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THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

There sat a crow on a lofty tree, Watching the world go by: He saw a throng that swept along With laughter loud and high. "In and out through the motley rout" Pale ghosts stole on unseen, Their hearts were longing for one sweet word Of the love that once had been. But never a lip there spoke their names, Never a tear was shed: The crow looked down from his lofty tree, "Tis the way of the world," he said.

A STORY OF SHIPWRECK.

"Tell us how your hair turned white," said one of the party at the fireside. "In June, 1851," said the man with the white hair, "I left my home in Ohio for Buffalo. Being in a hurry to return, I took passage by the steamer G. P. Griffith for Toledo, on a late Sunday afternoon. The ship carried over 400 passengers and crew. I must have slept soundly for about two hours in my berth, when I was awakened by the sound of hurrying footsteps overhead, and, looking through the ventilator to the upper deck, I saw two or three sailors running along dragging a hose pipe. I partly dressed and went forward to the promenade deck, where I heard from the pilot house above the voice of the captain crying, "Starboard! Hard starboard! and steer her for the shore!"

tightly together. The band of my drawers had burst, and, slipping down, had bound my ankles as securely as if tied. Turning on my back, I carefully disentangled them from each foot. These efforts greatly exhausted me, but, once free, I swam toward the stern until I was quite clear of all obstructions, and then struck out for shore. One strong swimmer passed me and spoke some encouraging words. I saw others who must have become dazed, swimming back into the lake.

"I was not an experienced swimmer, but I had passed, as I had judged, nearly half the distance to the shore when a deathlike coldness and numbness came creeping over me. All the life I had left seemed centred in my head, which felt like a ball of fire. I found that I was turning round and round in the water, now catching glimpses of the burning ship, to which even yet a few human beings were clinging, and now of the beach. Could I ever reach it? Was it worth while to struggle any longer? Every movement caused intense pain in my chest and lungs. It seemed so easy to die now.

"I ceased all efforts and raised my eyes for a last look at the sky. I was struck by a peculiar golden haze of the atmosphere, and the air seemed filled with human forms hovering over the drowning. The air was filled with them, and close beside me I recognized my father, brother and other friends who had died many years before. They called me by name. They pressed closely around me, telling me to struggle on and they would aid me—that my work was not done—that I could not be spared yet.

"A little strength came back to me. I remembered that I must be more than half way to the shore. The water could not be over five feet deep. I let myself down, and felt the sand under me. Aided by my spirit friends, whose hands and presence were as real to me as any human touch, I crept on my hands and knees on the sand for some distance, rising often to breathe. Becoming too weak for this, with my heavy head constantly falling backward, I sank to the bottom, and drew my body with my arms near and nearer to the shore, rising to the surface as often as necessary. A man was lying on the beach, one of the few who ever reached it. When he saw me feebly struggling, he crept down to the water's edge, and, reaching out his hands, tried to aid me. I slowly crept up a little way out of the water, but he was so weak that, falling backward, I would lose my hold and sink again.

"At last I was lying on the dry sand. How good it seemed to lie there, if only I need never move again. My companion spoke roughly yet kindly to me, telling me that it was sure death to remain there. I refused to move, but, being much stronger, he compelled me to get up, and, half supporting me in his arms, dragged me unwillingly along. A farmer met us and almost carried me across the fields to a low two-roomed log cabin. In the smaller room, containing two beds, I was at last permitted to lie down. The long black neck of a bottle was inserted between my lips, and I drank until it was gently removed. The draught warmed me.

"I alternated between consciousness and unconsciousness, but remember much that passed about me. A large man with a tall hat, black satin vest, and heavy gold chain came in and laid down upon the other bed. He certainly had not been in the water, and I wondered if he had been saved in a boat. A man in the next room was exclaiming mournfully:

"Mine Gott! Mine Gott! Mine monish is all gone. Mine monish is all gone. Mine wife is gone. Mine son is gone. Oh, mine Gott, mine monish is all gone!"

