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Making the best of it.
To him who has trouble,
The smallest things
Let in the daylight,
And, as to the best of it,
That may be lighted,
By making the best of it.
You're smiling and brooding,
By neighbor, that's pertains—
Let in the daylight,
By lifting the curtain,
Now take of the burden
And have a light breast of it—
Don't you must bear it.
Why, then, make the best of it.
At door, open window,
Get out of thought's pinions,
Of your surroundings—
Enlarge your dominions,
Your neighbors have sorrow,
We are not in quest of it,
Why, fall many,
Making the best of it.
Meet with a friend,
He seems gay—open jolly;
You know he has care,
You are shocked at his folly,
His man, though he suffers,
He'll not tell his guest of it—
By breaking the billow—
By making the best of it.
There's nothing that maketh,
What we deems his vitals,
The face so transcendent
As patient through trials,
It makes the heart better,
And this is a test of it,
That patience brings faith
When we're making the best of it.
—Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

IN A DENSE FOG.

"Good-evening, Miss Seton!" "Good-evening, Miss Dade," said Hene, hanging her hat on its accustomed peg and divesting herself of a closely-fitting jacket. The first speaker, who had come into the dressing-room with a pail of water in her hand, stood looking at her from under her long, gray hair, and then said with a smile: "You are not now student?" "No," said Hene, indifferently, "I am not on a business-like apron. Yes; and he has taken your place." "Oh, Miss Dade, that is too bad! Why did you let him?" "It was there before I came. Wait till I get some fresh water. I want to see you dialogue him." Hene Seton did not see the force of this last suggestion. She left Miss Dade rinsing her glass and hurried away. There were only four students already in the room when she entered. One of these was a stranger—a young man of five-and-twenty or so, tall, with long dark hair and short dark beard. She saw him as she saw that he had placed his easel exactly where her marks chalked on the floor showed that hers should stand, and that he was already embarked in a drawing on the very easel on which she was present engaged. She fetched from a corner an easel bearing the initials H. S., and without hesitation came up behind him to say: "I beg your pardon, but I am afraid must ask you to move." He neither turned his head nor made any reply. At this Miss Seton looked embarrassed, for Miss Dade and the three other students were watching the proceeding. However, she tried again a little louder. "Excuse me, but this is my place." She had moved a little forward, and now he raised his head and showed a pair of rather sad-looking eyes, under eyebrows drawn together more by habit than by nature. He looked from her to the easel, and colored deeply. "Did you speak to me?" he asked. "I beg your pardon! Oh! I see. This is where you sit," and he rose hastily. "Perhaps," she began, looking with compunction at his sketch. "If you were to sit behind me you would have nearly the same view." Again he colored, and as soon as he had moved his belongings out of the way, said, in a low voice: "I have the misfortune to be perfectly deaf." "Oh! I am so sorry," she said, involuntarily; and then, recollecting that the words were wasted, gave him a half-confused but pitying glance, and then set herself to her work. She was a daily governess, but had so much talent for drawing that she felt sure, with a certain amount of instruction, she could make a better income by giving drawing lessons and selling her paintings than she could succeed in doing at present; therefore she attended these evening classes at an art school and was the most diligent of students. First one and then another came in, until about twenty were at work in the room. There was much talking in an undertone, and, as a general rule, very little work. Then the master entered and went round from one to another with words of correction and advice. His deep, subdued voice caused the conversation to cease abruptly, for

