

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XIII. NO. 35.

TIONESTA, PA., NOV. 17, 1880.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (1 inch), one insertion	5¢
One Square " one month	3 00
One Square " three months	6 00
One Square " one year	10 00
Two Squares, one year	15 00
Quarter Col. " " " "	30 00
Half " " " "	50 00
One " " " "	100 00

Legal notices at established rates.
Marriage and death notices, gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements col-
lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-
ments must be paid for in advance.
Job work. Cash on Delivery.

Ehen! Fugaces!

AFTER CALYBERLEY.
She stood beside the water's edge
Upon a jutting rocky ledge,
The wild winds whistled through the sedge,
And o' the sky
The murky clouds were driven fast;
A fitting scene to be the last
For one, o'erweighted by the past,
Who wished to die!

The daylight waned unmarked by her;
Strange things began to move and stir,
And from the clumps of beech and fir
Strange noises came;
Then rose the moon, and wild and weird
The forms of many a tree appeared,
That round about the waters reared
Its branching frame.

But night's dark veil was in her eye,
His gaze was fixed in vacancy,
And from her broke no tremulous cry
Nor any moan,
But, as an owl screamed, near at hand,
Without one look upon the land,
There was a leap—a plunge—and—
That frog was gone!

—Arthur Hostage.

THE LAST BISCUIT.

Bessie Lynn sat alone in the wide, shady kitchen, busily engaged in picking over wortberries. Without, the sunshine of an August afternoon bathed the green fields and dusty road that wound to the village, and touched with richer hue the nasturtiums and geraniums in the tiny garden, and the Virginia creeper that climbed and blossomed above the door. Bessie made a pretty picture as she sat on a low stool with a big calico apron spread over her blue-sprigged muslin dress to defend it from the stains that had soiled her little brown hands. She was a petite, and daintily-rounded maiden of about eighteen, with great dark eyes and glossy curls, shading a fair brow and cheeks that had a touch of wild rose bloom upon them.

The kitchen, too, was such a pretty picture with its well-scrubbed floor and dresser, its asparagus-topped clock, its shining stove with bunches of herbs hanging behind, and the great bouquet of vivid cardinal flowers sat on the snowy table. The kitchen was perfectly still, save the buzz of the flies and the click of the clock; and outside the cricket and the insects alone disturbed the peace. Bessie believed that every one in the house was asleep but herself, and yawned somewhat wearily as she tossed over the berries, finishing the yawn with a bit of soliloquy uttered about half aloud. "Oh, dear, this having summer boarders isn't very pleasant!"

"Miss Bessie," said a voice in the doorway so suddenly that Bessie nearly upset her berries in her great surprise.

"Oh! Mr. Vane, is it you?" she said, bashfully, bending down to pick up a few berries that had rolled from her apron.

"I'll pick 'em up!" exclaimed the newcomer, a tall and handsome-looking youth of about twenty-one, with merry blue eyes, short auburn hair curled closely under a straw hat, diving for the missing berries with ungraceful dexterity. "Yes, it is I, of course. Have you forgotten your promise to go for lilies with me this afternoon?"

"Oh! but I didn't say this afternoon, you know; only some afternoon this week," responded Bessie, demurely.

"Well, we'll call it this afternoon, won't we?" was the persuasive rejoinder as the straw hat was tossed on the chair. "I'll help you. Lend me half that apron and we will have them picked over in a trice." "But I shall have supper to get. Mother's away and there will be biscuits to be made," insisted Bessie, turning her face away to hide a smile that would curve her lips. "Never mind that," responded Maurice Vane, bringing a chair to her side. "Tea's at six, isn't it? and it's now only half-past two. We'll be back at five, without fail, and have time to get half the lilies in the river," and he began to assort a handful of berries with such earnestness.

"W-e-l-l," assented Bessie, after a pause for consideration and a glance at the clock. "I can go for a little while, perhaps. Oh! don't stain your coat, Mr. Vane." But Mr. Vane was so blithely indifferent to his coat and worked with such good-will that the berries were soon picked over, and Bessie and himself on their way to the river.

