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The Pattow Field. The sun owner by and the sun pose dewn; The night must shroudeth the desping fown; But if it be dark or if it be day, If the tempests best of the breezes play, Still here on this upland slope I lie Looking up to the changeful aky,

Naught am I but a fullew field ... Never a drop my acres yield, is. Stately and green the corn blades stand, And I hear at my left the flying feet Of the winds that rustle the bending wheat. Often while yet the morn is red

I list for our master's eager fread.

He smiles at the young corn's towering height. THe knows the wheat is a goodly sight, But he glances not at the fallow field Whose idle across to wealth may yield,

Sometimes the shout of the harvestes The sleeping pulse of my being stirs, And as one in a dream I seem to feel The sweep and the rush of the swingin

Or Weatch the sound of the gay refrain Askney heap their wains with the golder " grain.

'Yet, Oh, my neighbors, be not too proud, Though on every tongue your praise is loud. Gar mother Nature is kind to me, And I am beloved by bird and bee And never a child that passes by But turns upon me a grateful eye.

Over my head the skies are blue : I have my share of the rain and dew; I but the you in the summer sun When the long bright days pass, one by one, And calm as yours is my sweet repose Wrapped in the warmth of the winter snews.

For little our loving mother cares Which the corner the daisy bears, Which is rich with the ripening wheat, Which with the violette breath is sweet, Which is red with the clover bloom, Or which for the wild sweet-forn make room,

Useless under the summer sky Year after year men say I he. Little they know what strength of mine I give to the trailing blackberry vine; Little they know how the wild grape grows, Or how my life-blood flushes the rose.

Little they think of the cups I all For the mosses creeping under the hill; Little they think of the feast I spread Fouthe wild wee creatures that must be fee nirrel and butterfly, bird and bee, And the creeping things that no eye may

Lard of the harvest, Thou dost know How the summers and winters go. Never a ship sails east or west Laden with treasures at my behost, Yet my being thrills to the voice of Goa When I give my gold to the golden-red. -Julia C. R. Dorr, in Harper's Magazine.

# IN THE CREVASSE

The glacier will not be safe today," said the old guide, shaking his head gravely. "There is a yellow mist over the cap of old Heingen Alp, and that means a thaw.'

"Well, and what of that?" asked the younger man, whom I had chosen for my guide. " Neither one day's nor one month's thaw is going to melt the Mer de Glace.

"No," said the old man, "but a thaw cometimes splits the glacier into crevasses. I've seen the Mer de Glace as full of cracks as the bottom of a driedup pond in summer. Many a good fellow has lost his life at the bottom of those chasms." "It's not a crack in the ice, nor a

crack in an old man's brain, that is going to scare Franz Berg," said the young man, laughing. "I've been guide here, boy and man, these fifteen years, and I never heard of even a goat being lost in a crevasse."

"Well, well, have your own way," muttered the old man, "wisdom is learned by experience. Happy for you if you live to profit by it."

I was somewhat disturbed by the old guide's ominous words, but not deterred from my original purpose. had come all the way from Geneva expressly to see the glacier, and it was not the prophesyings of a doting old man that was going to interfere with my object, I had but one day to spare. The weather was beautiful. The sky crowned caps of the mountains sparkled like gigantic prisms in the sun. I, for one, could not see the yel-

done, to a megrim of his old brain. Our preparations, consisting of high boots, shod with spikes, steel-tipped staves and a wicker flask of spirits spiece, were soon complete. We set out at 10 ir the forenoon, and by 12 ice river which we proposed to cross,

gigantic river, perhaps two miles and still the awful chasm yawned bemasses of rock, weighing tons, de- noticed at our point of departure. nched from some gerge far up the

inpassable cliffs. the ice; the sides, smooth as glass white face. nd of a deep lustrous green, descendig sheer into impenetrable darkness. holding up his spirit-flask. "I dropped over me; then I knew no more.

and only the ment ordinary care was necessary to avoid it.