Again and again that mournful wail went up. Then I heard the tall man call out wrathfully:

"'Won't some one kill that fellow?' "Then I dozed off again. When I awoke, more people were coming in, bearing a woman, and they were saying she was the only woman saved. I heard them say that eight men swam ashore, and twenty were saved in a boat. Only twenty-eight saved out of over four hundred. Toward evening they put us all in a heavy lumber wagon—on beds of straw—to take us, they said, to Lloyd's Tavern, three miles away. Jolting along over a rough road, the pain in my chest and limbs became unbearable, and I remember nothing more.

"Days afterward I awoke from what seemed a long sleep. I found myself lying on a bed in a strange room, alone. The sound of voices came in through the open window and from the halls, where people were constantly passing to and fro. They were talking of a great disaster, of dead bodies lying in heaps on the sand waiting to be claimed, and of others being buried in a trench. There was something about county lines, of coroners quarreling over fees, of thieves in boats at night stripping the drowned bodies, and tearing rings from fingers and ears. Those monotonous voices were forever talking about that one thing.

"Well, what if they were dead? The dead were at rest. What had I to do with that shipwreck? Why did not some one come to me? What was I doing here in this strange room? Why was I so stiff and sore, so full of pain, so weak I could not move? I fell asleep again, and when I awoke still the same voices were talking about poor drowned bodies, thieves, coroners and boats; and then came a dim recollection that I had known something about that shipwreck. It all came back to me clear and distinct. Soon afterward a man came with broth and nourishing food, of which I ate with a relish while he answered my questions. This was Saturday, and I had left Buffalo on the Sunday preceding. Lloyd's Tavern was fifteen miles from the city of Cleveland.

land. I must get up. How could I lie here? I must get into the air. I must go home. Home! Why, at home doubtless they mourned me as dead. I had been dead for days to them. I begged the man to bring me some clothes. He brought me some old garments much too large for me, with an old black slouched hat, and helped me to dress, for I was too weak to stand alone. He then placed me comfortably in an easy chair and told me to rest awhile. At length, feeling rested and stronger, I arose and moved slowly across the room toward the open door.

"I saw a gray-headed old man coming toward me, poorly dressed, with an old hat in his hand, and a stubby beard on his face. I thought that perhaps he was also one of the shipwrecked. I spoke to him kindly, but he did not reply, and still advanced. I stopped; he stopped also. We stared at each other. I spoke again. His lips moved, but not a sound left them. I drew forward a chair, and sat down. He sat down also, staring half fearfully at me. Great God! was that myself? That white hair—could it be mine? No, it was a wig. Some one was playing a joke upon me. I put up my hand. No, it would not come off.

"I went back and lay down upon my bed, very weak, utterly disheartened. Later I was driven slowly down to the beach, and I saw all that was left of the steamer—a few blackened spars and the charred hull. Many people were examining, either from curiosity or identification, the bodies as they were brought in. There was a long trench in the sand, in which were placed those not identified. It appeared that the steamer had been wrecked on a county line, and two coroners were there quarreling over the bodies and claiming their fees.

"My friend helped me out of the wagon, and seated me on a rock close by—a most forlorn and unkempt figure I must have presented. Two men stood near where I sat, and one of them spoke of having received another telegram from Cleveland, inquiring if the body of the man K— had yet been found. A cold chill ran down my back. Producing the telegram, he read the description:

"Twenty-eight years of age, 5 feet 9 inches in height, weight about 160 pounds, fair skin, blue eyes, black hair, small hands and feet, mole on left shoulder. Has the body been found? Have it properly prepared for burial, and send to H—, Cleveland."

"I was 'K.' and they were hunting for my body to prepare it for burial! My friend came back just then, and I begged to be taken to the hotel at once. I must start for home, I said, as soon as possible. Arriving at the house, I saw a carriage and horses standing before the door. Four gentlemen came out and agreed to take me with them.

"I learned from their conversation that my companions had been sent out from Cleveland to identify the dead and find the living. Each related incidents connected with the search. They spoke of being out in boats, sometimes all night, dragging for bodies, of seeing the thieves at their villainous work, of the disgraceful quarreling of the coroners, and of the discomforts of camping out. At length one of the gentlemen said he regretted going back with no news of the young man K., whose friends were so anxious about him."

