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"SHE DOES NOT KNOW CHICKEN FROM TURKEY."

Helene is the handsomest girl of her race; She's an elegant form and an exquisite face. And she dresses with perfectly consummate grace.

But she doesn't know chicken from turkey. She knows many languages, living and dead; In science and fiction is very well read. But she cannot cook meat, and she cannot make bread.

And she doesn't know chicken from turkey.

She can play a "Fantasia" or "Nocturne" with skill;

Can sing up to "B"—has a wonderful voice;

Can write a good story or sonnet, but still

She doesn't know chicken from turkey.

She's been up the Tiber, the Rhine and the Nile;

She's a painter in every popular style—

Can decorate china, a plaque or a tile—

But she doesn't know chicken from turkey.

She's always self-satisfied, graceful and cool;

A critic, both just and correct, as a rule;

And knows every stitch of the Kensington School.

But she doesn't know chicken from turkey.

She can work a design by Leaning or Burt;

But she cannot cut out for her children a skirt.

Or make for her husband a well-fitting shirt—

She doesn't know chicken from turkey.

I'm willing a girl should read Latin and Greek;

Should German and French and Italian speak;

And be "up" in the latest esthetic freak.

If she only knows chicken from turkey.

I'd like her in music and song to take part;

Read poetry, science, and cultivate art.

If husband and children were first in her heart.

And if she knew chicken from turkey—

Knew barley from rice, knew a tart from a pie;

A boll from a stew, a broil from a fry;

And if she went into the market to buy.

Knew very well chicken from turkey.

For, to make a home happy, all knowledge must blend;

Art, science and service their benefits lend;

Then, ladies so clever and wise, condescend

To know about chicken and turkey.

—Little E. Barr, in the Continent.

* An old saying for a poor housewife.

"THE BUG-MAN."

The proverbial straw had broken the metaphorical camel's back. The patience of Charlotte Brantome, usually equal to the exigencies of the occasion, was exhausted. The twins, as a matter of course, were the culprit.

They, however, with the complacency natural to boys of six or thereabouts, were indifferent to the tempest of despair which raged in their sister's breast.

They had considerably refrained from adding deceit to their guilt, but had confessed, fully and unreservedly, to riding the canary's nest, to tearing a jacket, and losing a hat down the well, to eating the strawberries that were saved for supper, and to catching their most faithful hen with a fishhook.

That fishhook represented the straw; Charlotte the camel. She could have borne anything better than downright cruelty developed so early in one of her own blood. She never was a boy.

"And a man was here," went on Popsey; "a big man," volunteered Wopsey, the other twin. "And he asked us about everything, and would our mother or wasn't very well and our sister was a old maid school-ma'am."

Charlotte winced. Where had he picked up that expression? And had it come to that?

"You must not talk to strange men about mother or me. What did he want?"

"He wanted to see you."

"Me?" "Visions of tramps, of spying burglars, only they had nothing to 'burgle,' as Popsey had said one day, came into her mind.

"How did he look?"

"He was beautiful," "He was dreadful," said the twins in duet.

Further questioning elicited these facts: He was young; he was old; he was short; he was tall; he wore spectacles; he had a mustache, and was a bug-man. In the last and crowning fact the boys agreed.

Practice had made Miss Brantome a tolerable clairvoyant, so far as reading these two small minds was concerned. She jumped at the conclusion that some wandering naturalist chasing an elusive bug had chanced that way, and gave the subject no more attention.

She had other things to think of than "bug-men" or any men, and the problems of how to provide a new hat for Wopsey and how to instill reverence into the hearts of her charges drove other thoughts away.

Sitting down on the low doorstep of the house that had been home to her for six and twenty happy years she tried to reason it out. The sun was yet high, the days were at their longest. Behind her flowed the tireless river; in front of her, across the prairie, the hills were green. In the field of rye over the way gleamed a large white wooden cross. Her grandfather, in whose veins flowed some of the blue blood of France, had bought a home in this Western country when the remnant of an Indian tribe had still property to sell. The deed of sale provided for the preservation of their little burying-ground. The grain grew thick around, but the tiny village of the dead was never disturbed by spade or plow.

