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A POOR MAN'S WEALTH.

A poor man! Yes; I must confess— No wealth of gold do I possess; No pastures fine, with grazing kine, Nor fields of waving grain are mine; No foot of fat or fallow land Where rightly my feet may stand, Tho' while I claim it as my own— By deed and title mine alone.

Ah! poor indeed, perhaps you say; But spare me your compassion, pray, When I can't ride with you, I walk In nature's company, and talk With one who will not slight or slur The child forever dear to her— And one who answers back, be sure, With smile for smile, though I am poor.

And while communing thus I count An inner wealth of large amount— The wealth of honest purpose blent With Fenry's environment, The wealth of owing naught to-day But debts that I would gladly pay, And wealth of thanks still unexpressed With cumulative interest.

A wealth of patience and content— For all my ways improvident; A faith still fondly exercised— For all my plans unrealized; A wealth of promises that still, However I fail, I hope to fill; A wealth of charity for those Who pity me my ragged clothes.

A poor man! Yes; I must confess No wealth of gold do I possess; No pastures fine, with grazing kine, Nor fields of waving grain are mine. But, ah! my friend, I've wealth no end And millionaires might condescend To bend the knee and envy me This opulence of poverty.

—J. W. Riley.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

During the earlier years of my medico-military career I was selected as the assistant surgeon of the army lunatic asylum, then established in one of the eastern counties of England. At the time of the appointment I was given to understand that it was one which paid a high compliment to my professional abilities, and was bestowed as a reward of good services done; but as I did not see it quite in the same light I went and interviewed the chief who had thought so much more of me than I did of him.

"Sir," said I, "some men are born to honors, others have honors thrust upon them; the latter is my case. I don't understand one bit about the treatment, moral or medical, of the insane. I never saw but one madman in my life, and he, I verily believe, was more knave than fool; and I can't help thinking that if you send me to the asylum you are sending the round man to fit into the square hole."

"That is not of the slightest consequence," answered he whom I was addressing, in the richest of brogues; "not the least in life. Round or square the hole will suit to it; and if so be that you don't know anything concerning lunatics, why, the sooner you learn the better. You'd be pleased to fine without delay. Good-morning." So he bowed me out, and I, having a wholesome dread of the powers that were, "jined" forthwith.

It is one of Shakespeare's wise sayings that "Use doth breed a habit in a man." Before there had passed away many weeks of my sojourn with the demented officers and men of Queen Victoria's land forces I found myself highly interested with their pretty and well cared for home, running pleasantly in the groove I had so much objected to, and getting rid forever and a day of that repugnance which every outsider naturally enough entertains when brought into contact with the denizens of a mad-house. With a pass-key which was an open sesame to every lock in the establishment, I was accustomed to wander over it unattended either by the "keeper" or the orderlies; and never was I molested or spoken to threateningly save once, and that upon the occasion I have elected to name "A Close Shave."

In the after-noon, when the patients were not indoors it was my practice to go through every part of the building, inspecting it sanitarily. I was doing so as usual upon a certain winter's day, when, at a curve of a corridor, I came suddenly upon a patient leaning gloomily against one of the pillars. He was a private soldier of the Forty-fifth, or Sherwood Foresters—a recent admission, and whose phase of insanity was somewhat puzzling the head surgeon and myself. Without entering upon details, I shall merely say that we had doubts upon his case, and had recommended his removal from the asylum to the care of his friends. Meantime, however, he was to be closely watched, and no garden tools or other implements be put into his hands. How he had managed to elude the vigilance of the orderly under whose surveillance he had been placed, and to be where I met him, was one of the things I never understood. But so it was.

When he saw me his melancholic demeanor ceased; he advanced with rapid strides toward me, and I saw at once that he meant mischief of some sort or other; for every muscle of his body was trembling with passion, and on every feature of his face was pictured that of a demon. I confess that fear came over me. What was this maniac going to do? But to show apprehension would be fatal, so I faced him boldly, and exclaimed: "Hallo, Mat-

thews! what are you doing here? Why are you not in the airing-grounds with the others?"

He turned a wild and flashing eye upon me, and glared like a wild beast. Then he howled out, rather than said: "Let me out of this!"

"What do you mean?" I replied, resolving if possible to gain time, and trusting that presently an orderly might pass and relieve me from the terrible dilemma in which I stood.

"Let me out!" he repeated. "I have been too long in this vile place. I want to rejoin my regiment, to see my poor old mother and Mary, my sweetheart. Why am I here? I am not mad like the others. God knows that, so do you. But if I am kept much longer I shall be stark-staring mad. Let me out, I say!"

