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The Forest Republican.

Vol. XIV. No. 48.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22, 1882.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes One Square, one inch, one insertion; One Square, one inch, one month; One Square, one inch, three months; One Square, one inch, one year; Two Squares, one year; Quarter Column, one year; Half Column, one year; One Column, one year.

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

Three Shadows.

I looked and saw your eyes In the shadow of your hair, As a traveler sees the stream In the shadow of the wood; And I said: "My faint heart sighs, Ah, me! to linger there, To drink deep and to dream In that sweet solitude."

-Rosetti.

AN EAST BLOW.

The summer hotel among the mountains was almost deserted. Half a dozen of the late-staying guests were gathered in the little parlor for their last evening. A high September wind turned their thoughts to the desolation of the winter months in the White Hills.

"Come here, please, Mr. Little; tell us how you ever live here through the winter?" "Wa!l, you jest come up here and try one of our east blows! I tell you, you don't know anything about the mountings. You only come up here when it's warm and nice, and Mr. George he drives his team around, what I've call it?"

"Tandem!" suggested George. "Yes, tandem; and he takes you girls to drive, and it's all very pretty. Let him be here in the winter, and he'd drive tandem, sure enough."

"Wouldn't it be fun?" asked Maud. "Would you really take us in if we came up next winter?" "I guess most likely I could. You'd have to kinder put up with things, though. I'd be real glad to see you, now; the winters is awful lonely!"

"I am in earnest, and I will come if the rest will. I think it would be jolly," said Maud. "Yes, quite too awfully ghastly jolly," murmured her brother George, whose slang was overwhelming.

The others all promised they would join her if she formed a party, and the next morning they separated and forgot all about the plan and the promise, as people do. It was late in December. The holidays were approaching. Maud Wellington was restless and dissatisfied.

"Mother," she cried, rushing into the warm library, where her mother sat dozing before the fire, "I have made up my mind. We will go up to the mountains and see how they look with the snow on them."

the exception of himself and poor Mrs. Wellington, who looked already victimized, it was as gay a party as Boston could furnish.

As usual, it was Maud who was leader and prime favorite. But she was admirably seconded by three of her friends, only a little less brilliant and daring than she. Then there were two or three society men who would have gone anywhere that Maud and her set proposed.

Mr. Thornton felt out of his element, as he had done so many times during the summer. He was not keyed to the same pitch of high spirits and unceasing gaiety. He was grave, quiet—a man who wasterfully in earnest about everything he did.

But even Thornton shook off his gloom when they came among the hills. The highest peaks were white with snow, reflecting the setting sun with dazzling brilliancy against the marvellous blue of the sky. It was very cold, but clear and still, when they left the cars for their drive of a few miles.

Mr. Little met them with his six-horse stage; the wind had not left enough snow on the rising ground for sleighing, to Maud's regret. It was an exhilarating drive. The clear air made each inhalation an increasing joy. The laughter and the sweet, ringing voices of the girls no longer jarred upon him; he was a boy himself, and startled them by his wit and gaiety.

"I hope it will come. I should consider our whole trip a failure if it doesn't." Mr. Little shook his head and smiled doubtfully. "I guess when you've seed one you won't be likely to want to see another very quick."

The next day was gloriously clear. There was no wind stirring as yet. It was this stillness that roused the forebodings of the landlord. His guests had a magnificent walk, they said; they climbed part way up Starr King and had a view a hundred times more superb than they had ever imagined it could be.

In the morning Mr. Little's predictions were verified. The city people's ears were startled by what he had so often described as the "roaring of the mountings." This strange, steadily increasing roar, which seemed so inexplicable, filled some with alarm, some with most enjoyable excitement.

Within the house there were hurried preparations. Mrs. Little and her sons

went about making everything as fast as possible, while her husband and his two men went to the barns to give the cattle and horses food and water to last them till the storm had passed; for when it had reached its height, neither man nor beast could stand against it. Thornton, George and his classmate prepared to go down to the barn and help them, for the time seemed very short. Every moment the tempest increased in violence.

Mr. Little said the same; the storm roared so they could scarcely hear each other even then. Maud was bitterly ashamed of her folly, but not one whit afraid. Even Thornton could not help admiring even while he blamed her. He asked Little to take her and "the boys" back to the house. He himself, being strong and large, would stay and help the men. It was the best plan.

Mr. Little, how long does this sort of thing generally last? "Wa!l, it begins about noon to be the worst, and it keeps it up till next morning."

"Ought not the men to come up pretty soon?" she asked again, with ill-concealed anxiety. "Oh yes, they'll be up directly, I guess."

"Then they must stay there till it is over!" she said, in a low, unnatural voice. "I'm afraid so," he answered, anxiously. "Do try to help them," she pleaded, so earnestly that the men all resolved to try, though it was of so little use.

The short afternoon had passed; the early darkness made the terror of the storm more awful. Maud still strained her eyes through the deepening gloom. The storm at that moment was at its height. Clutching the window frame tightly with her fingers she pressed her dilated eyes against the pane, and saw with speechless horror the roof of the large barn swept off as if it had been paper.