was already acquainted with his peculiar absence. He took the piece of drawing and, looking from the young man's hands, made a few alterations; then he looked at Hene and said: "Mr. Chapman, I wish you would look after this student, Mr. Reid, and give him a little assistance when you can. My hands are full for me to spend long over him. He is deaf, you see." "Certainly, sir," said Mr. Chapman, a slight, smooth-shaven fellow, whose on the strength of superior talent, took the position of a kind of pupil-teacher. The master being gone, Mr. Chapman came up behind Hene Seton. "Very well indeed," he said, in a tone of commendation. "You will do, Miss Seton, if you go on as fast as this. Allow me to sit down, and I think I can improve this. Your crayon—thanks." Hene watched him touching on her drawing in silence, her golden-brown eyes a little troubled, and her hand nervously playing with her apron. She had known of late that Mark Chapman singled her out and bestowed upon her only a double quantity of his unwelcome assistance. In handing her back her pencil he would contrive to touch her hand, or in taking it would absently take her fingers as well. Or he would draw her by the arm to a better position for viewing his improving touches on the work. The next night the deaf student, Gordon Reid, was there again—in short, he was as regular in his attendance as Hene herself. Mark Chapman had taken a dislike to him, which was fully returned, and used to amuse himself and certain of the most maliciously-disposed by the way in which he assisted him. "Look here, you great duffer!" he would say, showing Reid his meaning with the pencil; "you are giving Venus a biceps that would do honor to a gladiator! Too tall! Because you're about three yards long, you need not make her the same! What do you come here for? You'll never draw it, you live to a hundred!" On one occasion, after some such speech, Reid saw the smile that went round at his expense. He turned white with anger, and was about to speak when he saw Hene Seton had turned and was confronting Mark Chapman with flashing eyes. "If Mr. Chapman is so unmanly, as to turn another's trouble into ridicule, I should have thought you others would have enough good feeling to take no notice!" she said, indignantly. She went on with her work the next minute, half ashamed of having spoken out so plainly. One or two of the others put in a word or two of approval, and Chapman thought fit to leave early. When Hene was putting together her pencils and drawing for departure she found Gordon Reid at her side. "Thank you, Miss Seton," he said, his dark eyes bent on her face with an expression that made her cheeks burn; "I would give a great deal to know what you said. My loss never seems so great before." It was useless to speak. She could but give him a glance for reply, but what words could have said more than those wet lashes? But that was the beginning of an acquaintance, the growth of which the young governess was too independent and unconvinced to check. Almost every evening she found him near her for a few minutes in the intervals of work. He told her how he was situated—that he had, through the loss of hearing, been compelled to relinquish the post he held of secretary to a public company; and that the only career in which this loss would be no impediment to success seemed to be that of an artist, he was now devoting all his time to the study of drawing. Heartened by this, she learned how disheartened he was at the comparison of his work with that of the other students; and being herself no mean artist, would strive to encourage, and even to help him, as far as she could. But an evening arrived before very long when Hene's first look round failed to show her the figure of her friend. He was not there, that was plain, and did not appear at all that evening. Hene left with a dull sense of something wanting, and feeling more tired than usual. She had an uneasy conviction, too, that some one was following her at a distance; and when she turned round at her own door to look back, she undoubtedly saw a dark figure vanish round the corner of the street. On the next night he was again absent, and again she felt sure she was followed. She was used to going here and there alone, but yet, once convinced that her fancy was correct, she grew rather nervous, and almost shrank from the solitary walk home. But after four or five times the dark figure came no more. In these days Hene discovered how strong a hold her pity for poor Gordon Reid had taken upon her. He was seldom out of her mind; and she sometimes indulged herself by imagining every painful thing that could have hap-