He was now boiling over with frenzy. Still I kept my ground. "Matthews," I said, "I know that you are not mad, so listen a moment. How can I get you out? I am not the head doctor. I can't act without his orders. Your removal has been recommended by him. I'll go and consult him now."

"No, you won't, indeed." "Well, I can't release you. It would be as much as my commission is worth to connive at your escape. I should be tried by court martial and cashiered, if nothing worse. That you must be aware of."

"That's no matter to me. I'll make you! See this!" He opened the loose gray pea-jacket he wore, and, to my horror, took from within it a round paving stone, of some pounds in weight, such as the courtyard of the building was paved with. How he had managed to obtain and secrete it was another mystery.

A cold perspiration broke out upon me. My life seemed to be hanging by the slenderest of threads. I had no means of defense. The rules prevented my taking into the interior of the asylum even a walking stick, and man to man the maniac was taller and stronger than I.

The soldier raised the stone in his uplifted hands and held it over my head, which was protected only by my regulation forage cap. I expected every instant that I should be crushed beneath it, but still the man seemed irresolute to strike. Then, while Diomedes-like, the missile hung above me, a sudden idea flashed across my mind: "What if I try to dodge him?"

"Put down that stone!" I cried out. "Put me out, then!" he answered. "Put down that stone and I will. But first declare that you will tell no one who did it or how it was done."

"Doctor, I swear!" And then, to my inexplicable relief, he lowered his hands.

I looked round once again, really to spy if any official was in sight; but in such a sly, covert way as to make Matthews believe that I feared an eavesdropper.

"You know the locality outside the barracks?"

"Yes, I was stationed here some years ago with my regiment."

"Well, this door" (pointing to one which was close to us) "leads down a very short passage to another exit opening on to the Dene."

He was now all ears—every nerve strained to hear what I had to tell him. "Here, take this key." I put into his outstretched hand one that I happened to have in my pocket; I forgot to what it belonged, but I knew that it would fit no lock inside the asylum. He grasped it eagerly, and at the same time dashed the paving stone on the floor.

"What then, sir?" he asked, in less excited tones.

"This. With my pass key I shall let you into the passage. Grope your way for a yard or two down, feel for the lock of the outer door, open it with this key—and escape."

SELECT SIFTINGS.

In China corpulence is the symbol alike of social and spiritual distinction. All their gods are represented as enormously fat.

Five valuable horses standing under a tree at Erie, Penn., were killed by lightning, the only mark upon them being melted shoes.

According to a German legend, from the grave of one unjustly executed lilies spring as a token of his innocence, and from that of a maiden three lilies, which no one save her lover may gather.

It has been demonstrated at the Washington (Penn.) furnace that it takes an hour longer to burn up a big man than a little one. A corpse weighing 275 pounds was the subject of experiment.

The champion grandfather's clock is owned at Branchville, N. J. It was made in Germany by a man who died in 1650. In 1865 it was fitted up at the Branchville station to keep time for the Sussex railroad, and did service there for two years. It marks seconds, minutes, hour and the days of the months.

When some curious penman succeeded in writing 1,200 words on a postal card it was thought to be a feat difficult to surpass in that direction, but William B. Stuart, of Philadelphia, has copied upon a postal card an article from the *Public Ledger* containing 1,536 words legibly enough to be read by those having exceptionally keen eyesight.

Nothing that should now be done with paper would cause much surprise. Palls, tubs, table-wares, floor-matting, car-wheels, railroad ties, houses and observatory domes are no longer novelties, and now a steamboat made almost entirely of paper has been built. It is twenty feet long and can carry several tons. The sheathing is of solid paper three-eighths of an inch thick.

Philadelphia has a dog that eats ice cream. It is a Skye terrier belonging to a police sergeant, who shares his cream with his pet, of which he is very proud. He exhibits her accomplishments the other day, remarking: "She knows when it's her turn. You can't fool her. Watch." The sergeant took a spoonful himself and threw another on the floor. The morsel had hardly touched the wood before it was snatched up. One spoonful for the sergeant and one for Nell was the order, until the sergeant purposely missed count, and then the beast set up a hideous barking as a reminder.

"Six of One," Etc.