Five minutes later, Bessie with her berries daintily bestowed around her, was seated in the stern of the boat which, propelled by Maurice Vane's practical hand, shot swiftly down the stream. Although Mr. Vane said to Bessie five times within an hour that it was a lovely day, and although Bessie assented every time, I hardly think they appreciated the beauty around them, for Bessie was quite absorbed in the lilies and the reflection in the water, and Mr. Vane looked more at his companion than at the aspect of nature. They had enough lilies to satisfy them and Bessie was leaning backward and idly trailing one hand in the water, when she suddenly uttered a little scream and sat erect with white cheeks, from which the color had been frightened.

"Oh! I almost lost it! How careless I am!" she exclaimed, replacing an old-fashioned ring, set with a tiny circle of rubies, on her finger.

"Did the water sweep it off your hand?"

"I suppose so. It's too large for me. I'm always losing it and finding it again. I wouldn't lose it entirely for the world,

because it used to be grandmother's. She gave it to me."

"What a curious old ring it is!" said Mr. Vane, without interest. "May I look at it? Don't trouble yourself to take it off," he asked, drawing his oars and leaning toward his companion.

Bessie allowed her tiny brown hand to lie in his aristocratic white one a moment, then coquettishly withdrew it. "Isn't it pretty?" she inquired, archly.

"Very pretty. Shall I tell you how to guard against losing it in the future?" "Oh you, if you please."

"Well, wear this little ring of mine to guard it, or better yet, exchange with me. Give me yours and take this instead," said the young man, daringly.

Bessie looked at the heavy chased gold ring he held out to her, then looked back at the water with an innocent "Oh, I don't think it would fit!"

"Try it," suggested her companion, softly.

Bessie shook her head but finally agreed, blushing, that it would be no harm to try, and slipped the ring on her forefinger.

"It's a perfect fit," cried Mr. Vane, delightedly, "nothing can be better. Why, Miss Bessie, you surely don't mean to give it back?"

"Of course I do," was the saucy rejoinder. "Why not?"

"Because," said Mr. Vane, speaking earnestly and disregarding his fears altogether, while he tried to get a glimpse of the face hidden by the flat hat, "because I meant to ask you to wear it for my sake. I meant to ask you."

"Oh! Mr. Vane," cried his listener here, "do you see that lily on your left. Won't you get it for me?"

"I'll get that and twenty others if you'll listen to me first. Do you care for me? Will you marry me?"

Bessie's face was turned away, and her head bent lower. A crimson flush stole over her ears, neck and chin. "Bessie," no answer. Her companion leaned over her head and took her hand, venturing.

"Bessie, will you wear the ring?" he questioned, softly. But the hand was hastily drawn away; a pair of saucy black eyes flashed into his own, and Bessie's merry laughter rang over the water.

"I'd rather have grandma's, please. Lough it go home, Mr. Vane, for I know its almost tea time."

Mr. Vane put the ring in his pocket and took up the oars again energetically without a word. He was fresh from college and held the stroke oar in many a race, but never made better time than he made that afternoon in rowing up the river. The light boat shot along with the rower's brow knitted and his teeth set. Not once did he look at Bessie who sat in half-puzzled, half-alarmed silence, now and then stealing sideways glances at the offending young Hercules from under her hat. Mr. Vane drew a breath of relief when the boat at last grated on the sand, and having assisted Bessie to land and curtly offered to carry her lilies, he shouldered the oars and marched firmly toward home by her side. Bessie, somewhat bewildered and more angry, made no effort to break the silence and studiously endeavored to keep from crying. When at last he left her at the door with a cold "Thank you, Miss Bessie," and departed to carry the oars to the barn, it was well he did not look back, for Miss Bessie tossed the lilies aside with a petulant gesture and had a fit of crying with her head on the kitchen table.

