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The Yorktown Centennial Ode.

Hark, hark I down the century's long-reaching

To those transports of triumph, those raptures of hope, The voices of main and mountain combined

In glad resonance borne on the wing of the wind. The bass of the drum and the trumpet that

Through the multiplied echoes of inbilant hills, And mark how the years, melting upward like

Which the breath of some splendid enchan-

tress has kissed, Reveal on the ocean, reveal on the shore The proud pageant of conquest that graced

them of yore, When blended forever in love as in fame See, the standard which stole from the starlight its fame,

And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,

The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France. Oh stubborn the strife ere the conflict was

And the wild whirling war wrack half-stifled the sun,

she thunders of cannons that boomed on the But re-echoed far thunders pealed up from the

Where guarding his sea-lists, a knight on the

Bold De Grasse kept at bay the bluff bulldogs

of Graves. The day turned to darkness, the night turned to fire,

Still more flereer waxed the combat, more deadly the ire. Undimmed by the gloom, in majestic advance,

Oh behold where they ride o'er the red battle tide. Those banners united in love as in fame,

The brave standard which drew from the star beams their flame, And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,

The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France

No respite, no pau e; by the York's tortured flood

The gray Lion of England is writhing in blood, Cornwallis may chafe and coarse Tarleton aver As he sharpens his broadsword and buckles his

This biade, which so often has reaped rebels like grain, Shall now harvest for death the rude yeo, ran

again." Vain boast; for ere sunset he's flying in fear, With the rebels he scouted close, close in his

The French on his flank hurl such volleys of That e'en Gloucester's redoubt must be grow

ing too hot. Thus wedded in love as united in fame. Lo ! the standard which stole from the star

light its flame, And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,

The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France

Oh morning appear! when the siege reached its close; 8 is I the sundawn outblown like the alchemist's

The last wreath of smoke from dim trenches

upcuried Are transformed to a glory that smiles on the world.

Joy, Joy! Save the wan, wasted front of the

With his battle flags furled and his arms trailing low. Respect for the brave! In grim silence they

yield And in silence they pass with bowed head from the field. Then triumph transcendent! so Titan of tone

on his throne.

When Peace to her own time the pulse of the land,

That some vowed it must startle King George

And the war weapon sank from the war-wearied Young Freedom upborne to the height of the

goal She had yearned for so long with deep travail of soul,

A song of the future raised, thrilling and clear,

Till the woods leaned to hearken, the hill slopes to hear,

Yet fraught with all magical grandours tha gleam On the hero's high hope, or the patriot's

dream, What future, though bright, in cold shadow shall cast

The stern beauty that halos the brow of the Oh I wedded in love, as united in fame, See the standard which stole from the starlight

its flame. And type of all chivalry, glory, romance The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France.

"AHEAD OF TIME."

"Now I'm going to show you why struck out for myself."

I had been driving a mile or two with my cheery friend, Dr. Mary Stedman, and until that moment was unaware of any motive for the ride other than the usual one of pleasure to us

"I have a warm place in my heart to me I should enjoy myself in my for my native Vermont," she went on; grave." "And knowing how I love it, I am sure you have often wondered why I did not whenever you feel like parting with remain here instead of seeking a home them," said the doctor, and a profession for myself among

"This," pointing to a weather-beaten but still comfortable-looking house, "is the homestead. Since the death of our parents my eldest brother has lived here. You needn't be at all disturbed," as I naturally hesitated about intruding among strangers, "for my sister-in-law

expects us," "How cool! how neat! how shady and comfortable!" were my first ex-clamations as I followed my leader into the old-fashioned parlor.

"Just so," she responded drily.
"And, my dear, you might search from cellar to garret of this great house, and though you stood upon ladders, and peered with a microscope upon your breathed a long breath since last Nohands and knees, you would never be able to find a fly.