They were going to give a performance of the "Piceocoloni" at a provincial theatre. An actor from the metropolis was to be the "star" of the evening and take the part of Isolani. At the rehearsal during the banqueting scene he said to the footman, as he was about to present to him the inkstand in order to sign the declaration: "Ah! while I think of it, I wish to explain to you, my friend, that I have a little trick here for which you had better be prepared. When you hand me the inkstand this evening, I shall, in my excitement, wipe my pen on your shirt-collar. Of course it will make a stain, but you will see—it will fetch the house!" "Capital!" replied the other; "just at this place I, too, introduce a little trick of my own. As soon as you have wiped your pen on my collar I shall deal you a tremendous box on the ear. Of course it will hurt, but you will see—it will bring the house down!"—*Flegende Blätter.*

The Talkative Man Squeezed.

"Yes," said Fogg, who had grown weary listening to the talkative man; "there was old Uncle Jerry, more'n ninety years old, and he never wore a pair of spectacles in his life."

"Sho!" exclaimed the talkative man.

"Fact," persisted Fogg; "and what's more, he could see just as well the day he died as ever he could."

"Ain't you just stretching that a little, mister?" asked the talkative man.

"Not a bit," said Fogg, "but perhaps I ought to mention that Uncle Jerry was blind from his birth."

The talkative man looked as though he wished he were dead. He didn't have another word to say during the evening, and when he thought nobody was looking he took the first opportunity to start for home.—*Boston Transcript.*

Panthers and Wolves.

Panthers are still found in twenty-six or twenty-seven States, but chiefly at the two opposite ends of our territory—in Florida and Oregon. In the Southern Alleghenies they are still frequent enough to make the government bounty a source of income to the hunters of several highland counties.

Wolves still defy civilization in some of the larger prairie States, and in the wild border country between North Carolina and East Tennessee. But, unlike panthers, they do not confine themselves to a special locality. Hunger makes them peripatetic, and in cold winters their occasional visits can be looked for in almost any mountain valley between Southern Kentucky and Alabama.

Writing a wrong is the forger's work.

DUELING AMONG STUDENTS.

HOW THEY SLASH EACH OTHER WITH KEEN-EDGED SWORDS.

Honor Among the German Students Maintained Only by Hard Fighting and Sometimes at the Cost of Life.

A letter from Gottingen, Germany, says: The "Landwehr" is one of a half-dozen restaurants to which Gottingen gentlemen go to drink beer and to smoke, the ladies to sip coffee and knit; all to gossip. But what gives it notoriety is the fact that the students fight their "mensurs" there. It is perhaps a mile from town, on the main highway of all the region. Today a corps from the university at Freiburg and another from Keil were pitted against each other there. There were three students on each side. Two of the combats came off this morning, and I went out this afternoon to see the third. As we approach within a few hundred yards of the restaurant we see near the road a sentinel whom the students have posted. It sometimes occurs that the "pedels" (in some respects a kind of university police) come down upon the combatants. The sentinel's business is to give warning of their approach, whereupon the belligerents vanish from the scene. But such interruptions are not frequent. Neither the universities nor the government make any serious attempts to suppress these combats.

On the one side of the road is the inn proper; on the other side is a low, long unattractive house, in which occur the "mensurs."

Entering an ante-room a servant takes in our cards. As we wait there is heard within the clash of steel. The combat is in progress. Being invited in, we take seats in the gallery among thirty or forty other spectators, mostly students. The room below, forty feet long by twenty broad, is furnished with a few plain tables and chairs. At one end is a counter, from which beer and luncheon are served; at the other are wash-basins, towels, mirrors, etc. Here a student is, coat off, busy dressing the wounds of a combatant. In another part of the room another student is similarly employed. Sitting or standing, more or less in groups, are some forty students. They are members of the "corps." They talk, jest, laugh in undertones. Some smoke. Healths drunk back and forth are acknowledged by bowing and the raising of caps. In the faces of these men are many scars: old, just healed, yet in bandages. One poor fellow in particular has, we judge, a "sore head. Bandages so nearly envelop it that a little of his face alone is visible.

The physician sits or moves about with a coolness bordering on indifference. There is among the students themselves not a particle of excitement. But the combat meanwhile is going vigorously on. In the center of the room are chalks on the floor, two lines, about three feet apart. The combatants stand on these. Each wears a pair of stout metallic spectacle frames, as protection for the eyes. Around their necks are folded cloths, by way of protection. Thick, padded aprons, which extend to the knees, make their breast secure from random strokes. They wear buckskin gloves on their right hands. These gloves have sleeves which extend to the shoulders, which are thickly padded. The left arm hangs inactive, and is out of danger. The weapon is the "schlager," a straight, narrow, sharp, elastic blade of steel, about forty inches long. Its handle is provided with a frame which completely protects the hand.

