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**The Rose Valentine.**  
A Rose was picked in love's sweet garden,  
Blowing sweetly from the blue sky,  
Not with the light breeze,  
Nor with the blue white,  
She loved a gay and splendid butterfly.  
And who should know, if roses do not know,  
Cupid's own fate-day and his mystic sign?  
So to the Nightingale,  
She told her sighing tale,  
And bade him sing her love's valentine:  
"Oh, angel Rose, Oh, wondrous flower with wings,  
Whose golden petals roam the warm sweet air,  
Here on my constant tree  
I blush and wait for thee,  
Thou who art so divinely free and fair.  
"So free to come and go, while I must watch  
For happy visits, all too short and rare,  
Dreaming, in waiting bliss,  
Of thy last tender kiss,  
While thou art straying amid blossoms fair.  
"But in my Rose heart thou alone art king,  
My bright-winged love, fairer than all fair things!  
By me take root, I pray;  
Or, if thou fly away,  
Let me go with thee: give thy Rose, love,  
Wings."  
—Mary A. Barr.

## UNCLE ISRAEL'S MONEY.

"The truth is," said Mrs. Creamer, "I have really but one resource."  
Both her daughters looked up expectantly, two fairly bred and very pretty girls, one the younger, with singularly sincere and beautiful gray eyes, and Mrs. Creamer concluded her remarks:  
"And that is my Uncle Israel!"  
"Who, in the world is that, mamma?" asked Arabella, who was black-eyed and a little arrogant-looking.  
"My Uncle Israel Stopford, of Hoggville."  
"Horrible!"  
"But he is rich, my dear; at least we have always supposed so. And Hoggville is really a very pretty place, in spite of its name. We must go there on a visit and perhaps he will do something for us."  
Arabella looked up; her sister Mildred looked down. Mildred's white hands were occupied with a bit of sewing; Arabella's, covered with jewels, were tucked idly on her silken lap.  
"He ought, I am sure," continued Mrs. Creamer. "He was my father's own brother; and when father died he educated my sister for teaching, and set my brother up in business, while he never did anything for me."  
"But you said you married as soon your father died, mamma," said Mildred.  
"So I did," assented the elder lady. Mildred silently continued sewing.  
"My brother and sister had not a cent of money, and perhaps you can find her a rich husband. I will do without a husband for the present, unless he finds me here."  
"You'll be an old maid," warned Bell.  
"Then I'll be as nice a one as ever I can."  
Mrs. Creamer was rather glad of Mildred's choice. It lessened her cares and expenses.  
"At least, it's the best we can do for the present," she said. "I hear there is a party of very nice people at the Springs, and if I should be so fortunate as to find a good match for Bell this summer, I'll take you in hand. You're younger, you know."  
But Mildred was not listening. She was already looking about her new domain with the eye of a mistress.  
Mrs. Creamer and Arabella set forth, commencing a kind of homed existence for the summer; and Mildred, to Uncle Israel's secret satisfaction, became housekeeper at the homestead.  
The house was well furnished with what was serviceable and good, and Mildred's tasteful hands daily drew from it unexpected possibilities.  
Old vases came out of hidden nooks and were filled with flowers; old carpets came up, the floors were stained and polished, and bright druggets put down; and when Mildred had been at work a few weeks the rather forlorn kitchen shone like a rising star.  
Old Judy's instructions were such as she had never had before.  
"You are expecting company to supper, Miss Mildred?" she asked, one day, when the young lady, having finished the most delicious of macaroons, insisted upon having the loaf cake frosted.  
"Yes, Uncle Israel will be here," answered Mildred, with a smile.  
"It did her good to see how pleased Uncle Israel was at having everything nice."  
Without disturbing his habitual serenity, she had worked all her changes so that the transformation had the effect of magic.  
He said little, but she knew that he relished the dainty cookery, liked the flowers on his reading-table and by his plate, and enjoyed the freshness and brightness.  
His strength seemed restored and she found him a delightful companion and the kindest of guardians.  
"Do you know how to do every-

