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As we grow old our yesterday's seem very dim and distant; We grope, as though in darkened ways, Through all that is existent; Yet far-off days shine bright and clear With suns that long have faded, And faces dear seem strangely near To those that life has shaded.

AN ANTHEM.

"We twain once well in chime, What will the mad gods do For late, with me, I wonder, Or what with love for you?" She struck the chords with a firm hand. Her splendid voice rang out on the dramatic words with a power that gave them new meaning; then ceasing as suddenly as she had begun, she swept away from the piano, at which she had been standing, and threw herself on a low sofa near by. Her companion watched her closely.

abundant black hair was twisted simply around her head and without ornament. She wore a soft trailing dress of black lace, fastened at the throat with a small pearl cross. Her beautiful arms were bare. She had removed her gloves, and on one hand the count's ring sparkled. It was a magnificent jewel, an heirloom in the Turroni family, and recognized by more than one of her audience. "I wonder Turroni allows her to sing any more," began Mrs. Livingston, who could never remain long quiet; "but she insists upon it. She has often declared to me that music was her life—all she had on earth; but I should think the count's devotion would change all that. How very pale she is to-night, and her dress—very few women could dress in that style, and not suffer for it. But I really think it is more becoming to her than any color."

"Do not distress yourself about me, child. I am an old man and have been a selfish one. But I thought I could make you happy." She slipped from her finger the jewel she had worn there for the past few months and laid it in his hand, touching it gently with her lips as she did so. It was indeed the end. At that same hour Harrison King was reading a letter which he had received that morning and laid aside indifferently, though it was from the woman to whom he was betrothed. One paragraph ran thus: "Since I have been in New York I have heard glowing accounts of Isabel Vavasour's successes. Probably you will hear her sing while you are in Florence. Perhaps you can also learn something of a Count Turroni, who is said to be immensely wealthy and very fond of Isabel. His son is here in New York—left Florence a year ago on account of a quarrel with his father, and now threatens terrible things in case the count marries Isabel, as there is some talk of his doing. Young Turroni is one of the handsomest and most fascinating men I ever met. New York promises to be very gay after the close of Lent," etc., etc. He did not finish the letter, throwing it aside as if it weighed him. He did not go to Rome the next day, as he had intended. He heard accidentally of a special service, which had been for the coming Easter Sunday, at which Isabel Vavasour was to sing, and he waited for week. She did not see him among the audience, but he watched her while he listened to the familiar words: "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" as if she had already passed into the spiritual life, leaving to him the darkness and despair of this. The white-haired Count Turroni, who sat near by, prayed in his heart that in some way the peace which she had lost might be restored to her. He was in Rome the next day, leaving it at once for Naples, and going from thence on a hastily planned trip of indefinite length to the Holy Land, in company with some friends, young and restless Americans, with unlimited money and leisure, were, like himself, roaming listlessly about. He made no arrangements for letters to reach him, though he wrote home regularly as in duty bound, and in the months before he returned to Paris a large amount of correspondence had accumulated at his banker's. He was totally unprepared for the first news that met him, the defalcation and flight of his business partner. There were references in the American papers to his own mysterious absence from the country, for so long a time; unmistakable hints, at least, of his own complicity in the fraud. Two things were made very plain to him, that he was a poor man once more, and a disgraced one in his own country. There were several letters from his affianced, but he noticed as he glanced over them, that they all bore dates preceding the disastrous business failure, all but one which had reached Paris two days before. He read with interest every word of that. "I have wanted for a long time to hear from you. Of course your silence confirms my expectation that you would consider your changed circumstances sufficient reason for sundering the tie between us. In a few days I am to be married to Manlius Turroni, and return with him to Florence. His father, who is anxious for a reconciliation, has sent for him, and you will be glad to know that we have every prospect of happiness before us. Please accept my sincere sympathy for your misfortunes, and believe me always your friend." Harrison King laughed outright, then stood up and shook himself like a man from whom an incubus is lifted. He was sure she had received his letter, and it suited her purpose to pretend to the contrary. It was better for them both. A few hours later he was on his way back to America.

course you know; but if I could believe I had ever had a little place in your heart, I would make my life more tolerable." "You have had it all," she replied. "I found it out in Florence before it was too late." "Too late!" he repeated, and the words were a half groan. "It is too late, Isabel, for any happiness for me." A long silence fell between them as they walked on. She was first to break it, and her lips were very white before she spoke. "I should tell you Harry, what is true—that my love is stronger than your sense of disgrace and poverty; that I can only be happy—"