Mrs. Stedman looked as her sister-in-law had described her—" like a very sad and troubled ghost." She was painfully thin and haggard, and at least a dozen times during our short call I no-ticed her mournful eyes ill with tears.

"Well, Sarah," said the doctor, 'you are as busy as ever, I suppose?"
"Oh, yes," our hostess replied;
'there is never any end to work."

"Been making butter to-day?" "I made a little over forty pounds this morning."

"Before breakfast, I suppose?" The doctor's tone was somewhat

"I churned at four, and I have just worked my butter over. I don't mind so much when churning doesn't come washing days; and, you see, cream has got to be attended to whenever it is

ready." "Been washing, too?" my friend inquired.

"Oh, yes! And it did seem as if I had every garment in the tub that there was in the house!" "So you've made forty pounds of

butter," said the doctor, " washed-and what else ?" "Not much else beside the regular work. I picked some beans for dinner,

and made a few pies; that's all." At this point my friend, much to my surprise, turned the conversation into other channels, and soon after we took our leave.

"It seems to me you have neglected an opportunity," I remarked, as soon

as we had driven away.
"I supposed you'd think so," my companion answered; "but you can form no conception of the amount of breath I have wasted on that very case. I am regarding it now solely from a scientific standpoint. I think I calculate the length of that woman's days

within a fraction of time." "I should think your brother wouldn't | you not?" "What does he know about it?" said | did you know that?" the doctor. "He comes into the house for the three meals that are prepared for him, and when night comes he goes to bed and to sleep, or he drives over to other places for his workmen, and some the village and spends his evenings with one must be found immediately to do his friends. My brother works hard, but he works out of doors, and that saves every night at 8 o'clock, and remain him. Sarah has an excellent reputation in bed till after breakfast. You must as wife and housekeeper all over the have all sorts of nourishing food, and country. She has helped my brother 'lay up'—in Vermount vernacular several thousand dollars. It doesn't take a prophet to see that another wife will have the benefit of this one's toil; though it is probable, if she comes from this section of the country, she'll not

have sense enough to be benefited by anything!" "If your sister-in-law would only

have a servant," I suggested. "A servant! Why, what a greenhorn you are!" said the doctor. "Do you think my brother and his wife are strong enough to bear the finger of scorn that would inevitably be pointed at them should they employ a servant? It is far better, my dear, to work one's self to death than to be called lazy, and shiftless and extravagant. If this were not the case they would not think they could afford a servant. My brother is dominated, soul and body, by the spirit of economy, and his wife is a reflection of himself. Here we are again," my friend continued, coming to a stop before the door of a more modern and more pretentious mansion. "Myyoungest sister lives here. It seems singular, doesn't it, that I have never introduced you to my relatives before? The truth is, you and I are perplexities to these good people. We turn them out of their beaten tracks for a while, with no other result than to add to their hard work and anxieties. Ten years ago my sister Anna was as bealthy a girl as there was in Vermont, and the brightest and wittiest one of the family. I had the treadmill, and, if she did marry a to year's end. My mother killed herense to her neigobors; but she is just

like the rest, only worse perhaps.' All this as the doctor hitched ber horse, and we walked up the long graveled walk.

Sister Anna was scolding one of her children when we entered the house, and we were upon her before she had finished her loud-pitched harangue.

"I don't believe any one ever had do worry me so sometimes that it seems

"Send a couple of them to me, Anna,

it, for at that moment my companion reined up suddenly, and with a brisk I have such a pain in my side all the can say or do will ever have the slight-time that I'm not fit for anything. I wish you'd give me some of that medi-cine, Mary, that you gave me last sum-

"I suppose you work just as hard, Anna, as though you hadn't a pain in your side," the doctor remarked.

"Of course I do," was the somewhat irritable response. "Who else is there to do it if I give up?" "Where is the pain, Anna, and how

long have you had it?" The doctor's tones were even, and her manner so calmly professional that I had at the time no suspicion that any of it was assumed.

vember. Sometimes it is worse than others, and I am conscious of it every minute.