Old Pierre, however, had never prospered. Neither did Pierre the younger; and one night, when riding home, his horse shied in the moonlight and threw him with his head against a stone; he left no legacy but the homestead and a debt to his wife and children. There was a gap of twenty years between Charlotte and the twin babies, and she really had a third infant on her hands, for the mother was nothing more useful than that after her husband's death. She was not feeble-minded exactly, but painfully gentle—strange and unaccountable.

Charlotte shouldered her burdens with a brave heart. Her French accent—for Grandfather Brantome's blood had never filtered through Canada—brought her employment in a school in the town near by. The long walks back and forth kept the roses blooming in her cheeks, the boys were good—sometimes—and she, being busy, was happy. It requires leisure to be successfully miserable.

The burying-ground typified to her the "daily martyrdom of private life." And now, looking at it, her heart grew light. The new hat would cost but a trifle. Surely there were more strawberries ripe in the garden, the canary would lay more eggs, the jacket could be mended, and old Speckle had proved superior to the fish-hook.

But what could the boys be screaming about?

"The bug-man! the bug-man!" they were shouting, trotting toward her with all their might on their sandy little feet. It was certainly strange. Why should a stranger call twice? That he should come once was not surprising—but twice?

"We showed him your photograph," said Popsey, "and he said you didn't look like a old maid a bit."

"And he said," went on the other terrible infant without a pause, "wasn't we proud to have such a nice sister he wished he had and he had such a lot of bugs he puts them to sleep with medicine and sticks pins through 'em and he has a gold watch and he let us wind it up and we told him to come again some more and here he is?"

Charlotte was speechless, but in some way she found herself rising to her feet to greet a gentleman who was taking off his hat to her and bowing with a grace which even Grandfather Brantome would have approved.

"Miss Brantome, I believe," she acquiesced in silence.

"I am gathering materials for an historical work, and was directed to you for information concerning the antiquities of this region. And I might as well say now that I have references and all that sort of thing."

"Then you are not—" She stopped; he smiled.

"No, I am not exactly a bug-man, as these little fellows have called me, although I must plead guilty to slight leaning in that direction. Yet just now I would joyfully part with the biggest bugs in my collection if in exchange I might examine your grandfather's papers."

He was so gracefully genial that one could no more be absurdly dignified with him than with the golden robin singing on the Indian cross.

"Will you walk in?"

"I will sit out here instead if you will permit me."

So Popsey and Wopsey dragged a chair and then stood motionless and wider-eyed, listening to the talk of discovery and adventure. They did not understand it very well until the conversation turned to Indian lore. Indians and bears they could comprehend. Then the mother, attracted by a strange voice, drew near the door in her melancholy, wavering way.

"The postmaster's wife thought that La Salle was an Indian chief," Charlotte was saying, "and she had heard of Father Marquette, but supposed him the priest down at La Paz."

"I met a woman the other day who thought a herbarium was a bug," remarked Mr. Duncan. Then they laughed.

But everything comes to an end. The boys began a dumb show behind the stranger's back to indicate to their sister that they were perishing of hunger; so she let the conversation lag in order to end the call. "Come tomorrow and see the papers if you like," she said. "It will be Saturday, and I shall be at home to answer questions."

He thanked her and withdrew, jumping over the rail fence which skirted the field of rye in order to get a new view of the cross, on which not one, but a dozen, golden robins were holding a vesper convale. And the tea-kettle was soon singing in the Brantome kitchen a song as gay as that of the robins, and Charlotte was not her usual careful self as she picked the strawberries for tea.

"Half of them green," said the disgusted Wopsey. "Spect she's thinking of the bug-man."

It certainly was astonishing how much consulting the Brantome manuscripts needed. And, to, Mr. Duncan required so much assistance. It was "Miss Brantome, will you kindly read this list while I copy it?" or, "Miss Charlotte, really I can't make out whether this is an e or an i," all the while. Grandfather Brantome would have begun to inquire as to marriage settlements and Scotch pedigrees had he been alive to see those chestnut locks, innocent of bangs, and that dark mustache in such dangerous proximity. It was the old story—two young heads bending over the same

page. No word of love had passed. All was on a strictly business basis, the history of the missions of the Northwest the objective aim.