It was an awful night. No one thought of sleeping. They clustered together about the fire in silent terror. From time to time Mr. Little spoke reassuringly. There was no danger for themselves, he said; the house was firmly built; large beams passed diagonally from floor to ceiling through the partition walls; it was not possible that they could give way.

After reviewing his method of producing the vaccine, Professor Pasteur said: "We may hope to discover, in this way, the vaccine of all virulent diseases." He concluded by saying: "I have given to vaccination an extension which science, I hope, will accept as a homage paid to the merit and to the immense services rendered by Jenner, one of the greatest men of England."

ton in this danger. If she had not delayed the men they could have returned to the house before it was too late. If he were alive when morning dawned he should know how bitterly she had repented.

She remembered how she had trifled with him when once the summer before he had told her that he loved her more than he had ever loved any being before or ever could again. She had not meant to drive him away from her; she had only meant to tease him for a little. But he had taken it all in earnest, and now of course he had ceased to think of her except to despise her.

He would never care for her now, of course, and she loved him with all the force of her strong, unguided heart. After that night of agony she could never be the same.

Three men came slowly up the hill, tired, hungry, half-frozen, but safe. They had made a comparatively warm nest for themselves in the hay, where they had passed the sleepless night. The part of the barn which sheltered them and the cattle and horses had been uninjured, and not a man or beast had been hurt by the falling beams.

Mrs. Wellington could not be induced to remain an unnecessary moment in the terrible place, and late in the afternoon the subdued party were on the cars returning to Boston. Thornton confessed that it was the most uncomfortable night he had ever passed, but that he would cheerfully have undergone far greater hardships for the reward that it brought him.

Bread after all is the cheapest diet one can live on, and also the best. A story is told that shows just how cheap a man can live, when he gets "down to nush," figuratively and literally speaking.

Colonel Fitzgibbon was, many years ago, colonial agent at London for the Canadian government, and was wholly dependent upon remittances from Canada for his support. On one occasion these remittances failed to arrive, and as there was no cable in those days he was compelled to write to his Canadian friends to know the reason of the delay.

We know of a theological student in an Ohio college who, sustained by grace, rice and corn bread, lived thirteen weeks on seven dollars; but there were several good apple orchards near the college and the farmers kept no dogs. It is not the necessities of life that cost much, but the luxuries; and it is with the Frenchman who said that if he had the luxuries of life he could dispense with the necessities.

A New Theory of Vaccination. Many scientists express the belief that vaccination, which has done so much to prevent the ravages of small-pox, will be extended to the eradication of scarlet fever, and many other contagious diseases, the mortality from which is truly appalling.

The Brakeman's Story. A brakeman on the Erie railroad tells the following story: During the heavy rush of freight last summer I had been on duty for three days and nights, and was completely jaded out.

It may be right occasionally to take a bull by the horns, but it is always well to keep in mind that the horns belong to the bull.

Anesthetics.

Dr. John G. Johnson, of Brooklyn, recently read an interesting paper before the New York Medico-Legal society on "Anesthetics." The following are some of the points of the doctor's statements:

Should a patient die from chloroform inhaled in a sitting position in a dentist's chair it could no longer be urged in behalf of the surgeon, whose patient had been chloroformed out of existence, as it was successfully argued in behalf of the young Parisian surgeon in 1853, who had been imprisoned for the death of a patient under chloroform, on whom he was operating without assistance, that there was no fixed rule for the administration of chloroform.

The English chloroform committee appointed by the Royal Medico-Chirurgical society laid down in 1864 the rule that anesthetics should always be given in the recumbent position and never in the erect position. The reason of this rule is evident. In natural respiration the rising and falling of the ribs is produced by the intercostal muscles, and the respiration is called thoracic.

Those who have seen much of the patients under the influence of anesthetics in our large hospitals must have noticed how quickly a patient stopped breathing at this stage if an assistant pressed against the abdomen, to watch the operation or to pass an instrument. Now, as soon as the patient comes fully under the influence of an anesthetic, she slips down in the dentist's chair. The weight of the upper portion of the body is compressing the abdomen—preventing the diaphragm from acting.

I think, with the present knowledge of anesthetics, that a surgeon who should administer chloroform to a patient in the erect position in the dentist's chair, with her clothes tight around her waist, and the patient should die, he would justly be held for manslaughter. During the early ages of anesthetics the knowledge of the profession was only experimental.

That age has passed. The most distinguished men in the profession, as long ago as 1864, published this rule and the reasons for it. Subsequent experimentation has demonstrated the justice of it. It has been adopted by all our modern writers on the subject. The courts have held over and over again that a physician must practice according to the well-known rules of the profession, and if he departs from them it is at his peril.

Labor on a Sandwich Island Plantation.

