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Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes 'Rates of Advertising' and 'Legal notices at established rates.'

Work and Wait.

A husbandman who many years had plowed his fields and sown in tears, grew weary with his doubts and fears.

NABBY'S HUSBAND.

A knock at the 'squire's door. An eager 'come in' from the 'squire, to whom any outside diversion is an inestimable boon, he having just reached that uncomfortable stage of masculine convalescence when life becomes a burden not only to the so-called 'patient' himself but also to those unlicked feminine relatives whose duty it is to officiate as his 'ministering angels.'

'till finally he didn't do much but sit around the kitchen fire, half boozed. If there's anybody I hate,' burst out Nabby, 'it's a man forever settin' round the house under foot. And there I was a-takin' in washin' and a-slavin' early and late to be kinder decent and forward, and him no better than a dead man on my hands, so far as helping any was concerned. And so I told him, time and again. He worked just about enough to keep himself in drink. He knew he couldn't get any of my money for that. But I stood it all till about a fortnight ago. I'd been working hard all day helping Miss Barber clean house, and it seemed as if every bone in my body ached, I was so tired. I came along home, thinking how good my cup of tea would taste. Then first thing I see when I opened the kitchen door was old Hank Slater settin' there in my ockin' chair. He and Josiah were both runk as—hogs,' said Nabby, slandering an innocent animal in her haste for a simile.

homes made Nabby's little house particularly gloomy and uninviting. Nabby fumbled under the mat for the doorway, fumbled with stiff fingers for the key-hole, and finally succeeded in unlocking the door, and felt her way through the little entry. There is always something 'uncanny' about going alone at night into a dark and shut-up house. Every person of the best regulated minds experience a vague suspicion of something behind them, a sense of possible ghostly hands about to clutch them in the darkness. Nabby was a woman like Mrs. Edmund Sparkler, with 'no nonsense about her,' but nevertheless a cheerful tale she had read only yesterday about a burglar and a lone woman, kept coming into her head, and she carefully avoided the blackness of the corners and the pantry door as she groped around the kitchen for a candle. Of course the fire had gone out.

could not rid herself of the impression that some one was near her, that odd sense we have of another's individuality near us, though not present. 'There's some one hangin' round here, I know,' said she to herself. Nabby was one who always met things half way. Accordingly she walked to the outside door, and opening it quickly, peered out into the darkness. There stood Josiah, wet, sheepish, sorry. Once he started to go in, but his moral courage failing, he lingered in dubious hesitation on the doorstep. 'Why don't you come in, Josiah?' asked Nabby. 'I didn't know as you'd want me, Nabby,' replied Josiah, with all the meekness becoming a returning prodigal.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Mr. G. Phelps Beven estimates the grand total of gold produced during the historic ages to be \$17,500,000,000, and that of silver \$14,000,000,000, making the produce of both the precious metals to be worth \$31,500,000,000. Eschit has confirmed, by a new statistical table—showing the duration of life in the various professions in Bavaria—the general impression that medical men are shorter lived than any other class. Out of every 100 individuals fifty-three Protestant clergymen, forty-one professors, thirty-nine lawyers or magistrates, thirty-four Catholic priests, but only twenty-six doctors reach the age of fifty. The government telegraph department in Calcutta obtained last November a sample supply of the loud-speaking telephones of the Gower-Bell company, and the experimental trials of their instruments have given so much satisfaction that the company received lately an order for a large number of their telephones. The government of India will not sanction the establishment of telephonic exchanges by private persons. Although Dr. J. Gwyn Jeffreys has during a period of between forty and fifty years, dredged, as an explorer, all the seas of the British isles besides a considerable part of those on the coasts of North America, Greenland, Norway, France, Spain, Portugal, Morocco and Italy, he has never found anything of value except to a naturalist, nor any human bone, although many thousand human beings must have perished in those seas. The gems, 'dead bones,' etc., that was thought to form the floor of the ocean appear to exist only in the imagination of the poets. The artificial means by which drowsiness may be induced have been investigated lately in Germany by Preyer. The ordinary drowsiness of fatigue supposed to be caused by the introduction into the blood of lactic acid, a compound proceeding from the distintegration of the bodily tissues of nerves and muscle. To ascertain whether this view was correct, Preyer administered large quantities of the acid to animals, and found that it would induce a drowsiness and slumber apparently identical with formal sleep, and from which they awoke seemingly much refreshed. Not only lactate soda, but sour milk and whey, fed to animals which had been fasting, produced this artificial sleep. A Substitute for Earthquakes. Queer how the force of habit will catch hold of a man. There was old Major Dogshow who was a terrible victim of it. The major when a small boy went down to Peru where they have earthquakes and revolutions every ten days or so; where a man works to get his enemy elected president, for the sake of seeing him assassinated. The major lived in that country till he was nearly fifty years old and he had got, by that time, wanted to being mixed up in a civil war or fleeing from an earthquake about half the time. Finally he moved back to the United States. At the end of a week he was unhappy. He missed the revolutions and the earthquakes. Occasionally, he contrived to dream there was an earthquake, and then he would hop out of bed and rush out of the house, without stopping to dress, and would run half a mile, howling, before he got sufficiently awake to realize his mistake. This kind of got the neighbors to thinking the major 'had em.' But this didn't afford much relief. However, a political campaign came on, and the major moved to Philadelphia and used to go to ward caucuses and take a prominent part, and he was elected to the board of aldermen, and got his head thumped with a cuspadore at most every meeting and that, in a measure, made up for the loss of revolutions. But the major hankered for earthquakes, and at last the desire to experience one became almost uncontrollable. He consulted a doctor. The doctor said he thought he could help him. The doctor owned an old Mexican mule with a back as sharp as an ax. The mule had been in the army ten years. He took it out in an open field and put the major on its back. Then the mule began to buck. Did you ever see a mule buck? It jumps about four feet into the air, and comes down stiff-legged, and the jar the rider gets is enough to loosen his teeth. And you can't get off unless you fall off, and then the mule may jump on you. The major knew that, and he hung on for dear life. The doctor danced wildly about as the mule bucked, and the major swore and screamed. 'Is it equal to an earthquake?' he yelled. And the major howled: 'Hang it! yes; it's six of 'em, with a volcano and a stroke of lightning thrown in!' The mule finally quieted down, and he took the major off. He was the sorest, lamest, maddest man in the State. And he says he has had enough earthquake to last him a lifetime, but he hasn't got through with the doctor, who had better leave the country before he gets well.—Boston Post.

