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MY CREDITOR.

Oh, Love! Most sovereign power! By every tender token, By every fond word spoken, By every hope and sigh, The glancing of an eye, The tell-tale blush, The hectic flush, Smiles, rhapsody, or tears, Unspoken doubts or fears, Unwritten songs to sunshine wed, Celestial dreams by fancy fed, From early morn to midnight hour, Each day, each day, Must I betray, And ever prove, Oh, Love! ah me! How much am I in debt to thee!

—Josephine Pollard.

THE WOOD CHOPPER.

"You are really too bad, Horace!" and a touch of the whip to Whitefoot's sides emphasized Godfrey Howell's impatient exclamation. His companion started from his reveries, and with a good-natured laugh asked, "Why?"

Dark chestnut curls, escaping from a scarlet hood, shaded a bright face, whose large dark eyes were raised as the little one stood motionless, looking at the carriage and the two "city gentlemen."

"I don't know what you think of Lottie," said their hostess, as she led the young men into the pretty parlor; "for the child is perfectly crazy. Aunt Harriet felt unequal to the constant gawky of a watering-place, this summer, and she required some change of air. So we took this cottage to rusticate for a few months. It is Lottie's first season of perfect freedom, and the child is absolutely crazy upon all country matters. Seeing some of the farmer's children in the neighborhood barefoot, she steals away and doffs her shoes and stockings whenever she can escape observation. Ah! here she comes!"

Oh! the old, old story! Who can tell all the whys and wherefores? They met—they loved! The picture was finished at last, and placed in the Academy to draw forth many praises and win the prize. Yet even the renewal of his uncle's favor and the warm commendations of his friends did not give Horace the thrill of delight which he felt when Lottie put her arms around his neck and said, "Susie says you're going to be my brother, and I'm awful glad!"—Annie Arnold in the Artist.

PERILS OF A COAL MINE.

DANGERS ENCOUNTERED BY MINERS IN THE COLLIERIES.

Some Marvelous Escapes from Instantaneous Death—Saved only by a Display of Great Nerve. "Escapes! Yes, sir; I've had one or two near shaves; and I don't suppose there's a man on the colliery but what could say the same."

How could a man be let down into the sump and escape alive, seemed a mystery to me. "How on earth did you get out?" I asked. "I suppose they drew the cage up at once?"

"Well," he said, "I knew what was going to happen, when I felt her going. The water came in on me, and I knew there was eight feet above me; and I thought, 'Well, it's a queer thing if I've come here to be drowned.' I had my thick leather jacket on; and I swallowed a lot of water; but I scrambled out somehow. But it was a near thing, I can tell you."

the edge of the tub. I gave myself a wrench, trying to get free; but I couldn't. All this of course passed in a fraction of a second, and I gave myself up as dead. Now comes the most wonderful part. At the very time my head touched the roof, in the very crisis of my agony of mind, when the whole situation flashed on me, the pony stopped. No one had touched it or spoken to it. I had uttered no cry. The pony stopped. I drew down my head, and crouched almost fainting in the tub. My life was saved. I never told my companions until we came out, when they remarked how pale I looked. For weeks, whenever I went down the pit, I was almost unnerved by this terrible recollection. And I tell you, sir, I've read of drowning people seeing at a glance all the past scenes and doings of their lives—I never thought much of it—but I tell you, every scene and deed of my life seemed to come before me in a flash of light. I saw everything. I have never forgotten, and shall never forget, the feeling of that day. How it was that pony stopped and my life was saved, I can't say; but if it wasn't Providence, I don't know what else it can be."

The Rio Market.

Worlds within themselves are the markets or mercados of Rio. Great are they in extent, rich in variety, teeming in interest and loud in smell. The visitor will have no difficulty in finding these interesting places if he follows the dictates of his own organ of smell, for the odor of the markets is greater, stronger and richer than all the other odors of the city, and can be detected a square or so away. The market I would advise to tell you about, and the one that often attracted me at times when I felt able to wade through the unpleasantness of the place, is situated on the bay shore, and has its docks for the fish and vegetable boats. You may have seen the French market in New Orleans. If you have, and are gifted with an imagination that can picture a similar place a little larger in size, many times more curious and crowded, twenty times more dirty, you may have a faint idea of what this market may be like. In its area, which is about equal to that of an ordinary city square, are comprised a greater assortment of things than could be dreamed of in a month. In sheds and stalls and stands are offered for sale a most miscellaneous lot of merchandise, perishable and otherwise. Everything you could find in the North is here, beside the infinite variety of things the existence of which the people of the North never had the faintest idea. Next to a stall where is displayed a chaotic stock of notions and "general store" goods, in many of which we recognize the handiwork of the Yankee, we find a vegetable stand, where is offered for sale everything that grows and possesses any value as food—the fruits of the tropics, pumpkins, sections of the edible palm-trees, mandiocas and other vegetable looking things that the Hoosier could not call by name. This edible palm beats everything in the food line I know of. We see pieces of round, green, pithy wood two or three inches in diameter and as long as a stick of cordwood, and can hardly be convinced that this should be an article in the bill-of-fare of the natives, yet we are assured that it is a popular food among the poorer inhabitants. The palm-tree serves the natives manifold purposes. They build houses and roof them with materials from the tree, they make clothing and thread, tools, household utensils, and I forget to what other uses they put the tree, beside eating the trunk.

