# The Forest Republican.

18 PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY

J. H. W. BINIE

OFFICE IN ROBINSON & BONNER'S BUILDING ELM STREET, TIONESTA, FA.

#### TERMS, \$1.50 YEAR.

No Subscriptions received for a shorter paried than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

### A Harvest Hymn.

We have seen the summer's giory on the har- [that way !" vest fields again,

Rejoicing in the sunshine and the pure refreshing rain,

And in gratitude and gladness we have reaped the golden grain.

We read a peaceful gospel, where the rich and poor are fed ;

May the heroes of the harvest fields have bless ings on their head 1

Let carth's millions all be grateful for health and daily read.

We noe the God of nature in bountoous love bestowing

In every year of life, we reap the seed we have been nowing,

Till our harns are filled with plenty, and our cups are overflowing.

We have entered on a calling that will never know defeat ;

For honor and for daily bread we work in summer's heat,

Ever reaping golden harvests of the finest of the wheat,

tend from shore to shore,

Gathering in the sad and sinful to be pure for evermore!

And when we send the bread of life to nations ofer the sea,

May we praise the Lord with thankfulness for blessings pure and free

In this life, and the better land in ages yet to - William Lambie. bel

# BEFORE A FALL.

On Saturday evening I sat upon the doorstep, waiting for John and Jennie. We had been to choir meetings together all summer long-Jennie was such good friends with me, and John was such good friends with Jennie. She lived just over the h ll from our house, and you know, and burn himself up in it." John lived just beyond that. She "The best thing he could do," mut-John lived just beyond that. She waited till he came for her, and I wait-ed for them both. I should not have thought of starting without them, and I sat quietly, not noticing the flight of time. 1 was thinking what a lovely evening it was, and that mother's china asters were coming into bloom, and the crab-apples were ripening, and that I always though: crab-apple jelly the pretifiest mother ever made. I was as peaceful as the old cat that came and curled up teside me, and had no more thought than she of its being late.

But suddenly I heard Jennie's voice calling me; it sounded so sharp, out of for the sheriff." the quiet, that I was really startled. She "It's dreadfal had paused at the gate and was saving, "Come, Phoebe !" I knew in a minute just when we were all ready for meetried her. I was wondering what it too. might by as I rose and went down the Maggie, poor thing, when you see her. path. and I suppose I went a little slowly.

Jennie's face got crimson, and she hung her head and looked quite cowed.

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was glad of it. "I don't see where he can be, then," she murmured after a while. "He might have sent us word if he was not going. Yon'll acknowledge it was humiliating for us to sit and wait for him."

"I don't see why." "You're such a child," she said, pet-

tishly. " If it is childish to be unreasonable" and went. She was always high-strung,

swift and spirited, and to night she seemed touchy and unnerved. I felt

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I will expla n now what had detained We learned about it in good John. There was an Irish family living time. a little way from his father's house, They were always in trouble, and always May the days of war and carnage and cruel strife he o'er, And temperance, truth and righteousness ex-for meeting, his mother came to his door, looking quite distressed.

"John," she said. "Maggie Me-Creery and her children are in the kitchen, and Peter has come home drunk again.'

"Is he very bad?" said John, who knew his neighbor of old.

"Yes. Oh, John, he has given her a terrible black eye! She and the chil-dren just fled for their lives, and they're crying and wailing so that I could hardly get their story out of them." "Well, what can we do ?"

"Why, somebody has got to go down, you know, John. He was as wild as a mad man. They left him crashing the dishes upon the floor and putting the hed clothes and furniture into the fire. Maggie is afraid he'll set the house afire, and he is in a fair way to do it,

tered John. "You mustn't say so, you know, dear.

I hate to have you to go down there, but it's dreadful to think of the poor, raving creature just left to himself." "Where are the others ?" said John.

