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Autumn.

Summer is dead; and the autumn winds weeping,
And tell how the year is with feeble steps creeping
To join with the numberless years that have been.
When the sunshine was bright, and the birds softly singing,
We dreamed not of cold, or the sky's chilling mien;
We saw not how swiftly the glad hours were winging;
We heard but sweet voices with happiness ringing.
Summer is dead, and the year's hopes are dying,
The hopes that were bright when the spring tide was young;
When we each came with eagerness forth to life's trying,
With step that was firm and a heart that was strong.
And what can we bring as the cause of life's falling?
Was the daylight too dim and the darkness too long?
Were the storm-waves too wild for the ship's sailing;
Was the helmsman unnerve'd by the winds and their wailing?
Summer is dead; ay, but springtide is coming,
And the leaves that are yellow, and brittle, and dead
Will revive once again when the flowers are blooming,
And the boughs will wave green once more over our head.
Will the hopes then revive that are now swiftly waning?
Will the life come again that is now nearly sped?
Shall we hear once again the world's mirth and complaining?
Ah, that must be left for death's certain explaining.

A BOY'S STORY.

It all came of my having a railway key and being made to take music lessons.
Thompson gave me the key when he was leaving last term. I don't know how he came by it, or what good it was to him, as he never saw a train except when he went home for the holidays; but he was always talking of the convenience of having such a thing when you are traveling, and hinting at the mysterious penalties the company might inflict if they caught you using it.
He gave it to me in exchange for a bit of Letty's hair (she's my sister, and Thompson was dreadfully in love with her) and a scrap of the bonnet trimmings she wore in church. I stole that, but had to ask her for the hair, and she brought out a whole bundle and said I might trade away the lot if I chose. "Hair wasn't worn much now."
Music was another thing altogether. Herr Otto Finke was an old friend of my father's, and lived at Luckboro, our market town.
He took a fancy to me—both me; and actually persuaded my father and mother to let me come over to Luckboro every market day, with my father, for a lesson in German and music. I didn't mind dining with him first (uncommonly queer nesses we had, and lots of jam with them)—but the music was simply disgusting—(in the holidays, too)—and the lessons generally ended by Finke getting to the piano himself and warbling songs of his Vaterland by the hour. He did so once too often though—and now I have got to my story.
We used to come and go between Mosslands and Luckboro by omnibus. There was a Mosslands station on the line between Luckboro and London, but my father never went by it if he could help it. When he did, though I had the key with me I never dare use it, and began to think I had made a bad bargain with Thompson.
One Tuesday, however, last winter, Finke got so carried away by his own sweet singing that he kept on long after I ought to have started to meet my father, and then got so remorseful that I thought he was going to cry; or perhaps want to keep me all night.
"Look here," I said, "it doesn't matter. There's a train that gets in as late as the bus. I can catch it if I good-bye!" And off I scudded, and in one arm out of my coat, for I was sure he'd object, or at least see me off. I had money, and there was a train which came up long before I had seen all I wanted about the station.
I made a dash at a carriage. It wasn't locked, as I had hoped it might be, and in I scrambled, but was nearly blown out again by a volley of the strongest language I ever did hear. The train started and jerked me down into a seat before I'd time to get my breath. I was not used to bad expressions, and my fellow-traveler's remarks made my blood run cold.
There were ladies in the carriage, but he didn't seem to mind that. He had a red, scowling face, with heavy red eyebrows and bloodshot eyes. All the rest of him was a mass of railway rags and wraps. I had tumbled over his toes into the middle seat, opposite, where I sat scared and speechless, till I caught the eyes of the lady next to me.