A letter from the Sandwich Islands gives this interesting account of life on the plantations there: In the field and at the mill hands work lazily, talking and laughing among themselves, looking healthy, cheerful and contented and on the best terms with the planters and overseers. The work is what any boy or girl fifteen years old could perform, but the boys and girls must go to school. No matter how far the cane-field may be from their houses, laborers are not required to start any earlier in the morning, and they reach home just as soon in the evening.

The method adopted by a manager to get a good day's work out of them is to go among them and talk freely, allowing them opportunities of showing their wit, and then pit one gang against another. The native is particularly susceptible to this treatment. Natives usually respire; Chinese never do, but they hunt a plantation after the expiration of their contract, gambling with the hands, selling them smuggled opium and liquor. The native, like the child that he is, gives them all he earns in exchange for liquor which he cannot resist.

Contracts, which are usually for one to three years, call for ten hours' work per day, but the days they work so long are few and far between. At the Kolona mill they were grinding from 1 o'clock in the morning till 6 in the evening, with a separate gang for night and day, making eight and a half hours all told, including the dinner hour.

A brakeman on the Erie railroad tells the following story: During the heavy rush of freight last summer I had been on duty for three days and nights, and was completely jaded out. Between Deposit and Hancock our train broke in two, and, running together again, caused a wreck. I went back to flag the first approaching train. After going what I considered a proper distance, I sat down on the outside of the rail to wait. I was soon asleep with my head leaning on my hand, and my face turned on the track.

The bootblacks of London are divided into societies. One of them known as the Saffron Hill, numbering sixty-six members, earned in the last twelve months about \$18,000.

Two Hands.

A little hand, a fair, soft hand, Dimpled and sweet to kiss; No sculptor ever carved from stone A lovelier hand than this. A hand as idle and as white As lilies on their stems; Dazzling with rosy finger-tips, Dazzling with crusted gems.

-Harriet Prescott Spofford.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

President Arthur is appointing chiefly tall men to office. He is right. The American people want officials whom they can look up to.—Lovell Citizen.

Tommy don't like fat meat. One day the steak was very fat. "Tommy," asked the professor, "will you have some beefsteak?" "Yes, sir; but I don't want any that has pork all round it."

Eight out of every ten men in this county will do more hard work to trace back the pedigree of a horse or a dog than to establish the fact that they were related to the most noble king of Europe.—Detroit Free Press.

A Cleveland man was robbed in broad daylight, and the Leader spoke of it as an untimely proceeding. But if a man is to be robbed does it make any difference to him whether it be done in daylight or dark?—Saturday Night.

Teacher: "John, what are your boots made of?" Boy: "Of leather." "Where does the leather come from?" "From the hide of the ox." "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?" "My father."

How dear to my heart is the school I attended, And how I recall the surprise of the master, When Bill gave a yell and sprang up with the pin.

And carefully put on the bench under him! And how I recall the surprise of the master, When Bill gave a yell and sprang up with the pin.

When little Belle was two years old she used to admire the full moon very much; but when her aunt pointed out the new moon she exclaimed, in the most distressed tone, "Oh, 'tis broken! 'tis broken!" Johnny, who was just learning to talk, being asked if he saw the new moon, said: "Yes, I see the rind of it."

By a large majority the people of the United States have declared their faith in Kidney-Wort as a remedy for all the diseases of the kidneys and liver. Some, however, have disliked the trouble of preparing it from the dry form. For such a new candidate appears in the shape of Kidney-Wort in liquid form. It is very concentrated, is easily taken and is equally efficient as the dry. Try it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Owned to His Record.

The editor was sitting in his revolving chair bottomed chair when Tornado Tom, the traveling terror of Texas, came in and demanded retraction of the statement that he had swindled an orphan out of \$4.

"It's a lie clear through," said the Terror, striking the table with his fist, "I'm as good a man as smells the atmosphere in this section."

"Perhaps you are better," said the editor, meekly. "My record'll compare favorably with yours," said the Terror, with a sneer; "perhaps there are a few little back rackets in your life, sir, that wouldn't bear a microscopic investigation."

"Oh, sir," said the editor, visibly agitated, "don't recall the past; don't bring up the memories of the tomb; I know I've led a hard life—I don't deny it. I killed Shorty Barnes, the Bowery boy of New York—hacked him all to pieces with a knife. I have stoned for a thousand times. I blew a man's head off at a log-roll in Kentucky, and bitterly have I repented of my folly. I slew a lot of inoffensive citizens of Omaha over a paltry four-dollar pot, simply because I got excited. Oh, could I but cheat the tomb of the men I have placed in its maw I would be happy. But it was all owing to my high temper and lack of early training. I know that I have been wayward, wicked, and you have a right to come here and recall those unhappy memories; but it's mean for all that. No-body with a heart would treat a man like you have me. Don't leave, stranger; I'll tell you all. I sawed a man's head off with an old army saber just for—"

The Texas Terror was downstairs and half way around the corner, while the editor, taking a fresh chew of rattle-snake twist, continued his peaceful avocations as quietly as a law-abiding citizen.—Salt Lake Tribune.