"Why, Bess and Mark have gone to the fair in Batton. There's only Buell at home, and he's hardly old enough to

go down there alone." "No," said John, throwing off his coat. "I suppose I've got to go with him. Tell him to get a rope. We'll bave to tie the wretch, and then send

"It's dreadful you should have to go, rom her tone that something had wor-ied her. I was wondering what it too. But you'll feel sorry enough for And there's no time to be lost. You can hear Peter cursing and throwing things clear up to our kitchen door." As John and Buell were ready to start, Maggie said : "Shure, sur, if ye see me cow in the road, wud ye plase drive her back forninst ye? Peter left the gate open when he come in, and 1 was that distracted I didn't see the craytur till she was gone. The byes will be havin' her in the pound in a giffy, and sorra a cint is Peter after lavin' me to get her out again !"

can be so mean as to talk about him in She was as composed and complacent not be here now. You've been too as possible.

The Forest Republican.

TIONESTA, PA., OCT. 18, 1881.

Somebody moved up to make room for her and John found a place across the aisle. Before she was fairly seated she had contrived to drop her hand-kerchief, and John was obliged to stoop and pick it up for her. I saw his face then. It was not gay and smiling like Jessie's, but he looked pale and fired. It somehow set me considering. When It somehow set me considering in with Jessie my heart had stood still, and then I was so angry I could have shaken my -but there I stopped. I saw Jennie's fist at him. But now I began to face was twitching, and her color came and went. She was always high-strung, him. There he sat, the same old John, Dear! how troubled, and how kind, and I couldn't believe he was a traitor. Yet, what had brought him here in sorry for her, and thought we would talk Jessie's company? The more I cooled down, however, the more sure I was

it would be explained in some way.

But of course my feelings couldn't help Jennie at all just now. I knew she had jumped to her own conclusions. How she straightened up ! There were no sighs and no more turnings of her head. The color was fixed in two bright spots upon her cheeks. She looked right at her book and began to sing so clear and strong that I was startled, and was afraid everybody would notice the change. John knew well enough where she was by this time. He gave one half glance round, that was all. Poor innocent John ! He told us all about it afterward. Well, as I was saying, Jennie sang firmly for a verse or two, then she suddenly ceased.

"What is the matter?" I whispered, for I was frightened about her.

"I'm too wicked to sing words like these," she said.

She did not sing another note that night, but when the meeting was about to close, she whispered to me: "Now Phoebe, mind you don't loiter. We're nearest the door; get outside just as fast as you can, before the people get round us."

Now in my heart I would rather have lingered a little just for the chance of learning something that might explain it all, but of course I couldn't refuse to do as Jennie said. We got out the door quickly-Jennie first, though I hurried as fast as I could. Once outside she took hold of my hand and started off like a deer. The sky had become overcast, and it was perfectly dark. It was one of those hushed, breathless nights that sometimes precede a summer rainstorm. It seemed as if the very crickets were smothered by the dark and the silence. We ran headlong, but we knew the path well enough, and it was tolerably smooth. We got well away from the crowd coming cut behind us, and half-way down the second hill beyond. they all said she was heroic ; but it is had turned off the main street and were I was going to ask Jennie to stop running, for I was out of breath, when some obstacle in the path struck our fect from under us. We fell headlong over a mass of something hairy, soft and warm, and our heads and hands were thrown sharply against the gravel be-yond. We could not recover our senses before the heap over which we had fallen began to rise under us. I was rolled to one side, Jennie to the other, and with a snort of dismay and displeasure Peter McCreery's cowswitched her tail across my face and galloped off into the road.

quick, Jennie; there's some mistake, Poor Jennie could only give a little moan of pain for answer. Her ankle was beginning to hurt her badly. Little as her moan was John was near

enough to catch it, for that instant we

"You want me! What is the matter? What made you run away from

and how full of comfort too, his familiar old voice sounded. "I'm so glad you've come !" I cried.

Jennie is hurt.'

"Jennie-hurt !" Ah, you should have heard the tone of his voice when he said that; I almost felt as if I ought not to be there to hear it; why, there couldn't have been more feeling in his voice if she had been his sister and mother and wife and child all in one!

I guess John was pretty well worn out with what he had gone through at McCreery's, to say nothing of having wanted Jennie's company all the evening and missed it. And sometimes to be tired out and sacrificed in the service of others softens and opens a person's heart before he knows it.