Next to the vegetable stall we'll find a crockery establishment. The bulk of this stock will be seen to be water coolers, bottles, etc., of the Dutch porous ware, which is so well adapted for use in the tropics. But of all the bewildering maze of things, animate and inanimate, the poultry booths will hold most of the visitor's attention. The boxes of chickens, pigeons, ducks, etc., that are so familiar to our eyes we pass with a glance, but the cages of canaries, finches, flamingoes, parrots, paroquets, cockatoos, and others of the plumed tribe, valued either for their musical ability, loquacity or plumage, retain our interest. You may say that the latter-named are queer poultry. It does seem funny to see roosters and hens, that look so natural we could almost believe in the poultry department of Indiana county fair, and the rarest birds of the tropics side and side, but so we find it here. Amid the scores of birds, the species of which I am ignorant, I found a sedate and solemn toucan, with its preponderance of bill. We saw this same bird every time we visited the place, and it became very familiar, so familiar, in fact, that the major felt free to call him "Doc tor"—a name suggested by the size of the bill.—Will Wayward.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Luminous paint has been applied to harness with desirable results. At night the position of the horse is clearly indicated, and it does not appear that the animal is alarmed in the slightest by his bright equipment. In the stores of Paris glass is taking the place of wood for flooring. It costs more than wood, but it lasts longer, and beside being easily kept clean allows enough light to be transmitted through its roughened surface for the employes to work by on the floor beneath. The glass is cast in squares and set in strong iron frames. Lieutenant Diek, of the Russian army, has discovered a new luminous powder which has three colors—green, yellow and violet, the last-named giving the most powerful light. Mixed with water in a glass vessel, an illuminating liquid is produced which may prove very useful in mining and military operations. The illuminating power lasts for eight hours, when fresh powder must be added.

Dr. Carter Moffat recently delivered a lecture in Glasgow to a large audience, mainly composed of professional men and musical critics, on voice training by chemical means. Dr. Moffat maintained that the presence of peroxide of hydrogen in the air and dew of Italy had some connection with the beauty of the Italian vocal tone. A series of illustrations by persons taken from the audience, who inhaled a chemical compound made to represent Italian air, are said to have been very satisfactory—a full, clear rich, mellow tone being produced by one application.

WISE WORDS.

There is no use in sweeping a chamber if all the dust comes out of the broom. Even genius itself is but fine observation strengthened by fixity of purpose. Nothing so exasperates some natures as to be first thwarted, and then severely let alone. There is no contagion so mysterious and awfully rapid in its transmission as that of a panic. Imitate time. It destroys slowly. It undermines, wears, loosens, separates. It does not uproot. Oh! the malign power of one evil deed! Who can tell when and where its deadly influence will cease? An innate dignity and reserve is a true woman's sure protection unless men are equal to brute violence. No man, for any considerable period, can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the truer. In those who wish to be happy the passions must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is rich; to fear and sorrow, real poverty. Virtue is so powerful that of herself she will, in spite of all the necromancy possessed by the first inventor, Zoroaster, come off conqueror in every severe trial, and shine resplendent in the world, as the sun shines in the heavens.

The Church Sleeper.

The sleeper. He will be there. Peradventure he leaneth his chin on a cane, so that when the moment of deep and profound slumber cometh upon him his chin slipeth off, and with the bang of his head upon the pew in front of him he is awakened. Or, the slumberer may sit bolt upright and nod in time to his sleep and regular breathing. Only when you cast your eyes upon him, the watchful wife at his bosom stabs him with her elbow, and he glareth on the congregation as one who would say: "He that saith that I sleep, the same is a liar and a villain and a horse thief." Or, if he be so that he leaneth his head back until the lid thereof falleth down between his shoulders and he playeth fantastic tunes with his nose, inasmuch that the boys in the gallery make merry over the same, then it is hazardous to awaken this slumberer right suddenly, because he dreamerth of divers things, and saith to the titling man who shaketh him up: "Hey! ha! ha! yes, all right! I'm up." And thus the congregation is scandalized. But if he foldeth his handkerchief over the back of the pew in front, and boweth his head devotedly on the same, even in that moment when the text is pronounced, then will that sleeper trouble no one, but will slumber sweetly on until the time of the benediction; and will awake refreshed and smiling, and he will extol the sermon and magnify the preacher. He is the old timer from Sleepy Hollow.—Burdette.

