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JOSEPH'S ADVENTURE.

"Can't you tell some of your adventures?" I asked of my friend Joseph, who had returned from his many years' travels in the bush, and was sitting with me and my wife. And, though he had been absent so long, he was, so to speak, a young man yet.

"It is not at all dull." "One Sunday afternoon (How did I know it was Sunday? you ask. Because I had kept count of the days all along; kept my diary regularly)—one Sunday afternoon I was sitting outside writing, when a shadow fell across the paper, and looking up, I beheld a skeleton standing there before me. Accustomed as I was to lonely encounters with strange men of all kinds, my hair stood on end as I stared at the specter. He was the merest boy in years, pretty and delicate by nature, and evidently reduced to this shadowy state by starvation. His story was soon told. He had left Boston on board a vessel bound for the northwest coast, had been wrecked at the mouth of the Umpqua, and been wandering about in the mountains ever since, subsisting on roots and berries."

flowing silk gown touched my knees. Altogether, I began to think of those useless pegs in the house down in Rogue river valley. But what she said pulled up my wandering thoughts and turned them to present things. "Shall you be surprised to hear that I came to do you a real service?" she asked. And she went on to relate that, having had to pass the previous night at a place not many miles away in a house where the partitions were thin, she had chanced to overhear a plan for murdering and robbing me, the villain-in-chief of the plot being the starved and naked wretch whom I had sheltered and sent away rejoicing not many days previously. All in a moment, while I was pondering on the doubtful problem of gratitude, a fancy came over me that she might not be telling the truth; that it might be just an excuse got up to justify her own visit; and I playfully hinted as such. "A woman does not trifle with subjects like these, nor does she deceive when she goes out of her way to do a service," she answered. "I rode off from that house the other way this morning, made a long detour, and came here to warn you. And now that I have done it, if you will please to get my horse, I will ride away again." All fair, that. I, full of thanks and repentance, asked her to stay longer if she was not perfectly rested; but she declined, and I brought the steed round and helped her to mount him. Once in the saddle her humor changed; she smiled and reminded me that I had not been polite enough to invite her to return. A week of reading, talking, riding, trout-fishing and romancing up in those splendid mountains would be very charming; perhaps she would come if I asked her.

chirrup, such as a young squirrel might make. Up sprang the man, but I covered him with my rifle, cocked. He saw the movement, showed his teeth and drew out a pistol, but not before I had ordered him to throw down his arms or die! He hesitated; he saw that in my eye and aspect which made him quail. While I held the rifle leveled and my finger on the trigger, he threw down his arms, pistol and knife, with a dreadful oath. I had the best of him, and he knew it, for before he could have put his pistol into form or rushed on me with his knife the ball from my rifle would have been in him. His language was awful—and we are not very nice in that respect, you know, in California—the foam lay on his lips. He demanded to be let out of the house, denouncing me as a murderer and a robber. To all his ravings I had but one answer, to be quiet, to obey me and he should live; dare to disobey me and he should die. He sat there, cowed, on the opposite side of the fire, not daring to make even a doubtful motion. Then I told him what I knew, that I heard who he was and what he intended to do. With that he broke down utterly, or pretended to do so; cried like a child, declaring that now he knew my pluck, and I was the first man ever to get the better of him, he loved me like a brother. All the same, love or no love, he had to sit where he was, and I in front of him with my rifle on my knees. There was a long night before us; he could have no liberty in it, and the restraint was horrible to him. One moment he laughed unasily, the next cursed, the next cried. It was a strange experience, was it not? To pass away the time I asked him to relate the history of his life. He said he would, but would first of all just shake hands for the respect he bore me. Touching my rifle significantly, I pointed to the stick lying across the hearth-place between us. "That's your boundary-line, my man," said I; "don't go stretching your hand over that." This sent him into a fit of silliness.

During a terrific storm at Venice, the square of St. Mark's, the piazzetta, and principal streets were completely inundated by the high tide. A large number of people were held captive in restaurants and in small by streets so elevated as not to be covered by water, while in the flooded parts masked revelers wading about bare-legged, noisy uchihs and porters conveying on their back women fresh from balls and dressed in all sorts of finery and toggery, presented an amusing spectacle. Travel on the canals was suspended, as the gondolas could not pass under the bridges, and considerable damage was caused on all sides.