We scrambled down upon the fee and Began to make our way cautiously acresa it. Owing to various obstrucspots in the ice, our progress was very slow. After an hour of hard work we had not accomplished one-half of the distance. I sat down upon a

A change had already taken place in by a dense, leaden-colored mist, and the valley of the glacier itself seemed to be choked with masses of whirling vapor. My outside garments were "We can de no more. Let us meet wet, and all around us the ice kept up death as bravely as we can." a cold and benumbing steam.

As I sat in a far from comfortable frame of body and mind, I was startled led you to your death." by a far-off, dull, booming sound, the echoes of which seemed to be repeated

interminably among the hills.
"What was that?" I asked the guide.

"Most likely an avalanche on the "You are a bra Heilgen Alp," he replied. "They are grasping my hand. always falling there-

He was interrupted by a repetition of the sound, much nearer to us, accompanied by a tremendous shock that seemed to shake the ice beneath us. I with my hand. Meantime the grindleeked at him inquiringly, and observed that he was slightly pale.

"A crevasse," he said, answering my look with an air of unconcern that I could see was not wholly real. "When the ice parts it makes a noise like a looks of this fog."
We arose and resumed our journey,

the guide directing our course by occasional glimpses of the Alps through the wreaths of fog which every moment became more dense. We had not preceded twenty steps, however, when the guide suddenly paused and mo-tiened me back. At that instant there came another report, so loud and sharp that I was absolutely stunned, and right in front of us a long, jagged line to appeared in the ice, widening rapidly, until two sheer walls faced each other more than ten feet apart. Though the chasm lay directly in

our way, to cross it was out of the question. The guide turned quickly to the right, and we followed the brink of the crevasse, hoping to find a point where it ended or was narrow enough to spring over. The fog had now become so dense that we could not see a dozen steps before us, and we were forced to move at a snail's pace in order to avoid falling into some unseen abyss. We had gone on in this way perhaps five minutes, when there came another report, followed by a series of weaker shocks. The guide and I paused and looked around us.

The situation had become, to say the least, embarrassing. During a momentary lift of the fog we saw all around us a perfect network of cracks, intersecting one another at every angle. Then, as the vapor closed in again, we could hear on every side tremendous crashings and grindings, as the huge masses of ice approached or receded from each other.

What to do now was a serious question. To proceed a single yard might be to precipitate ourselves to the bottom of some frightful chasm, and to remain where we were might be merely waiting until the ice should open beneath our feet and engulf us. But we were speedily forced to a conclusion. While we stood a few feet apart anxiously discussing our position, there was another shock, and I was blinded by a shower of small par-

ticles of ice. When I cleared my eyes I haw that another cleft had opened directly at my feet, between myself werd the guide. It was rapidly widening, and in a few seconds would separate me from my companion. Without hesitation I sprang across it and stood beside him. He looked at me with a

grave face. "We are in great danger," he said,

"Yes," I replied, as quietly as I could, "but we must do our best to was brilliantly blue, and the snow- get out of it. What do you advise?"

"We must not stop here," he said, peering into the fog; "we are evidently in the very center of these crevasses. low mist to which the old man had re- If we could get nearer to either bank ferred, and was greatly inclined to at- we should be safer. I think we had tribute his warning, as my guide had | better follow one of these cracks until we can cross it. We shall have to feel our way, for this fog hides everything.

"Very good," I replied; "lead on and I will keep close behind you."

Crouching almost to our hands and had reached the left bank of the great knees we proceeded slowly onward, keeping the main crevasse, a cleft some I paused a moment awe-struck at twenty feet wide, on our left. For the magnificent spectacle. Imagine a nearly an hour we went on in this way broad, whirling between vast snow- hind us. Indeed, it seemed to me that capped hills, suddenly frozen to a slow, we had not moved at all, and that I moving torrent of ice. Vast heaps of recognized certain peculiarities in our think, and had come to my rescue. snow lay upon it, and here and there surroundings as similar to those I had

quieting notion, I saw the guide stoop Very near us a narrow fissure or and pick up some object from the ice. left ran diagonally across the body | He turned and looked at me with a

"We need go no further," he said,

Such a crevasse as this, the guide said, that an hour ago on the ice beside the was always to be found in the glacier, crevasse."