pened to him to account for his unexplained absence. "It was more than a month that I had not seen him, when one night I went to the room where she worked, as usual, she became a white as paper, her figure seated before her easel, and she was looking back toward her. As she saw me she started and arrived. "What are you doing?" she asked, with her own agitation—even she could not have cried for joy. However, she quickly recovered her composure and stepped forward upon a pause a little distance behind his chair. Looking with critical eyes at his drawing, she sighed heavily. "Poor fellow!" she said, softly, "he will never be an artist! Oh, Gordon! how I wish I could help you! What wouldn't I do for you?" She passed him to go to her place, and then catching his eye, turned back to laugh and nod her "Good-evening." His face wore an unusual expression, one whose meaning she could not fathom, as he replied. Presently Miss Dade came in and sauntered to her side. "How bright you look to-night, Miss Seton! One would think that it was because your protegee has come back," she said, with a smile that turned the corners of her lips in a downward direction. "You have looked so pale and severe lately!" "Have I? I did not know." "You have been so solemn that your devoted cavalier, Mr. Chapman, has forsaken you for Miss Johnson;" and Miss Dade put her head on one side and looked meditatively at Hene's loose, waving masses of dark hair. "That is a comfort!" said Hene, laughing. "I hope Miss Johnson likes him." Miss Dade strolled to her own corner on the opposite side of the room. As soon as she was gone came a voice from behind—that of Gordon Reid. "Miss Seton!" She turned round an attentive face. "I am going to give it up—the drawing, I hate it!" Her eyes expressed her astonishment. "You are surprised; but can you wonder?" he went on. "I see you, a mere girl—years younger than I—do what I cannot! You study in the evening only; while my working day and night leaves me far below you. I do not believe I should ever be far enough advanced even to give lessons!" Hene raised her eyebrows with a look of surprise and dismay. "I shall come for a few more times, just to finish this, and that will be the end of my artistic efforts." He looked so very cheerful over it that she felt half angry. It seemed she had been wasting her compassion. And how easily he could give up this pleasant intercourse, that had been to her at least so very sweet! She turned back hastily to her work, so that he might not see her disappointment, and all was again silent. When the two hours were over, and she emerged into the gaslit street, she found him just outside the door. "May I see you home, Miss Seton?" "This is so foggy for you to walk alone!" A moment's hesitation, and she had given a sign of assent. They walked for some little distance in silence; but when they turned out to a quiet square, Gordon Reid spoke: "I have to beg your pardon, Miss Seton, for a little piece of deception, I can hear perfectly well!" Hene drew back from him with a low exclamation. "I was afraid you would be a little hurt; but I could not resist the temptation. It was so—" She interrupted him with a gesture of disgust. "You can hear? You have never been deaf?" "Great Heavens! yes. Don't misjudge me to that extent. But I have undergone an operation since I saw you last, and thank heaven! I feel that I am a man again." "But to-night—you let me stand beside you, and say—'Oh!'" and her cheek burned with the recollection. "Leave me! No, I will not listen! You need come no further; and she hurried on at a swift pace. However, he was beside her with a few quick strides. "You must—you shall hear me!" he said, his voice low and determined. "I will not!" and she still hurried on. "I tell you you shall!" he exclaimed angrily, and laid his hand firmly on her arm. She tore it away, and before he was aware of her intention was speeding down a side street. Again he overtook her, and this time he caught her hand, and held it in a grasp from which she could not free it. "Miss Seton—Hene," he said, passionately, "what has come over you? Are you mad?" "Let me go," she panted. "This is unmanly. Loose my hand or I will call for help!" "Call then; what do I care! Miss Seton, if you will not listen to me now, you will never see me again. I am free. If you care for

me, I'll trouble you toward!" she returned, indignantly. "You think you can frighten me into hearing you." She walked swiftly and firmly away; but in two minutes he was, once more by her side. "I was wrong," he said, hurriedly. "I had no right to speak to you like that. Stop! You will lose yourself in this fog. Look round you. Do you know where you are?" A quick glance from one side to the other was enough to show her that the street was unfamiliar. In her haste she had not looked to see where she was going, and the fog had increased so fast that it was impossible to see any distance. She stood still. "You cannot call a cab, for there are none near," said Reid, more calmly. "You must either trust to me or try to find your way back with me following, for I dare not leave you wandering by yourself." "I have no doubt I can find my way," she said, coldly. "As you like. If you cannot trust me pray lead on." Hene took a few steps and then turned toward him. "I give it up. I have not the faintest idea where we are." A silence ensued, which he was the first to break. "I know I lost my temper just now, Miss Seton. My only excuse is that I was so cruelly disappointed. You were always so good to me—so gentle and sympathetic when I was deprived of half the enjoyment of life—that I was foolish enough to fancy you would rejoice with me, too. Instead of that, you have taken away the greater part of the pleasure I felt; My first thought, when I heard that cure was possible, was that I should be able to hear your voice. May I go on?" "I have no choice but to listen," said Hene, coldly. "You are very severe, but perhaps I deserve it. I will say no more." There was another pause, and then he said: "This is not the first time I have had the pleasure of escorting you home." "I do not understand you." "For the first few nights after I left off attending the art school I saw you safely to your door. Afterward I could not." "Why did you leave off attending?" "Do you want to know?" "Yes." "Because I felt that I could not stay near you without trying to win your love; and that would not have been fair to you." Hene stole a look at him. He was evidently agitated. "I beg your pardon," she said, gently. He instantly stopped, for they were now almost at her door, and took one of her hands again. "It was a hard fight, Hene. You were the first who had taken the trouble to try and talk to me. And tonight I thought I would hear your sweet voice before you knew the truth. I thought you would forgive me. Was I mistaken? I did not come back till I had obtained a post similar to what I held before—till I could ask you something; and now I have offended you." He slowly let go her fingers. They stood there in the dense fog, each waiting for the other to speak. Then with a sudden movement Hene slipped both her hands into his. "Tell me that something," she said. "I should like to hear it."