The doctor drew a chair to her sister's side, and took her hand in hers. "Dear me, Mary, my pulse is all right," said the invalid, doing her best

to make light of the situation. "How many men does your husband hire this summer, Anna?" the doctor inquired, as she prepared some medi-

"Only six this year." "And you cook and wash for them, I suppose?

"Of course." "How many cows have you?" "Fourteen.

"And you make butter for market?" Sister Anna smiled as she answered this question. "I average about sixty pounds a

week." "What time do you get up in the morning?" " About 4 o'clock."

"What time do you go to bed?"
"Anywhere from 10 to 12," and then, with a glance in my direction, "you see, farmers have to keep ahead of time. If they didn't manage to do this they couldn't lay up anything, to save their lives."

"Anna," said the doctor, taking no notice of the above remark, "I intend to stay in Vermont a month, unless I am needed in New York. Would you like me to take charge of your case during that time?"

"My case!" her sister repeated in great perplexity. "I don't suppose I shall need anything more than that medicine."

"I will gladly do all I can for you, Anna," the doctor resumed, "and when I am compelled to go back I will leave you in good hands; but it must be on condition of the most perfect obedience on your part. You have hard coughing spells every morning, do

"Yes, Mary, but how in the world

"No matter how I know it. That I do know it is sufficient. To begin with, Anna, your husband must find your housework. You must go to bed pork and codfish must be eliminated

"Mary, what do you mean?" There was a look of terror in the poor woman's eyes, and her lips quivered painfully.

from your bill of fare."

"I mean, if you do exactly as I tell you, you may get well; if not, it is impossible," the doctor replied. "If you think I am exaggerating, or don't know what I am talking about, send for any reputable physician you please and ask him to tell you the truth.

"Ob, Mary! There isn't any way of doing the things you speak of. Clarke feels awfully poor this summer, and I have been trying harder than ever to make the ends lap over." "Where is Clarke?" the doctor in-

"He is down at the creek, haying." "I will drive down and have a talk

with him right away," said my friend, making ready to leave. "Oh, Mary! Don't you think there is any other way?"

The poor woman had broken down completely now, and the doctor held her for a moment in her strong arms and caressed her fondly.
"No other waj, sis," she replied;

"but we will do the best we can. There's no telling what a good rest and careful nursing may do for your poor tired body, my dear."

"I was going to take you to some other places," the doctor remarked, as we drove away, "but it would have been the same old story; work, work, work, some hopes that she would keep out of | without rest or change, from year's end farmer and settle down here, that she self by her attempts to get ahead of would furnish an example of common time. Two sisters have traveled the same road that Anna has started on, one of them absolutely dropping dead in her kitchen in the midst of her work. This is the kind of thing I could not endure to see go on. I knev it was all wrong as soon as I knew any hing, and when I became old enough to have a voice in my own education I persisted in taking a different course. My sister Anna has tried so hard to get ahead of such contrary youngsters as I have got !" time and make things 'lap over' that she remarked, apologetically. "They she has abused and probably killed herself, beside criminally neglecting and mismanaging her children. I don't suppose she has had five hours' sleep out of the twenty-four during the last five years, and think of that amount of rest for a woman whose brain and "I would in a minute if their father muscle are forever in use! Every year from a Cold give them Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; strangers."

I had often speculated on this very subject but there was no time to confess she added, "and if I did know how, tives and most of my friends, and the cure the worst cough.

I come up here and find things going instant relief, and a twenty-five cent bottle will tives and most of my friends, and the cure the worst cough.

"Don't you think your very natural anxiety about your sister may have colored your diagnosis a little?" I inquired. "Not in the least," my companion answered. "Anna's pulse was one hundred and twelve. The respiration was labored and ominously frequent.

There is no mistaking such signs. "How could she keep at work with such a pulse as that?" I asked.