But at last there was no excuse for lingering longer. The hills across the prairie were red and gold, the robins had fled, and the grain around the little burying-ground cut and stowed away.

Charlotte was walking home as usual. Far away in the road two moving dots appeared, which developed into the twins as they came nearer. Tears were cutting briny furrows down their not very clean cheeks. Hysterical sobs alone came from their mouths as they tried to speak, but finally sisterly intuition eliminated these words from the chaos.

"Mother has runned away! She said she would if we didn't stop poundin', and we didn't, and she has runned!"

"That poor mother! She had made the same threat a hundred times before, but had been pacified."

"Which way? Tell me quickly," thinking of the river, so tireless and so cruel.

"She runned up the railroad track." No more words were needed. Back of the garden was the branch railway from La Paz. The evening train was nearly due.

Leaving the twins to toddle after as well as they could in their exhausted state she ran. Ran? She flew. The bright invalid shawl was a beacon. Mrs. Brantome sat upon the track, idly playing with some yellow flowers. Charlotte knew her patient well.

"Mother," she said, "it is late, and the boys are calling, and you must feed the chickens."

The mother shook her head. Persuasion was no persuader. Then Charlotte scolded. Alike useless. Then, as a last resort, she used a gentle force. A failure. Sit there and pull those yellow flowers to pieces—that the poor unbalanced woman would do, nothing else. In Heaven's name, what was to be done? Those who have had experience know the strength of the insane. The train whistled for the crossing a mile away, and just then, some guardian angel guiding him, James Duncan jumped the fence, a wet handkerchief in his hand.

Blessings upon the medicine which subdued the bugs! It subdued this poor woman in a moment, and he had lifted her out of danger before the train rushed past.

Then he explained. He had been copying the inscription on the Indian's tombstone as the boys went screaming by. He gathered enough from their incoherent words to learn what the matter was. The chloroform idea was simply an inspiration.

"How can I repay you?" asked wet-eyed Charlotte, as the party, boys, mother, and all, were walking back.

"By making over to me Pierre Brantome's manuscripts—and his granddaughter. I can never write the history without her."

"Well," softly, "in the cause of science—perhaps."

And this is how it came to pass that the boys marched up the church aisle before the robins came again with Charlotte and the bug-man.—Flora L. Stanfield.

A Metropolitan Crematory.

Ground has been purchased on the highest and the most picturesque grounds on Manhattan Island on which to erect a crematory to reduce dead bodies to ashes. The New York Cremation society wish to avoid ferries, railroad trains and crowded thoroughfares when conveying the remains of their relatives and friends to the last resting-place. This will be secured by the proposed works on Washington Heights. This cemetery will be more complete than anything of its kind in the world. There are to be no yew or willow trees and no emblems of mourning. A picturesque chapel for memorial services will be erected, and the grounds will be laid out and adorned with plants and flowers suggesting hope and joy instead of the more melancholy emotions. Nor will there be any roasting and burning of the bodies, but the remains will be incinerated by an intensely hot, dry air radiating from furnaces fifteen feet distant, which will reduce the corpse in a short time to a heap of ashes. The crematory is to be in part modeled upon those in Germany and Italy, where they are in much more general use than in this country.—Lemorest.

How a Pianist Avoided a Duel.

A duel in which an eminent pianist was to have taken a leading part is said to have been happily arranged without loss of life or limb on either side. An altercation had taken place at a Paris cafe between the said pianist and a well-known man of fashion; and it at last became so animated that the latter offered the former his card and accepted one in return. The pianist waited at home the next morning, but heard nothing from his opponent. The day afterward he met him by chance in the street, and expressed his surprise at what had, or rather at what had not, taken place. "I asked you the day before yesterday," said the pianist's adversary, "for satisfaction, and yesterday I received it." "How so?" asked the pianist, more astonished than ever. "Instead of a visiting card you gave me a ticket for your concert, was the reply. "I went to it, heard you play, and was more than satisfied.—St. James' Gazette.