"In other words," said I, "we have been traveling in a circle for the last

hour.' "Yes, the crevasse is all around us," he replied, with a drooping head. tions, such as heaped up snow, or soft | "We are imprisoned upon an island of

I was silent for a moment, strug-gling with my own dread. "Well," said I, "we must make the best of it cube of rock to rest and look about and wait until the crevasse closes again."

He shook his head sorrowfully. the weather. The sun was obscured " The mass of ice we are standing upon will be more likely to split up and we be sent to the bottom."
"The case is hopeless, then," I said.

"Old Kober was right," he muttered, "He warned me and I have

"Let us not speak of that," I answered. "I do not blame you, Franz. Let us shake hands, then sit down and wait for whatever Providence sees fit to do unto us."

"You are a brave man," he said,

Desiring to prepare myself for what was to come as well as I might, I withdrew a little distance from him, and sitting down covered my eyes ing and crashing went on all about me. The fog had settled down so heavily that it was almost like night.

Suddenly and without warning, there was a roar like a thousand thunder peals, a blinding dash of ice particles, cannon. It is nothing. However, we and I felt as if I had been seized and had better be moving. I don't like the hurled bodily into the air. Then, with Franz's wild cry in my ears, and the sound of a furious wind rushing past me, I seemed to be sinking down, down into unfathomable depths. Then came a violent jar and I knew no more. When consciousness returned I found myself at the bottom of a tremendous gorge, one wall of which receded upward at an angle. It was by sliding

down this incline that I had escaped being dashed to pieces—only to await death in a more lingering and horrible form. The gorge was lighted by a pale-greenish glow from the polished faces of the ice, and far above I could see a narrow streak of outer day.

My shock and fall had aroused a temporary resentment against my cruel fate. I looked around for some means of escape. One wall of the crevasse asolutely leaned over me, and this a cat could not have climbed; the other, as I have already said, sloped upward at a considerable angle, but it was so slippery that I could find no footheld

I had with me nothing but a strong clasp-knife, but with this poor tool I began desperately hacking niches for my hands and feet in the ice. It was slow and painful work. When at the end of four or five hours I found that I had not progressed more than ten yards upward, my heart sickened, I relaxed my hold, and slid, numbed and despairing, to the bottom again.

By this time night had come upon the world above, and in the chasm it was perfectly black. I wrapped my coat about me and lay down in the crevasse, perfectly careless as to the end of it all. Some time toward morning, worn out with fatigue and

excitement, I fell asleep. It must have been late in the day when I awoke. I started to my feet and looked around me. A significant reduced to a mere white line far to form an amphitheatre. above. The walls were approaching each other-the crevasse was closing

the meeting masses of ice.

eye it vacantly as before. Another hour went by; it might have been a moment or an age, so far as my dulled comprehension was concerned. The walls had now approached site one with my outstretched hands. me sharply upon the head. I supposed from the ice-walls above, and paid no carelessly to see whence it came.

so great was the revulsion from de- you three weeks in advance." who it was or how I did not stop to

I seized the rope and hurriedly While I was pendeting this dis- ing a shout to those above, was slowly Eager faces, among which I recognized

My fainting fit lasted only a few moments, but as I opened my eyes and sat up, the crevasse out of which I had been drawn closed together with a terrific crash.

I learned that I had been engulfed alone, and that Franz had been left safe upon a detached block of ice. At early dawn, finding the crevasse closing around and the glacier becoming passable again, he had hastened back to the village and procured ropes and assistance, with the hope that I might still be alive at the bottom of the crevasse. They had trailed the rope along the crevasse, knowing that if I was still alive it would attract my attention. Fortunately for me, the device succeeded, and I was rescued at

the very last moment. If, as they say, we measure time only by our emotions, I should be at a loss to calculate the number of centuries I passed through during that terrible night in the crevasse.