"By the exercise of will power," said the doctor. "In our family will power is a direct inheritance. If it could only have been put to a good use how much might have been accomplished! My dear, this will power eats sait pork when good beef and the most nutritious food are absolute necessities. It makes all its cream into butter that the cash may 'lap over.' It drinks skim milk, and works nineteen hours out of twenty-

four." Boon after this the doctor dropped

me at my boarding-house. "Now you know all about it," she remarked in parting, "and if any one ever asks you why Mary Stedman did not remain among her relatives you can say that she declined to live among

criminals and suicides." Five months after the above incident sister Anna died, and one year from that date the widower married again. The second wife is a duplicate of the first, working night and day and "laying up" for a future which it is more than likely she never will enjoy .-Eleanor Kirk, in Christian Union.

Inspecting Keely's Motor.

A short time ago some of the directors of the Keely Motor company extended an invitation to several New York capitalists to come over to Philadelphia and witness the operation of this much talked-of machine. Accordingly a number of gentlemen, represen ing different commercial pursuits and a good deal of capital, visited Philadelphia and were escorted to where the motor is in place, in an old stable in the rear of Mr. Keely's house. The only possible way to gain admittance to the scance was by giving three raps on the door at short intervals, and Mr. Lorimer, one of the directors, and Mr. Schullerman, the secretary, as door tenders, tried to exclude all but the invited few.

As the clock was striking 8 the upper apartment of the stable was full of men. Mr. Keely then poured twenty drops of cold water into the generator of his apparatus and connected the different tubes which acted as insulators of sound and vibration. After the first expulsion, which caused the vaporization of a part of the twenty drops of water poured into the generator, Mr. Keely proceeded to show the vibratory power of his machine, placing a hollow brass globe between two plates of glass an inch thick. Certain combinations were made and the globe began to revolve at the rate of a hundred revolutions a second, as claimed by Keely. The next experiment was the firing of a cannon ball through a four-inch plank and then flattening the ball against an iron plate back of the plank. Again a little wire was connected between the generator and the cannon, and, without any apparent force except that supplied by the vapor gained from the twenty drops of water, a ball went crashing through the room, striking the wall in what Mr. Keely calls his vice shop. No hot air escaped from the mouth of the cannon. Then Mr. Keely exhibited his belting machinery and created what was claimed to be six-horse power motion instantaneously. Many questions, all wonderfully unscientific, were asked and answered by Mr. Keely in an excitable, jerky way, in incomprehensible scientific terms. After the exhibition was over a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Keely. In his reply he said: "I do not claim to have invented this. Any man who would make such a claim would be a fool. This is an invention of the great Creator. I merely put together machinery to demonstrate the

Plenty of Game,

Common people, who have not received the proper amount of educational nutriment, are apt to be careless in the use of their mother tongue. Some folks ask a question in such a way that you really don't know what they mean, while the true scholar says exactly what he means and means exactly what he says. For example: A gentleman with a gun over his shoulder, while wandering through the "rheubarbs" of a far Western hamlet, met an unfledged Milton, and said: "Sonny, is there any game in these parts?" He did not explain that he meant elephants or tigers or grizzly bears, and so depended upon the native genius of the youth to answer his question correctly. The boy, who had spent most of his time in a miner's camp, and had made himself acquainted with the pastimes of that simple-minded and bucolic folk, replied at once: "Yes, air, there's plenty." The hunter took his double-barreled weapon from his shoulder and put a new cap on, and in a very enthusiastic way asked again: "Well, what kind of game is there?" The rustic sonny re-plied: "Well, sir, there's considerable euchre,' but then it's mostly 'seven up' in these parts."

When others are suffering, drop a word of kindness and sympathy. If they are suffering

Successful Skin-Grafting.

