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The Forest Republican.

Rates of Advertising.

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

Scandal-Mongers. Do you hear the scandal-mongers? Passing by, Breathing poison in a whisper, In a sigh? Moving cautiously and slow, Smiling sweetly as they go, Never noisy—gliding smoothly like a snake, Slipping here and sliding there, Through the meadows fresh and fat, Leaving subtle slime and poison in their wake? Saw you not the scandal-monger— As she sat, Beaming brightly 'neath the roses On her hat? In her dainty gloves and dress, Angel-like and nothing less, Seemed she—casting smiles and pleasant words about, Once she shrugged and shook her head, Raised her eyes and nothing said, When you spoke of friends, and yet it left a doubt. Did you watch the scandal-monger At the hall, Through the music, rhythm, beauty, Light and all? Moving here, and moving there, With a whisper light as air, Casting shadows on a sister woman's fame— Just a whispered word or glance— As she floated through the dance, And a doubt for ever hangs upon a name. You will find the scandal-mongers Everywhere; Sometimes men, but often women, Young and fair; Yet their tongues dip foulest slime, And they spend their leisure time Casting mud on those who climb by work and worth? Shun them, shun them as you go— Shun them, whether high or low; They are but the cursed serpents of the earth.

THE CAVE OF DEATH.

In the early days of the French Revolution the prisons of Lyons were filled with thousands of unhappy victims. Seventy-two prisoners who were condemned were thrown into the Cave of Death on the ninth of December, there to await the execution of their sentence. This could not be the next day, because it was the Decadi. One of the prisoners by the name of Poral, only twenty-one years of age, of a bold and ardent spirit, profited by this interval to devise a plan of escape. His sisters having, by means of a very large bribe, obtained access to this abode of horror, began to weep around him. "It is not now a time to weep," said he; "it is a moment to arm ourselves with resolution and activity, and endeavor to find some way by which we can elude our menaced fate. Bring me files, a chisel, a turn-screw and other instruments; bring wine in abundance; bring a poniard, that if reduced to extremity, we may not perish without the means of defense. By this grate, which looks into the Rue Lafond, you can give me these things, I will be in waiting there the whole day to receive them." The sisters retired; and in the course of the day, at different visits, brought a variety of tools, twelve fowls, and about sixty bottles of wine. Poral communicated his project to four others, bold and active as himself, and the whole business was arranged to his complete satisfaction. At 11 o'clock the associates began their labors; one of them was placed as a sentinel next the door of the cave, armed with a poniard, ready to dispatch the turnkey if, at his visit at 2 o'clock in the morning, he should appear to suspect anything; the others, pulling off their coats, began to make their reconnoitres. At the extremity of the second cave they found a huge door, and on this they began their operations. It was of oak, and double-barred; by degrees the hinges gave way to the files, and the door was no longer held by them; but still they could not force it open it was held by something on the other side. A hole was made in it with a chisel, and, looking through, they perceived it was tied by a very strong rope to a post at a distance. This was a terrible moment! They endeavored in vain to cut the rope with the chisel or file, but they could not reach it. A piece of wax candle, however, was procured; and being lighted and tied to the end of a stick, they thrust it through the hole in the door and burnt the cord asunder. The door was then opened and the adventurers proceeded forward. This door they found led only to another vault, which served as a depot for confiscated effects and merchandise. Among other things was a large trunk filled with shirts. They profited by this discovery to make a change of linen; and, instead of the clean ones which they took, they left their own, which they had worn for many weeks. Two doors besides that at which they had entered now offered themselves to their choice. They began to attack one; but they had scarcely applied the file when they were alarmed by the barking of a dog behind.