thing?" he asked, one day when, having varnished the dining-room chairs, completed a set of shirts, assorted a chest of magazines and baked a turkey to perfection, she found for him a missing volume on floriculture.  
"No, sir—I don't know how to make butter."  
"And would you like to learn?"  
"I would, I think."  
Her answer seemed to afford Uncle Israel particular glee. He laughed softly a long time, rubbing his hands.  
"Well, well, well! Old Judy shall show you. We will have a dairy. I should like nothing better. I will buy the two nice Jerseys Mr. Jones offered me last week. But I am very particular about my butter. That is the reason I seldom eat any bought by the grocer. Do you think you can suit me?"  
"I will try. But I have a condition to propose, sir."  
"What is that?"  
"That I may be allowed to sell butter enough, after your table is supplied, to provide me with pocket money."  
"Bless me, child! don't you use the money in your workbasket?"  
"For every week since her installment at the homestead, Mildred had found a crisp greenback laid among her spoils of cotton, as the little basket sat upon the sitting-room table.  
"No, sir; I have used it for things about the house. I don't want you to give me money for my fall things. I prefer to earn them."  
"What an independent little woman it is! But do as you like, my dear—just as you like."  
So Mildred had her own way, and bought her a new dress, and framed her blooming face in the prettiest of winter bonnets.  
The Rev. Mr. Delorme had returned from the Northern trip which had kept him absent from home all the summer. He was very wise, Mildred had heard; she thought he would be very old. But he was barely thirty-two, with the most wonderful of faces she had ever seen, she thought—so loftily handsome, so luminous with thought.  
"How do you like him, my dear?" asked Uncle Israel, as they walked home from church.  
"I think he is beautiful! I never saw such a man."  
"Nor I," said Uncle Israel. "He is coming to take tea with us," he added, after awhile.  
Mildred congratulated herself that the cake and macaroons were quite perfect; and then her thoughts strayed to her mamma's last letter.  
"My dear," wrote Mrs. Creamer, "I have at last selected a suitable part for Bell. He is a minister belonging to one of the first families in New York, a perfect gentleman, and very engaging. He is wealthy, but gives away nearly all his income. I think a wife's influence might alter that. Bell don't quite like the idea of his being a minister, but allows that his manners are lovely, and has been really impressed by his beautiful conversation. He would improve her temper very much, I think, if I could bring it about. He has been at the Springs this summer, but has a call to New York, and we shall meet him there this winter. I really don't know where he is now, as he left the Springs unexpectedly yesterday; but I have engaged him for a correspondence and shall hear from him soon."  
As he had promised, Mr. Delorme came to tea, and when Mildred had become a little acquainted, she learned that he had been at the Springs; so she naturally asked him regarding the gentleman engaged in the ministry, who sister Bell during the summer. But Mr. Delorme appeared unable to give her the desired information.  
He ate her macaroons, smelled her flowers, praised her butter, and so evidently found her acquaintance a pleasure that a responsive happiness made quiet Mildred quite irresistible.  
Uncle Israel appeared pleased by the young people's mutual satisfaction, and left them to chat over their favorite poetry while he mused by the open fire.  
It was late in the evening before Mr. Delorme went to his boarding-place, and Mildred went up to her chamber with throbbing pulses and rosy cheeks.  
"I hope Bell's minister is half as nice," was her last sigh upon her pillow.  
It was fated, I think, that Mildred and Mr. Delorme should fall in love with each other, as of course they did. But Mildred made bread and butter, and kept her plants blooming just the same, and Mr. Delorme was very busy among his parishioners, who loved him very much, but whom he was soon to leave.  
Uncle Israel came into the kitchen, one day, after the churning.  
"This is my favorite milking pan," he said, having taken up one, and weighed it thoughtfully between his hands, and seeming to consider its capacity he walked away with it.  
It was an odd thing to do, but Mildred did not notice it. She was thinking of something else. She beat and salted her butter, with a smile, and stamped it with a song upon her lips.

