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TO-MORROW.

One walks secure in wisdom guarded ways
 That lead to peaceful nights through happy days—
 Health, fame, friends, children and a gentle wife,
 All youth can covet or experience praise,
 And use wisely to crown the ease of life.
 Ah, thirsting for another day,
 How dread the fear
 If he but knew the danger near?
 Another, with some old inheritance
 Of fate, unmattiged yet by chance—
 Condemned by those he loves, with no appeal
 To his own fearful heart, that ever pants
 For newer circles of the cruel wheel!
 Ah, thirsting for another day,
 What need of fear,
 If he but knew the help that's near?
 —Robert U. Johnson, in the Century.

A COFFIN BOAT.

The other night Major Griddlewood, who long ago won his spurs as an efficient revenue officer, related the following story:

At one time we had a great deal of trouble with illicit distillers in Arkansas. There was one neighborhood especially where it seemed impossible to discover the outlaws. This community was away up on White river. Officer after officer had been sent up, and quite a number of them are there yet, although the department did not receive notification that they intended to leave the service. One day the news came in that one of our best men had just been killed at Dripping Springs, by which name the dangerous neighborhood was known. I was sent for by the marshal, who said:

"Major, you have had considerable success in hunting for distillers. Now we want you to find those fellows and bring them to justice. As you know, none of our men have been able to find them, and—"

"They've been found a trifle too often," I suggested.

"That's a fact," the marshal agreed, "but not by the right man. Now I want you to take as many soldiers as you want, and go to the place and break up the business."

I reflected for a moment and replied: "I think that our mistake has been in taking too many men. It is almost impossible for a party of men to find a wildcat distillery. Their approach is soon heralded and disaster is certain to follow. I will go alone and discover the nest. Then I can return and capture the entire outfit."

"Rather hazardous," the marshal said, thoughtfully scratching his head.

"Not so dangerous as the course hitherto adopted."

"All right; use your own judgment."

The next day I started on my perilous expedition. I went horseback, and my progress was very slow. When at last I reached the place I found a beautiful, rich country, with grand hills and little valleys luxuriantly carpeted with grass. I could see no signs of lawlessness, but on the other hand I was kindly treated. I stopped at the house of a man named Anderson, a well-to-do fellow, with some education and a bright-eyed daughter, who seemed to be devoted to her father. I saw at once that Anderson was an honest man, and when I learned that he had been in the army I felt secure under his roof. Still I did not care to tell him my real business, but in answer to a question stated that I was looking for land in a leisurely sort of way, having just been discharged from the regular army, and especially desiring a rest from that dangerous activity which all army officers incurred.

"Well, sir, you are welcome at my house, and I hope you'll find your stay pleasant. My daughter, who can row a boat to perfection, will cheerfully contribute to your enjoyment."

"I understand," looking at him, "that several government officers have been killed by illicit distillers in this neighborhood."

"Yes," he replied, "shamefully murdered. Well, I won't say murdered, for the distillers no doubt considered it self-defense. Up in the hills here, somewhere, there is a large distillery, but it will be a long time, I think, before the government breaks it up. It is almost impossible to conduct a party of men through the hills, and it is almost certain death, for the distillers can see almost every turn. My advice would be to watch for the whisky that's sent away, capture the men handling it and compel them to show the exact location of the distillery."

Several days passed and still I made no progress. I was not regarded in that light of suspicion which I thought would characterize my appearance among the people, and I was soon convinced that the farmers around were not in sympathy with the distillers. Finally I told Anderson my business.

"Well," he said, "if I can do anything for you I'll do it cheerfully, but let me advise you not to go into the hills. Watch the river, as that is the only way they can possibly ship the stuff. I am going up the river to-day after some walnut lumber and if you will accompany me we may make a discovery. As you have no doubt noticed, I make a great many coffins. Not for government officials," he added with a smile, "but am supplying cheap coffins for the New Orleans market. During an epidemic it is almost impossible to get coffins to the city fast

enough, and at such times I employ quite a number of men. Come and I'll show you my place of business."

The shop stood near the river bank. Several workmen were employed in dressing walnut lumber. Coffins were stacked up all around, and a flatboat was being loaded with the deadly furniture. I did not go up the river with Anderson, but took a boat ride with his daughter. She was not devoid of charms, and she chatted gayly as she rowed.

"I want you to leave this place," she said. "Mother pined away and died from sheer loneliness, and if I were not so light-hearted I think I should go that way, too."

"Do you ever see any of the illicit distillers?" I asked.