Something to Fill Up.

"I suppose you often want something to fill up your paper with?" said a man, coming into a country newspaper office with a four-column communication on a patent, duplex, double back-action harrow of his own invention. "Oh, no," said the man of the quill. "The paper is full enough. It is the editor who wants something to fill up with. This will make four columns and two sticks—forty-two dollars, please."—Michigan Transcript.

THE WOOING OT.

A lawyer once, unlike most of his class, A modest man, fell dead in love. A lass He worshipped quite, but still his secret kept Till up the scale his cautious courage crept, And, well assured no one his purpose knew, He started out with this sole aim in view— To wit, to woo.

His way led through a wood, the shadows fell, His waning courage shadowy grew as well, Until he asked himself, disheartened quite, "Why am I here at this time of the night?" An answer from a tree-top loud and clear, In legal language couched, fell on his ear— "To wit! to woo!"

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A slipshod affair—The banana-skin. A threshing-machine—The school-teacher. A burr in the bush is worth two in the hair.—Judge. "There's a screw loose somewhere," as the scissors said when they fell asunder.—The Judge. "The bravest is the tenderest," is particularly true of celery that has stood against frost.—Picoynne.

TOO CLOSE FOR HER.

"I want to go in a sleeping car," a lady said all out of breath; "It's awful close, and if I do My berth will be my death."—Merchant-Traveler.

AN IRRESISTIBLE DESIRE.

An irresistible desire came over a Dakota man to kick his daughter's beau, and forgetting that he had but one leg, he attempted it. He sat down so hard that his head had to be pulled out of his neck by his hair.—Bismarck Tribune.

SPRING BOTTOM PANTS.

Spring bottom pants are now in fashion. They enable the suspecting young man to spring out of danger the moment a lady of uncertain age leaps in his direction. This sun will take half the horrors out of leap-year.—Peck's Sun.

IT IS SWEET TO SIT ON A GRAY DAY.

It is sweet to sit on a gray day, And see the snow-flakes fall Like blossoms upon a May-day, Along the verdant mall, And see the well-packed icy sphere Take the pedestrian on the ear.—Pack.

THIRTY-SEVEN HUNDRED BILLS.

"Twenty-seven hundred bills presented at Washington," exclaimed a fond little Pittsburg wife. "What a lot of bills! And here is my John making a terrible fuss over one little milliner's bill with nothing in it but three little bonnets and two small hats!"—Telegraph.

MAY I ASK YOU FOR THE LOAN OF A DOLLAR?

"May I ask you for the loan of a dollar?" inquired an impetuous acquaintance of Biobson. "You may, sir," was the frigid reply, "and if you hear anything from that one I lent you last Tuesday, I wish you'd let me know by telephone."—Burlington Free Press.

AH!

"Ah!" exclaimed Fogg, as he entered the store of the man who never advises, "do you know that I always like to come in here?" "Do you?" asked the delighted shopkeeper. "Yes," said Fogg, "it's such a relief to get out of the crowd, you know."—Hartford Post.

THE SMARTNESS OF SOME GIRLS.

The smartness of some girls is only equalled by the stupidity of some men. When Yeast's girl made the remark a number of times at a public reception, the other evening, that she felt like going through a hole in the floor, Yeast little dreamed that the restaurant was just beneath them.—Statesman.

LAST WEEK ONE OF THOSE SMART ALEXANDERS.

Last week one of those smart Alexanders called at this office and stated briefly but grammatically that he wanted to take editorial charge of the paper. We told him firmly, "No." "What! is there no opening for a man of vim and brains?" "Yes, sir," said we. "Where?" said he. "Why, there, sir, the door."—Chicago Eye.

A BOARDING-HOUSE BEAUTY.

Here is the waitress Mary, serene, and lithe and gay; In manner light and airy, She bears the breakfast-tray. She always calls me early, When I would rarely rise, Her hair is brown and curly, And blue her dreamy eyes. She never keeps me waiting, When I would hurry up; But in a style of eating, Refills my coffee cup. She brings me rolls and butter— The former never cold— And I can only mutter: "She's worth her weight in gold."

MY BRUSH UPON HER RINGLETS.

My brush upon her ringlets She vows she never tries; The steaks and chops and tangles She broils and never fries. Herself she never amuses With alcoholic drinks— My razor she or she uses, When she would open clams.

NOT LONG WITH US SHE'LL TARRY.

Not long with us she'll tarry, Next month she's got to stop, Because she's going to marry Sir Romeo, the cop.—Peck's Annual.