### SELECT SIFTINGS.

An Indian's widow is expected to keep in mourning for twenty moons.

The five good emperors of Rome were Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian and the two Antonines.

In China a lady's distorted footwhich, naked, looks like a hoof, is called a "golden lily."

An English writer attributes the leanness and lankness of Americans to the dryness of the climate.'

The ancient Chinese used hydropathy as a cure for certain diseases, among others chronic rheumatism.

It is predicted that the time will come when Gaelic will cease to be a spoken language, and will share the fate of its sisters, the Manx and

To make a year's supply of matches in this country takes 9,000 cords of wood, and supplies eight bunches for every man, woman and child. The government tax is \$3,600,000 on 400,-

It is stated that paper made from strong fibers—such as linen—can now be compressed into a substance so hard that it cannot be scratched by anything but a diamond. In view of this fact, it is thought that before long a great variety of house furniture will be made of paper instead of

Oswaldus Northingerus is said to have made 1,600 dishes of turned ivory, all perfect and complete in every part, yet so thin and slender that all of them were included at once in a cup turned out of a poppercorn of the common size. They were so small as to be almost invisible to the eye. They were presented to Pope Paul V.

China is ahead on bridges, the largest in the world being her structure at Lagang, over an arm of the China sea. It is five miles long, built entirely of stone, has 300 arches seventy feet high and a roadway seventy feet wide. The parapet is a balustrade, and each of the pillars, which are seventy-five feet apart, supports a pedestal on which is placed a lion, twenty-one feet long, made of one block of marble,

The first Roman amphitheatre was built by Cæsar with the amiable intention of outdoing Pompey, who had built a stone theatre greatly admired by the people. Casar sent immense sams of money from Gaul to his friend, the tribune Curio, who built two change had taken place in the condi- wooden theatres side by side, so that tion of the crevasse. When I had twy audiences could be entertained at fallen into it the chasm had been fully once, and so arranged that at a given twenty feet in width. It was now signal it was possible to swing one theless than six. The cleft of sky was atre about so as to face the other and

In 1578 Mark Scalliot, a blacksmith of London, made "for exhibition and again. In the course of a few hours I trial of skill one lock of iren, steel and should be crushed to pieces between brass, all of which, together with a pipe-key to it, weighed but one grain The thought had now no terror for of gold." He also made a chain of me. Mentally and physically I was gold, consisting of forty-three links, benumbed and callous. I sat down and having fastened to this the beforeupon the bottom of the crevasse, stol- mentioned lock and key, he put the idly watching the slow approach of chain about the neck of a flea, which the opposite wall, until it began to drew them all with case. All these press against my feet; then I'arose to together-lock and key, chain and flea a standing posture and continued to | -weighed only one grain and a balf

# It Walked.

'That butter came from the North,' said the landlady of an Arkansaw so closely that I could touch the oppo- boarding-house; "I don't use the common butter of this country on my At this juncture a small object struck table. All of my butter comes from a distance." "Does it walk?" asked a it to be a fragment of ice detached boarder. "What did you say, sir? "I ask does your butter walk in makattention to it. But the blow was re- ing the journey?" "No, sir," said the peated more violently, and I looked up | lady, with a sad smile; "but I hope that you can walk," and she opened the It was with a sense of absolute pain, door. "Why, madame, I have paid spair to hope, that I saw the end of a makes no difference. No man who knotted rope dangling before me. insults my butter can remain under Some one had discovered my situation, my roof. You flirted with my daughter and abused my husband, and I took it all in good part; but, sir, as you have passed the limit of my endurance, knotted it under my arms, and, utter- leave the place!" "Madame, feeling that I am outnumbered, I'll leave. It and painfully drawn up through the is not in your power to put me out; fast narrowing cleft. A dozen strong and but for the fact that you might arms lifted me out into the sunlight, call your masculine friend there -pointing to the butter-"I'd conthose of Franz and the old guide, bent | test the matter; but, as if is, I surrender. Good-day!"--Arkansaw Traveler.