He knelt down beside Jennie and lit a match to look at her. I hope it was not wrong for me to have taken a glance at the two faces that match lighted up-John's so troubled and devoted, and Jennie's sciatched and tearful, pitiful,

wistful, questioning. He spoke right out like a man to the silent cry of the heart. "My darling," he said—"my darling, what is the matter ?"

That was more than she could bear just then; she wavered as she sat, and fell back in a dead foint. John sprang to raise her head, and I ran to the brook to sop my handkerchief with water to bathe her face. I begged John to let me run home at once and send the wagon. It was plain he could not bear to leave her, and I ran off as fast as I

could. I was back again before the horse could be harnessed, bringing with me cam; hor and cologne. But Jennie had recovered her senses before I arrived. I heard her talking in a low voice to John before I reached them. What he said to her I do not know, but she was meek enough now-as humble and grateful as possible when we lifted her into the wagon and got her home.

amount of sense. Yet this great imbe-And how heroic she was while the doctor was setting her ankle. At least vier.

## Rates of Advertising.

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#### SUNDAY READING.

A Bad State of Things.

An old missionary once said to Rev. John Waugh:

Years ago I set out to labor in Indiana. A friend, who had been a long resident, was with me to give me such information as might be necessary. I remarked that the land around us was

low and poor quality. "True," said he, "but wait a little, and I will show you as handsome a prairie as God ever made."

We rode on, and gradually the land spread out before us, rich in its soil and

beautiful in its carpet of verdure. "Do you see," said he, "that brick house youder ?"

"Yes "Well, the owne ing in it has had two sons hung You see that stone house ?"

"Oertainly."

"You may think it remarkable, but the builder of it, who lives there, has two sons in the State prison. You cannot fail to see that house on the left?" "I do."

"Well, the resident of that has had a son hung. Further on, do you see that grove and that house pretty well set back !"

" Yes."

"The man living there has a son in the State prison. Over there you can see another residence." "Yes."

"You may think it incredible, but the man living there has also had a son hung."

The facts stated led me to ask my informant:

"How came these things to happen? The record is black as any I have ever heard. Do give me the explanation."

"I will do so in brief. When I settled on the other side of the marsh those people settled there. The land, as might have been forseen, proved very productive. They cultivated corn, wheat, oats, and planted orchards. The markets paid good prices. They soon came to be wealthy. The grain mar-keted in the fall left them little to do in the winter; so they gave themselves up to dissipation. They built neither a church nor school-house. Their chil-dren grew up idle, ignorant and vicious. Their apples were turned into cider, and their winter evenings were given up to conviviality. Soon cider was not strong enough, and other intoxicants came into use. They had frequent par-ties, and these parties meant dancing, and the dancing meant drinking, and the drinking meant a drunken revelry, the drunken revelry a fight, and the fight meant too often a murder. These cile had a huge cranium, and his brain are but the outlines. I need not epweighed nearly as much as that of Cu- large upon the particulars."

#### Religious News an

## SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Meat immersed in molasses has been preserved for menths.

Ether is so volatile that it cannot be poured from one vessel to another withont loss.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

Sugar, like salt, takes the water from animal substances, and thus prevents putrefaction.

Dragon's blood is a resin which exudes from various trees. It is so called from its red color.

Oxygen to the amount of five per cent, of the quantity inhaled disappears at every breath, absorbed by the blood. The partiality or antipathy to certain dors is unaccountable. The Italian

ladies who dread the rose delight in rue. An essential oil is obtained from

cloves by repeated distillations. It is a common trick to mix cloves thus deprived of their oil with others. Case-hardening is a process by which

a thin coat of steel is given to iron. The steel can be hardened to that particular depth, leaving the iron soft.

The annual cotton plant as cultivated in America attains its growth during four months, though it continues to develop seed and fiber for a longer period.

Native bitumen, pit coal and naphtha are now regarded as products of the decomposition of organic or vegetable matters beneath the surface of the earth.

A paper lately read before an English society states that British heads are growing smaller, the dimensions having shrunk on an average one-seventh of an inch during the last quarter of a century.

The chief use of sulphur in gunpowder is to increase its combustibility, which it does in consequence of the low temperature at which it burns. But the larger the proportion of sulphur the weaker will be the powder.