When Mr. Vane returned from the barn half an hour later, he did see a picture that comforted him a little through the hop-wreathed pantry window. It was Bessie with her sleeves pinned up molding biscuits in a desperate haste, while the tears fell thickly on the high calico apron. This picture so amazed Mr. Vane that he retreated hastily behind a lilac bush to observe it, and lingered so long that he was late at tea. This was a model supper. There was the great dish of berries with snowy cream beside, flanked by cheese and raspberry jam. There were two mountains or plates of snowy biscuits, contrasting with sponge cake and the richer gold of the butter. Mr. Vane who had supposed he should never have an appetite again, felt quite revived by the sight of this table and the memory of the picture.

The rest of the boarders seemed to share the sensation, for the group of muslin was very hilarious, and the eatables disappeared rapidly. Bessie, presiding between the pots, seemed rather out of spirits, but Farmer Lynn aloned for her silence by unusual jollity. When the biscuits passed a second time to Mr. Vane he saw that only one was left, and would have decorously refused, but the hospitable farmer pressed it upon him. "Don't be afraid of it, there's plenty more in the kitchen, ain't there Bessie?"

Thus pressed, Mr. Vane accepted the biscuit and Bessie disappeared to replenish the plate. Mr. Vane divided the biscuit, then dropped it suddenly with an exclamation that brought every eye upon him. There imbedded in the light, white bread, lay Bessie's ruby ring. Shouts of laughter arose that brought Bessie back from the kitchen in haste, just in time to see Mr. Vane coolly remove the ring from the biscuit, amidst the merry chorus, and drop it into his waistcoat pocket to "be kept till called for," he said, with a significant look at her scarlet face. Poor Bessie! There was no peace for her after that. An army of jokes quite overwhelmed her protestations and disclaimers, and she was thankful to beat a hasty retreat to the kitchen when the meal was over. But even there she was pursued by a laughing trio of ladies who harassed

her with questions and wonderment, and merriment, until the last dish was set away, and she started to the village for letters. Instead of going to the village, however, she stole along the hedge, climbed the wall, ran to the other end of the orchard, where she flung herself on the ground and cried as if her heart would break. She perhaps had cried half an hour when a step crushing the dry grass at her side roused her, and the very voice she most dreaded to hear, said:

"I've come to return your ring, Miss Bessie."

Poor little Bessie sat up hastily and took the unfortunate ring with a faltering "Thank you," then immediately hid her face again.

"You needn't thank me, I should have brought it before, but I couldn't find you. I hope you're not troubled about those ridiculous jokes?" he added.

"N-o," responded Bessie, miserably, between her sobs. "I—I thought you'd think I did it on purpose."

"How could I have thought so? It was a mere accident my getting that particular biscuit. I'm very sorry you've been so annoyed in this way. I'm going away to-morrow, Miss Bessie."

The sobs partially ceased and Miss Bessie said, surprisingly, "Are you?"

"Won't you bid me good-bye?"

"Yes," Bessie said, unsteadily, but did not raise her head.

"You'll shake hands, won't you, Miss Bessie?" No answer. "I can't go away while you are offended with me. Won't you at least tell me why you are crying?"

"Because I—I lost my grandma's ring," sobbed Bessie, making a great effort for composure.

Mr. Vane laughed in spite of himself. "Why its safe on your finger and not a whit the worse for its baking. Is there really no other reason?"

"N-o."

"But there is. I shall never have another happy hour if I've offended you," said Mr. Vane, tragically. "I was a brute to treat you as I did this afternoon; but I'm going away and I shan't annoy you again. Won't you forgive me now and shake hands?" Another long silence. Mr. Vane turned away in despair but was detained by a faltering voice.

"I'll forgive you if—"

"Well!" was the breathless interposition.

"You-won't-go-away?"

The more observant boarders noticed at breakfast the next morning that Maurice Vane wore the ring that he found in the biscuit on the little finger of the left hand, and Bessie wore a heavily chased gold circle in the place of her lost ornament.

To be sure, one of the before named boarders, "That tells the whole story,"—[Westminster; (M.L.) Advocate.

Chinese Life in San Francisco.