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Wavelengths of the sounds emitted by a man's voice in ordinary conversation affrom eight feet to twelve feet, and of women's two feet to four feet

Grains of corn which had been exposed to the full vigor of the severest weather in Arctic expeditions have been found to sprout readily when brought back to warmer climates.

Water, saturated with alum, is recommended by the veteran scientist, M. Dumas, as a speedy and effectual remedy for extinguishing fires. His proposition is based on the theory that the alum would coat the objects wetted with it, intercept the access of atmospheric oxygen, and thus stay combus-

The one-hundred-ton Armstrong preech-loader fired its proof-rounds with perfect success at the recent trials at La Spezia, the Italian naval port. The highest charge fired was 776 pounds, with a projectile weighing 2,000 pounds, The muzzle velocity of the shot was 1,834 feet to the second, or a total energy of 46,600

Algeria is beginning to cultivate on a large scale the wax plant. The fruit when gathered is put into a coarse bag, and when plunged into a vessel containing boiling water the wax soon rises to the surface, when it is skimmed off and dried, and subsequently sold as a substitute for beeswax, the chemical composition of which it very closely resembles. The odor of the substance is very agreeable.

Taking the enumeration of the people of France in 1881 as a basis, M. Chervin shows that the increase since 1876 has been only twenty per 1,000, while in England it was 145, and in Germany so high as 574 per 1,000. Other things being equal, Maine and Normandy should give a great in-crease of population, but the fact is that the number of the people is "conspicuously" diminishing.

The strongest and most common of the several kinds of paper made in Japan is manufactured from the bark of a shrub called mitsuma, which grows about a yard in height, blossoms in winter, and thrives on very poor soil. When the stem has reached its full height it is cut off close to the ground, when offshoots spring up, which are again cut as soon as they are large enough.

As to mimicry the giraffe has the most astonishing power of any animal, says Dr. H. W. Mitchell. Inhabiting as it does the forest of Africa, and feeding upon the boughs of trees, its great size makes it a most conspicuous object. Its most dreaded enemies are the stealthy In the regions it me lion and man. frequents are many dead and blasted trunks of trees, and its mimicry is such that the most practiced eye has failed to distinguish a giraffe from a tree trunk or a tree trunk from a giraffe. It has even been said that a lion has looked long and earnestly at a giraffe, in doubt whether it was a tree or not, and then skulked away.

# A Dutch Farm.

An English traveler describes a Dutch farm near Haarlem, and the family working it. He declares that he never saw anything so exquisitely clean, neat, pretty and well arranged; the kitchen and the kitchen stove a perfect picture of polished steel and spotless plaques; all the pails painted a light blue with hoops of silvery brightness; the dairy, a scene of red tiles and gleaming milk-pans, pleasing to every sense; the barn, more like cabinet work than carpentry. The railings of the outdoor staircase to the hay-lefts are handsome enough for any mansion; the ladders are nicely finished; the gates highly ornamental; the fences all elegant and tasteful. There is no litter anywhere; no neglected corners; no ill-kept patches of grass; no waste places overgrown with weeds, and this farm is not a rich man's plaything, but a real farm, worked chiefly by the occupant and his sons and daughters. who derive from it their whole reve-

# An Immense Gold Nugget.

Sam Howard has been a gold miner in California for many years, and has been uniformly unlucky, but fickle fortune has smiled on him at last. A short time ago while sitting on the bank of the Indian river, watching a Chinaman in his employ at work, he saw an immense nugget fall out of the dirt into the cut. As might be expected, for a time it completely unnerved him. It is related that he had the nugget all that day and could hardly decide what to do with it. The piece is flat and would, if squared out, be about four inches square and one and a-half inches thick. It is a little worn by washing and has several pieces of quartz still sticking to one side of it. It weighed 1504 ounces and is valued at \$2,500

An Arizona paper has persuaded itself that the name of that Territory is either Mexican or Indian for "Blessed

"I can't do it," never did anything "I will do it," has worked miracies,

### The Constant Heart.

Sadde songe is out of season When birdes and lovers mate, When soule to soule must paye swets toll And fate be joyned with fate: Sadde songe and wofull thought controle This constant heart of myne, And make news love a treason Unto my Valentine.