TIMELY TOPICS. There was recently sold at auction in London a piece of fresh property in Park Lane, Mayfair, covering 2,100 square feet, for \$62,500. This is at the rate of \$29,762 per acre, and shows the value of land in London. The Drexel purchase of the corner of Wall and Broad streets, in New York city, a few years ago, was \$250,000 in gold for 675 square feet, or at the rate of \$37,037 per acre. Gold was then at twelve per cent. premium, and the price paid was the highest ever given in any part of the world. It is estimated that 50,000 men and women are employed in Philadelphia in the manufacture of clothing, and 20,000,000 suits are made every year. Cutting machines are gradually finding their way into all of the large manufacturing establishments of the city. The machines have a capacity for cutting nearly 1,800 garments in a day of twelve hours, or about equal to the combined results of the labor of eight men. Buttonholes also can be worked by machinery at the rate of 180 per hour, while by hand it would take the same period to complete three holes. By the cutting machines folds of cloth forty-ty thickness can be easily cut through. The establishment where cutting and buttonhole machines are used turns out 100 suits ready for wear inside of twelve hours. A new grievance is brought against the aliantus tree, which forms such a large class of the shade trees of New York city. The poisonous quality of its blossoms has long been known, causing the air to be not only extremely unpleasant, but unhealthy, during the blossoming period. It is ascertained by examination that many of these trees, to all external appearance vigorous and healthy, are in the interior entirely rotten. This accounts for the well-known fact that during our violent wind storms the aliantus is generally the first tree to fall by the fury of the storm. The safety of the passers-by seems to require the removal of such trees. A French publication contains a tabular statement of the production of wheat in the countries of the world. According to this authority the total average annual production in Europe is 1,298,200,000 bushels; in the world, 1,702,260,000. France leads Europe, with 286,448,000; Russia is next, with 234,000,000; then come Germany, Spain, Austria-Hungary, and Great Britain. The United States produces 422,000,000; Algeria, 25,300,000; Canada, Egypt and Australia, 16,500,000 each. This country produces nearly one-half of nearly all supplies by the world after France. Russia, Germany and Spain are excluded. The principal exporting countries are given as the United States, 84,000,000 to 148,000,000 bushels; Russia, 42,000,000 to 47,000,000, and six others aggregating 33,000,000 to 46,000,000. Principal importing countries, Great Britain, 98,000,000 to 139,000,000, and four other European countries aggregating 28,000,000 to 39,000,000. Great Britain thus appears from these figures to take about one-half of what other countries have to sell. Humboldt and the Lunatic. "Great wits are sure to madness near allied," and a quaint anecdote, culled from Humboldt's "Wanderjahre," aptly demonstrates how readily even so keen an observer as the great German traveler may mistake a genius for a lunatic. During one of his many sojourns in Paris, Humboldt, who took a deep interest in the mysteries of mental aberration, conceived a desire to converse intimately with some incurable maniac, and requested one of his scientific friends, an eminent mad-doctor, to give him the opportunity of meeting one of his more remarkable patients. A few days later he received an invitation from the specialist in question to supper, and on his arrival at his friend's house found two strange gentlemen awaiting him, neither of whom was formally presented to him by his Amphitryon. One was an elderly gentleman, of grave demeanor, dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion, by no means talkative, and manifestly devoted to the pleasures of the table. The other was a comparatively young man, extremely excitable in manner, with long disheveled hair, ill-made clothes, and so exuberantly voluble that he all but monopolized the conversation throughout the evening, although Humboldt himself was one of the most loquacious men alive. The wide-awake person displayed extraordinary versatility and readiness in his talk, which teemed with paradoxes, and dealt with an infinite variety of subjects. Humboldt listened to his brilliant ramblings with absorbing interest, and upon taking leave of his host at a late hour of the night, expressed his gratitude for the psychological experience afforded him, observing that "the madman had amused him beyond all measure." "How is that?" exclaimed the doctor; "you scarcely exchanged a word with him all the evening." "I mean, of course," rejoined Humboldt, "that excitable young man." "You are altogether mistaken; the madman was that quiet, decorous old gentleman." "And who, then, was the person I took to be demented?" "That person, my good friend, was M. Honore de Balzac, the celebrated novelist!" Mr. Ismsy has made the circuit of the earth in seventy-five days, traveling at the rate of 330 miles a day, touching at Suez, Singapore, Hong Kong, Canton, Shanghai, Yokohama, San Francisco and New York. Curious are the means of self-defense with which animals and insects are provided. A butterfly, when apprehending danger, never lights on a green tree or shrub but flies into a clump of dead leaves, where it so adjusts its wings on a twig, as to look exactly like a shiveled leaf, and defies discovery by its foe. Although the theory of the contagiousness of consumption has not been widely accepted, experiments have shown that the disease may be produced in the lower animals by inoculation with tuberculous matter.