"I half believe," said he, "that he was not on the boat at all. We have seen everybody, dead or alive, who has been found, and no one answering his description is discovered."

"Where is his description," asked another.

"I have it. No, not here. I remember, I gave it to the coroners. He was, as I recollect the description, a man about twenty-eight, fair skin, blue eyes and black hair. It is hard to go back with no information. By the way, stranger, did you see any one answering that description?"

"Would you be willing to take the body without preparation for burial?" I asked.

"Why, of course. Any way we could get it."

"Well, then," said I, "drop me at H's house."

"A shout went up from the carriage. A few days later, after having enjoyed the delightful experience of being kissed, cried over, and welcomed back from the dead, I lighted a cigar, seated myself comfortably, and had the novel experience of reading my own obituary, and a good orthodox obituary it was, too."—New York Sun.

HEALTH HINTS.

To abort a sty, paint it over very carefully with tincture of iodine, using a small camel-hair brush so as to avoid touching the eyeball.—Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

Mr. Dalby, the English artist, finds that congenital deafness is commoner among the offspring of cousins who marry than among the offspring of unrelated persons of whom one or both are congenitally deaf.

In a case of measles the room should be kept dark to protect the inflamed eyes. As long as the fever remains the patient should be kept in bed. Exposure may cause pneumonia, which, in other words, is acute inflammation of the lungs. Keep in the room as long as the cough lasts.

Oil of wintergreen mixed with an equal quantity of olive-oil, when applied externally to inflamed joints affected by acute rheumatism, is maintained to be, on high therapeutic authority, a means of instant relief from pain. At any rate, its introduction to the sick chamber is unobjectionable, if only for the agreeable odor it imparts to the atmosphere.

There are about 66,000 locomotive engines in the world, and 120,000 passenger and 800,000 freight cars.

THE ANACONDA'S BANQUET.

HOW A BIG PYTHON SWALLOWS A RABBIT.

Poor Bunny, Crushed to Death in the Snake's Folds, Gradually Disappears Down Its Stomach.

The biggest anaconda in the glass-enclosed snake cage at the Philadelphia museum wriggled uneasily at 9 o'clock P. M., as six young gray rabbits, which had just been put into the cage, frisked over his sinuous body. The other serpents also awoke to life as the rabbits' feet pattered over their glistening scales. The two pythons, although they had been starved like their companions for a week, seemed indifferent to the offered feast. Only two of the anacondas ran out their dark red tongues at the rabbits, and only the larger of them seemed to remember that he was hungry. The rabbits were unconscious of any danger. They rubbed their noses along his scales and even felt in innocent curiosity of his ugly, forked head. The anaconda tied himself into a hard knot, twisted himself straight again with a jerk, and drew his slimy body into a curve. One of the rabbits, whose body seemed three times as big as that of the snake, rubbed his cold nose against the snake's closed mouth. The anaconda drew back suddenly, arched his neck and ran his slender tongue rapidly in and out, while his black eyes became iridescent.

The unsuspecting rabbit made another coquetish advance toward that upraised head. A sudden flash, a smothered cry, and poor Bunny's head was buried in the snake's jaws. The long body, with startling quickness, tied itself about the rabbit, fold after fold encircling it with slippery constrictions. Every bone in the rabbit was crushed in ten seconds. His gray hind legs gave three or four spasmodic kicks and stretched out in death. Slowly the big snake wriggled and turned about, never loosening his hold upon the rabbit's head, while the limp body was drawn again and again through coil after coil, stretching it to twice its original length. Then there was a short pause, after which, by an indescribably horrible movement, the first third of the snake's body drew itself into greater thickness toward the neck. The big white under jaw stretched like rubber, the whole head pressed forward, the body drew itself back again, and several inches of rabbit disappeared. This process was repeated until only half of the rabbit's hind legs protruded from the jaws. Then the anaconda raised its head in air, opened wide its great red mouth, gave another gulp, and the rabbit's feet were drawn into its throat. With successive contortions the muscles the snake worked the elongated and crushed rabbit along its body, the progress of the victim being plainly discernible by a moving swelling, like a gliding wave, of the anaconda's skin. The whole process did not last fifteen minutes. All the while, the other rabbits played about the wriggling snake, unconscious of the fate of their missing brother. It was a scene fascinating by its very repulsiveness.

