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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1883.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., One Square, one inch, one insertion) and Rate (\$1.00, \$3.00, etc.).

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work, cash on delivery.

NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART.

Out of the depths of nature Sweet thoughts at times will start That rise, like a fragrant incense, Cheering the downcast heart.

A SKATE FOR LIFE.

Rube Wexford ought to have been a happy fellow. He was certainly considered one on the day when Kate Wilde became his bride.

Autumn drifted away, the crops had been gathered in, and all the indications pointed to an early and severe winter.

The next morning when the winter sun beamed upon the cabin the little log shelter held three souls instead of two.

Little Kate, the baby, was a month old to a day when Rube made preparations one morning for a trip to Pineville.

my last say. Go to Pineville if you insist on doing so, but if you are not here sober by sunset I shall go with the baby to father's, and in this house I will never set foot again.

"That's all talk," Rube answered in a rough, joking and half-serious fashion. "Why, it's fifteen miles to Pineville."

"No matter," was the rejoinder. "I will make the start if the child and I freeze to death by the way."

"Look out for wolves," Rubelaughed again. "There have been half a dozen seen here lately. It has been a hard winter for them, and they're almost starved."

"Wolves or no wolves," muttered Kate, "I'll go."

Rube hung about the house uneasily for an hour or so, then silently rigged himself out, legging, buffalo coat, gun, and all.

The wife watched his form across the clearing and saw it disappear in the heavy timber which circled the cabin.

Rube Wexford sat near the warm fire which was surrounded by a dozen men beside himself.

When sunset came he was still in his seat. He wanted to go home, wanted to keep his promise, but he thought he would wait awhile and start later, so that it would not look to Kate too much as if he were giving in.

"What is it, Kate?" A loud roar of laughter brought him to his senses, and a rough voice cried: "Rube, guess you have been dreaming!"

"Yes," he replied, foolishly; "I thought my wife was calling me."

Then he was gone. His conscience smote him as he trudged through the snow. It would be after 2 o'clock when he reached home.

face of clear ice for fully half a mile before there was a bend in the river's bank. The sight was an old one to Rube, and he paid little heed to it, but stalked on silently, still thinking of Kate and wondering if the cabin would be tenantless.

The cry proceeded from that direction and grew louder every instant. Before he could decide on a plan of action there shot out from a bend in the river what looked to him like a woman carrying a bundle and skating for dear life.

"Kate! Kate! My God, save her!" The woman was on the brink of the ice, when she made a sudden sweep to one side.

"Kate, bear with me for the last time. As God is my judge, I shall never again taste liquor. This night has taught me a lesson which I cannot forget."

Kate believed him and accepted his promise. Then they started for Pineville, Rube carrying the baby and more than half carrying his wife.

The Wolverhampton (England) Evening Star, in referring to some observations recently made by Mr Samuel S. Baldwin, relative to female iron workers in British iron districts says: "We may state that representatives of this journal have recently made diligent inquiries, have visited the 'homes' of the people and conversed with them about their work and their earnings, and have recorded their experiences, which are practically the same as those of Mr. Baldwin."

Female Iron Workers in England. The Wolverhampton (England) Evening Star, in referring to some observations recently made by Mr Samuel S. Baldwin, relative to female iron workers in British iron districts says: "We may state that representatives of this journal have recently made diligent inquiries, have visited the 'homes' of the people and conversed with them about their work and their earnings, and have recorded their experiences, which are practically the same as those of Mr. Baldwin."

Diana in the Schoolroom. Miss Fuller is a schoolteacher in Grand Marais, Northern Michigan. She is also an admirable shot with the rifle, and, after school hours, goes hunting in the neighboring woods.

HEALTH HINTS.

- Don't sit or sleep in a draught. Don't go to bed with cold feet. Don't stand over hot-air registers. Don't lie on the left side too much. Don't inhale hot air or fumes of any acids. Don't lie on the back to keep from snoring. Don't eat what you don't want, just to save it. Don't bathe in less than two hours after eating. Don't eat in less than two hours after bathing. Don't sleep in a room that is not well ventilated. Don't eat the smallest morsel unless hungry, if well. Don't eat anything but well-cooked and nutritious food. Don't start to a day's work without eating a good breakfast. Don't take long walks when the stomach is entirely empty. Don't forget to take a good drink of pure water before breakfast. Don't jump out of bed immediately on awakening in the morning. Don't wear thin hose or light-soled shoes in cold or wet weather. Don't strain your eyes by reading on an empty stomach or when ill. Don't sing or hollow when your throat is sore, or you are hoarse. Don't eat between meals, nor enough to cause uneasiness at meal time. Don't forget to cheer and gently amuse invalids when visiting them. Don't sleep in the same undergarments that are worn during the day. Don't take some other person's medicine because you are similarly afflicted. Don't forget to rub your-elf well all over with crash towel or hands before dressing. Don't try to get along with less than seven or eight hours' sleep out of twenty-four. Don't try to keep up on coffee or alcoholic stimulants when nature is calling you to sleep. Don't call so frequently on your sick friend as to make your company and conversat on a bore. Don't make a practice of relating scandal or stories calculated to depress the spirits of the sick. Don't drink ice water when you are very warm, and never a glassful at a time, but simply sip it slowly. Don't ruin your eyes by reading or sewing at dusk by a dim light or flickering candle, nor when very tired. Don't fill the gash with soot, sugar, or anything else to arrest the hemorrhage when you cut yourself, but bring the parts together with strips of adhesive plaster. Don't call on your sick friend and advise him to take some other medicine, get another doctor, eat more, eat less, sit up longer, go out more frequently; stay a week and talk him to death before you think of leaving. And lastly, when about to leave, don't say "Well, I guess it's about time I was going," and then hang around half an hour before you know how to get away. Say "Good-night," and go and done with it.

