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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1 00; One Square, one inch, three months... 3 00; One Square, one inch, one year... 10 00; Two Squares, one year... 15 00; Quarter Column, one year... 30 00; Half Column, one year... 50 00; One Column, one year... 100 00.

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IN THE SHADE.

The fat man, With a big fan, Lolls around on a rattan divan. Every spot Awfully hot; Doesn't care whether he dies or not.

BRUNE'S OBJECT.

Little Brune Middleton, a pretty girl with a trim waist, bright dark-gray eyes, a brown complexion and still browner hair, a mouth and a brow that showed a thoughtful character, stood leaning against a large oak tree on the summit of one of the many hills encircling her father's home.

Ab, Brune, Brune, little did you think when you climbed the hill seeking your "object," that it would be thus you should find it. It is almost impossible to describe the scene of distress and confusion that ensued, a short time after, when Brune, with pale, awe-struck countenance, almost fainting with fatigue and fright, but with a brave light, for all, in her eyes and a firm look about her sweet mouth, entered with her burden. Gently placing Berenice upon a lounge, she explained the accident in fewest words to her father, soothed her mother with ready and kind sympathy, and endeavored in vain to subdue the noisy grief of the nurse, an old Irish country woman, who saw here a fine opportunity for a "whillelu!"

"Yes," cried Mrs. Middleton, hastening to acrik while his mind was off his rocks and pebbles. "Yes, indeed; she is well-grown and pretty, and I wish very much she might see more of society. Mademoiselle will have no more of her in the school-room, and there is absolutely nothing here to employ her time as it should be."

"Oh, sister Brune, where have you been and what is the matter with you?" she cried. "Have you been to the moon, or are you only moon-struck?"

"No, Brune, I haven't," gravely replied Brune, still impressed with the subject of her meditations. "I have been trying to think what is the object of my life. Tell me what is, dear," she added, laughingly, as Brune's mystified look struck her as irresistibly comical.

little wounded fox from the old quarry. "Didn't that satisfy your thirst for blood, little savage?" she asked. Brune's only reply was to skip gayly along from side to side of the steep narrow path; then turning round with an arch look on her bright little face, she cried out:

"Oh, I don't know; I only wish something would happen. I'd even wish you would find your 'object,' if that would make any difference between Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday again!" and out of breath she skipped a little to far out on the outer edge of the path and fell headlong upon the rocks below, before the frightened Brune could reach her.

Well, time doth fly, we all know. It was early spring when Brune's fall made her the chief interest in the Valley Home, and now the days were shortening fast and mists hung late and early over the reddening hills. Berenice still claimed her doctor's aid and her Brune's entertainment, and all things still yielded to her rather arbitrary will. However, urgent calls from his Southern home demand that Dr. Hartley shall return, and long grow all countenances when the word goes forth that off a few more days of grace remain.

"Come in! Come in, doctor! You may relieve her. Dr. Hartley, my dear," to his wife, and—"my daughter, sir," he added, turning to Brune. Brune, looking anxiously into his face, began telling how Berenice had fallen; but before she had finished, although Dr. Hartley heard all that she said, the room was quite clear of the excited group of servants and children, and he was carefully examining the little one. A grave look overshadowed his face, but while he cut away her twisted clothing and applied something pungent and aromatic to her forehead and nose she appeared to revive. Then Dr. Hartley looking around was met by Professor Middleton and Dr. Mearns, and Brune left the room, anxious, yet dreading the result of the examination. Her father came forth looking much agitated, and in answer to her inquiring face kissed her twice, saying quite brokenly:

"Brune, your sister is much hurt. The fall has injured her spine," and he disappeared into the study, whither no one ever dared to follow. Brune went to her mother, who was greatly distressed for little Berenice, but whose anxieties were also roused in behalf of baby Jean, who with the usual consideration of babies showed dangerous symptoms of croup. She sent Brune back to Berenice, saying: "The charge of her must devolve upon you for the present. Constant watchfulness and care are required;" and, seeing in her daughter's face the same brave, steady look that it had worn when she came in with Berenice in her arms, she cried:

"Bless you, my daughter, what should I do without you to depend upon?" Tears sprang to Brune's eyes and her heart swelled with pleasure at these words. She was of use, after all, and she had a place to fill. Although she realized the danger her dear little sister was in, it was a relief to find that upon her devolved something no one else could do, and she went to Brune's room resolved to leave nothing undone that could benefit her or allay her pain.