Mr. Delorme had asked the momentous question, and she had given the happy answer. All this had happened the previous evening, and the world seemed all brightness to Mildred.  
Spring came again. Uncle Israel took a sudden cold in the east wind. A sharp attack of pneumonia followed. In spite of the tender care of the two who loved him best, and the utmost efforts of the physician, he sank rapidly. In the last hours he took Mildred's hands.  
"Dear child," he said, "I think that you have found that the nearest path was the path of duty. I am glad that it has proved so happy a one for my beloved girl. Arthur!"  
Mr. Delorme lifted him, but his distress was too great to allow of more words. As it abated he passed away.  
Mrs. Creamer and Bell were summoned. They would not come until after the funeral and reading of the will.  
"To my dearly-beloved friend and spiritual adviser, Arthur Delorme, my house; to my niece Mildred, all that it contains, and I recommend to her special attention my favorite milk-pan."  
Mrs. Creamer came.  
"The man was crazy!" she cried. "Whoever heard of anything so absurd?"  
"And he's left you nothing but a lot of old-fashioned furniture, Mil!" said Bell. "Wonderfully rich man, he was!"  
"Where is the milkpan?" asked Mrs. Creamer.  
They looked in all suitable places for the milkpan, but it was not to be found. Then they looked in the library and under the beds.  
At length Mildred raised the cover of an old chest in Uncle Israel's chamber. There stood the milkpan in the bottom of the empty chest, filled with money.  
"Hundreds and thousands of dollars!" screamed Mrs. Creamer.  
"I don't dare to tell you how many, but they were all Mildred's."  
Then Mr. Delorme came in and was presented as Mildred's affianced. Bell and her mother turned all colors. The plans of women as well as mice and men were "all agley;" but they preserved a discreet silence for awhile.  
But at the wedding Bell said:  
"He was the one, you know, Mil, though I can't say he ever gave me any reason to suppose— It was all mother's work. And he's too nice for me. I don't like such mild-mannered men. Tom Buckingham has twice as much dash now."  
And Tom Buckingham soon dashed off with Arabella.  
As for Mildred, she happily married her heart's choice and removed to New York, where the Rev. Arthur Delorme is to-day a useful, respected and beloved friend of his people; but every summer they come for rest and refreshment to Hoggville, and the old milk-pan is stored among their treasures.

**Rats and Cats and Puppies for Pies.**  
In Canton, writes a traveling minister, we visited a restaurant where cats, rats and dogs were served for food. Dog steak, fried rat or cat stew were to be had at any hour. It had been often denied, and many affirm that it is only one of the old Peter Parley's stories, that the Chinese eat these things. But it is true. We saw whole puppy stewing in a large kettle. We saw a table full of men satisfying their hunger with dog meat, and they ate with a hearty relish. We saw cats and pups in cages for sale, and rats hung up waiting for purchasers. The dishes looked savory, and the price of a meal was "dog-cheap;" but we did not indulge in any "bow-wow" soup, or feline steak, or rodent pot-pie. We weren't hungry just then. The Celestials will tell you "rat number one good eat," and show you rats skinned, rats salted, rats dried, rats hung up by the tails, and rats strung on strings. If you doubt the genuineness of the article the proprietor will show you the meat with the hair and tail attached for identification. Cat meat is said to be a fine tonic, and rat is good for bald-headed men. Puppies and kittens are generally preferred; old dogs and tom cats are apt to be rather tough. Black cats are supposed to be more nutritious than white ones, hence the following advertisement seen in the shop window: "Black cats served hot at all hours, also snakes, rats and dogs."  
**A Rose That is All the Rage.**  
The "Nancy Lee" rose is taking us by storm. In color deep pink—of that shade seen in sticks of wintergreen candy—a silvery bloom upon it, of fair size and exquisite fragrance. Samuel Parsons, in his late work upon the rose, traces the Nancy-Lee. He says it is "moderate or dwarf and not vigorous," while Peter Henderson, who is authority upon flower-growing, pronounces the Nancy Lee as "flowering as freely as the tea varieties." This charming rose has not as yet been thrown upon the market, as only a few plants are yet in possession of our plantmen.—*New York Commercial.*  
Gladstone has \$25,000 salary; the expense of royalty to the English people is \$5,000,000 a year.