There was a great hue and cry over the capture of one poor fox near Dayton, Ohio. Nearly 5,000 men and boys from all parts of the country formed a line around an entire township in which many foxes were known to dwell. The arrangements had been carefully made, and the discharge of heavy cannons at three points was the signal for a general movement toward the center. Every person had a horn or bell, or something else with which to make a din, the idea being to drive the foxes to a certain gulch, and there dispatch them. But one division did not start promptly, and a gap was left in the line, through which all the foxes but one escaped. The lone victim hid in a hollow tree, and was killed by a dog.

TIMELY TOPICS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

At a Western Canadian manufactory is being made an implement which is to plant potatoes, at the same operation marking out the drills, dropping the manure, mixing it with the earth, and covering the seed. It will also hoe and hill the crop and pick potato bugs, and in three minutes can be so altered that it will dig 800 bushels of potatoes in a day. Could not the inventor, while his hands are in furnish his machine with a patent attachment for washing, paring, cooking and dishing up the potatoes?

One of the most ruinous habits of the Russian peasants is displayed at marriage celebrations. A peasant, to celebrate the marriage of his son, procures twenty-five gallons of whisky, to get money for which he sells his horse, cow or pigs, and is ready to become a pauper. He cannot resist the practice, for custom requires that the population of the village, men, women and children, must get drunk. A rich peasant at the marriage festival will procure one hundred gallons of whisky, and the neighboring villagers are invited to take part in the carousal.

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Pinto, the Portuguese explorer, who has arrived at Pretoria, telegraphs to the Portuguese government as follows: "In concluding my journey across Africa, I struggled with hunger, thirst, the natives, floods and drought. I have saved all my papers—twenty geographical charts, many topographical maps, three volumes of notes, meteorological studies, drawings, and a complete exploration of the Upper Zambezi with its seventy-two cataracts. Pinto left the coast October 25, 1877, with 400 followers, only eight of whom survived the struggles with the natives and the privations of the march."

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A famine next year in Russia is predicted by Russian journals. Last year about one-third of the crop was destroyed by beetles and marmots, so that the seed has been deficient; and the cattle plague took off nearly ninety per cent. of the cattle in many places. To these things must be added the extraordinary drought of the past half year. Then in Russia there are too many holidays (about one hundred in the year); drunkenness is also a widespread vice, whose wastefulness is greatly felt. Most of the land in Russia is under mortgage to bankers, the proprietors are hardly able to pay their interest, and the arrears are everywhere about twenty per cent. The grain, which is the chief article of export, and which furnishes the taxes and supplies, is devoured by parasites while growing, after being gathered, and on railroads.

A Distinguished Foreigner. About a year ago, Messrs. Charles Reiche and brother brought five chimpanzees to the New York aquarium, of which only one remains. Recently, another arrived from Central Africa, and there was much curiosity to see how the two creatures would act at their first meeting.

When the stranger was put in the cage, "Tommy" the old inhabitant, looked at him for a moment with some little distrust, then he approached nearer, and after a little hesitation threw one arm over his shoulder in a manner that was almost human. "They looked in each other's eyes with serious faces, and then, clasping their long arms about each other, embraced. Then they separated, and "Tommy" extended his hand, which the newcomer took and shook. Then "Tommy" offered the courtesies of his cage to the newcomer, gave him a part of his blanket and the remains of his dinner. When the new arrival was given his first bath, he objected strongly, and fought against soap and water and brush and comb like an obstinate child, while "Tommy" looked on in apparent glee. At ten o'clock at night, the new chimpanzee was wrapped up in his blanket, sleeping soundly, and "Tommy," with his blanket pulled up over his shoulders, sat a few feet away, watching him with great solicitude.

One of the oldest customs or prerogatives in regard to fish, was in the time of Henry I., the right to what are now termed "royal" fish, namely, the sturgeon and the whale. "Of sturgeon," says the royal autocrat, "caught on our lands (sic) we will that it shall be ours, saving to the finder his costs and expenses. Of whales, so found, we will that the head shall be ours, and the tail our consort's." Wise discrimination for the head was considered the dearest part, the tongue being the delectable. Fishermen would offer, as their costliest gift to the church, a whale's tongue, and it was, no doubt, highly relished by the ecclesiastics, for William the Conqueror gave a yearly grant of one to the monks of Marmouster.—All the Year Bound.