Ugh! such a bad old face! A tight, cruel mouth, with all sorts of coil-lines about it, and wicked, sharp grey eyes that screwed into one like gimlets. I didn't care much for Redface by this time. I didn't believe he would "twist my neck and chuck me out of the window," as he suggested; but I hated her all over at once, from her sausage-curls—grizzly-gray, two on each side—to her hooked claws of fingers that were twitching away at her knitting-needles, in and out of a big gray stocking.
"Hush, Sammy," she said quite sweetly; "the poor child means no harm, and he can easily get out at the next station. Where are you going to, love?"
I could only gape in reply, and she must have thought I was a softy, for she twisted my ticket clean out of my hand before I knew what she was after.
"Mosslands. Very good. That's the next station. I'll see him safe out, Sammy, dear."
Sammy growled an inarticulate response from under his rug.
The timid passenger had neither spoken or stirred. She sat on the same side as the other two, covered with a big plaid rug and a blue woollen veil tied over her head. I could make nothing out except that she seemed to be asleep in a very uncomfortable attitude.
I sat in the middle, opposite the old woman. It was so disagreeable finding her sharp eyes on me while her needle clicked on just the same that I thought I might as well pretend to go to sleep too. So I curled myself up and gave one or two nods, and then dropped my face on my arm so that she couldn't see it.
Presently I heard the needles going slower and slower. I peeped, and saw the big bonnet and sausage curls giving a lurch forward and then backward, once, twice; then a big snore; and then she was off too.
I didn't stir for a minute, for I saw that "Sammy" was up to something. He leant forward and peered at her as if to make sure she was quite asleep; then cautiously groped in the seat beside her and hauled up a little black bag. He opened it softly, drew out a silver-topped flask, and closed it just as a jerk of the train roused the old lady. Sammy dived back in his corner; and she sat bolt upright, rubbed her eyes hard, felt suspiciously around till she found the bag, stowed it away behind her and resumed her knitting. Only for a few moments, though; with a weary groan she let stockings, needles and all go down with a run, and dropped back sounder asleep than before.
Then from Sammy's corner came a gurgle—soft and low—many times repeated—then all was quiet.
Now was my time. I began to look about and think what I should do first. Whether I dared get up on the seat and see how the communication with the guard worked and what would happen if I pulled it. If the train stopped I could make off or say it was Sammy. He was half tipsy now and people wouldn't believe him. First of all I went to the window to look out a little. It was pitch dark outside, and all I could see was the reflection of the carriage and of the lady in the blue woollen veil. She was sitting up now and looking intently at me. What an uncomfortable set they were, to be sure!
I look round at her directly. She was very young—yonger than Letty, and she's just seventeen and pretty—but so thin and frightened-looking that I felt very unhappy about her.
She fixed her big, bright eyes on me, and put up her finger. "Don't speak," she said, in a clear whisper. "Keep looking out of the window. Can you hear what I am saying?"
I nodded, and she went on, looking at me, and now and then at the old woman.
"If they get me to London I am a dead woman. You are my last chance. Will you help me?"
I nodded very hard indeed, and looked at the communication with the guard. She shook her head.
"No, that's no good. I must get away at the next station. He is safe. Can you stop her from following me?"
I didn't believe I could. I might have thrown a rug over Sammy and sat on him for a minute or two, but that old woman was too much for me. I felt that directly she woke she'd see what I was thinking of, and strangle me before I could stir. The precious minutes were flying—the miles were hurrying past us in the outside gloom—the girl's big woful eyes were fixed on me in desperate appeal.
"I have friends who will save me if I can but get to them," she panted.
"Just one minute's chance—only one!"
All at once I had an idea. A splendid one! "Look at this," I whispered, and held up my railway key. "If I open this door, dare you get out. You can hold on outside until the train stops. Run straight across the down line. There is only a bank and a hedge on the top. Lot of gaps in it nearer the station. There you are on the Luckboro road. Do you hear?"
I was quite hot and out of breath with whispering all this as plain as I could. She caught every word as fast as I could think it, almost.