FASHION NOTES.

Cream white is not worn any longer by brides. Silk pocketbooks, hand-painted, are the newest. Shirred yokes and full waists are much worn.

Galloons is revived for dress and bonnet trimmings. Plaids, blocks, checks and stripes are features in fall fabrics.

Silver and gilt crops out in the new dress and bonnet galloons. Black-headed bonnets are now revived by a coquille of lace arranged over the brim in front.

Mantles of plain black silk, trimmed with a profusion of lace, are the fashionable wrap for middle-aged women this fall.

The Gallic cock in metals of all colors, gilt, steel, bronze or silver, and in feathers, is a very fashionable ornament.

Russian Pashutt and elephant gray, czar brown, royal French blue, Moscow green, and violet purple are very fashionable colors.

The Princess of Wales recently wore at a garden party a cream colored dress of light material, trimmed with old gold; a small princess bonnet ornamented with rosebuds and tied across with turquoise blue. At her breast was a bunch of crimson roses.

Dress skirts are growing decidedly fuller and wider, and this decided tendency to bouffant style has, as history plainly reveals, been almost invariably the forerunner of crinoline, and crinoline we are to have unless scores of manufacturers, who have summoned their hitherto idle forces and begun the work anew of making hoop-skirts, have listened to a delusive rumor of their coming popularity.—New York Evening Post.

New bonnets for autumn wear are displayed in New York in a bewildering and elegant variety of styles. Dainty and uncommon models in dark English braids and felts are shown, the former handsomely trimmed with richly colored fall flowers and fruits, and the latter showing velvet crowns and puffed velvet brims, with trimmings of fluffy feather-tips and jeweled ornaments, the garnitures for these showing a decided tendency to high art shades and mixtures.

A Mountain Alligator.

William Blackheath, who has just returned from a six-months' sojourn in Arizona, has brought to the Comstock the skin of what he, for want of a better name, calls a Gila monster, but which is evidently that of a saurian of a different species. The skin now measures seven feet from tip to tip, and it has evidently shrunk some inches in drying. Though about the color of an ordinary Gila monster, the reptile is evidently a kind of inland crocodile, or, more properly, cayman, as it had not the webbed feet of the crocodile.

The strange saurian was found in a small valley in the Wheatstone mountains. When alive it stood two feet high, and its body, just back of its fore-legs, was over three feet in circumference. The creature was as savage as a bulldog, and as full of fight as a viper. It was found by the dogs of Mr. Blackheath and partner. When the men arrived at the haunt of the reptile—to which they were attracted by the fierce and peculiar barking of their dogs, three in number—they found that one dog had already been killed and the others were badly cut up and covered with blood. The creature displayed such activity and was so diabolically vicious that the two prospectors feared to go near it, being armed with nothing better than a prospecting pick and a shovel with a short handle.

Finally the thing got one of the dogs by the foreleg, and finding that it held on like a terrier, with no sign of losing its hold. Mr. Blackheath ran forward and struck his pick into its head. Even then the reptile held on, and it was not until it had been struck several blows with the pole of the pick that its jaws relaxed and it gave up the ghost. When the dog was released it was found that the foreleg had been broken at a point about two inches above the knee.

Mr. Blackheath says he has met with several creatures known as Gila monsters that were two feet and two and a half feet in length, but never before or since saw, or even suspected the existence of one so large as that whose skin he possesses. It was a surprise to all the white men in that section, but some of the Indians asserted that far south in the Sierra Madre mountains they had seen some that were as large or larger.

Unfortunately in slaying the saurian, Mr. Blackheath's only idea was to have the hide tanned and made into boots and gaiters, therefore he did not preserve the feet, otherwise the skin might be stuffed and mounted by a taxidermist. He says the teeth of the creature were over an inch in length, were sharp as needles, and in shape resembled the teeth of a shark.—Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.

"Did the prisoner knock Mr. Smith down in retaliation?" asked the lawyer of the witness. "No, sir; he knocked him down in the board yard."—City Derrick.