near on to 2 o'clock, the time of his visit. One of the party returned toward the Cave of Death to see whether all was safe, and it was agreed to suspend their labors till his return. When the scout returned he said that on his arrival at the Cave of Death he shuddered with horror to find the turnkey there already. The man, however, who had been left as a sentinel had engaged him to drink with him; and the scout joining the party, they had plied him so well that he at last reeled off without examining the cave much, and was in all probability laid fast asleep for the rest of the night. This was very consolatory news. Quitting the door at which they had heard the dog barking, they applied themselves to the other. They found here folding doors, one of which they opened and found themselves in a long, dark passage. At the end they perceived still another door, but, listening very intently, they heard the sound of voices; it, in fact, led to the guard-house, where several soldiers in their national uniform were assembled. This was, indeed, a terrible stroke. Had they then gone so far only to meet with a worse obstacle than any they had yet encountered? Must all their labors prove, then, at length fruitless? Only one resource then remained, and this was a door which they had passed on the side of the passage, and which they conceived must lead to the great court of the Hotel de Ville. In fact, having forced the door, it appeared that they were not mistaken; that they were at the bottom of the staircase which led into the court. It was now half-past 4 o'clock; the morning was dark and cold, while rain and snow were falling in abundance. The associates embraced each other with transport, and were preparing to mount the staircase when Poral cried out: "What are you about? If we attempt to go out at present all is over with us. The gate is now shut, and if any one should be perceived in the court the alarm would instantly be given, and all would be discovered. After having had the courage to penetrate thus far let us have resolution to wait awhile. At 8 o'clock the gate will be opened and the passage through the court free. We can then steal out by degrees, and mingling with the numbers, we can go away without being perceived. It is not till 10 o'clock the prisoners are summoned to execution; between 8 and 10 there will be time enough for all of us to get away. We will return to the cave, and when the time of departure arrives each of us five will inform two others of the means of escape offered. We shall then be fifteen, and going out three at a time, we shall pass unobserved. Let the last three as they set off inform fifteen others, and thus in succession we may all make our escape. This plan appeared judicious and safe; and was unanimously agreed to, and the associates returning to the cave, made choice of those who should first be informed of what they had done. Montellier, a notary, and Baron de Chaffor, to whom the means of escape were offered, refused to avail themselves of them, the former from a confidence of a pardon, as he had been mistaken for his brother; and the latter, though in the flower of his age, declared that all his ties to this world were broken, and that life had nothing now to offer which could make him desirous of prolonging it. They were both guillotined in the morning. The fate of the fifteen who fled was very dissimilar, and the escape of the rest was prevented by the imprudence of one of them. The last of the fifteen who, in quitting the cave, was according to the plan arranged, privately to apprise fifteen others, instead of doing so, cried aloud: "The passage is open; let every one that can, escape." This excited a great movement among the prisoners. They arose in an instant, doubting whether what they heard could be true, or whether he who uttered these words was not mad. The noise they made alarmed the sentinel without; he called to the turnkey; they hastened immediately to the cave, perceived what had been done, and closing up the doors by which the prisoners had escaped, placed a strong guard before it. Nespole, who had excited this movement, was, with three others, taken and executed. Another of the fugitives took refuge in the house of a friend, in an obscure street; but he was discovered, brought back and guillotined. It was not thus with Poral, the original author of the plan. He was the first that came forth from the cave. As he passed the sentinel in the court, he said: "My good friend, it rains and snows very hard; were I in your place I would not remain out of doors such weather, but would go to the fire in the guard-room." The sentinel thanked him, and, following his advice, the coast was left more clear for the prisoners. Poral took refuge in the house of one who was considered a good patriot, and escaped the observation of a party of commissioners who entered the house. As soon as they were gone, he began to think of making his way out of the city as fast as possible. When he arrived at the Palace Belle-Cour he found parties of the gendarmes dispersed everywhere. Poral went into a house, and, making known who he was, entered an asylum. The inhabitants were women, timid to excess, but the desire of saving an innocent person rendered them courageous. They conducted him into a garret and concealed him behind some planks standing up in a corner.