A lady who visited the "Chinese Quarters" in San Francisco, says: A sudden turn out of the bustling thoroughfare, a few steps forward, and we feel we are in a foreign land. We are escorted by a private friend and a police detective, without whose protective presence it would not be safe to venture into those dingy courts and alleys that lie festering in the very heart of the "Flower Kingdom." Pig-tailed, blue-blonded Celestials swarm in the roadway and on the sidewalks. They surge round us with their silent, stealthy tread. At the sight of our escort's face, or the sound of his voice, they slink away and are gone like shadows. The streets are dimly lighted; the gas does not blaze, it blinks behind its glasses, but the big white moon gives light enough for us to see the cheap gaudy magnificence around us. We are passing the Joss house. It flaunts its scarlet streamers overhead, and flanks its doors with legends in saffron and gold. Within is a glitter of tinsel, a subdued light, and the flicker of a tiny lamp before some figure of barbaric ugliness. The air floats out loaded with the fumes of smoking sandal-wood and strange odors from the East. The doors are open, but we do not enter yet. We stroll up the street, taking an exterior view before we penetrate to the interior. Colored lanterns are strung along some of the balconies, or hung from the windows. Red and black signs in crooked characters are everywhere, and from all sides resounds the echo, it seems, of a hundred unknown tongues. Lights stream from cellar flaps, creep through open doors and window chinks, but the shops are only lighted by a succession of dingy oil lamps. Discordant noises of rasping fiddles, gongs and sundry unknown tuneless instruments mingle with the clatter of strange tongues. The very laughter comes to us jangled and out of tune, and the air is filled with odors the reverse of sweet. Moldy fruits, wilted vegetables, stale fish, too long divorced from its native element, all mingle in one common and most unsavory scent. The Chinese shops make no endeavor to attract the eye or tempt the appetite of the Celestial horde. But perhaps, what seems to us a disgusting display may seem to them a tempting sight. The butcher, who is a general merchant as well, sells Joss sticks, teapots, tobacco and scores of other things. He flanks his door on either side with the carcasses of huge slaughtered hogs. They are not quartered and jointed in Christian fashion, but hacked and hewn and torn asunder just as the meat is wanted, and present a mangled, shapeless mass, sickening to look at. Split chickens and fowls are flattened out like sheets of paper and nailed against the wall. Delicate tidbits, steeped in oil and dried, are strung up and hung like cherry hobs across the windows, and scores of oily cakes, like lumps of yellow soap, are laid on benches.

We pass on our way, look down the cellar flaps, and see the barbers at work in their underground shops. Within a radius of half a mile there are no less than fifty of these places devoted to the cleansing and decoration of the Mongolian head. You may glance down these steps at any hour of the day or night and you will see the operators busy at their torsorial labor. Never was such clean shaving, such delicate cleansing of eyes, ears and nostrils, such trimming and penciling of brows and lashes, such scraping and polishing of oily faces, such a plaiting of the beloved and sacred pig-tail, and the Celestial pagan issues from the hands of the barber a proud and happy man; the perfect ideal of a Chinese beau; every inch above his shoulders is scraped and polished to perfection. This luxurious treatment which he receives at the hands of his barber is a law among the followers of Confucius. The Chinaman feels the necessity of frequent rejuvenation under the razors, probes and pencils of the barber, who is one of the best employed and most important person in the community.

THE TOOTHsome OYSTER.

Some Interesting Facts About the Valuable Bivalve.

The New York correspondent of the "Cincinnati Gazette" writes: This shell fish was known to the ancients. Its name is derived from osseon, the Greek for bone. Oysters, indeed, have not only been popular among all nations, but the very name has maintained a corresponding identity in all languages; thus, in Latin, it is ostrea; in Russ, ystrite; Danish, oster; Swedish, ostra; German, auster; French, huiter, and American, eistren. The notion that this fish is only wholesome during the R months is entirely modern, and is incorrect, but it is advantageous, since the summer is the spawning season, and hence the fish should not be disturbed. There are at least sixty varieties of oysters, those found in warm latitudes being inferior to the product of a cooler climate. The oyster lives on minute particles which enter the shell when open. It cannot move, and therefore its food must come to it. Hence, like Micawber, it is always "waiting for something to turn up." "Native oysters" are those taken in their native bed. Oysters are improved by changing, and hence transplanting is an important feature in the business. "Oyster seed," as the little ones are called, are purchased for \$1 per bushel and planted in favorable spots, whence they are taken up by huge rakes. When the oyster season stops (during summer) the clam season sets in, and thus each fish has its day. Clams have been very cheap and immense quantities have been eaten, but oysters will now to a great degree take their place.