so intuitive were her perceptions of what should be done that she seemed to Mr. Hartley the very embodiment of grace and mercy. Days went on and lengthened into weeks, and the little sufferer so far recovered that all immediate danger was passed. However, the shock to her system was great and her vital powers much reduced. It was necessary to carry her from place to place, and any careless grasp made her shriek in agony. No one carried her so comfortably as Dr. Hartley—or "my Dr. Dick," as she affectionately styled him. He was the son of an old friend of Professor Middleton's, and being in Boynton, a village near the professor's Valley Home, on some business for his father on the day of Berenice's accident, had met and introduced himself to the professor. The old familiar name and the resemblance to his friend so touched the warm-hearted old gentleman that he would listen to no excuse or delay, but carried off his prize forthwith to his home that he might more completely enjoy hearing of his boyhood's friend. Richard Hartley had a soul full of love for his chosen work and a mind and body well fitted to do well whatever he undertook. With these good grounds for success and favoring circumstances it is small wonder that he stood well in his profession. The errand that had brought him had long been satisfactorily attended to, but to his conscience and his neglected and remonstrating patients he had the same reply: "The daughter of my father's dear old friend has the best right to my attention."

Meantime Dr. Dick came into the house and, catching the sound of a sweet voice singing in Brune's room, he took himself there also. Pausing a moment at the door to subdue a glancing light in his eyes and smooth away a tell-tale smile from his lip, he heard the words:

"If we are poor and would be rich, it would not be by pining. No! steady hearts and hopeful minds are life's brighter silver lining. There's never a man hath dared to hope, hath of his choice repented— The happiest souls on earth are those who smile and are contented."

"Brune, did you ever find your object?" "Why, what do you mean, dear?" replied Brune's softer voice. "Don't you recollect the day I broke my back, you know, the day that Dr. Dick came, you were up on the hill under the great oak tree looking for your object, and I've always wanted to see it."

"You are my object, then, I expect, Brune, for I was thinking what an idle girl I was, and longing for something to do, and you've furnished me with quite enough, you little puss." This was an innocent speech to make. I'm sure, and I cannot understand why the color mounted to Brune's eyes as she made it, nor why those self-same eyes should seek a book all-unthought-of before, just as Dr. Dick came in, too. Brune wasn't satisfied at all, and stretched out her arms to him, exclaiming eagerly:

A winter South was the only thing for Brune's health; Dr. Hartley said so; Dr. Mearns reiterated it. The professor and Mrs. Middleton could not gainsay two such authorities. Accordingly a month or two later we find her comfortably and happily settled at Livingston, the home of Dr. Hartley's

father, carefully and lovingly tended as before by her two obedient servants, Brune and Dr. Dick. But to this day she wonders why it is that Brune never seeks for an object in life, and what Dr. Dick could have meant by his reply that memorable day at Valley Home when he and Brune made up their minds to marry each other.—Chicago Tribune.

Coins Made of Wood.

"You see," said the man on the wharf, "I'm a carpenter, and when I landed in San Francisco I opened a shop and did better than some huckies in the mines. I did mostly fine jobs, such as fitting up saloons, cabinet work, and making gambling trucks—the last queer things, I tell you, full of tricks to cheat the greenies."

"One day I got an order for a lot of wooden adobes. 'Adobes' were gold pieces of the value of \$50 each, and the man who gave the order—the played-out secretary now hauling up a tom-tod yonder—wanted 1,000. I smelled a rat, but kept mum, as secrecy was the keystone of half my trade. I set my lathe to work in a room carefully locked, and in due time had the contract filled. 'Now I want you to gild these slugs,' said the secretary, 'and send them down to Adams & Co.'s office about the time the mail steamer gets in. Keep dark and send in your bill.' I did. Old Molise let me have one of his gilders, and he did the work in good style. But for the weight you would never have taken those 'slugs' for anything but the simon-pure article. In the drawers they made a fine display, looking what they were intended to represent—\$50,000 in gold. I boxed them up, sent them to Adams & Co.'s under cover of night, and read in the papers next morning of the arrival of \$50,000 in 'adobes,' consigned to the banking house of—well, you know the place on Montgomery street, near Clay. As for the name, that's nothing—it's as dead as the bank, its president and its board of directors. I smiled, but said nothing. The addition of those 1,000 'slugs' helped the concern amazingly. It was only three months old, but it stood on its legs at once. I took some pride in the affair myself, as I was the creator of its financial support."

Treatment of Sunstroke.

Sunstroke was in many Cincinnati cases during the terrible heat treated with hot water instead of cold. The following directions were published by such physicians as favored the plan: Lay the patient on his back, loosen the clothing so as to encourage a free flow of blood; expose the chest, especially over the region of the heart, and with a large cloth, towel or sponge freely bathe the head, face, neck and chest with hot salt water, as hot as can be handled, continually adding more hot water and applying it until the patient is soft. Use one teaspoonful of salt to every quart of hot water. Have the feet made bare and rubbed or slapped, and in extreme cases apply mustard poultices. Give internally, if a temperate man, a teaspoonful of whisky in hot water; if a drinking man, use a little ammonia or hartshorn in hot water; if soon after a meal, put a teaspoonful of yellow mustard into a glass of warm water and have the patient drink it, following up with more until he vomits freely. As he convalesces give at first lime-water and milk (one-fourth lime-water and three-fourths milk), afterward a liquid diet until the stomach is strong enough for solids.