A telegraph wire in India is stretched between the summits of two hillseach hill being 1,200 feet high-across the Kistnah river. The span of wire is over 6,000 feet in length, and is believed to be the longest in the world. The only engineering appliance used in stretching this cable was a common windlass. The cranium in giants is usually small in relation to their stature, but often enormous in absolute measure,

although their intelligence is generally

small An example was Broca's giant,

Joachim, credited with a very slight

"Harry, Phoebe !" she cried ; "don't you know we are late ?"

But, instead of hurrying, I stopped short, for I suddenly saw that John was not with her.

"Where's John ?" I asked.

"I don't know," she answered, short-"Don't stand staring, Phoebe! I tell you we're la!e."

Now some people are afraid of Jennie when she speaks that way, with her checks red and her eyes snapping. But I sm not; it only makes me a little cooler than 1 was before. I just stood still. She shan't drive me, if I do love her.

"Suppose we are late ?" I said. think we might wait a little for him, just for once.

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"You can do it, then," said she, and

company he would be sorry to miss, so my waiting couldn't do him no good, I might as well go with Jennie. I ran and caught her before she had gone far. I suppose it mollified her to have made me run, for she laughed a little as I came up. "You didn't wait as long as I did !" she said,

"Then you did wait a while ?"

"Why, of course. Didn't I tell you it was late ?"

"Well, you needn't have got mad about it, Jennie !"

"I didn't," said she, "or at least I was only mad at myself for waiting. There is no reason why we should ever wait for John, or expect him to come lives next door. He never said a word me, she was so nervous. I hoped the same distressful manner. about always escorting us. He's just singing would quiet her, and so it did "I can't," she said. "It's my foot, about always escorting us. He's just | singing would quiet her, and so it did let it be a matter of course, and I'm not for a little while, but she could not get going to have it so any longer. He quite out of her flutter. Proud as she might want to go with some of the other girls some time, and then just now and then, toward the door, and think how ridiculous we should be, sit- occasionally she would give a little sigh. ting waiting for him. I'll never do it She was uneasy every minute till he again. Next week I mean to start real came. early, and you may wait for him if you I'll not expose myself to being like. slighted again. I don't doubt he's gone the other way, by East side, to night." Now Jessie Spars lived on East side.

John was the only fellow in the village whom she could not possibly induce to flirt with her, and it seemed as if for in her. To-night she wore a new plak roadside and keep perfectly still, and that reason he was the one she most muslin dress; a thin, fleecy white shawl nobody'll know I'm here till you come that reason he was the one she most wanted to make an impression upon. He said nothing about it, and kept out of her way, but everybody knew-ercept Jennie, who might have known if the pretty pink rose she had stuck beshe pleased-that he dialiked her. So tween them. She was all smiles and when Jennie made that insinuation I brightness. We usually sat near the faced about upon her with the facts.

girl in this town John ever cares to go of course fallawed him. She did not and just re nember, if he was going beyond anywhere with. I don't see how you mind it that every eye was upon her. over to East Side with Jessie Sears he'd diver.

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John did not see the cow. She was like the rest of the McCreery's, unexpected in her movements. But Jennie and I saw her, grazing along the roadside, with her head turned the other way from home. I had a presentiment of mischief the moment I caught sight walked straight on. I looked up the road and reflected. John was not in sight. If anything had happened to detain him, it was Jennie's walked straight on. I looked up the road and reflected. John was not in sight. If anything had happened to detain him, it was Jennie's walked straight on. I looked up the road and reflected. John was not in sight. If anything had happened to detain him, it was Jennie's was defined to the inoment i caught sight Peter McCreery's cow! How could they let her get out? Now, if the boys put her in the pound they never can was ripped off and dangling under my raise fifty cents to get her out. I've a feet. I could dimly see Jennie sitting great mind to drive her back a little on the path where the cow had left her, ways, Jennie, just to get her headed toward home.'

But Jennie was too impatient. "Please don't stop, Phoebe," she said. "It's not your place to do it, and we're so late hurt. "Can't you get up, dear?" I said. "Just try and see. The folks already.