During my residence in this city the oyster trade has increased more rapidly than almost any other specialty. Few, indeed, can form any idea of its immense extent. It is estimated that the sales in this city during the present year will exceed \$25,000,000, and at this rate an aggregate of almost three that sum will be reached through the Union. More than 40,000 persons are engaged in the traffic in this city. There are those who buy and sell by the cargo, while others job in a smaller way, and then there is the countless variety of oyster saloons, from the splendid Broadway basement down to the street stand where a capital of \$5 is sufficient. When I was a lad Canal street was the popular center of the trade, and one often heard of oysters "on the Canal street plan." This term, however, is now forgotten. One of the heaviest dealers is James Boyle, who has been extensively engaged in shipping oysters to England. The great oyster market is now at the foot of Tenth street, where the boats daily discharge vast cargoes. You can get a dime stew or buy a boat load of the same man. The fashion of eating on the half-shell is on the increase, and this leads to a demand for experts in the trade. A good "stabber," as the term goes, may now obtain liberal pay. The rapidity with which the work is done is certainly marvelous, and the amount which some will cut in this manner is equally a matter of admiration. One man has been known to open 900 per hour, and keep this number as an average for more than half a day—making 5,400 in six hours. The reader can hardly imagine the dexterity required in this immense execution, and in fact the statement seems almost incredible.

The late Sidney Dorlon was the most popular oyster-man in America. He began poor, but left a fortune. This remarkable degree of success was due to his rare neatness and good taste. His place was always attractive, and so were his oysters. Hence he commanded the best patrons of the city. Simple as the cooking of an oyster may seem, there was a fascination in Dorlon's style which few could approach. He died a few years ago, leaving \$50,000, all made in a moderately-sized oyster-house. Van Name, who kept at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, won a distinguished reputation in this line and became rich. He afterward got above his business and caught the fever of renown. Leaving the oyster saloon he was induced to aid in organizing a savings bank, of which he was made president. Instead of serving out shilling stews he sat in a cushioned chair in a business parlour, and signed such papers as were placed in his hands. The result was just what might be expected. The bank failed, and Van Name not only lost all his money, but narrowly escaped an indictment. It is a curious feature in the trade that dealers when sending home oysters to their customers always use a pair painted blue outside and white inside. Blue and white are the oyster-man's arms.

"JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT" STORIES.

NEEDLES AND THREAD THAT GROW.

The natives of New Mexico and of some parts of South America have no trouble whatever about sewing-tools; their needles grow, ready threaded, and I'm told that anybody who wishes to use needles and thread just walks up to the plant and takes them. The needle is a slender thorn that grows at the end of the leaf of the magney tree, and the thread is a fiber which is attached to the thorn. It is easy to pluck the thorn and draw it out with its fiber, and the two perfectly answer the purpose of ordinary needles and thread, considering the kinds of cloth and costume used in the tropical countries where they are found.

MONKEY TORCH-BEARERS.

Your Jack has just heard of some monkeys who were educated, not to beg pennies nor to make bows, but to do something really useful. They lived in the Jimma country, which lies south of Abyssinia, and they held the torches at grand suppers, seated in rows on high benches around the banquet room. There they silently waited, holding up the light, until the feasters had finished; and then the monkeys came in for a share of the good things. Sometimes one of them would become impatient for his supper, and throw his flaming light among the guests, as if to make them hurry; but, as a rule, these monkey torch-bearers behaved well.

CRADLED IN A LEAF.