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A French paper says: "It is a remarkable fact that there are no rats in the islands of the Pacific ocean. Repeated attempts have been made to acclimate the rodents there, as the flesh is much esteemed by the natives as an article of food. But the attempts thus far have failed, as they invariably die of consumption." Among the instruments at a recent scientific meeting was one exhibited by Sir F. Bramwell, employed for ascertaining the velocity of trains and the efficiency of brakes. With this apparatus it was found that a train weighing 125 tons ran five miles five yards after steam was shut off while traveling at a speed of forty-five miles an hour. The line was level and the day perfectly calm. Sensations are transmitted to the brain at a rapidity of about 180 feet per second, or at one-fifth the rate of sound; and this is nearly the same in all individuals. The brain requires one-tenth of a second to transmit its orders to the nerves which regulate its voluntary motion; but this amount varies much in different individuals, and in the same individual at different times, according to the disposition or condition at the time, and is more regular the more sustained the attention. Experiments upon over four hundred individuals of all classes, ages and occupations show how great is the diversity of opinion as to the size of objects seen through the microscope. The object used in the experiments was a common louse magnified to a theoretical size of 4.66 inches. The majority of observers underestimated this value; two estimates were only one inch; seven were over a foot, and one was at least five feet. New students of the microscope usually receive an impression somewhat larger than the real value, and adhere to it for a considerable time. Dr. Mittenberg states that American students are less afflicted with near-sightedness than German students. The affection is developed by sedentary occupations and lack of exercise, women being therefore more liable to contract it than men. It usually appears in childhood, rarely after the twenty-first year. Weak glasses of slight blue tint should be worn early to stay its progress, as blindness often follows neglect of treatment. In his paper on this subject Dr. M. tells of a fine horse in Berlin which became intractable and was found to be suffering from near-sightedness, but was as docile as ever after a pair of glasses had been fitted to its eyes.

HEALTH HINTS.

Eat lightly at supper, retire early and eat a hearty breakfast, if you would keep a clean tongue and a good appetite.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

To remove warts, cover them with baking soda, wet with water and tie them up; a few applications will remove them. I have tried it.—*Cottage Hearth.*

For a tight, hoarse cough, where phlegm is not raised, or with difficulty, take hot water often—as hot as can be sipped. This will give immediate and permanent relief. Don't fail to try this remedy because it is simple.

Dr. Denker, of St. Petersburg, treats diptheria by first giving the patient a laxative, and when its operation has ceased he gives cold drinks acidulated with hydrochloric acid and a gargle of lime-water and hot milk in equal parts every two hours. His method has been very successful.

Careful cooking of even the longest used and best known kinds of food, whether animal or vegetable, is the important rule to insure health and strength from the table. No matter what the quality of the food to begin with may be, a bad cook will invariably incur heavy doctors' bills and a not less considerable "little account" at the druggist's.

Treatment of Frozen Persons.

Medical men have always differed as to whether the best medical treatment of frozen persons was by a gradual or a rapid application of heat. "To settle the matter," says *Knowledge*, "Lapchinski has made a series of very careful experiments upon dogs, with the following results: Of twenty animals treated by the method of gradual resuscitation in a cold room, fourteen perished; of twenty placed at once in a warm apartment, eight died; while of twenty immediately put into a hot bath, all recovered." The experiments will probably influence the practice of medical men in Russia and Northern Europe, where the question of the best means of restoring life in persons suffering from excessive cold is of frequent occurrence every winter.