Some months ago we made reference to a case of skin-grafting in this city, performed by Dr. John Deyo, and we may now state that the operation has proved wholly successful and the highest expectations have been realized. It will be remembered that the person operated on was Mary Foster, a little girl of ten years, who lives in Mill street, who had the misfortune to plunge into and overturn on herself a boiler of very hot water. The upper part of her body was badly scalded, particularly her right arm, which was wholly divested of skin from the shoulder to the tips of the fingers. The other burns got along well, but this arm caused the child untold pain, while the great discharge from it was necessarily very weakening.

It was at this state of the case that the physician named resorted to the skin-grafting operation, which he performed on Sunday morning, May 1, calling into service four or five young men who volunteered to take part in the interesting case of surgery. These much young men bared their arms, and one at man. a time sat close to the bedside of the suffering child, while Dr. Deyo carefully cut from one arm of each man the | the State prison. grafts of skin and quickly placed them, while yet full of vitality, on the exposed, quivering flesh on the scalded arm of the little sufferer. Some of "the boys" had sore arms for a few days, but this was little thought of, and they now have the satisfaction of knowing that their self-denial was not in vain. The second day after the operation was performed it was found that about three-fourths of the transplanted grafts of skin had adhered and lunch counter in the county. taken root, and the little white specks slowly grew in circumference till they covered the intervening space, and joining together gradually began to afford that protection from air of which the injured arm was in need,

The arm was pretty well healed in six weeks, and the child was able to be about, but since then she had in play twice hurt the still tender limb—once in the latter part of June and once in July, the latter time being struck with It was only a \$50 stable, containing \$25 a piece of sod, which raised a very large blood blister. The set-backs have been overcome, however, and the arm may now be said to have got completely well--just as good as ever. There is not a cicatrix in its whole length-not as much as there is on thearms of some of the boys who supplied grafts-and the skin is as soft and smooth as any of the rest on the girl's body. It only differs from the rest in being somewhat red in color, but this redness is gradually passing away, while the girl uses the arm with perfect freedom and seems to have in it the normal quantity of strength.—Newbury (N. Y.) Journal.

Horrors of a Drought. The drought of 1881 has been nothing to that of 1819, to judge from the description of one who claims to have passed through it, and who says: During that drought the cattle became afflicted with the hot-weather itch and thousands died, literally tearing the skin from their sides and backs in their frantic efforts to scratch themselves to relieve the intolerable itching. Deer and horses died with the black tongue; fowls and birds became listless and stupefied, moped in despair, lost their plumage and died in utter misery. Men, women and children grew sick with disappointed hopes for the healing showers, drinking the foul carbonized water and eating dusty food, and many died of disease not known before or since. Maddened with the intolerable itch and frantic with eating the dry and dessicated grass, deprived of all nutritive elements by the long drought, the cattle, sheep and horses roamed over the fields and through the forests, moaning and howling, or pawing the earth in impotent rage. Added to these horrors, the fields and forests took fire and burned for weeks and months. The air was filled with smoke and ashes, producing another horror in the shape of some form of ophthalmia that was vibratory power of that you have wit-nessed to-night." almost intolerable. This state of things lasted until the middle of January. when the blessed rain and the really beautiful snow came and saved the country from utter annihilation.

An Interrupted Wedding.

Uniontown (Ky.) society has been given a shock from which it will take a long time to recover. The trouble culminated at a wedding. The about-tobe bride was young, refined, and, as her masculine acquaintances aver, beautiful. The groom had been introduced into the best circle of Uniontown people a few months before, and had completely won the confidence of the young woman's parents. He was handsome, scholarly and of fascinating manners. A week or so ago the friends of the bride met at the church where the ceremony was to be performed, and soon the bride herself entered, with flowing veil and rosy cheeks. The clergyman, whose services had been secured for the occasion, eyed the bridegroom closely, and when the latter drew near the good man dropped his book as though both amszed and horrified.

"I cannot marry this man," he said, recovering quickly. "Why not, sir?" asked the bride's

father, rising in anger from his seat and moving toward the clergyman. "Because I married this man to another woman at Evansville, Ind., less

than a year ago.' Some of the ladies fainted, the bridegroom-elect gesticulated violent pro-testations, and the wedding party collapsed. Investigation showed that the charge was well founded.