## SELECT SIFTINGS.

In olden times lord mayors were not allowed to go more than five miles from London.  
The albatross—the great sea-bird of the Southern ocean and North Pacific—seldom, if ever, flops his wings in flying.  
In the South Kensington museum at London is a small watch about 100 years old, representing an apple, the golden case ornamented with grains of pearl.  
An old law in Holland condemned criminals to be wholly deprived of salt as the severest punishment in that moist country. The effect was that they were a prey to internal parasites.  
It is stated that a short time ago while getting out stone in his quarry a mile south of Kokomo, Ind., a man split a massive slab and found imbedded in the solid rock a lizard of a light color, alive and active.  
An enormous crab has lately come into the possession of the British museum. Its habitat is Japan. It measures ten feet between the tips of the claws, but has a comparatively small body of a triangular shape. The claws, including the pinchers, are six feet in length.  
There is a colored girl in Holmes county, Miss., who is half white and half black. Her nose, ears, eyes and parts of the chin are white and the rest of her face black. Her hands are small and shapely, like those of a white woman. The girl is twelve years old, and it is said the white is spreading. Her mother, a pure negro, has four other children, all of whom are black.  
Haroun al Raschid, the principal hero of "The Arabian Nights Entertainments," sent to Charlemagne, in the eighth century, a water-clock, in the dial of which a door opened at each hour, and when at noon the twelve doors were thrown open, as many knights on horseback issued out, paraded, round the dial, and then, returning, shut themselves in again.  
Among some of the tribes in Africa, if two babies come to a family at the same time they think it a dreadful thing. Nobody except the family can go into the hut where they were born, nor even use any of the things in it. The twins cannot play with other children and the mother cannot talk to any one outside of the family. This is kept up for six years. If the babies live to be six years old, the restrictions are removed and they are treated like other children.  
There is a curious clock in Japan. This clock, in a frame three feet high and five feet long, represented a noon landscape of great loveliness. In the foreground were plum and cherry trees in full bloom, in the rear a hill gradual in descent, from which flowed a cascade admirably imitated in crystal. From this plant a thread-like stream glided along, encircling in its windings rocks and tiny islands, but presently losing itself in a far-off stretch of woodland. In the sky turned a golden sun, indicating as it passed the striking hours, which were all marked upon the frame below, where a slowly-creeping tortoise served as a hand. A bird of exquisite plumage, resting by its wings, proclaimed the expiration of each hour. When the song ceased a mouse sprang from a grotto near by, and, running over the hill, hastily disappeared.  
**WISE WORDS.**  
By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior.  
Riches are given to make life pass comfortably; but life is not given only to mass riches.  
Each man is a hero and an oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says has an enhanced value.  
The discovery of what is true and the practice of what is good are the two most important objects of life.  
To-morrow's fate though thou be wise, Thou canst not tell nor yet surmise; Pass, therefore, not to-day in vain, For it will never come again.  
He who is false to present duty breaks a law in the hour, and will find the law when they have forgotten the cause.  
Power, in its quality and degree, is the measure of manhood. Scholarship, save by accident, is never the measure of a man's power.  
A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured.  
If you want to gain a reputation for eccentricity, and to be universally dreaded, if not hated, blurt out the plain truth on all occasions.  
Adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself, particularly, being free from flatterers.  
When fate has allowed to any man more than one great gift, accident or necessity seems usually to contrive that one shall incubate and impede the other.  
In every man's cup, how bitter so ever, there are some cordial drops, some good circumstances, and which, if wisely extracted, are sufficient to make him contented, and, if not happy, at least resigned.