The gendarmes arrived; they searched the house; they came into the garret where Poral was concealed. Here they found a large cask, the top of which was fastened down by a padlock. They asked for the key; the women went downstairs for it. While they were gone the gendarmes leaned against the planks, while a second one said: "Would be droll enough if we were to find one of the fugitives concealed in this cask." "More likely plate or money," says a third, "for it seems very heavy." The key at length arrived; the cask was unlocked and was found to be full of salt. The gendarmes swore at this disappointment, visited the roof of the house and then retired. In the evening Poral, dressed in women's clothes, with a basket on his head and another on his arm, passed the bridge of La Guillietiere and quitted the city. Gabriel, another of the fugitives, concealed himself among the bushes in the marshes of the Trevaux Perrach, where he was nearly frozen to death, but he got away to a place of safety. One young Conchoux, who was one of the five that had opened the way of escape, made choice of his father, who was nearly eighty years of age, as one of the fifteen, but the poor old man's legs were swollen, and he was scarcely able to walk. "Fly, fly, my son!" he said; "if thou hast the opportunity fly this instant! I command it as an act of duty, but it is impossible that I should fly with thee. I have lived long enough—my troubles will soon be finished, and death will be deprived of its sting if I know that thou art in safety." The son assured him that he would not quit the prison without him, and that his persisting in his refusal would only end in the destruction of both. The father, overcome by his dutiful affection, yielded, and, supported by his son, made his way to the bottom of the staircase, but to ascend it was out of his power; he could just drag his legs along the ground, but to lift them up was impossible. His son, though low in stature and not strong, took him up in his arms. The desire of saving his father gave him renewed strength, and he carried him to the top of the stairs. His filial piety was rewarded, and both father and son escaped.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD. Flavor in Poultry. A writer in the Country Gentleman discusses the subject of flavor in fowl's flesh. Among other remarks he says: That breed has something to do with it may not be denied, but that food has more can safely be credited. Food not only affects the flavor, but the quality and quantity also. Fowls that are fattened on corn alone produce not only a sweet-flavored flesh and plenty of it, but the fat is apt to be oily, and possess a strong, unpleasant odor. This is in a great measure governed by the breed. The small fowls will take an enormous weight of fat in comparison with the size. That small fowls are superior where quality is desired is a decided fact; but where quantity is the desideratum, irrespective of other qualities, the larger fowls may be cultivated, especially the Asiatics. Buckwheat makes fine, white flesh, but nothing flavors it like ground corn and oats intermixed equally, and scalded or mixed with either milk or water, but not enough for the milk to run. This should be given fresh each day, and not allowed to sour or ferment. Fowls require good, sweet food. Musty meal or moldy grain are always unsuitable. For table use, where a fine flavor is desired, fowls should be confined in clean quarters, and befed on wholesome food for at least one week before slaughter. Where fowls are confined in small compass, some absorbent should be used to neutralize the droppings, otherwise the flesh will become tainted from the disagreeable odor arising therefrom. For this purpose there is nothing better than air-slack lime or unleached wood ashes, where there is sufficient ventilation. Farm and Garden Notes. Lime applied to the compost heap will effectually destroy the seeds of weeds. No man will ever get a first-rate, even, or profitable flock of sheep, who does not make a practice of yearly culling. We found last year that the Beauty of Hebron was subject to scab more than the Snowflake or Early Rose, both of which were planted under the same conditions. Burbank's Seeding is said to be especially free from this disease. All soils are improved by mixing. The physical properties of the soil have an important influence upon its average fertility. The admixture of pure sand with clay soil produces an alteration which is often beneficial, and which is almost wholly mechanical. The sand opens the pores of the clay and makes it more permeable to the air. There is no one special fertilizer that will meet all the needs of grass. A good mixed compost is the best. Such a one could be made of swamp muck, rotten leaves or manure, or even earth for the basis, and gypsum, salt, bone flour, or super-phosphate of lime and fish guano or nitrate of soda. Ten loads of the coarse material and 100 pounds each of the others would make an effective top-dressing for an acre; or the artificials might be mixed with one load, and this applied to an acre, if the coarse stuff is scarce. The cheapest meat for the farmer is mutton. It may safely be said to cost nothing, as the fleece from a sheep of a good breed will pay for its keeping. Then, for additional profit there is a lamb or two, the pelt of the animal if killed at home, the excellent manure from its droppings, and the riddance of the pasture from weeds, to which sheep are destructive foes. With the exception of poultry, mutton is also the most convenient meat for the farmer. A sheep is easily killed and dressed by a single hand in an hour, and in the warmest weather it can be readily disposed of before it spoils. Science and experience both declare it the healthiest kind of meat. An exchange says: We had a calf which refused to take milk or water. In a pailful of water we put a handful of bran and a bit of sugar. The calf drank the "cocktail" and licked the pail. It grew very fast. Facts and experiments go to prove that a cow high in flesh will yield more butter in proportion to the yield of milk than one in low flesh. Corn requires fertility and cultivation, without which, it matters not how good your seed, you will never have a good crop, however propitious the season may be. Boiled cabbage and potato skins are highly relished by laying hens. Onions are a regular delicacy for all kinds of poultry. Vines are said to extract from the soil only about three-fourths the quantity of potash and phosphoric acid which the cereals take up. Potash is an excellent fertilizer for the grape vine. Fork in around the roots a few pecks of wood ashes. Cow dung contains a large portion of potash and but a comparatively small amount of nitrogen, consequently it is a better fertilizer than horse manure for the grape vine. A New York farmer writes that he planted eight acres of low, mucky land with red kidney beans. On the twentieth of July, after cultivating the beans for the last time, purple top strap leaf turnips were sown between the rows with a hand drill. The beans yielded twenty-one bushels to the acre, and the turnips were a splendid crop. This, being his first crop of turnips, is a very encouraging experience. To make a complete manure from swamp muck, says Dr. Stewart, we

