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Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description (e.g., One Square 1 inch, one insertion) and Price.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly.

The New Arrival.

MA. A charming little tiddy iddy bit of mother's bliss; A tiny toddlers, sweet as flow'rs of spring; A precious poppy woppy—gives its mammy, den, a kiss; A pretty darling itay wity ting!

is one of the best tests of character. Some people shake your hand so politely that you feel they would care mightily little about shaking your acquaintance; some men slip their hands into yours and make you feel as if you were squeezing a fish; some people's hands are as slick, and fat, and cold, that you might as well grasp the fingers of a leather dummy.

The sun was low and large and red, and the whole western sea and sky were magnificent in crimson and gold and black. The picture was one of the finest I ever saw. The rising sea was jet black, except where it was bloody; a broad road of crimson shimmered from the ship to the sun; the long body of the whaleer that the sea was plainly seen in the ruddy glare; and life was added to the immense scene by the four white specks—the whaleboats—closing to a point as they drew near the motionless monster.

The ship steadied as if the wind had ceased. There was no sound greater than the storm; but, instead, there seemed to fall suddenly a stillness. I ran amidships and grasped for the line in the dark. It was gone! A rush to the rail, and all was clear. The strain had torn out the brace. The mighty pull of the whale astra had jerked the line straight, like the cord of a gigantic bow, and the captain, who had been standing on the rail, was struck by the flying rope and thrown senseless far into the sea.

A TERRIBLE FATE. How a Blind Man and a Cripple Eegged Their Living and Met their Death. At the mine known as "Filer's Slope," near Scranton, Pa., a painful accident resulted in the instant death of a miner named Felix Slavin, and his assistant, John Dougherty, in the chamber where they were at work.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. Stable Ventilation. Too much attention cannot be paid to the matter so all important to the health of domestic animals, and to those persons who have the care of them. The necessity of making animals comfortable in their yards, stables, stalls or pens—of giving them an abundance of pure air, keeping them clean, dry and warm, of giving them the light and the warm sunshine, of locating the barns properly, so that a southerly and pleasant exposure may be had, so that the cold north winds may be warded off and the sloping and dry yard may be enjoyed by them—the importance of all these matters is not sufficiently considered nor properly appreciated by the farmers.

CHIPS, THE CARPENTER.

"Chips," whom I knew for months by no other name, was ship's carpenter of the whaler Gazelle, of New Bedford. He was twenty-six years old, six feet high, and as strong as a tree. He was the favorite of the ship—and no wonder. He was tender and gentle, perhaps because he was strong; he was peaceful, because he was powerful. And the soft word which turned away wrath, with the gentle hand to soothe a sufferer, are often needed in the whale fisheries.

It was about five o'clock in the evening when the first cry was heard, and the sun went down at 6:30, with scarcely five minutes of twilight. As a rule, on board of American whalers, when whales are seen late in the evening, the boats are not sent down unless circumstances, such as weather, moonlight, and so on, are very favorable. In most cases the course of the whales and the speed of their travel are carefully noted.

"Where are the others?" was the first question. "Fast to the whale," was the answer, "and there are no lanterns on the boat." One of the men from the boat relieved Chips at the wheel, and he went forward to rig lanterns at the fore and main tops. When this was done we stood together on the forecastle, looking and listening for the boats. Suddenly he turned to me and said: "We've got to lose some one tonight. While I was at the wheel it seemed to me as if something whispered in my ear that we're going to lose one man to-night."

Sympathy as a Softener of Law. They allow very wide scope to sympathy as a softener of law, in France. The case of the Countess de Tilly, recently tried in a Parisian court, was embellished by an outpouring of popular feeling such as would scarce have been possible in other places. The countess was tried for having disfigured the face of a young laundress who had become the favorite of the count, her husband.

A Humorist's Ancestors. How much happier were our ancestors than ourselves. Why, I was telling my son this morning about his ancestors, and I just envied them. When they awoke at sunrise, they just kicked off the bearskin, dipped themselves into the creek, if there wasn't a creek handy, and didn't if there wasn't, hung a wolfskin over their shoulders, and they were dressed for the day.

Household Hints. An exchange gives the following directions for cleaning jewelry: Mix eau de Cologne and whiting to the consistency of cream; apply it to the article, brush it well in, and leave it to harden. Finally brush it off, and the result will be most satisfactory. In canning fruit, either put glass jars into a pan of cold water, and bring the water to scalding heat with the jars in it, emptying each as it is wanted, or wrap a dish towel out of cold water around the jars while filling, and you need not fear breaking them by putting boiled fruit in them.