It is not an insect nor a bird that I mean, but a human baby, cradled in a single leaf. The leaf is a big one, to be sure, being five or six inches across, and having a rim three inches high all around its edges. It is the leaf of the Victoria Regia, a gigantic water lily found only in the warm parts of South America. Each plant has a number of these huge pads, which rest upon the top of the water. A big bird can stand on one of them without sinking, and, sometimes, when a mother is gathering the seeds of the plant, which are used for food, she will lay her baby asleep on one of the leaves, where it is perfectly safe until she is ready to take it up. What nice cool cradles these lily-pads must make, in that hot country!—[St. Nicholas.

Seeking a Sunken Treasure.

Work upon the wreck of the British frigate Hussar, which now lies on the bottom of the Harlem river, New York, is being pushed with great vigor. Operations were begun last June, and will be continued until floating ice threatens to cut the divers' air-pipes and life-lines. What is left of the wrecked man-of-war rests in from eighty to ninety feet of water, and owing to the great depth and the swiftness of the tide the divers can make but slow progress. The schooner Hudson is held in position over the wreck by five anchors—two astern and three forward. A steam engine on her deck operates the air and hydraulic pumps and other machinery. The mound of rubbish at the bottom of the river—all that remains of the frigate—is mined with a hydraulic drill. The enterprise is in the hands of a new company holding a government license. Mr. G. W. Thomas, the acting manager, when asked what progress had been made this season, said that he would prefer not to say; that so many previous efforts to recover the treasure having proved abortive, the press and the public were disposed to laughter whenever the subject is mentioned. He, however, says that the indications were such that the gentlemen composing the company were encouraged to persevere, and paid their assessments with promptitude. It is the opinion of many divers who have worked upon the wreck that when the Hussar was blown up by other divers, over fifty years ago, that portion of the vessel holding the treasure was cut off and carried away some distance by the tide.

The Hussar, while on her way to Norwich, Conn., on November 25, 1780, struck on Pot Rock, in Hell Gate. She is said to have had on board, \$4,800,000, which was intended for the land and naval forces engaged in the war with the colonies.

Interesting mementoes of the wreck are daily brought to the surface by the divers. A few days ago a metal box, holding a number of British copper coins, was brought up.

The Ingenious Druggist.

The druggist's apprentice during his master's absence became again voluble to the customer. Said the apprentice, half in soliloquy and half in narrative: "The drug business is terrific. These porous plasters. The old man has a national reputation for them. He makes 'em out of old sun bonnets, and glue—cuts up the sun bonnets and smears on the glue—and when you get one of his plasters on your back it is there for life. There's a man comes in here most every day to swear at the old man because he put on one of our plasters for a lame back in 1848, time of the Mexican war, and as he couldn't get it off, the skin grew over it like the bark of a tree, you know. That plaster has worked further and further in, until now its gone to his lungs, and it pulls at his left lung in a way to set him crazy. He is a very remarkable chemist—the old man. I do believe he could make pargorie out of umbrellas, and boil down an illustrated weekly paper into ottar of roses. He has the blindest ingenuity. You wouldn't believe."

A Copper Mine.

One of the curiosities of Arizona is an ancient copper mine on the east side of the Verde. By whom it was worked it would be hard to determine. Possibly by the Aztecs; more likely by the Apaches. This is more reasonable, as the mine has not been worked for the metal in the ore, but for the paint. There are now on the dump rich and easily worked carbonates, while every spot where high-colored, soft material showed itself has been worked out. Several rock tools which have been found, with battered edges, and stains of ore on them, prove that implements of stone were used. They ran a tunnel into the ledge nine feet high and from six to eight feet wide. It is about twenty feet long. In places there are walls built and the waste matter thrown behind them.

Comets are wearing as long trains this season as usual.

The announcement is made that the bonded debt of Illinois, which in 1863 amounted to \$12,280,000, will in a few months be paid to the last dollar. The Illinois Central railroad has, as required by law, contributed several hundred thousand dollars a year to the payment of the debt.