How the Greenback is Made. "All paper money," said a treasury officer in conversation with a Chronicle reporter a few days ago, "both legal tenders and national securities, is now engraved, printed and finished in the bureau of engraving and printing at Washington. Some years ago one-half the note was finished in New York by the Columbian Bank Note company, but that has been done away with for some time. Under an act of Congress a building has just been completed for the sole use of the bureau. Before moving into this they occupied a part of the treasury department. "What about the process of making a greenback?" "The process of making a greenback and other government securities is this: The paper is first taken to the wetting division. There it is counted and dampened. It is then delivered to the plate printers, each sheet being charged to them. They again count it in the presence of their assistant, who is a lady, and give a receipt therefor, the assistant certifying that she witnessed the count. The receipts are taken to the wetting division, where they are compared with the books before work is begun, and must agree. The paper is then given the first impression, which is on the back. This is done with a hand-press, attached to all of these presses are registers, which keep count of each sheet of paper as it passes through, so it is impossible for the printer to secret any without being detected. The note then passes into the examining division, where it is counted while wet and then placed in a drying box. When perfectly dry it is taken out and again counted, and the work examined by experts, all of whom are ladies. The sheets found defective in any way are canceled, and the perfect ones placed in a hydraulic press, where an immense pressure is given them. When taken out they are perfectly smooth. They are then sent back to the wetting division, where they are again dampened. "What is the next step in their manufacture?" "Well, they are taken to the printing division, where they receive the second impression, which is on the back part of the face, after which they are taken to the examining division, the dry box, the hydraulic press, and back again to the wetting division, the same as at first. They are taken from here the third time to the state printing division, where the third impression is received, which is the large red seal on the face. After this they are taken to the examining room, dried, pressed, counted and examined, the same as on both previous occasions. From here they are sent to the numbering division, where they receive the numbers that are seen on the upper right corner and left center. Both legal tender and national bank notes are printed on sheets, and there are always four notes on each. After being numbered the legal tender notes are taken to another room, where the margin is trimmed from the paper and the notes separated. This is all done by machinery. After being separated they are again counted and placed in packages of one thousand notes each. This is also done by ladies, who are experts. One lady, Mrs. Silver, will count one thousand notes in five minutes. This is the final count. They are then ready for delivery to the parties authorized to receive them. The national bank notes are not separated, but are sent to the banks that issued them in sheets of four each, so that they may be readily and readily signed. The governing bureau of engraving and printing are very strict. In fact during working hours the employees are treated more like prisoners than they are like ladies or gentlemen. From one thousand to fifteen hundred persons are employed there, the ladies counting the gentlemen considerably."—St. Louis Chronicle. A Burning Mountain. The Panama Star and Herald says: We learn that the eruption of the Fuego, the largest volcano in Guatemala, was preceded by earthquakes of considerable violence, the theater of whose operations was confined to the country surrounding the volcano, within a radius of some twenty or thirty miles. In Antigua, Amatitlan, Palin, Petapa and several other points, the shocks were of such violence as to occasion serious alarm among the inhabitants, and caused them to abandon their houses for several hours. With the beginning of the explosion, however, the earthquake period ended, and the people in the streets of the various pueblos were able to witness in tranquillity the splendid appearance of the burning mountain. During the morning of the day succeeding the day of the eruption the pueblos on the Costa Grande, to the northward of the volcano, were shrouded in gloom, and for some time after sunrise people in offices were compelled to employ artificial light to carry on their labors. Ashes and dust fell in great quantities at many miles' distance, and people who were at too great distances from the volcano to witness the explosion were for some time in doubt as to their origin. A Wonderful Spring. There is an immense spring over on the West Dolores, about six miles from Rico, just across from the head of Horse gulch and near the base of Calico peak, that has an ebb and flow that is quite singular. The basin is about twenty-five feet in diameter and in the morning is always full of water, but in the evening it is perfectly dry and empty. The water is cold and apparently of good quality, and the basin gradually fills to overflowing when it is slowly recedes, effervescing violently all the time. The discovery was made by a prospector who passed it in the morning when full (the basin was full, we mean), and on returning at night it was empty. He watched it with the result mentioned above. It is exciting considerable curiosity in that region.—Rico (Col.) News.