The strokes are dealt from the wrist out; the rest of the arm is held motionless and stiff. The combatants do not move during the making of passes out of their tracks. The seconds, likewise provided with "schlagers," stand at the left of the principal pals. Sie liegen aus (they are ready), cries the one. Los, the other. At this word the combatants fall a slashing. Halts are called after every five or six passes; the seconds catch with their "schlagers" any blows that may fall after the halt is commanded. The wounds are examined, the "needles" are counted by the judges, whereupon a few more passes are made. Pauses of several minutes' duration were frequently requested by the seconds and obtained. During these stops, no matter how short, the arms of the combatants were supported by some one. By "needles" is meant the number of stitches necessary to close up the wound. The larger the number of needles implied the greater the glory. A "mensur" is continued until the time agreed upon is filled, or until one of the combatants is disabled. Only the time during which passes are being made is taken into account. In this sense a mensur lasts from fifteen to twenty minutes.

The object of the antagonists is to inflict on one another the largest possible number of "needles." How well they succeeded is shown by the locks of hair which are made to fly as well as by the blood which trickles down their cheeks and drops upon their breasts. The floor under their feet is smeared with blood. The contest continues longer than an hour. At its close there is no semblance of exultation. One of the bell rings is blown in charge by the physician. The other lights a cigar, sits himself with his friends at a table and waits until

the surgeon can attend to his "marks of honor."

Such is the "mensur." It is peculiar to German students; no other class of German society engages in these contests, so far as I am aware.

During a discussion of the "mensur" by an assembly of lawyers in Berlin a short while ago the fact was brought out that in the years 1827-78 there were fought in eighteen German universities 180,000 of these contests. Twenty-five deaths resulted therefrom. Of those twenty-five it was asserted that the majority were the consequence not of the wounds received, but of their careless treatment. The wounds are generally mere flesh cuts inflicted on the top of the head, or the forehead, or principally the left cheek. These scarred visages have been compared to maps—maps of Germany would be more precise.

The House that Penn Built.

In a grove of old trees, about a hundred yards from Girard avenue bridge, William Penn's housestands, re-erected in the same state and style as when it nestled in the heart of business activity in Letitia street. With the exception of the old comb roof and cornices, which were so decayed that the materials could not be used in the reconstruction, the material is the same that composed the founder's old home. When it was built a couple of centuries ago all of the material used in its erection was brought from England. As it stands now and as it stood then it has a frontage of twenty feet. In entering, a visitor finds himself in a square room with four windows. To the left is the old fireplace, and on the right a winding stair to the second story. The other room on the first floor was used as a kitchen. The old house had board flooring, but as reconstructed cement takes the place of wood in the first floor. In going upstairs two rooms are found with the original windows, sashes and flooring. In each window there are twelve panes of glass, seven by nine inches. Three of the old mantel-pieces have been preserved, two of which will be placed on this floor and the other in the parlor. The old wardrobe used by William Penn will also be put into the second story front room in its former position. The third floor or garret, as it was called, consists of but one room. In it are three plain and one dormer window. Each room is furnished with an open fireplace.

The Historical society of Pennsylvania expended nearly \$5,000 in the removal and reconstruction of the house. An effort will be made to enrich the house by collecting and depositing therein all relics of the Penn family that can be obtained. A fence will surround the building, and the inclosure will be turned into flower beds, the whole being under the superintendence of the park commission.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Cities Warmer Than the Country.

Those who happen to live at a little distance from the heart of a city, says *Science*, must frequently have noticed a lack of accord between the readings of their own standard thermometers and the published observations of the signal service observer of their locality. The reason of the discord is plain, viz., the perturbing action of the heat which the city emits; and however gratifying it may be to the outsider to find himself superior to the government observers, it is very little to the credit of the weather bureau that this peculiar source of error was not long since recognized and avoided. The remarks of Professor Whitney on this subject, as applied to observations made at London, are pertinent and convincing. He says: "It is a well-known fact that cities are considerably warmer than the more thinly inhabited country, otherwise under similar climatic conditions. Statistics prove this to be true, and there could be no doubt that such would be the effect of an immense aggregation of population within a limited space, even if there were no statistics bearing on this question. Many millions of tons of coal are burned in and about London during every year; and the whole mass of brick of which the city is built is heated during the entire winter, and more or less in the summer, many degrees above the natural temperature. There can be no question that conditions such as are here indicated vitiate all observations made in or near large cities, with a view to the determination of any possible secular variation of the temperature."

An Interesting Table.