A woman's glove is to her what his vest pocket is to man. Definition of nothing: A footless stocking without a leg.

What class of women are most apt to give tone to society? The belles.

The kind of food that hungry tramps most dislike is a "cold shoulder."

Senator Jones, of Nevada, pays \$17,000 rent for his Washington residence.

There were nine hundred and five soldiers killed by the Zulus at Isandula, South Africa.

Hint to those affected by the "walking fever": The most useful pedestrian is the man who walks the floor nights with the baby.

"On this head," said the lecturer, "there is nothing left to be desired." The bald-headed man in the front row immediately rose to a call to order.

Tramps are defined by Michigan law to be "persons refusing to work for the usual and common wages given to other persons for like work in the place where they may be."

Some idea of the size of the State of Texas may be gathered from the fact that, though the population is a million, there are only four people to every square mile of territory.

There are 356 Protestant Sunday schools in New York city, with 88,337 scholars on their rolls. There are likewise Roman Catholics, Jews, and so forth, sixty-two Sunday schools, having 37,589 scholars on their rolls, making a total of 418 schools, with an enrollment of 115,926 scholars.

There is in Chicago a Sunday school for Chinese, which meets every Sunday afternoon. Of the hundred or more Chinese in that city, twenty-six attend the school regularly, and there is a teacher for every scholar. The converts are said to be generous contributors for religious and charitable enterprises.

Many Italian emigrants have written home from Brazil that the country they expected to find a paradise is quite the reverse, and that they are treated like beasts while alive and when dying are without the benefit of priest or doctors. Hence a member of parliament has introduced a law to restrain the insane desire of emigration.

An Exciting "Tug of War." A "tug of war" is a trial of strength between two teams of men, who grasp a rope and try to draw each other over a mark. A correspondent of the London News in Afghanistan describes a contest of this kind between two teams of native soldiers as follows:

The tug of war which excited the most interest was that between the Hazara mountain-battery team, and one from the infantry of the Guides. In both cases they seemed powerful sets of men. The tug lasted for about forty minutes; five minutes being the usual time in which such trials of strength are settled. The bull dog-like firmness with which these men held on was an evidence to any of those who at the moment may have thought back on the past history of India, that if these races had been properly drilled and led by the right men "the haphazard frontier" of her majesty's Indian empire would still have been the river Sutlej. The Guide infantry are chiefly Patans, while the mountain-battery are Sikhs. One or two of the latter lost their purses in the struggle, and their hair fell down over their face, neck and shoulders in wonderful black masses. There was one man whose jet black locks were in such a quantity that his whole head and upper part of his body was completely veiled by it; so dense was the mass that he could not see through it. Although the skin was coming off his hands he would not let go the rope to throw back his hair, which hung down so long that, his body being bent, it trailed in the dust. If any one can conceive a lion with a magnificent black mane, he will have a picture of this hero as he lay on the ground holding on to the rope like a vise. Not only was the skin of his hands peeling off, but he began at last to spit blood; but not a sign of relinquishing his grip was given. The thick mass of hair hanging round his face like a curtain prevented the air from getting at him—it must have been suffocating—and when at last his team had won the victory, this splendid fellow tumbled over on the ground and all but fainted from sheer exhaustion. There was an instant rush of his comrades, and the restorative they employed was that of shampooing him all over the body like a vise. Not only was the rope required it. About one-half the team received similar attentions from their friends; their exhausted condition will in itself tell how hard the struggle had been. The Guide infantry, who lost in this struggle, had nothing to be ashamed of. They held on manfully, and scarcely lost an inch of rope till the end. During thirty minutes it would have been hard to say which would have gained the victory, and at the close it became only a question as to which side could sustain the struggle a minute or so longer than the other.

A Chance Accepted. Here's a chance for some enterprising paragrapher who wants to get up a poetical paragraph: All you have to do is to fill up the blanks; we'll furnish the rhymes:

—goar
—risky
—beer
—whisky
—temp'rance cause
—three burials
—"Keokuk Constitution."

We are not enterprising, but can fill this out for you just as well as not, on the condition that you will not sue us for libel:

The "Constitution's" out of—
Its habits are so very—
Its paragrapher will take—
Five Whenever he ain't got no—
He advances the—
And then for gin gives—
—"Rome Settled."