"I expect I see them, but I don't know them, of course. They are terrible when they get mad, but as long as they are not disturbed you wouldn't know that they were in the neighborhood. When we moved here they regarded me with lingering suspicion, but finally, satisfied that he was in no way connected with the government, they dismissed their apprehensions and have ever since treated him with the utmost courtesy. Pa is making money out of the coffin business, but it is such a grim trade that I cannot half enjoy my financial benefit that we derive from it. Say, you're hunting for the wild cats, ain't you?"

"Hush, don't talk so loud."

"Nobody can hear us, but you are, ain't you?"

"Suppose I were, do you think I would tell any one?"

"I heard you tell father, but it's all right. I won't say anything about it. I haven't any friends among the wild cats, and for my part I wouldn't care if they were all in prison."

"I remained several days longer, and then decided to return to the city, report unfavorably, adopt other measures, and again take up the enterprise. Anderson advised me to sell the horse and go down with a fat-boat load of coffins. I did not like the idea, but realizing that it would be safer I disposed of my horse and was soon ready for the voyage."

I bade my friends an affectionate farewell, and soon stood on a coffin big enough for the Cardiff giant, and waved my handkerchief at Sophia Anderson as she rounded the bend. We had started early, and by the time the shadows began to lengthen we were a long distance from Dripping Spring. It seemed to me that the men on the boat watched me curiously, for every time I walked around it appeared that one of them followed me. My suspicions increased as evening came on, and when I saw the men engaged in a whispered conversation I was convinced that violence was meditated. Happening to notice a coffin on which several others were piled, I saw something dripping from it. Just then I looked up and saw a gun levelled at me. In another instant a bullet whizzed close to my head, so close that I felt backward into the water. I did not lose my presence of mind and kept myself under water as long as possible. When I arose to the surface, several other shots were fired, and sinking again I remained under water until I reached the shore, which fortunately was not far away, when I arose under a thick clump of willows. Through the gathering darkness I could dimly see the men, and could hear the splashing of an oar which I knew was manipulated to keep the boat from floating down.

"I reckon he's all right," said one of the men.

"I know he is," a gruff voice replied, "fer I rawed a bead on his head, an' a man what can hit a haffer dollar sixty yards ain't no slouch of a shooter, lemme tell yer. Bet he's got a bullet through the brain ef he's got any brain."

"I'd rather bet on the bullet than the brain," the first speaker rejoined.

"We've got to be certain about these things," said a man who seemed to be in authority. "You know what Anderson's orders is. Git a boat that Jack, an' you an' Tom paddle out there awhile. Go out thar to them willows."

The boat was lowered and the splashing of the oars came nearer and nearer. My heart beat violently. Great God, the moon came out and shone full on my face. I eased myself down until only the tip of my nose was above the surface. "Thank heaven," I breathed, as a cloud obscured the moon just as the boat brushed the willows. They struck under with their oars, actually struck me once, and just as I was about to seize the boat and take my chances of turning it over and escaping, one of them said:

"He's all right, I tell you. Think I can't hit a man's head? Shove her off," and I breathed a prayer as the dip of the oars grew fainter.

I remained in this uncomfortable position about a half hour longer, then drew myself out and was soon traveling through the woods. After a terrible journey of hunger and fatigue I reached Little Rock and made my report.

Several days afterward I was again en route for Dripping Spring, this time with a strong posse of men. Touching White river near the place where I had fallen overboard, we dismounted to rest. We had not been there very long until we saw the coffin boat returning. I secreted myself and ordered my men to compel the boat to land and to bring the men to our resting-place, instructing them as to a form of interrogation.

When hailed they readily complied and approached the bank. They did not seem to like so much attention, for they did not move up the bank with any great degree of alacrity.

"Do you know," said one of my men, "what became of a United States official named Griddlewood, who came up here some time ago?"

"No, sir," replied the captain of the coffin boat, "but I heard that he had bought a piece of land over the mountains an' opened a farm."

"Did you ever meet him?"

"Believe I did meet him once at Mr. Anderson's house. 'Peared to me like he was sorter in love with the Anderson gal."

"Don't suppose that I could find him, do you?"

"Mout find him if you wuster go over the hills."

"That's unnecessary," I remarked, stepping from behind a tree and confronting the villains. They threw up their hands and prayed that their lives might be spared. We did not intend to give them the least chance of escape and securely pinning their hands we took them down to the boat, where, after gaining all possible information, I left them under a strong guard. We were not long in gaining the neighborhood of Anderson's residence. It was a late hour at night, and we surrounded the house without alarming any one. I instructed one of my officers to call Anderson, and again I secreted myself.

"Halloa!"

"All right," came from within the house, and pretty soon Anderson appeared.