## Manitoba.

Oh, neighbors, neighbors, rouse you! Quick! My hearth is empty and forlorn,  
My heart is empty, faint and sick,  
For John came dragging home at morn  
Two frozen limbs, and oh! and oh!  
My boy left buried in the snow!  
Nay, blame not John. The day was wild  
With driving snow that drowned his face.  
The hidden sleigh now holds my child,  
The horse stands frozen in the place.  
Come, neighbors, quick! Be not so slow.  
My boy lies buried in the snow.  
The snow is frozen; follow me!  
Lakeside this gleaming sea of snow,  
And far across the frozen sea  
The mound where he is lying low.  
Oh, like to gold his hair; his eyes  
Were bits of yonder bluest skies.  
I clad my boy as best I had.  
The sleigh sped racing toward the mill,  
My boy! my poor, lost farmer lad!  
Oh, that I had you with me still!  
Why, I would give these snowy lands  
To knit two mittens for his hands.  
But, neighbors, neighbors, here! Behold!  
This mound of snow, this broken place!  
A sweet face in a sheen of gold!  
Two blue eyes laughing in my face!  
My boy, my boy, safe, sound and well,  
Breaks like some chicken from his shell!  
—*Joanquin Miller.*  
**HUMOR OF THE DAY.**  
Always bent on shooting—A bow.  
An international air—The wind.  
Hatters are the people oftener caught napping.  
"Tales for the Marines" are now published sea-rially.  
The dancing master's motto—Beware of the first wrong step.  
Barber—"How will you have your hair cut, sir?" "Man in chair—" "In silence."—*Boston Transcript.*  
He that is in trade is wise all his goods to advertise, for that is the reason why half the people come and buy.  
Nantucket has a girl pilot only seventeen years old.—*Boston Advertiser.*  
And we'll wager that she is familiar with every buoy on the sea.—*Breckinridge News.*  
An editor wrote a headline, "A Horrible Blunder," to go over a railway accident, but thought it was the printer's fault that it got over the account of a wedding.  
As matters are going in this country just now, we think seriously of obtaining pensions for the chairs of our office, as many of them have lost a leg in the service.—*Lowell Citizen.*  
A new club in New York is called "The Groublers." It is supposed to be composed of married men who have to wait five minutes when they go home for dinner.—*Norristown Herald.*  
A peddler may understand eucres and whis, and for handling the cards have a knack; But, pray, do not think him a gambler because.  
He is found at all times with a pack.—*Statesman.*  
At a restaurant. Diner—"Here, waiter, I say, confound it, this game is too much so!" Waiter, blandly—"Beg pardon, sir, but you're mistaken, sir. It's the other gentleman's fish at the next table, sir."—*Quiz.*  
Inexperienced shootist—"Dear me! I made sure I'd killed at least one of those birds, yet see, yonder, away they soar." Keeper—"I don't think they be so, sir, for they don't look as if yew'd wounded of 'em much."—*London Fun.*  
"What idiot has carried off my pen?" exclaimed an Austin lawyer, angrily, during the trial of a case in the district court. "Colonel, you have got it behind your ear," remarked one of the lawyers. "Just where I thought it was."—*Texas Siftings.*  
"You say your wife gets mad and raises a row?" "I should say she did. She makes enough fuss to run a freight-train forty miles an hour." "But if you knew she was in the habit of getting mad, why did you marry her?" "Because if I had held back she would have got madder than ever."  
If a man desires to express himself logically, he must not allow himself to become flurried, as was the case with an Austin man, who was very much annoyed by frequent callers, and who finally exclaimed: "There is no minute in the day that I can have a quiet half hour to myself."—*Siftings.*  
The Iowa Falls Sentinel says: "There is not a single woman on the platform of female suffrage who has a happy family of husband and children—not one." Well, we should say not. When the editor of the Sentinel can explain how either "single women" have happy families of "husband and children," people will be ready to listen to his views on woman suffrage and its measureless horrors.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*  
Next to us through the lines of clumsy verse, the Arkansas man entertains the highest regard for his horse. The other night a gentleman ran in great haste for a doctor, and, gaining audience with the physician, said: "My wife is mighty sick, and my horse, too, is powerful bad off. How much do you charge a visit?" "Two dollars." "Wall, I ain't got but three dollars. Reckon you'd better go and see the horse."—*Arkansas Traveler.*  
Lace pins are worn, not only at the throat, but for drapery fastenings.