Give Them Now.

If you have gentle words and looks, my friends, To spare for me—if you have tears to shed That I have suffered—keep them not, I pray, Until I see not, hear not, being dead.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Dear at any price—Sweethearts. The fishery question—Got a bite A tie vote is generally the result of a knotty question. A man who was formerly a night watchman refers to it as his late occupation. No star ever rose and set without influence somewhere. It is the same way with a hen. A woman's work is never done, because when she has nothing else to do she has her hair to fix. Why is a dandy like a mushroom? Because he's a regular asparagus. His waist is remarkably slender, His growth is exceedingly rapid, And his top is uncommonly tender. The hog cholera excitement is the biggest thing in the porcine line since Theodore Thomas had to leave Cincinnati because he refused to beat time with a ham. Many a woman who would like to put down a new Brussels carpet in her parlor will be obliged to be content with putting a new hoop on the second-best wash-tub.—New Haven Register. Philadelphia has discovered that colored lard is being palmed off as butter. Passing off pigs' feet for spring chickens will probably be the next deception.—Philadelphia Chronicle. 'You don't know how it pains me to punish you,' said the teacher. 'I guess there's the most pain at my end of the stick,' replied the boy, feelingly. 'T any rate I'd be willing to swap.' 'Yes, sir,' said Gallagher, 'it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried,' and then he saw a smile go round the room, he grew red in the face, and went away mad.—Boston Post. The favorite girls in Washington have big, brown eyes and large mouths. As the latter qualification enables them to eat ice-cream with a coal shovel, it promises to be an expensive summer for unmarried government clerks. It is said that two French philosophers have kept nine hogs drunk for a year, and say they are none the worse for their tipping. Which proves that hogs are natural drunkards, or that natural drunkards are hogs, we've forgotten which.—New Haven Register. When a member, in the course of a very long speech, called for a glass of water, a member sitting near exclaimed sotto voce to his neighbors: 'This is all contrary to the laws of mechanics—a windmill running by water.—Hartford Courant. The Origin of Restaurants. The use of restaurants has become so general all over the world, that it will be interesting to many to hear how they first originated, and to what they owe their now familiar name. It appears that the first of these establishments was started in 1765, by a man rejecting in the not inappropriate name of Boulange. This date has, however, nothing to do with the choice of the title by which the new houses of entertainment were known. In order to explain this we must go back to the seventeenth century, at the end of which one of the soups, or liquid ailments, most used by the people was a bouillon known as the 'divine restorer.' It was made up of the remains of fowls and viands boiled down in an alembic, with crushed barley, dried roses and Damascus currants. As it was only the class of comparatively well-to-do persons who could afford such a luxury, a genius was required to bring the 'divine restorer' within the reach of all the multitude. He was found in a certain doctor named Gaillard, who proposed to provide 'an excellent substitute' for the real nectar by cooking a fat fowl in a little aromatized water, and selling the bouillon as 'divine.' At that time the privilege of cooking and serving ragouts was reserved for the traiteurs, or licensed victualers, and that of providing set dinners was secured by charter to the corporation or the rotisseurs. But the new sellers of the 'restaurant divine' were free lances, bound by no particular rule, and they moreover claimed to have a more select set of clients than the common eating-houses. Consequently the restaurants, as they came to be called, soon achieved an extraordinary reputation, and at length their proprietors found it necessary to combine with their old profession that of traiteurs, which word was in the process eclipsed by the more new-fangled term restaurant. Sheep manure is richer than that of cows. Practically it is estimated as nearly double the value of that of cattle.