"Mr. Anderson, I believe," said the officer.

"Yes, sir; won't you come in?"

"No, hardly got the time. I've come to this neighborhood in search of Major Griddlewood. Are you acquainted with him?"

"Oh, yes, should say I am, for he and my daughter are to be married soon. I'll show her to you. Here, Soph," and the girl came out. "Here is a gentleman who is looking for your intended husband."

"Good-evening, sir. Looking for the major, eh? How I wish I could see him."

"Here I am," I said, emerging from my hiding place and confronting my "intended" and her father. Anderson actually fell on the ground, and his daughter uttered a shriek that made the woods ring. They were soon made prisoners and taken to the boat. Next day the distillery was easily found and destroyed. The coffins were found to be lined with tin, and although ominous-looking cans, were not bad as vessels of shipment.

The prisoners were tried and punished to the full extent of the law, and ever since then the Dripping Spring neighborhood has been one of the most orderly and law-abiding communities in the State.—Arkansas Traveller.

CURE FOR A DREAD DISEASE.

HYDROPHOBIA SAID TO BE CURED BY A POTENT INDIAN DRUG.

A Fatal Poison Led to Nullify the Deadly Effects of Rabies—Our Consults in South America Instructed to Collect the Drug.

"For some time," said a prominent physician of Jersey City yesterday, "I have been investigating the subject of hydrophobia. I think I shall be able to demonstrate that in woorara, a drug prepared by the Indians of South America, we have a remedy for that disease."

"It is a popular impression," he continued, "that hydrophobia almost inevitably follows the bite of a mad dog. This is a mistake. Perhaps not more than once in a hundred cases of biting does that disease ensue."

"For many years the practice of physicians in treating the bite of a mad dog has been to cauterize the wound as soon as possible. If this operation were performed early enough, it was believed that no serious results would ensue. Youatt, the great writer on this dog, was convinced of the efficacy of this treatment. He allowed himself repeatedly to be bitten by mad dogs, and cauterized the wounds successfully. But that the remedy is not infallible is certain. Youatt permitted himself to be bitten once too often, and, in spite of his caustic, he soon discovered that he was in the incipient stages of hydrophobia. Despairing of being able to recover, he blew his brains out rather than suffer the agony he anticipated."

"The treatment employed in cases where the disease had actually developed varies. The object to be gained is to mitigate the paroxysms of the patient, for in hydrophobia death results from exhaustion produced by the violence of the convulsions. Various drugs have been used, but with little success. At last, however, we have a drug which has recently been known to cure several authentic cases of hydrophobia, and which, when its nature is properly understood, may prove of the greatest value. I mean the woorara of the Perdrach Indians. Water-ton, writing in 1811, gave an account of a kind of woorara which he found among the natives of Demerara for curing snake bites. He said it was made of many curious ingredients, including the wooral vine, two kinds of bulbous plants, the names of which he did not know, two species of ants, the strongest Indian pepper, and powdered fangs of the Laborian snake. The mixture was boiled and then placed in small earthen pots to cool. He suggested that if this was efficacious to cure the bite of a snake it might be of use in the treatment of hydrophobia. Nevertheless, it was never used for that purpose, although occasionally referred to in scientific works."

"Recently Dr. Offenber in Germany treated successfully a hydrophobia patient with a species of woorara, obtained from Indians in Brazil. What this woorara is, or how it is manufactured, we do not know. It is beyond doubt a vegetable substance. It is sold by the Indians as a cure for snake bites, and is brought by them packed in leaf-covered jars into Para, where it finds a ready market, as the reptiles around there are numerous and venomous. It is a potent poison, and in its action, when taken in fatal doses, produces death by paralysis. It relaxes all the muscles, in which respect it differs from strychnine and the other poisons that produce convulsions."

"I procured some of it, and, after reducing it to a solution, experimented with it to try its power. Soon after these tests, I used it in a pronounced case of hydrophobia and it proved entirely successful."

"I was called in great haste to visit Mr. C. He was evidently in the incipient stage of hydrophobia. I learned that some months before a young Newfoundland dog bit the servant girl, both of Mrs. C.'s children and a nephew. When Mr. C. went to examine the dog the animal bit him through the index finger of the right hand. The dog was drowned, Mr. C.'s wound readily healed. The servant girl died of unmistakable rabies. Mr. C. had been low-spirited, nervous and irritable for about ten days before sending for me. I prescribed one-twelfth of a grain of strychnine every three hours, and sent for Doctor Flint, of New York. We decided to continue this treatment. On the fifth day he was seized with such violent paroxysms that if repeated three or four times they would surely have proved fatal. He believed he was about to die. I gave him a subcutaneous injection of one-sixteenth of a grain of woorara. He had slept very little before, but twenty minutes after the injection he fell asleep. Three hours later he awoke and I gave him an injection of one-ninth of a grain of woorara, which put him to sleep again. In about three hours I gave him another injection of one-sixth of a grain, which was followed by a natural sleep. Two hours later, he was quiet and rational, declared that he was feeling perfectly well, and all his unfavorable symptoms had vanished. He has never since shown any symptom of the disease."