The following table shows the proportion of homes to population in the cities named:

City	Population	No. of dwellings	Persons to dwelling
Philadelphia	817,100	146,412	5.79
New Orleans	211,000	34,317	6.95
Baltimore	332,112	50,833	6.54
San Francisco	237,529	34,119	6.96
St. Louis	153,518	21,926	8.15
Chicago	535,185	61,039	8.24
Boston	352,829	42,944	8.25
Brooklyn	668,021	82,233	9.11
Cincinnati	255,129	28,017	9.11
New York	1,295,229	154,854	16.37

As a "City of Homes," Philadelphia takes the lead.

Eleven days after a girl babe had been born to a painter's wife in Hazleton, Penn., she resumed her household duties for a day and then added a boy to the family.

THE BRIDAL GIFTS.

To the stately village bride,
 With its feasting, dance and mirth,
 There came a gray-haired singer—
 One of the poor of earth.

Silver and gold and jewels,
 The rich guests brought along;
 The bard had naught to offer
 But just one little song.

Dust are the bride and bridegroom,
 The proud guests lowly lie;
 The costly gifts have crumbled—
 The song can never die.
 —Frederick Von Bodenstedt.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The hire coat—Salary judges.
 "That's what beats me," soliloquized the small boy, as he gazed at his ma's slipper.

"Well, wife, you can't say I never contracted bad habits?" "No, sir; you generally expanded them."
 "I am the power behind the throne," soliloquized the mule, as he pitched his rider heels over head to the ground.—*Boston Courier.*

Mint is said to keep rats and mice out of the house. If a man owned a mint he could also "keep the wolf from the door."

"One is alone in a crowd when one suffers, or when one loves," says a philosopher. It is different when one has corns.—*Old City Herald.*

A writer in the *Atlantic* says, "Listening is a lost art." That writer evidently does not live in a boarding-house.—*Philadelphia News.*

A city clerk has just proved that paris green on certain kinds of pie is entirely harmless. It is the pie which is generally fatal.—*New York Journal.*

There are four different patents out on ways to preserve eggs, but none of them beat the old-fashioned way of putting 'em in raisin cake, and placing the cake down cellar.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It has been discovered that fishing was a primeval occupation; but lying about the size of the fish caught originated in an age of enlightenment and civilization. Hence fishing is still a prime-evil occupation to some extent.—*Norristown Herald.*

WHERE THE WARP FAILED.
 A wisp went madly to his work,
 And various things did tackle,
 He stung a boy, and then a dog,
 And made a rooster cackle.

He settled on a drummer's cheek
 And labored with a will
 He prodded there for half an hour,
 And then he broke his drill.
 —Toledo Blade.

A school-girl says her studies are arithmetic, algebra, geography, astronomy, grammar, English history, general history, etymology, spelling, composition, drawing, reading, writing and singing by note. It looks as if her education is being sadly neglected. Unless French, Latin, mental philosophy, calculus, civil engineering, and hydrostatics are added to her studies she will be totally unfit to assume the duties of a wife and mother a few years hence.

Cultivation of Mustaches.
 "Are you ever called upon to raise mustaches for youngsters?" was asked of a New York professor of hair culture who seems to have an extensive following.

"Oh, yes, indeed," was the hair-culturer's reply. "I have many customers from sixteen to twenty-one, and even as high as twenty-five, whom I treat specially for the growth of the mustache. The youngest customers are anxious to force the crop of hair on their upper lip, the old ones find the growth too scanty and are anxious to increase its luxuriance. In the latter instance the seed pores have not been opened or life has disappeared from the bulb before it got a chance to sprout. The easiest cases to handle, though, are the young men who want precocious musta-he. By feeding the hair roots, keeping the soil moist and warm and the pores open, I have found it possible in three months to give a sixteen or seventeen-year-old a very good-looking musta-he before the rest of their face is ready for the touch of a razor."

"Are there many young men anxious for this hahd decoration?"
 "You'd be surprised to know the number. I have now under treatment three young men from a local boarding school, two boys in one of the railroad offices, the son of a prominent operator on 'Change, and a clergyman's boy. They come here regularly every three weeks to have the furze clipped from their lips, which strengthens the hair. No, I do not use the razor. It would pull the hair roots out in the tender condition in which the treatment leaves the flesh. A fine, sharp sissors does the work."
 "What do you charge them?"
 "Five dollars a bottle for the wash and a dollar for each clipping."
 "Do any of the boys want side whiskers?"
 "I never heard but one call for them since I went into the business. A young fellow stung by the ministry came in and asked me if I could produce a pair of blonde sideboards on his face. I said I could produce the hair, but it might not be exactly blonde. The hair of his head was red, and when I wouldn't guarantee to de-orate his jaws with yellow tow he got up and left. Oh, it's fun!"