most expensive order. In this superb tower were stationed men, whose duty it was, at certain hours of the day, to strike upon plates of fine metal, at the sound of which the monarch fell upon his knees in prayer.

Items of Interest. Iowa has 390 newspapers. Disturbing the grave—Making a sober man laugh. They have ladies' smoking cars on Peruvian railroads. The Most Unpopular Petty Officer in the Army—Corporal Punishment. An editor offers a reward of five dollars for the best treatise on "How to make out-door life attractive to the mosquito." What is the difference between the Prince of Wales and a jet of water? The Prince is heir to the throne, and the jet is thrown to the air. "The moon is always just the same," he said languidly, "and yet I always find some new beauty in it." "It's just so with the circus," she responded. He took the hint and bought tickets for two. The unequal length of the lower limbs sometimes observed in man can be more readily detected when the man is lying down on the floor than when he is standing up. Experienced tailors assert that this aberration accounts for some misfits in trousers. First Law Pill—"Gad, Jones, a most curious question has arisen lately. There's a man in Newton, and the law's such that they can't bury him!" Second Law Pill (earnestly)—"Very astounding, to be sure! Why how on earth can that be?" First L. P. (desperately)—"Why, he isn't dead yet!" A huge snake of the garter species was lately killed in Atchison, Kansas, and on being opened a female quail was found inside. The quail was also cut open and three eggs were taken from her and placed under a hen. In a short time two of the eggs hatched young quails, who were as lively and healthy as any others are, but had defective heads, as they were shaped and had the appearance of a snake, being entirely destitute of feathers. MATED AND REMATED. A tear stood in her eye of blue. She said, "Oh, what would Edwin do Were Angelina fated To quit this happy world and die? His quivering lips made quick reply, "I'll get you, love, cremated." On rosy lips a pout was seen, "What will you do yourself, I mean?" "Bright eyes his answer waited. When from his heart restless came The answer 'twas almost the same, "I'll get myself cremated." John Burdette has a new dog, and in a spirit of malicious daring, has named him "Mister." And every time he waves his hand at the canine and shouts in savage tones, "Go home, Mister, or I'll land a brick at ye!" every man on the street rolls up his sleeves and waltzes up to the auditor and wants to know "who he's a talkin' to, and what he means by it?" And the result is the boy is on fighting terms with half the men in Burlington.—Hawkeye. Near Waterloo Station in Georgia a ground-hog lately carried off a child from the hut of John Keeshan, a laborer on the railroad tracks, and carrying it to a hole in a tree, deposited it there and covered it with leaves, and returning to the hut, attempted to drag away some of the child's clothing, when Mrs. Keeshan entered the room and chased it out, and, on following it to the tree for the purpose of getting the clothes back, was rejoiced to discover her lost child snugly ensconced in the hollow. A SONG WITHOUT AN E. [The letter E is used more than any other letter in the English alphabet. Each of the following verses contains every letter of the alphabet except E.] A jovial swain should not complain Of any buxom fair Who mocks his pain, and thinks it gain To quit his awkward air. Quixotic boys who look for joys Quixotic hazards run; A lass annoys with trivial toys, Opposing man for fun. A jovial swain may rack his brain, And tax his fancy's might; To quit is vain, for 'tis most plain That what I say is right. George Mitchell went on a frolic in Antioch, Cal., on the evening before the day appointed for his wedding, and in the morning his convivial companion was found murdered. Suspicion rested on Mitchell, and he was placed on trial. The girl to whom he was to have been married sat at his side in the court room, and her sympathy and grief were so attractively exhibited that the Judge, in his charge, warned the jurors not to permit themselves to be influenced by her. They acquitted Mitchell, however, and it is impossible to determine by the meagre reports whether the verdict was caused by the evidence or by the girl. The pair were married immediately in the court room. During the war between Augustus Caesar and Marc Antony, when all the world stood wondering and uncertain which way fortune would incline herself, a poor man at Rome, in order to be prepared for making, in either event, a bold bid for his own advancement, had recourse to the following ingenious expedient: He applied himself to the training of two crows with such diligence that he brought them the length of pronouncing, with great distinctness, the one a salutation to Caesar, and the other a salutation to Antony. When Augustus returned conqueror, the man went out to meet him with the crow suited to the occasion, perched on his fist, and every now and then it kept exclaiming, "Salve, Caesar, Victor Imperator!" ("Hail, Caesar, Conqueror and Emperor!") Augustus, greatly struck and delighted with so novel a circumstance, purchased the bird of the man for a sum which he immediately placed in the hands of the

A correspondent writes from Parma, "There's always something to charm the eye, delight the ear and stir the soul in Italy. The introduction of the scrubbing brush would make it a paradise."