A LAND OF VOLCANOES.

eruptions which have changed the face of nature.

Java and Its Fiery Mountains Described—A Picturesque Region Subject to Terrific Visitations—Eruptions of the Past.

The straits of Sunda, whose conformation has been so completely and destructively altered by the recent volcanic convulsion, lie between Java and Sumatra, and are the most direct route of communication which eastern traders possess with the northern coast of the former island. Prior to the recollection of the oldest navigator, an inscrutable and discreet Providence had sprinkled volcanoes, extinct and otherwise, over the bottom of the straits and of the open, adjacent seas, as thickly as the holes in the lid of a pepper box. Navigation was, therefore, in all seasons, subject to peculiar dangers, and, many years ago, when steam navigation came in vogue, the commerce of the Dutch and other Europeans with China, India and Japan was transferred to the straits of Malacca, which present a smoother bottom and a deeper channel, while sailing ships preferred the straits of Sunda from their width. The value of the Sunda straits as a marine channel lies in the possession of Java by the Dutch, who utilized it formerly for the production of pepper and other spices, but latterly of coffee, the market for which berry they monopolized for many years before the Ceylon berry came into competition with it.

The province of Bantam, which has been reduced to the condition of an ashy desert, is situated in the extreme western part of Java, and was formerly given up altogether to the cultivation of pepper. Adjoining it upon the east is the more populous and fertile province of Batavia. These two dependencies, as well as the whole island, are dotted with volcanoes. The volcanoes of both provinces have ever been celebrated for their continuous and destructive eruptions, and it is said that the accumulation of lava from them formed the original superstructure of the island.

The straits of Sunda are so broad that the shores upon either side are invisible to the few mariners who sail through them. The water is of that deep green color peculiar to the shallow parts of the Indian ocean. The channel is subject to variation. The most prominent islands in the straits were Krakatoe, which was obliterated by the convulsion, and Sibiree, which still stands. The wide expanse of sea which divides Java, Sumatra and Borneo from each other, is so shallow that ships can anchor therein out of sight of land, the extreme depth not exceeding forty fathoms. The scenery in this dangerous locality is picturesque. The adjacent shores of Bantam present a bold, sharp outline of high mountains, while the sea here is fringed with palm trees.

The recent loss of life, though great, does not exceed that upon a number of previous occasions. In 1772 the great volcano of Popandayan, in the province adjoining Batavia, belched forth fire and smoke for three weeks. Forty villages were destroyed, and 100,000 persons perished in the immense lake of lava which spread over the country for miles. The mountain blew up with a terrible noise, and a lake of muddy water took its place and exists to this day. In 1645 the adjacent island of Mukian, of the Molucca group, was rent in twain and a gorge formed to the sea, a distance of several miles. In 1862 the mountain was again blown up, and all of the inhabitants within a radius of six miles were destroyed. There have been a number of disastrous eruptions in Bantam and Batavia within the last twelve years, involving a great loss of life. The island of Java is not larger than Ireland. It is related that in former times Java, Boli and Sumbawa were united, and afterward separated by a volcanic earthquake into nine islands, and that, in the distant future, so goes the tradition, they will again be united.

The inhabitants of Java are distinctively Malayian. Of short stature, they are supple, docile and glory in a skin of a light yellow color. They are superstitious and exist in a social community governed by a multitude of regulations and observances unusual in an oriental country, where the type of civilization is not more highly developed than in this case.

The chain of volcanoes which has given rise to all of the memorable eruptions begins at Java headland, the southwestern cape of Java, jutting out into the lower region of the Sunda straits, and directly traverses the entire length of the island, continuing in the Bali strait, and reappearing in the other islands of the group. The same chain is distinctly developed in Japan, thousands of miles northward, where there have also been frequent eruptions, with consequent extensive loss of life and property.

The general conformation of the populous agricultural districts of Bantam and Batavia is similar to that of Japan. The wealthy travel by post horses. The great bulk of the population live in the eastern provinces, and the foreign population of Bantam and Batavia has not greatly increased within the last ten years. In 1815 the total population of Bantam was 231,004, and of Batavia, 332,015; and in 1880, respectively 757,707 and 960,636.—Philadelphia Press.