It was so late that all the pews on the girls' side of the choir-gallery were filled, except the two farthest back. By going to the head of one of these I could be among the altos, and Jennie, by going to the head of the other, could be among the sopranos, while at the same time we could sit together. I was glad to be near her that she fell back with a little ery of pain, with us every night, just because he night, and I knew she was glad to have and then began to laugh again in the in summer from the broiling rays of was, she could not help casting a glance,

> And oh, dear ! she was a good deal more uneasy afterward. For-will you believe it?-who should walk in that door beside John but Jessie Sears!

She did look pretty that night. was round her shoulders, and one point back. of it was laid over the brown puffs on her head, but not far enough to hide thought it was my turn to be angry. I front, but Jessie spied where we were to-night the moment she came in. "Jennie Morris," said I, "you know John, however, did not see us. He just at well as I do that you're the only pushed toward the front row, and Jessie

She had been lying across the warm gravel, and we had run full against her.

When I began to recover my wits I heard Jennie haughing in a weak, hys-terical way; then she began to sob, and then to half shriek again with laughter. I slowly picked myself up, lame and bruised, and very much surweaving to and fro, her face in her bands, crying and langhing both at once.

I went to her, asking if she were

will be coming along pretty soon." I thought I already heard feet upon the path, and I did not want anybody to see Jennie quite like this. She made a great effort to control herself and to get upon her feet. I took hold of her electric lamps, and having their races to try and help her. But no sooner run at night. One great advantage will did she attempt to raise herself than result from this. The spectators, as

Phoebe. The cow trod upon i. and can't stir. What shall we do ?"

By this time I had caught her excitement, and was near to giggling as insanely as she. "What shall we do?" echoed.

But now there were approaching steps upon the walk that we both heard. Jennie knew them in a minute, and that minute restored her to herself.

"Pheebe," she said, firmly, "TIL tell you what we must do. You must There was no denying her good 'coks | run home and tell father to come with even when you'd lost every bit of frith the wagon. I'll creep up hore off the

"But I can't leave you alone so badly hurt. I can't, Jennie !"

"Please, Phoebe! please, dear! Somebody is coming!" "I'm glad of it," said I. "Some-

body ought to come and help us." "But, Phoebe, Phoebe-don't let him find us-it's John !"

least pain for sheer happiness, and therefore there was no virtue whatever in her keeping as still as a lamb.

I told her the next day that she did not deserve her happiness, and she owned she did not. I asked her if she was not ashamed that I, who was only his friend, had stood up for John more stanchly, in my mind, than she who was his lady-love.

It was only an accident, his appearing with Jessie at the choir meeting. A young man from Woodville had been over to meet her and detained her until it was late. On his way home he had brought her in his buggy as far as the church, and left her in the vestibule. Right there she had met John, and had made as much of the opportunity as she knew how.

Would you like to hear what else John did that night? When we had brought the doctor and gone again on errands to the druggist's, and then stayed by till he could learn that Jennie was made as comfortable as possible for the night, without saying anything to found her, drove her home, and shut tion and found out the possibilities of her into Mrs. McCreery's yard. The poor woman did not know till long afterward who had done her the kindness.-Springfield Republican.

Novel Uses of the Electric Light.

Several jockey clubs of the South are discussing the plan of lighting up their race courses by lines of powerful well as poor horses, will be protected the sun.

A company is now negotiating with the government for a contract to light the city of Washington by placing around the dome of the capitol a series of powerful electric lamps, aggregating several hundred thousand candles in brilliancy. It is proposed in this way to light the city to the distance of a mile in all directions better than it is usually done by street gas

lamps. Pearl fishing, it is now thought, can be conducted with great success by means of submerged electric lights in place of the old mode of employing divers. Incandescent lamps of the Edison form will be let down to the

### Skin Grafting.

Hitherto in skin grafting it has only then possible to use skin or mucous membrane which had been taken from the living, Dr. J. H. Girdner, of New York city, has, however, succeeded in removing a portion of the skin of a German who had committed suicide six nours before, and in engrafting it on

the arm of a child which had been struck by lightning. The grafts took well, and the result was that the child was much less disfigured than might have been expected, considering the nature of its injuries. Speaking on the subject, Dr. Girdner says:

It seems to me that any one who has witnessed, as I have done repeatedly, skin taken from the dead body several hours after death return again to life, adhere to a granulating surface and with surprising rapidity cend out pro-longations of delicate skin in all directions, covering the surface with a new skin comparatively free from contraction, must agree with me that skin anybody he got a lantern and went to grafting is in its infancy, and that when search for that unhappy cow. He men of ability have given it more attenthe proceeding, we may expect to see frightfully contracting cicatrices which follow burns and navi removed by excision, and their places filled with a skin almost as perfect as the surrounding, and which has been removed from the dead or living body of another

Mouth Breathers.

Dr. Wagner says that habitual mouth breathers can be at once recognized, as the practice stamps itself indelibly on the physiognomy. The retracted lips, open mouth, receding gums, protruding teeth, diminished size of the orifices or the nostrils, the wrinkles of the outer angles of the eyes, and the lines extending from the wing of the nose to the angles of the mouth, give the person addicted to this habit a silly and sometimes idiotic expression. The nasal ducts, being vacated, like disused roads that grow up in grass and weeds, become the seat of polypus and other diseases; the sense of smell is greatly weakened so altogether lost.

#### A Mild Winter Predicted.

A mild winter is being predicted by some meteorologists. As the excessive heat of the summer is attributed to the ocean bed, making it as light as the increase of solar radiation, and that insurface in daylight, while operators crease is due to violent disturbances with suitable grappling tongues, at the and the sun's atmosphere, where spots amounted to \$63,548, an increase of survice, will pick up the pearl oysters of vast magnitude, following a period \$27,161 over the year before. There and deposit them in crates sunken for of quiescence, began to show themthe purpose at the depth of a hundred selves in May, and have continued feet or more. Look out, now, for a since, it is argued that the temperature supply of these lovely gems, larger in Arctic latitudes is and will continue than have yet been seen, since aged to be above the average, and that com-"I don't care if it is; I'm glad of it, oysters can be taken from a depth far paratively mild currents of air will be from Australia, with an experimental beyond the reach of the old-time wafted down upon us during the winter shipment of fifty tons of meat in good months.

The Lutherans have only twelve communicants among the colored people at the South.

There are said to be 30,000 out of 40,000 townships of France opened to Protestant preaching.

Syria, it is said, has eighty foreign preachers, 300 native helpers, 1,000 Christians and 50,000 church-goers.

The sale of Bibles has recently been very large in Bulgaria, and there are signs, it is said, of deep religious interest.

The Presbyterian churches in Europe and America have raised a fund of \$45,-000 for the support of Waldensian pastors in Italy.

The Methodist Episcopal church has five pastoral charges and three church buildings in the Black Hills, and is about to build another church in Deadwood.

The number of white Baptists in the State of Alabama is said to be about 76,000. In the last year \$7,718.60 was raised for State missions. Thirty missionaries baptized 166 converts.

The American United Presbyterians are about to establish an institute in Sealkote, India, with literary and theological courses extending over nine years, five years preparatory and four years in the seminary course proper.

The reports from the camp-meetings. held during the past summer speak as a rule of good attendance, well-bchaved audiences, and excellent preaching, but the conversions were not considered proportioned to the numbers in attendance

The Methodist Episcopal church has in India 4,668 church members, 6,500 native Christians, 9,103 secular and 11,386 Sunday-school scholars, all under the care of eighty foreign and native ministers and pastors, and 124 unordained preachers.

Princess Eugenia, the sister of Oscar 11., king of Sweden, has recently or-ganized a society of ladies at Stockholm who devote their time and means to a mission in Lapland. She has also formed at her castle a sewing school for missionary objects, and also a bazant which she supplies liberally in order to raise money for missions.

The Congregationalist churches in the Ohio association have gained 500 members in the past year. The association includes seventeen churches that are in Pennsylvania, West Vir-ginia and Kentucky. The total contributions for benevolent purposes are 230 churches in the association-a gain of five.

The steamer Cuzoo, of the Orient Line, has arrived at Plymouth, England, condition.

person.