Anglers predict that in a very few years the trout will all disappear from the valley streams of Montana, owing to the immense numbers carried out into irrigating ditches and into the fields.

Paris scientists have succeeded in inoculating a male with snailpox. It is a wonder the male didn't kick

SELECT SIFTINGS.

It is stated that the aurora borealis was first observed in England in 1716 and in this country in 1719.

A strange bird has been captured in Williamson county, Tenn. It is of a navy blue color, with snow white beak. It has huge claws, measuring nearly six inches in length. It has a perfect antipathy to the human eye, a sight of which arouses all the anger of its ferocious nature. It flies with great rapidity.

A Reno, (Nev.) Chinaman, while fishing in the Truckee river recently, caught something that astonished all who see it. The something had wings, fins and legs, and flies, swims or walks with equal facility. The wings are like those of a flying-fish, otherwise it resembles a lizard, except that the head is more pointed.

A California blacksmith was paring down the hoofs of an old family nag, which had grown very long, leaving hollow grooves beneath their outer rims. On cutting away this hollow shell six young living mice were found stowed away in the covered cavity. How they got there is more of a problem than how the apple got into the dumpling or the chicken into the egg.

The Australian dog never barks; indeed Gardiner, in his "Music of Nature," states that dogs in a state of nature never bark; they simply whine, howl and growl; the explosive noise is only heard among those who are domesticated. Sonnini speaks of the shepherd dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty, and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America to have lost their propensity for barking.

Rats in the Nevada mines are never killed. If they were their corpses would poison the air; they eat up remains of food thrown away by the miners, and they can feel the trembling of the ground, which predicts a cave-in, before the miners themselves perceive it, and by scampering away give warning of the catastrophe. Rats going into a new drift or "cross-out" are deemed a good omen, and an old miner would sooner kill a new one than have a new one kill a rat.

Tchernichevski.

For fifteen years Tchernichevski, the author of the celebrated novel, "What to Do," and one of the most remarkable of Russian socialistic writers, has been interred in a little town of Siberia. A Russian review published in Geneva contains an interesting communication relative to the illustrious victim of proscription, for whose liberation liberal Russia has so long pleaded in vain. Though the Russian patriot Tchernichevski is not dead, as has been more than once reported, he is dead to society. He still lives in the remotest portion of Siberia, that icy country which has witnessed the death of so many illustrious condemned. Tchernichevski is interred at Kalmuk; he is alone, separated by the gigantic barriers of snow and ice of Yakoutska from everybody that can understand him. The little town to which he is consigned counts but a few hundred inhabitants; the literary society of the vicinity is composed of two or three officials. As there are no available lodgings in the place, the exile lives in a single room in the guard-house, where he can be most conveniently subjected to a very rigorous surveillance. During the day he is allowed to walk the streets, but must present himself every evening before his guardians. The labors of science which might distract and occupy his mind are almost impossible, for he has no books; he is forbidden to read newspapers or literary publications. One day he tried to send an article to a Russian journal, but the governor confiscated the package. Tchernichevski, nevertheless, writes occasionally, but tears up and burns all his productions. There is something mysterious about this method of procedure. The poor exile has a little garden which he cultivates himself; he gives it much attention and carefully watches the growth of his plants; he has drained the soil of his garden, which is marshy. He lives by the products which he raises and eats only vegetables; he lives so plainly that in the entire year he does not expend the sum of one hundred and twenty rubles allowed by the Russian government; his savings are deposited with the police commissioner. The health of the exile is bad; he has grown old and bent. In the little town where he is interred the people revere him and consider him as a saint—not, of course, because of his literary genius or scientific knowledge, of which these poor people have probably never heard; but the wisdom, goodness and charity of this man, whose life is absolutely pure and who bears his burden with such touching resignation, inspire in all a sentiment of the profoundest pity.—*Liberty.*

It is estimated that 2,500,000 watches and 4,000,000 clocks are manufactured yearly in the various parts of the world.