would proceed as follows: Take of seasoned swamp muck forty bushels, or one two-horse wagon load; mix thoroughly with it five bushels of wood ashes, 100 pounds of fine bone flour, 100 pounds of finely ground plaster and throw it into a heap, in which it will heat and ferment, and leave it for two or three months. This will be equal to twice its bulk of the best cow manure. If night soil could be added to it it would be increased in value. Recipes. A SUMMER SOUP.—In an article on "Summer Soups" Mrs. Beecher gives the following as a recipe for a most delicious pea soup: Put half a pound of butter into a soup kettle over the fire and add to it a quart of green peas. Shake them round constantly for fifteen minutes to prevent their browning. Then take out half the peas and set aside; then pour in two quarts of vegetable stock, or some prefer boiling water. Cut fine about a pint of spinach, half a dozen green onions, a little mint if agreeable and a head of celery. Set the kettle where this will stew slowly two hours till the materials are reduced to a jelly, then add the pint of peas reserved, three teaspoonfuls of sweet butter rolled in flour, two tablespoonfuls of salt and one of black pepper. Let it just boil up, then pour into a hot soup tureen and serve immediately. OLD-FASHIONED GINGERBREAD.—Two cups best New Orleans molasses, one cup hot water, scant half-cup melted butter, a heaping teaspoonful soda, a little ginger and salt. Mix as soft as possible and roll out one and a half inches thick. Bake as quickly as you can without scorching, and eat warm or cold with butter. FRUIT PIES.—Fruit pies in deep dishes, such as are made by the English and French, are preferable to ordinary fruit pie, because you obtain more juice and fruit. The best method of making these is as follows: Take a deep, oval pie dish, china (not tin), line the edge with paste, also about half its depth inside. Now place a small cup, an egg cup is best, and one that will stand a little above the edge of the dish; next fill your dish with fruit, then add a little water if your fruit has not too much juice. Some fruits, such as currants and raspberries, have enough juice; also add sugar to taste. Now cover this with a crust of short paste, wash it with water or white of an egg, and dust with powdered sugar. Make a few fancy cuts on it before baking, and after it is washed and sugared do not cut too deep. These cuts give it a rich-looking appearance. The cup in the center collects the juice, and if the whole of the pie is not eaten at one meal what is left can be supplied with juice by simply lifting the cup and allowing the juice to escape. The edge of this pie, to be artistic, should be pinched up with the finger and thumb, then notched with a knife. If you use fruit which gives too much juice you can prevent boiling over by mixing a little flour with the sugar, about one teaspoonful of flour to twelve of sugar. DOUGHNUTS.—One large egg, four and one-half tablespoonfuls melted butter or lard, one coffee cup sugar, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful ginger bought at the drug store, two of cream tartar from the same place, one of soda dissolved in the milk. Mix the cream tartar with flour enough to make the dough just stiff enough to handle, fry in hot lard, take out and lay on brown paper a moment, then in a dish and grate sugar over them first on one side and then on the other; do not allow them to cool before putting on the sugar. PRESERVED PLUMS.—Allow to every pound of fruit a pound of sugar; put into stone jars alternate layers of fruit and sugar, and place the jars in a moderately warm oven. Let them remain until the oven is cool. If prepared at tea-time let them remain until morning; then strain the juice from the plums, boil and clarify it. Remove the fruit carefully to glass or china jars; pour over the hot syrup and carefully cover with egg, tissue paper or thick white paper, or bladder tied closely down. Liked Asparagus. The Emperor William, of Germany, has a very sensitive palate, and is very fond of asparagus. At one of the dinners at the royal castle at the time of his grandson's marriage the emperor remarked: "It is very strange; every time I eat asparagus at the castle it tastes of soap, which it never does at the palace." The most searching inquiries were instituted, but nothing suspicious could be discovered. Still the emperor had been so positive that another council of war was held, this time comprising the treatment of the vegetable from the entrance into the castle to the time of its being served at table. The result was a complete vindication of the emperor's acute sense of taste. The castle kitchen is so unfavorably situated as to necessitate the carrying of the dishes to be served across the castle yard, during which transit they are placed in covered baskets. In order to keep the asparagus hot the asparagus dishes are covered with an extra supply of hot napkins. These napkins, like all other table linen, are washed in soap, and asparagus, being more than ordinarily sensitive, is but too apt to acquire a soapy taste from the brief contact with the napkins. The dish being first handed to the emperor, he could hardly help taking just the very one most impregnated with the offending taste. Henceforth his favorite dish is not to be covered with "soaped" napkins.