What with the feeling of my own cleverness, hatred of that nasty old woman and delight in spiting her, and pity for the poor girl, I felt as brave as any fellow, however big, could be, and full of ideas as well.
"Give me that," I said, pointing to her blue veil. "They won't see you're gone if I sit here with it tied over my head."
"Oh, no, no! They'll kill you."
"Not them! They can't interfere with me." (I declare, I felt as if I could fight Sammy and a dozen old ladies just then.) "Quick, now or never." I tied the veil over my head and lowered the window as softly as possible. There was no time to lose, for the train was slackening speed even then. I unlocked the door. She gave me one look that made me feel braver than ever, and inclined to cry, both at once; and in a second she was out on the step. The train stopped. I saw her skirt flutter in the stream of light that fell from our open carriage door across the down line of rails, and that was all—and I was huddled down under the big plaid rug with the old woman, wide awake, standing over me.
"Drat the boy. Sammy, call the porter; he's got out at the wrong side."
"Call-un-ye-self," answered Sammy, all in one word.
She pulled the door to and tramped back to her seat, taking no more notice of me than if I had been a cushion of the carriage. "It don't matter if he has broken his neck either," she muttered, "perhaps we'd better make no fuss." The train was off again. I dared not jump up while she was in the way, and thought I must take my chance at the next station.
"Oh! my bones and body!" she groaned, presently. "Oh, what a time it has been! Sammy!"
No answer.
"Sammy!" She was up again and I think she hauled him up and shook him, for something fell with a crash like a broken bottle.
"You idiot," she screamed. "When you want all the brains you've got and more too! To play me this trick? Serve you right if I get out and leave you at the next station—ugh!"
It sounded as if she were banging his head against the carriage. That and the fresh air seemed to rouse him. He got up and put his head out of the window for a short time, and then replied, slowly and impressively:
"Now, look here, old woman. None of your nonsense. When he's wanted, Samuel Nixon is all there. And no man alive can say he isn't," he went on solemnly, holding carefully on to one word till he was sure of the next.
"As to this business, I ask you—is it mine or is it yours? Now, then?"
"Yours, I should think; as it's your wife who is giving us all this trouble. I wish I'd left you to fight it out yourselves."
"Stop this," said Sammy, who was talking himself sober and consequently savage. "I'll not have it put upon me. I didn't want to marry her; that was your doing, and I don't want to make away with her; that's your doing, and if it's a hanging matter, I'm not the one to swing for it."
"Heaven forgive you, Sammy," said the old woman, evidently horribly scared. "Don't ye talk that way to your poor old mother—don't. If the poor creature was only in her right mind she'd be the first to say her old nurse was her best friend—the only one she had in the world when her pa died and left her."
Here she sniffed a little, Sammy gave a sort of derisive growl.
"And as for her marrying you; it stood to reason that she must marry somebody, sometime, left all alone in the world with her good looks and her fortune; and why not my handsome son? It was luck for you, Sammy, though you turn against me now. There you were, just come home from foreign parts, without a halfpenny in your pocket or a notion where to find one; and there was she without a relation or friend to interfere with you—as simple as a baby—not a creature to stop her doing as she chose with herself and her money. It would have been a sin and a shame to lose such a chance. Of course, I wanted to see my handsome lad as good a gentleman as the best of them." The old woman seemed to be talking on and on purpose, like telling a rignarole to a child to keep it quiet. Sammy growled again in a milder tone.
"Oh, yes. Say it's all my fault, do! You can talk black white when it pleases you."
"It was your fault, Sammy. You might have lived happy and A. peaceable if you'd chosen. Haven't I been down on my bended knees to beg you to let her alone when you was treating her that shameful that the whole country side was ringing with it. You know it, and others knew it. And I can tell you what, Mr. Samuel Nixon, if she'd been found dead in her bed, as I expected every morning of my life to happen, there wasn't a servant in the place that wouldn't have spoken up before the coroner—and glad to do it. Who'd have swung for it then, I'd like to know?"
The brute was mastered. I heard him shuffling his feet about uneasily; then, in a muffled whisper, "It was drink, nothing else, and her aggrava-

ting, winning ways. Don't be hard on me, old woman, I'm sure I've given in handsome to all your plans."
"Because you couldn't help yourself, you fool. Now you see what it is to have your poor old mother to turn to. Your wife may talk as much as she pleases now. Who'll believe her when we've got it written down by two grand London doctors that she's as mad as mad can be? Who's to mind her talk, or any one else's? Aren't we taking her up to London just for the good of her health, to a nice safe place where she will be well looked after and kept from getting herself and the other folks into any more trouble? Then you and me will go back, Sammy, and live as happy and comfortable as you please."
"They will treat her like a lady—eh, mother?"
"Of course they will; a beautiful place and the best of living. Bless you, she'll be happy as the day is long. It does you credit being so tender-hearted, Sammy. I knew you couldn't abide seeing her storming and raving as she did last night, so I just gave her a little sup of something before we started, and you see she's been sleeping like a baby ever since. And the gentleman—where she's going, you know—he gave me this bottle; and when we get to London I've just to give her a whiff of it on a handkerchief, and off she goes as quiet as a lamb. No screams or tantrums this time; and he and his nurses will be on the lookout for us with his carriage, and before she knows it there she'll be as snug as you please."
This was awful!
What shall I do? Were we ever going to stop? Was there another station before London? Should I be drugged, dragged off and made away with? I knew if they found me out it was all over with me. The pattern of the blue Shetland veil danced before my eyes—the noise of the train was as the sound of the roar of artillery in my ears. I sat up, ready for a spring and a struggle.
A jerk! Another! A stop, and the door flung open.
"Tickets, please."
I made one plunge. I flung the rug clear over the old woman, dashed my arm into Sammy's face, and tumbled headlong out into the arms of the astonished ticket-collector. I felt him clutch me, and then the ground rose up, or I went down—down—into an unfathomable depth of darkness!
"Hallo! old fellow. Better now?" were the first words I heard. Thompson's voice! There he was with a glass of water in his hand, stooping over me. Thompson's mother was kneeling beside me, cuddling me up against her nice, soft sea-skin. I was on the waiting-room sofa, and about a dozen people were all standing staring round. Thompson went and telegraphed home that I was safe, and then he and his mother took me to the house in London where they were staying.
I can't remember much after that. I was ill for many weeks, I believe. I tried to tell people what had happened, but no one would listen. They try even now to make me believe I dreamt it in my illness. I've got it told now though, and every word is solemn truth. Besides, didn't I see and smell Letty burning the blue Shetland veil.
I've had no more music lessons since, that's one good thing.
The railway key? Oh, I left that sticking in the door.
That's all.—Argosy.

