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The Forest Republican

VOL. XVI. NO. 37.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1883.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes One Square, one inch, one insertion; One Square, one inch, one month; One Square, one inch, three months; One Square, one inch, one year; Quarter Column, one year; Two Squares, one year; Half Column, one year; One Column, one year.

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.

THANKSGIVING.

As flower from the sod looks up To greet the gladsome light That fills with fragrance its gay cup, And makes its petals bright, So may our hearts look up to Thee, Oh God, our God, our Father, And every grateful faculty To Thee its glad song sing!

AT NORRIS FARM

A THANKSGIVING STORY. It was the day before Thanksgiving, but there were no preparations for feast or revel at Norris farm. The old red house stood grim and silent in the midst of gaunt trees that had dropped their leaves like tears since the trouble had fallen upon Norris Place. For during the last few months matters had grown from bad to worse, and the poor harvest had proven beyond a doubt or a hope that the old farm must go.

Then I know how it will be," answered the old lady, nodding her head. But Janet did not reply to her. She went toward the cornfield, a basket slung over her shoulder, and as she went she smiled softly, and said, under her breath: "When the right one comes. Ah, yes, I know how it will be then. But how much longer—oh, Lord, how much longer," and the dark eyes she lifted to the gray November skies were wet with tears, yet brave with hope. Ah, Janet! already was your woman's heart crying out for its own; in spite of your bold words you were longing for freedom. So Mrs. Norris would have said had she heard Janet's low cry. But it was heard only by the angels, unless the ears of corn were listening, which Janet proceeded to sever from their withered husks and fling into the basket which she had brought for that purpose. She filled the basket with surprising swiftness, then lifted it on her strong shoulders and carried it to a wagon standing at some little distance, half filled with golden ears.

summer with which to return thanks to the Creator of all. In all the surrounding farmhouses, even to the hut of Tom Kelly, the section hand, which was spilling over with children of all sizes, there was some preparation for a feast of Thanksgiving and a holiday from labor. Loads of laughing people rode by, going to the homes of friends or relatives to celebrate the day. But amidst all the merry makings, Norris house stood grim and silent. Scarcely a word was spoken during the early morning hours, and Mrs. Norris went about her household duties with a sterner and more defiant expression than usual upon her face—an expression which seemed to say: "If any Power expects me to be grateful to-day for the misfortunes which have fallen so thickly on my past, it will be disappointed."

hood had learned of the misfortunes which had befallen the Norris family. With fear and trembling, she had presented herself at the door, with what result we know. Years seemed to fall from Mrs. Norris' face during the Thanksgiving Day, which restored her lost faith in God and man, even as it restored the long-lost son. And something of the lost spirit and vigor seemed to return to Mr. Norris, for a time at least, and Janet was radiant, and she set about preparing a feast fit for kings. For Anselmy Norris had come home with pockets full of gold and silver from the mines of Colorado. And so, after all, there was a glad and happy Thanksgiving Day at Norris farm, and no one sent up a more earnest cry of gratitude and praise than the softened heart of Mrs. Norris, as she clung to Janet and whispered: "It is never wise to lose faith in God, dear. You were right in clinging to his hand through the darkness of the night, which has been shattered by the glory of this beautiful morning. And all my life shall be one long day of Thanksgiving henceforth."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. A new branch of trade is the making of illuminating gas from sawdust. According to a writer in a foreign paper, animal oils are unsafe to use in air compressors, as they take fire spontaneously in compressed air, or in other words, they create an explosive gas. A specimen of vegetable wool comes from Java. When it is freed from its leathery covering and the seeds, through a very simple process, it is worth between sixteen and seventeen cents a pound. According to Electricite, spiders, which are very numerous in Japan, spin their webs during the night, between the telegraph wires and their supports. As the dew is very abundant, the webs become conductors of electricity and give rise to great disturbance in the transmission of messages. The Eureka colliery, in Pennsylvania, is now employing in their mining operations the expansive force produced by bringing together quicklime and water instead of blasting with gunpowder. Among other advantages claimed by this system, besides its cheapness and quickness, are the following: Immunity from gas explosions, there being no fire or flame, necessary absence of all noxious gases and odors, and possibility of the men working without interruption, there being no explosion. The Helms (Montana) Independent tells of a gulch between Helena and Virginia City, Nev., whose waters cover polished iron and steel, with a coating of pure metallic copper, as bright as the burnished metal. Pick and shovels used there soon become copper-plated. One day in 1876 a horse was permitted to stand in the moist sand some fifteen minutes, and when led out his shoes had a bright copper coating. The sands in this gulch are full of beautiful crystals of metallic copper. Sometimes we found masses of crystallized copper weighing three and four ounces. Owing to the peculiarity of the Chinese characters, each of which represents a word, not a letter, as in our Western tongues, says the English journal Engineering, the Danish Telegraph Company (the Great Northern) working the new Chinese line has adopted the following device: There are from five to six thousand characters or words in ordinary Chinese language and the company has provided a wooden block or type for each of these. On one end of this block the character is cut or stamped out, and on the other end is a number representing the character. The clerk receives a message in numbers and takes the block of each number transmitted and stamps with the opposite end the proper Chinese character on the message form. Thus a Chinese message sent in figures is translated into Chinese characters again and forwarded to its destination. The sending clerk, of course requires to know the numerical equivalent of the characters or have them found for him.