Best of All. The world hath very little it can give; To make us happy; all its precious things— What men call precious, and for which they live— To a sad heart are worthless offerings. For what are gems and what is tawny gold? And rarest spices from sweet Cyprian blooms? And silken fabrics shimmering fold on fold, The costliest products of the Eastern looms? They cannot save the soul a single pain, Or to the weary heart bring hope again. What is the flash of wit, the salon's glow? The wine may shine, and leap and sparkle up, From marble tables white as purest snow, And brim blood-red the gold-encrusted cup; The air may languish filled with perfume sweet, Etruscan vases burn with roses red, And velvet carpets sink 'neath the feet: Give back no echo from the staidest treat; But human hearts crave something more than this— Splendor alone can never give us bliss. Far more, far more we prize a gentle touch— The mute caress of fingers on the hair— A kind word spoken—oh, how very much! These little tokens do to lessen care, It matters little if the home be bare Of luxury, and what the world calls good, If we have only one true spirit here. By whom our better selves are understood Whose deepest heart-throats are for us alone, With whom in thoughts and wishes we are one. HUMOR OF THE DAY. What nut is most toothsome, eaten with the shell on? Did you say doughnut? Said the general to the major: "What is your rank, sir?" and the major replied: "I am a major, general." There being warm weather, it is about time to discover that the ice crop was spoiled by the frost.—Edinra Free Press. Chang, the Chinese giant, can read the Bible in six different languages, but thinks it reads best in the Chinese version. We don't. Mining stocks were not invented in Banquo's time, although he said: "The earth hath bubbles as the water hath."—Boston Courier. "Pinfare" and the smallpox reached Honolulu and Japan on the same boat. They didn't mind the smallpox very much.—Boston Post. The saying that beauty is but skin deep needs to be modified. Is there anything particularly striking about a chime of bells till they are pealed? A lady who had quarreled with her bald-headed lover said, in dismissing him: "What is delightful about you, my friend, is that I have not the trouble of sending you back any locks of hair."—Chicago Tribune. The very latest, nicest little idea is for a young lady to decorate a miniature bellows and send it to her best gentleman friend. It signifies: "Don't mind your poverty; I will raise the wind."—New Haven Register. If a poor merchant should marry an extravagant girl would his book-keeper? If she should neglect to sew on his buttons, would her dress-maker? And if she should refuse to put on her own clothes, would her hair-dresser. Some washerwomen don't understand their business and loosen that back button on the shirt so it will come off at the last minute and give a man an excuse for being late at church. But most of them are thoughtful enough to do it.—Boston Post. "So you enjoyed your visit to the menagerie, did you?" inquired a young man of his adored one's little sister. "Oh, yes! And do you know, we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes around awfully; and sister said it looks exactly as you do when you are reciting poetry at evening parties." AN EXPLANATION. Her lips were so red! That—what else could I do? You'll be angry, I fear— Well, I can't make it clear, Or explain it to you. But—her lips were so red! That—what else could I do?—Scribner's Magazine. "Maggie, dear, if I should attempt to spell Cupid, why could I not get beyond the first syllable?" Maggie gave it up, whereupon William said: "Because when I come to c-u, of course I cannot go farther." Maggie said she thought that was the nicest conundrum she had ever heard.—Buffalo Express. "Charles," she said, as she brushed the hair back from his forehead when he sat reading the paper yesterday morning, "why is a watch-dog smaller in the morning than he is at night?" "He ain't." "Yes he is. D'you give it up?" "Yes." "Because he has to be let out at night and taken in in the morning." A Lizard or a Lie. An astonishing story has been brought to light by the serious illness of a man named Pete Lemon, living in Detroit, to the effect that two years ago he swallowed a small lizard in a glass of water, and that it has lived and continued to grow in the man's stomach till it has attained large dimensions, and can be felt just below the ribs above the loins. It moves about the stomach, causing great pain and profuse vomiting. Lemon can only rest when the lizard is still and by lying flat on his back, and has come to be hopeless of relief save in death. When the accident occurred the weight of the man was 175 pounds; now seventy-three pounds. He is sixty years old.