"Now, I am satisfied that if we can obtain genuine fresh woorara of uniform strength we shall be able to successfully combat this disease, provided the remedy be administered early enough. But the trouble with woorara is that its strength varies so

REMEMBER!

Remember, when the timid Dawn unclosets
 Her magic palace to the sun's bright
 beam,
 Remember, when the pensive night reposes
 Beneath her silvery veil in tender dreams,
 When pleasures call thee, who thy heart is
 light,
 When to sweet fancies shade invites a
 night,
 List, through the deep woods ring
 Sweet voices, murmuring,
 Remember!

Remember, when Fate's cruel hand has
 broken
 For aye the tie that bound my life with
 thine;
 When, with long years and exile, grief un-
 spoken,
 Despairing heart and blasted hopes are
 mine,
 Think of my love, think of my last adieu,
 Absence and time are naught when love is
 true,
 Long as my heart shall beat,
 Ever it shall repeat,
 Remember!

Remember, when beneath the cold ground
 lying,
 My broken heart forever is at rest,
 Remember, when some lovely flower is
 lying
 Its petals soft to open on my breast,
 Then wilt not see me; but my soul, set free
 Faithful in death shall still return to thee,
 Then hark to the sad moan:
 Of a deep voice that groans,
 Remember!

—Alfred De Musset.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A thunderstorm is a high-toned affair.—*Derrick.*

Admitted to bale—The sailor ordered into a leaky boat.—*New York News.*

Red is the natural color of a young baby, but afterward it becomes yellow.—*New York Journal.*

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
 How we wonder what you are,
 Wand'ring trackless space about,
 Where your mother never know your route?"
 —Somerville Journal.

A Western man called his house "Riches," because it had wings. The heavy mortgage on it kept it from doing much flying, however.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A Lowell gentleman, who claims to be neither an epicure nor a poet, but who is both, says that eating apple pie without cheese is like kissing a girl without a squeeze.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A fruit grower says it is a good plan to trim fruit trees high, and pasture orchards with sheep. The old plan of allowing the limbs to grow close to the ground, and pasture the orchard with a dog always seemed to us to be very effective, but a sheep that knows his business can also make it very torrid for boys.—*Peek's Sun.*

A young city fellow, dressed in a faultless suit and a pair of shoes that tapered into a point in the most modern style, was visiting in a rural district. A bright little boy looked him all over until his eyes rested on those shoes. He looked at his own chubby feet and then at his visitor's, and then looking up, said: "Mister, is all your toes cutted off but one?"—*Courier Journal.*

"You don't mean to say that you slept with a piece of that wedding cake under your pillow, you absurd thing!" said a lady to her husband the morning after they had attended a coupling bee. "Certainly I did."

"And did you see in your dream the person you are going to marry—when I am dead?" she asked, chillingly.

"Oh, no; I only dreamed that I had never married at all. Susan, I am going to save this bit of cake; I am going to cherish it, my dear. I shall have its portrait painted by an old master, and its statue shall stand in the library. As an heirloom it shall descend—"

"She snatched it from his hands and flung it out of the bedroom window. "My love, it has descended," she said, sweetly.—*San Francisco Wasp.*

Stupid People.

"Stop trying to kiss me," cried a pretty girl to her bashful beau. "I ain't kissing you," said he. "Well, ain't you going to?" she asked. He ran away like a frightened deer.

A Buffalo bachelor got angry because a nice young lady complimented him on his delicate complexion.

A Brooklyn youth broke off an engagement on account of a difference of opinion as to the color of a mule's ear.

A Chicago crank forbade his mother-in-law to visit his house, and afterward discovered that she intended to pay her board.

A school-teacher thrashed a pupil for having an apple on his desk. When he finished punishing the lad he was chagrined to find that the apple was made of wax.—*New York Journal.*

Two Chicago girls held their breath so long that one of them fainted and could with difficulty be resuscitated. We suppose some young man unexpectedly called for an onion supper.—*Philadelphia News.*

"Well, father," the young man said, joyously, coming home from college, "here I am, with the sheepskin of a graduate." "I see," said the old man, grimly, "and you're wearing it over your bones. That's right."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*