Skin Grafting.
The patient, a pretty little girl of eight, was admitted into the Wellington ward of St. George's hospital with the history that, two years previously, her dress had caught fire, burning both legs from the hips to the knees severely. After a year's treatment the left thigh had healed up; but the right had never got better, and presented a terrible ulcer, extending all down the outer side. She was a bright, intelligent little thing, and her sad condition excited much sympathetic interest. For four months she lay there without any signs of improvement. Though nourishing food, with wine and strengthening medicines was freely administered, and all manner of local remedies applied, particularly that most excellent dressing, carbolated ointment, all was in vain; and when, on the 5th of May, the child was brought into the operating theatre and placed under the influence of chloroform, it certainly appeared to us to be as unlikely a case to afford a fair criterion of a new treatment as could well be imagined. Two small pieces of skin were then snipped from the back with a pair of sharp-pointed scissors, and imbedded—planted, in fact—in the granulations of proud "flesh" of the wound—two tiny atoms, scarcely bigger than a pin's head, and consisting of little more than the cuticle or outer skin which we raise in blisters by rowing or exposure to a hot sun. Five days later no change was visible; and by-and-by the operation was considered to have failed, since the pieces of skin had disappeared, instead of growing, as had been expected. But twelve days after the operation two little white cicatrices appeared where the seeds had been sown; and in my notes I find that a week later these were big enough to be dignified as "islands of new tissue." The most wonderful part of it is that, not only did these islands grow and increase rapidly in circumference, but the fact of their presence seemed to stimulate the ulcer itself, which forthwith took on a healing action around its margin. Several more grafts were implanted subsequently, including morsels from Mr. Pollock's arm, from my own, and from the shoulder of a negro; the last producing a white scar-tissue like the rest. In two months the wound was healed and the little patient was discharged cured.
Skin grafting is now performed daily in surgical practice, and a special instrument—a combination of knife and scissors—has been invented for the purpose. It is impossible to estimate the immense benefit of this discovery to mankind in many different aspects. Poor people, hitherto incapacitated from labor by "incurable" ulcers, and for years a burden on their parish, or inmates of workhouses and asylums, will now again resume their place in the great tolling hive, from whose daily work is distilled the prosperity of a nation. Von Grafe's operation of iridectomy, whereby hundreds of people who were formerly considered irretrievably blind, are now restored to sight by a simple proceeding, is said to have exercised a very appreciable effect on the poor rates of the country. As an instance of true transplantation, John Hunter's celebrated experiment of causing a human tooth to take root and grow in the comb of a cock is a well known instance. Dentists nowadays often remove teeth, and having excised diseased portions, replant them in their sockets with frequent though not invariable success; and cruel plastic operations have been performed on rats, by which they have been joined like Siamese twins, or their tails caused to grow from their shoulders between their eyes. The late Mr. F. Buckland, in his "Curiosities of Natural History," gives an amusing account of an action-at-law brought by M. Triguel, a French naturalist, against a zouave who had sold him what was termed a "trumpet rat" for one hundred francs; the said "trumpet rat" proving to be an ordinary varmint, with the tip of another rat's tail planted in its nose and growing there.—Chambers' Journal.

A Burning Lake.
There is in Russia a fountain of naphtha which has formed a lake four miles long by over a mile wide, and two feet deep. This sheet of inflammable oil recently took fire, including the central fount, and the effect was most imposing. The quantity of naphtha on fire was estimated at four and a half million cubic feet, and it was feared that the flames would explode the subterranean sources. Even the earth saturated with oil was on fire, but no explosion occurred. The heat was intolerable except at a distance of 1,000 yards from the edge of the fire, and the trees and buildings within three miles of it were coated with a thick layer of soot.
Parents who wish to raise families on the Japanese plan are informed that in Japan it is the custom to give baby girls the names of delicate and lovely plants or flowers, while the boys are simply numbered, and are known as First boy, Second boy, and so on.