A Terrific Combat.

Search was made and a leopard and a cobra were found lying dead, side by side; the latter having his head completely severed from below the hood, and the former his tongue and left jaw very much swollen, with a greenish white taint along the surface. At the time the two animals were found, the cobra had its head lying about a couple of inches from the middle of its body. This prevents one arriving at any conclusion as to how the wounds were inflicted; whether by one snap of the leopard's jaws, or by several crunches. The mutilated appearance of the head and neck of the cobra leads one to think that the leopard, being bitten in the dark by the cobra, flew at him; the latter at the same time, making a second dart, wounded the leopard in the tongue or the jaw. The leopard then, closing his jaws on the snake, commenced to crunch him at his leisure, as a cat would a mouse.—Lahore (India) Gazette.

Where They Settle.

"Good-morning, Mr. Smith; how are you?" "Not at all well, thank you. I've a fearful cold in my head." "It's a strange thing about colds, isn't it?" "How do you head?" "Why, they always settle in the weakest place."—Merchant-Traveler.

Patents in Mexico are issued only by special acts of the Federal legislature, like other laws. Under this rule patents have been issued to the Bell Telephone and Brush Electric companies, and both inventions are in common use. How can the world know a man has a good thing unless he advertises the possession of it?—Vanderbilt.

An Angry Deer.

A pet deer owned by Judge Hall, of Montecito, Cal., becoming angry, made a desperate attack upon a girl and a man, both of whom had a narrow escape from death. It was a male deer, about two years old, with keen, pointed horns, and was kept tethered with a rope, but was always gentle and peaceable, and a great favorite with the entire household. It managed one day to free itself from the rope by which it was bound, and without any apparent cause attacked the daughter of Judge Hall, a girl about fourteen years old, tossing her upon his horns and tearing her clothing very badly. Fortunately he tossed her into a tunnel excavated to afford a supply of water, and she had the presence of mind to lie still until he went away. Then going to the house she told her story.

About this time James H. Jacobs called, and was cautioned lest the deer should attack him as he attempted to leave the premises. The deer saw him and followed slowly after him, limping badly, as if he were lame. Believing he would have no difficulty in tying the deer, Mr. Jacobs picked up the trailing, led the animal to the place where it had been fastened, and was stooping over to tie the rope, when the deer made a spring at him. The horns struck him upon the side of the leg, just over a pocket which contained a tobacco-pouch. The pouch was completely pierced, but the force of the blow was checked, and Mr. Jacobs was not hurt. The second onset was far more disastrous. One plunge of the deer's horns completely pierced Mr. Jacobs' left cheek, inflicting an ugly, painful and somewhat dangerous wound. With a third bound the frantic animal thrust a horn through the fleshy portion of Mr. Jacobs' leg. Realizing that the contest was one of life and death, Mr. Jacobs then seized the maddened buck by the horns. The deer was very powerful, and would doubtless have soon overpowered his wounded and bleeding adversary. Mrs. Judge Hall and Mrs. Dr. Crooks, however, rushed to the rescue, the former bearing an ax. Mrs. Crooks caught the deer by the hind legs, and Mrs. Hall struck it a heavy blow on the back. The deer rebuffed by a severe kick, his hoof striking Mrs. Crooks' arm near the shoulder. With great nerve Mrs. Crooks then seized the ax, and, despite the struggles of the animal and the close proximity of Mr. Jacobs' hands, planted a full blow squarely in the deer's forehead, stretching the animal upon the ground.

The Rich Men of San Francisco.

San Francisco has a long list of abnormally rich men. There are more millionaire fortunes in San Francisco than in any other American city, and, we presume, more than in any European city of corresponding population, unless it may be Amsterdam or Frankfurt. It is a curious fact, and without one exception, that none spring from the wealthy class, nearly every one from the poorest class, and that only one brought any money to San Francisco. Only one is the graduate of a learned university; only seven were educated to any profession, and all of these lawyers. So far as we know there is not a preacher or doctor or graduate of West Point in the lot. Twenty of the list were, in their youth, of the uneducated, barefoot class, whose early struggles were aided by relatives or friends. Forty-nine of our millionaires are American by birth, eighteen are Irish, eight are Jews, five are German, four are English and one French. So far as we know, only three were born south of Mason and Dixon's line, and of these neither was from a slave-owning family. Only seven have ever held political position, there being one governor, three United States senators, a member of Congress, and two members of assembly in the list. Outside of the Roman Catholic church and the synagogue, but one is a member of church or professor of religion. To four of these men we estimate \$10,000,000 each. Five will range from \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000; two to \$10,000,000 and five to \$5,000,000 each, thus giving to sixteen persons over \$300,000,000, and to the remainder, say, \$150,000,000—a total among the hereafter named residents of San Francisco of \$450,000,000.—Argonaut.