How shall my wan lippes utter Their summons to the dedde, Where nowe repeate the promise sweto, So farre my love hath fledd? My onely love! What musicke fleet Shall crosse the walle that barres? To earthe the burthen mutter, Or singe it to the starrs.

Perchance she dwelles a spirite In beautye undestroyed Where brightest starrs are closely sett Farre out beyonde the voyd; If Margaret be risen yet Her looke will hither turne, I knowe that she will heare it

But if no resurrection Unseale her dwellinge low, If one so fayre must bide her there Until the trumpe shall blowe. Nathlesse shall Love outvie Despuire, (Whilst constant heart is myne) And, robbed of her perfection, Be faithfull to her shrine

And all my trowe heart learne.

At this blythe season bending He whispers to the clodde, To the chill grasse where shadowes pame And leaflesse branches nodde: There keepe my watche, and crys-Alas That Love may not forget, That Joye must have swifte ending

And Life be laguard yet !.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

-E. C. Stedman, in the Century.

Il advised-The doctor's patient. Never look a gift mule at the heels. -Hawkeye.

Music, like firewood, is measured by the chord. Never count your chicken before it

is catched .- Picayune. It is a curious thing, but when a

man slips up he always slips down. Young men who want to "see something of the world " think they must stay out nights to do it .- Picayune,

They say you can't freeze a cat, But then you can try the other extreme and make it hot for him.—Lowell Cit-

What's the use of getting up loan exhibitions when the windows of pawnshops are open to all gazers?-Free An inch may be as good as a mile,

but when a lady is purchasing dry goods she would rather have the mile as a general thing .- Puc An old lady with several unmarried

daughters feeds them on fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches.

A boy's tool chest only costs \$2, and if the lad is anyways bright he can saw the legs off of every chair in the house and bore holes through every door in a week's time.

When a lady who has been taking music lessons for the past eight years hangs back and blushes and says she really can't play, don't insist on it. The chances are that she can't .- Free Press.

A correspondent writes: "You want to know what kind of fruit an axletree bears. Why, nuts, of course-one on each end of the tree." some felloe of the Hub would be able to tell us.—Boston Transcript. "Colonel," said a man who wanted

to make out a genealogical tree. "Colonel, how can I become thoroughly acquainted with my family history?" 'Simply by running for office," answered the colonel, -Oil City Derrick. The clergyman in a certain town, as

the custom is, having published the banns of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clerk's reading the hymn beginning with the words: "Mistaken souls, who dream of Heaven."

A Cincinnati crank predicts the destruction of the world this year. He says that a "flaming fire will come to complete the dark picture;" but it is impossible to see how the picture is going to be dark if there is a "flaming fire" at the time. A flaming fire ought to illuminate it considerably.-Norristown Herald.

Five men leaned up against the bar for a nighteap. One drank whisky because the doctor ordered it; two others drank a hot Scotch because they couldn't sleep a wink without it; a fourth drank brandy for the cholera morbus, and the fifth man drank whisky because he liked it. And there were only four liars in the crowd .-Burlington Hawkeye.

A good story is told about Mazzini. While the notorious Italian agitator was in London he went one day with an English friend and bought a lot of rusty old swords and pistols. "What on earth are you going to do with them?" asked the Britisher. "Nothing at all," replied Mazzini; "only, when the police hear of my purchase, telegrams will be sent everywhere, and not a king or queen will sleep quietly to-night." And the Italian chuckled,