Life in a Montana Frontier Town.
The following amusing description of the mixed life of a frontier town is from E. V. Smalley's paper on "The New Northwest," in the Century:
The picturesque features of life in a Western Montana town like Missoula are best seen as evening approaches. Crowds of roughly-clad men gather around the doors of the drinking saloons. A group of Indians, who have been squatting on the sidewalk for two hours playing some mysterious game of cards of their own invention, breaks up. One of the squaws throws the cards into the street, which is already decorated from end to end with similar relics of other games. Another swings a baby upon her back, ties a shawl around it and herself, secures the child with a strap buckled across her chest and strides off, her moccasined feet teeming inward in the traditional Indian fashion. She wears a gown made of a scarlet calico bedquilt, with leggings of some blue stuff; but she has somehow managed to get a civilized dress for the child. They all go off to their camp on the hill nearby. Some blue-coated soldiers from the neighboring military post, remembering the roll-call at sunset, swing themselves upon their horses and go galloping off, a little the worse for the bad whisky they have been drinking in the saloons. A miner in blue woollen shirt and brown canvas trousers, with a hat of astonishing dimensions and a beard of a year's growth, trots up the street on a mule, and, with droll oaths and shuffling talk, offers the animal for sale to the crowd of loungers on the hotel piazza. No one wants to buy, and, after provoking a deal of laughter the miner gives his ultimatum: "I'll hitch the critter to one of them pliazzer posts, and if he don't pull it down you may have him." This generous offer is declined by the landlory; and the miner rides off, declaring that he has not a solitary four-bit piece to pay for his supper, and is bound to sell the mule to somebody.
Toward nightfall the whole male population seems to be in the street, save the busy Chinamen in the laundries, who keep on sprinkling clothes by blowing water out of their mouths. Early or late, you will find these industrious little yellow men at work. One shuffles back and forth from the hydrant, carrying water for the morning wash in old coal-oil cans hung to a stick balanced across his shoulders. More Indians now—a "buck" and two squaws, leading ponies heavily laden with tent, clothes and buffalo robes. A rope tied around a pony's lower jaw is the ordinary halter and bridle of the Indians. These people want to buy some article at the saddler's shop. They do not go in, but stare through the windows for five minutes. The saddler, knowing the Indian way of dealing, pays no attention to them. After a while they all sit down on the ground in front of the shop. Perhaps a quarter of an hour passes before the saddler asks what they want. If he had noticed them at first they would have gone away without buying.

A Hunter's Extraordinary Shot.
The Santa Fe (N. M.) News tells the champion hunting story of the season: H. J. Sheldon left his camp at Cooper City, on the Pecos, New Mexico, last Saturday afternoon in search of game. Saturday night he camped at the upper forks of the river, and Sunday, bright and early, was again on the march. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the burro, which had wandered ahead, came running back, apparently in great terror, ears and tail erect, eyes glaring, making that peculiar mournful sound for which its species is noted, and refusing to be caught or comforted. Not being able to make out from the report of the confused burro just what had happened, Mr. S. cocked his gun and advanced slowly and cautiously on the unknown enemy. Crawling along on his hands and knees for about a quarter of a mile, he at length doubled a bend in the river, and there, standing in full view in the meadow, and not more than 150 yards away, he saw a huge grizzly bear with three cubs, and, just beyond the bear and in direct range with her, an animal that he at once recognized as the long-sought-for elk. Neither of the beasts were aware of his approach, so, quietly rising upon one knee and resting his rifle across the other, which is Mr. S.'s favorite position in shooting, he took a deliberate aim. Bang went the gun, away sped the bullet and down fell two animals—in fact, three—the bear, the elk and Mr. S. himself. The bullet had cut the backbone of the bear completely in two, and passing through had lodged in the heart of the elk, and the extraordinary task to which the rifle had been subjected produced such a violent recoil that the hunter himself was stretched flat upon the ground. Recovering himself speedily, Mr. S. advanced upon the prey, hunting-knife in hand, but life was extinct in both animals. The little cubs on hearing the report of the gun fled, but being only a few weeks old were speedily captured, tied in bags and fastened on the back of the horse.
About 36,000 barrels or 350 car loads of salt are weekly shipped west from Sardinia, Mich.