Rub or Rust.

Idler, why lie down to die? Better rub than rust, Hark I the lark sings in the sky-Die when die thou must! Day is waking, loaves are shaking,

In the grave there's sleep enough-Better rub than rust. Death, perhaps, is hunger proof, Die, when die thou must;

Better rub than rust.

Men are mowing, breezes blowing, Better rub than rust. He who will not work shall want; Naught for naught is just-Won't do, must do, when he can't,

Better rub than rust. Bees are flying, sloth is dying, Better rub than rust. -Evenezer Elliott.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Hanging a man in efflgy is about as much fun as making faces at a blind

"Excuse the liberty I take," as the or nvict remarked when he escaped from

A manufacturing wire worker, in an advertisement, invites the public to come and see his invisible wire fence.

A base hit. Perhaps after all, the surest way to wipe out the Apaches would be to invite them to play baseball with a baseball nine.

A piece of petrified bread has been found in Iberville Parish, La. No clew to the mystery, as there is no railroad The bicycle is a great thing to put flesh on a man. The Chicago Tribune

knows of a man who had one only a week, and his left ankle is three inches larger around than it was when he first rode it. "The lurid flames shot their red tongues of fire high up toward the glow-

worth of hay, but the reporter felt that way and really couldn't help it.—Detroit Free Press. An Indiana editor, struck by light-ning, was stripped of his clothes and thrown against a wall. If he was relying on running a weekly paper for his support, we don't blame the lightning, for he was probably so thin that the lightning took him for a lightning-rod and struck him while under the im-pression that he was simply attending

to business.—Evansville Argus. In Boston, recently, during banking hours and with all the clerks present, a m in stepped behind the counter, walked to the safe, entered, took up a p ontaining \$600,000 belonging to the president of the bank, and walked away with it unmolested. The man who executed this cool proceeding has always stood high in the community, and is well known. He is the president

Lord Lorne's Costly May zine.

of the bank.

"Would you like to buy that Har-per's Magazine?" asked the soft voiced and timid peanutter on the east bound Union Pacific train the other day to a middle-aged passenger who was looking over the Harper and reading Judge Goodwin's article on the Mormon situ-

"No," said the middle-aged party. "It is my own magazine, and therefore

I do not care to buy it." "Excuse me," said the poor little frightened peanutter, while the tears came into his eyes. "I fear you want to cheat a poor orphan boy out of his books. Please pay me, sir, or let me have the magazine back again. Ab, sir, you would not rob me of my goods."

"No," said the stern stranger. "I do not wish to rob you of your book, my boy, but I bought this on the Utah Northern read and paid for it. When I went into the eating-house for breakfast the train butcher took it out of my seat and sold it to me again in the after noon. I was in the middle of an article when we got to the dinner station, so I turned down the leaf and left it again in my seat. I had to buy it once more. Now the magazine has cost me \$2, and you want me to give it to you so that you can sell it through Nebraska, no doubt. No, my poor little orphan lad, you may go and soak your head for an hour or two and bathe your tearbedimmed eyes, but I cannot give up my \$2 magazine. Peddle out your bead moccasins, made by the hostile Indians of Chicago. Sell out your little stock of nauseating apples at \$27 per barrel, with two prize worms in each and every apple, but do not disturb me while I read my expensive periodicals. will not bother you while you sell your fancy mixed candies that have een running over the road since '69, I will not interfere with you while you sell your Indian curiosities made in Connecticut. Go shead and make all the money you can, but give me a chance to peruse this article without the regular assessment."

The hurt and grieved orphan boy went to the sleeping-car conductor and asked who that sarcastic old cuss over yonder might be, and the conductor said it was the Marquis of Lorne.

And it was, too .- Boomerang.

The business of paper making in the United States is estimated to employ over \$100,000,000 of capital and and 40,000 persons.