Not Such a Fool. A rather superstitious young man of this city, who is fond of quoting fag ends of wisdom in old sayings and maxims, was recently sitting by the girl of his choice trying in vain to summon up courage to pop the question.

The Oldest Bank Notes. The oldest bank notes are the "flying money," or "convenient money," first issued in China, 2397 B. C. Originally these notes were issued by the treasury, but experience dictated a change to the system of banks under government inspection and control.

The Paper Future. A Louisianian writes: The time will soon come when, in our damp climate, the floors of all the stores in New Orleans and in other cities in the State will be built of strong, waterproof and indestructible paper tiles.

A true Bostonian never cries "fire!" He warns the neighborhood by shouting, "An impending conflagration."—Rochester Post

THE RAVAGES OF CHOLERA.

A DOCTOR'S RECOLLECTION OF AN EPIDEMIC.

His Experience With the Dreadful Russian Cholera Described—Precautions the People of America Should Take.

Dr. C. H. Van Klein, of Hamilton, Ohio, is perhaps the only physician in the United States who went through the terrible cholera epidemic in Russia in 1878-9. Dr. Von Klein was a surgeon in the Russian army in the war between Russia and Turkey, and was the only American physician in the Russian service proper.

Dr. Von Klein was one of a staff of army physicians who were requested by the government to go into the infected region and break up the epidemic, if possible. When they arrived at Astrakhan the mortality was great and all kinds of business was practically suspended.

The quantity of beer produced in the United States last year averaged more than fourteen gallons for every inhabitant of the country. Somebody has played a wretched mean trick on us, then.—Burlington Free Press.

The whistle of a locomotive is heard 3,300 yards, the noise of a train 2,800 yards, the report of a musket and the bark of a dog 1,800 yards, the roll of a drum 1,600 yards, the croak of a frog 900 yards, and a cricket's chirp 800 yards. The cry of the next door neighbor's baby can be heard more'n a mile.—Troy Times.

A Florida grower has raised a granddilla vine, which bears an East-Indian fruit, oval in shape, of a light yellow color. It is eaten by scooping out the inside with a spoon.

AN ANSWER.

If all the years were summer-times, And all the aim of life, Was just to live on like a rhyme, Then I would be your wife.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Hard-soled—The barefoot boy. Woman's sphere—A ball of yarn. Adam was not a polygamist, although in his day he married all the women in the world.—Boston Bulletin.

"Please to give me something, sir?" said an old woman. "I had a blind child; he was my only means of subsistence, and the poor boy has recovered his sight."

The reason that a woman never puts on the gloves in the ring is probably that it would take her too long. She would always demand a size smaller than she could wear.—Boston Budget.

A news item says that the brain of a circus employe, found dying near Middletown, "weighed fifty-six ounces, the same size as that of the first Napoleon and of Daniel Webster." Of course, he was the man who wrote the circus advertisement.—Norristown Herald.

A dilemma. To write, or not to write, that is the question. Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer the reputation of being asked by a young lady to write in her autograph album, or to have her autograph album, and having kept the book two years, more or less.

The following are the totals for the population of the great cities of Europe: London, 3,822,449 inhabitants; Paris, 2,259,910; Berlin, 1,222,500; Vienna, 1,100,110; St. Petersburg, 876,370; Moscow, 611,970; Constantinople, 600,000; Glasgow, 555,940; Liverpool, 552,330; Naples, 493,110; Hamburg, 410,120; Birmingham, 400,700; Lyons, 372,890; Madrid, 367,280; Vuda-Pesth, 360,880; Marseilles, 357,200; Manchester, 341,510; Warsaw, 339,340; Milan, 321,840; Amsterdam, 317,010; Dublin, 314,690; Leeds, 309,130; Rome, 300,470; Sheffield, 284,110; Breslau, 272,910; Turin, 252,800.

An Italian chemist has perfected a process by which wine can be condensed and hardened, and a chemist at Marseilles has successfully done the same with brandy.