EMIGRANT SONG. [Written on the steamship City of Rome.] Behind us lies a land all dim With signs of sorrow old; Before us on the ocean's rim A land that looks of gold. We go, a fuller life to win, With freedom for th' oppressed— But wont forget the old land in The new world of the West. We cannot weep who cross the deep, Unfairly driven forth; We might not sow, we could not reap Our share of native earth! We go, a fuller life to win, With freedom for th' oppressed— But wont forget the old land in That new world of the West. As emigrants from land to land— From rise to set of sun, We build the bridge till ocean's spanned, And all the world is one. We go, a fuller life to win, With freedom for th' oppressed— But wont forget the old land in That new world of the West. —Gerald Massey. HUMOROUS. Remarkably find board—Sawdust. Superior court—Sparking a rich girl. When you see a glass of water—Goblet. Out of sight, out of mind—A blind lunatic. Light housekeeping—Keeping a light-house. The Great Indian Corn Cure—The August sun. Quick at figures—The dancing master. —Boston Bulletin. The fisherman is the one who has to scratch for a living, at least you continually hear of his having a bite. —Statenman. Under certain circumstances it makes a man feel mean to have people give him a wide berth, but somehow it never does when traveling on a steambent. —Burlington Free Press. A Michigan youth, aged nineteen, had a flare-up with his girl, and out of revenge, married the latter's aunt—"fat, fair and forty." It is the first time aunts fat has been utilized as a cure for a broken heart. —Poria Transcript. Ex-Minister Schenck is made to say, in Life, "Will you please state that Miss Anderson is not the only dignified American. I, too, in my day, refused to see the Prince of Wales, although at the time I held three jacks." There are ninety-six hundred musical bands of various kinds in the United States, and still some people are surprised when they open their morning papers and read of the terrible crimes committed every day. —Merchant Traveler. A learned man has discovered that birds lack the sense of smell. If this learned man should pull off his coat and roll up his shirt sleeves he might in time also discover that birds lack a nose to smell with. —Philadelphia Call. They have an extraordinary police force in Troy. A man was attacked at night, stunned, carried a quarter of a mile, and then robbed of his watch and chain, money and diamond pin, hat, clothes and shoes. The police recovered the shoes. —New York Sun. The idea of congratulating a man because he has reached his seventieth birthday, as though that was something to be joyous about. Now, if the man could only reach his seventh birthday again there'd be something to fetch the band out for. —Burlington Free Press. A philosopher asserts that one of the best lessons of life is "Learn to labor and to wait," and that "all that is good takes time, and comes only by slow growth." "This is decidedly encouraging," murmurs the young man, as he consults the almost invisible bristles on his upper lip. —Statenman. A German accented a broad-brimmed specimen from Texas on Wisconsin street Sunday. "Who you, I don't know?" Looking the inquisitive German in the face he replied: "I am a cow-boy." "Dot's good," replied our German friend. "Slauke, I vos a bully boy, deo." They shook. —Pek's Sun. Now comes the annual poultry feast. When roasts do barren grow, When every brand of feathers' best— Both in the oven good, When man doth mounds of turkeys bake And with a gravy lather 'em, And then doth of his stomach make A sort of omnium gatherum. —Youkers Gazette. Two San Francisco women are at law about a wedding dress, each claiming it, and the testimony is so mixed that the judge can't decide. Let him try Solomon's scheme with the women and the baby! Let him threaten to spill a plate of soup or a dish of ice cream on the dress; the woman who screams and calls him "a mean old thing" will be the real owner. —Detroit Free Press. "I was to be married, you know," said Blooms to his friend Clark. "but I guess it's off, you know, for good." "How is that?" asked Clark. "This way," replied Blooms. "She said she'd marry me, you know, when all impediments were removed. "Yes." "Well, I asked her last night if they were not all—removed, you know, and she said 'no.' I still s-stutter?" —New York Commercial. "Oh, yes," said the eldest Miss Culture at table d'hote the other evening. "I breakfasted with Mrs. Brainwait and we enjoyed a delicious repast—excellent coffee, superior bread, and piscatorial globes done admirably." "What?" asked her friend. "Piscatorial globes," repeated the Boston miss. "And what under the sun are they?" "I believe," said Miss Culture, drawing herself up stiffly, "I believe uneducated people call them fish balls." —Hotel Mail.