LULLABY.

"Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green; Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen." Rockaby, lullaby, all the day long, Down to the land of the lullaby song. Babyland never again will be thine, Land of all mystery, holy, divine.

Motherland, Otherland, Wonderland, Underland, Land of a time ne'er again to be seen; Flowerland, Bowerland, Airyland, Fairyland, Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green.

Rockaby, baby, thy mother will keep Gen's watch o'er this azure-eyed sleep; Baby can't feel what mother-heart knows, Throbbing its fear o'er your quiet repose. Mother-heart knows how baby must fight Wearily on through the fast-coming night;

Battle unending, Honor defending, Baby must wage with the powers unseen. Sleep now, oh, baby dear, God and thy mother near; Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green.

Rockaby, baby, the days will grow long; Silent the voice of the mother-love song. Bowed with sore burdens, the man-life must own Sorrows that baby must bear all alone. Wonderland can never come back again; Thought will come soon—and with reason comes pain.

Sorrowland, Metherland, Drearyland, Wearyland, Baby and Heavenland lying between. Smile, then, in Motherland, Dream in the Otherland, Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green.

—From the German.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The yellow fever—The love of gold. In view of the late volcanic eruptions it seems likely that all our "best Java coffee" will come from Brazil this year.

"Now that I have got my hay in," said the relieved farmer, "I think the world would be greatly better for a good shower."

Tell us not in mournful numbers That this life is but a dream. When a girl that we gins one hundred Gets into a quart of cream—And then wants more.—Elmira Gazette.

It is strange that whenever some young ladies begin to play on the piano many of the audience commence to talk. One touch of discord makes the whole party chin.—New York Advertiser.

"I watched the billows by day, I watched the sea by night," says a current poet. He should engage himself as a hotel clerk at the seashore, where he could watch the bill-owes all the time.

Kindly words can never perish—Sweets and flowers are ne'er forgotten—Never wrong or insults cherish—Evil thoughts are ill-be gotten; If the little ones should falter, Do not box their ears or yank 'em, But go out and get a halter, Turn them upside down and spank 'em.—New York World.

A fact: Two gentlemen were questioning why professional men should so frequently be bald. The little daughter of one had been an attentive though unobserved listener, but made her presence and opinion known by suddenly exclaiming: "Oh, papa, I know; it's so that their wits can come out."

"How long have you been working for me?" asked Mr. Keely of his foreman. "Fourteen years," was the reply. "How much do you know about running this engine?" again asked Keely. "Nothing," said the foreman. He didn't want to know more than the father of the motor, so to speak.—Troy Times.

The latest "snake story" going the rounds of the press is headed: "A Young Lady Tightly Embraced by a Serpent." Such incidents are not rare. But the young lady doesn't know at the time that he is a serpent. Sometimes she doesn't discover the fact until after she marries him.—Norristown Herald.

Emperor William is said to have a very extensive wardrobe, some of the articles having been in his possession and use twenty-five years. The emperor's wife is very different from other women, or else plaster-of-paris image vendors never all with busts of Napoleon and Bismarck which they offer to exchange for second-hand clothing.—Norristown Herald.

An Irish lawyer having addressed the court as "gent men," instead of "yer honors," after he had concluded a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately rose and apologized thus: "May it please the court, in the haste of debate I called yer honors gentlemen. I made a mistake, yer honors." The speaker then sat down.—Chambers' Journal.

The Sandwich Islanders appear to be tolerably good judges of a woman's smile. A Hawaiian newspaper, in describing such an affair, says: Her rich, red lips parted, and there flashed upon the landscape two rows of beautiful white teeth. Slowly her mouth opened wider and wider. Deeper grew the dimples in her bronze cheeks. Brighter danced the sunbeams in her eyes, until a stray ray, darting through the foliage of an overhanging bough, illuminated the deep cavern of her mouth, bringing into view the back of her head. Then, seeing us gaze intently upon her, she shut her jaw and darkness fell upon the scene.