The Largest Three Statues.

A mania for the erection of statues of dimensions such as the world has never seen before seems to have seized on the two rival countries of the continent. The statue of the Republic in the Place du Chateau d'Eu was displayed to public view on Saturday amid the rejoicings of the citizens of Paris, and in a few weeks the enormous figure of Germania, which is being erected in honor of the victories of 1870 and 1871 on the Niederwald, overlooking the Rhine, will be unveiled in the presence of the emperor. Both of them will be dwarfed, however, by the huge statue of Liberty, which, through the generous contributions of the French nation, will be presented in a short time to the Americans. This will be at least 150 feet in height, and it will stand upon a pedestal of the same height, at the entrance of the harbor of New York, to welcome emigrants to their new home.—Fall Mall Gazette.

A SUMMER IDYL.

See the frog, the slimy, green frog, Dozing away on that old rotten log; Feriously wondering What caused the wondering Of the tail that he wore when a pollywog. See the boy, the freckled schoolboy, Famed for cunningness free from alloy, Watching the frog Perched on the log With feelings akin to tumultuous joy. See the rock, the hard, flinty rock, Which the freckled-faced boy at the fro doth rock, Conscious he's sinning, Yet gleefully grinning At the likely result of its terrible shock. See grass, the treacherous grass! Slip from behind his feet! Alas! Into the mud With a dull thud He falls, and rises a slimy mass. Now, see the frog, the hilarious frog, Dancing a jig on his old rotten log, Applying his toes To his broad, blunt nose, As he laughs at the boy stuck fast in the bog.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A frame of mind—The skull. A pen picture—A cattle yard. The home stretch—Putting down a carpet. A crop report can be heard a long distance.—Picaresque. It is the early watermelon that catches the small boy.—Little Rock Gazette. "Why do divers go to sea, George?" Why, to get at the bottom facts. Now run away and think up a hard one.—Hawkeye. Seeing a carriage full of belles and beaux drive by, Auldib remarked that that reminded him of a load of wood.—Marathon Independent. "Under Green Apple Boughs," is Helen Campbell's latest novel. This seems to imply a small boy and a good deal of trouble and ginger and things.—Life. Sophronia: Certainly, slang is always objectionable. Instead of saying, "A dead give away," we should advise you to say, "A posthumous donation."—Somerville Journal.

It was the young tailor who said, referring to a rival for the affections of a young lady, that he thought he knew enough to be able to cut him out.—Somerville Journal. The cost of stopping a train of cars is said to be from sixty to forty cents. When the train is stopped by another train, these prices become somewhat inflated.—Courier-Journal. There was a fair maid of Montrose, Who was as sweet as a fresh budding rose; But a ruby excrescence Assorted its presence, And tinted the tip of her nose.—New York Journal.

Can a man marry his deceased wife's sister in any part of America?—Englishman. Not unless the sister is willing, and as a general thing she isn't. She knows him too well.—Philadelphia News. It is calculated by scientists that a man can make more of a blamed nuisance of himself in five minutes with a garden hose than he can in an hour and a half by any other method.—Lowell Citizen.

An editor is writing a series of articles on "Some Liars I Have Known." If he has not been a journalist more than a year or two, is not too elaborate in his descriptions, and publishes three columns a day, he may be able to conclude the series by Christmas, 1889.—Progress. When traveling on a railroad it is said that lying with the head toward the engine will often cure a headache. A more effective remedy is to lie with the head on the railroad track in front of an engine. The latter recipe is warranted, or the money refunded.—Norristown Herald.

An Illinois editor thus sarcastically speaks of the marriage of a professional brother in Indiana: "He stepped upon the hymeneal platform, adjusted the fatal noose, and was swung off into that ungentle bourne whence he can never return save by the Indianapolis or connecting lines."

A genuine dude has struck Laramie. He has a homeopathic head and allopathic feet. His pants are so tight that he never takes them off, and he has a plate glass window in one eye. He got on the wildest kind of a debauch last night with half an ounce of pepper sauce and a bunch of cigarette. He hails from New York.—Boomerang.

A moon, a sky, A church, an aisle, A mountain high, Some folks in style A inn; A maid; A young tree, some grass, A vow, a band, A youth, a lass, A bridegroom, and A can. A smile, and sighs, A tamentment, And drooping eyes, Top floor, cheap rent A line; No all; An arm, a waist, Ten children gay, A squeeze in basic, Who love to play, A snook, And bawl.

Titus S. Church, of Boston, is the only colored man in this country who has taken out a patent for an invention.