In the course of half an hour the same anaconda swallowed another rabbit, and the other snakes had disentangled themselves and were leisurely preparing for a meal. Several more rabbits were put in the cage. "They won't be there in the morning," remarked Manager Perley, as he turned out the gas and led the way down stairs.

Not Afraid of Animals.

"George, dear, do you know that papa doesn't like you very well?"

"Oh, yes," said George.

"And he has said that I mustn't receive you any more at the house."

"Good for him," replied the young man, heartily.

"And," continued the girl, with a blanched face, "I hear him now in the woodshed untying the dog."

"Yes, I hear him; but he is standing terribly in the dog's light. Does he hate the dog?"

"No, George, dear, he hates you. But what in the world will you do? You will surely have an encounter with the ferocious animal when you go out."

George smiled a superior smile and said:

"My dear, as you know, I am a book agent. My income is derived solely from selling books. This afternoon I sold an editor of a daily paper an encyclopedia, a pronouncing dictionary and a gazetteer of natural history. It took me ten minutes. I shall spend five minutes with the dog."—Philadelphia Call.

Peculiarities of Some Congressmen.

A correspondent of the Hartford Times writes that Stewart, of Texas, is the tallest man in the House of Representatives, measuring six feet seven inches; Tillman, of South Carolina, never wears an overcoat; "Richelleu" Robinson, of New York, has not cut his hair since last season, and says it is not to be cut again until Ireland is "free"; McAdoo, of New Jersey, wears the tightest-fitting clothes in the House; John F. Wise, of Virginia—born in Brazil—parts his hair in the middle; and Cannon, of Illinois, is the only Representative who always gesticulates with his left hand.

Anxious to Please.

Mr. Dudley Villiers (who writes poetry "just for relaxation, you know")—"I see you have my verses, Mrs. Green; have you read them?"

Mrs. G.—Oh! Yes, I almost know them by heart.

Mr. D. V. (with a little thrill)—Really!

Mrs. G.—Yes, indeed! I read the children to sleep with them every night.—Life.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Steel tubes are found to retain twice as much magnetism as steel rods, and are therefore better for permanent magnets.

The sawdust and refuse of the sawmill is now made to yield fourteen gallons of turpentine, three or four gallons of resin and a quantity of tar per cord.

French silk manufacturers are reported to be very hopeful as to the capabilities of a big spider lately discovered in Africa, which weaves a yellow web of great strength and elasticity.

Paper wash-basins, buckets, and similar articles for domestic purposes are generally made of straw pulp, and after they are rough made into the desired shape they are subjected to hydraulic pressure in strong molds where they acquire the finished form.

The annual rainfall in this country, according to the Weather Signal, is lowest in New Mexico (thirteen inches) and California (eighteen inches), and highest in Oregon (forty-nine) and Alabama (fifty-six). The annual rainfall in the British Islands among the mountains is forty-one inches; on the plains, twenty-five inches; forty-five inches of rain falls on the west side of England, twenty-seven on the east side.

A solution has been attempted by M. P. de Gasparin of the remarkable sunsets which have excited the wonder of the world. For many reasons he discards the hypothesis that they were due to the action of falling stars, and considers that the luminous effects were produced by the light of the sun falling on an atmosphere charged with particles of matter, in a state of minute subdivision, at a great height above the earth, the exact nature and origin of which dust had not yet, however, been determined.

Dr. Murray Gibbs reports, in the London Medical Journal, thirty-seven cases of diphtheria claimed to have been cured by saturating the atmosphere of the room in which the patient was placed with the vapor of eucalyptus globules. The atmosphere must be constantly loaded with steam, and the vapor of the eucalyptus is obtained by pouring water on the dried leaves. To assist nature in throwing off the membrane Dr. Gibbs used a solution of steel and glycerine, with which he brushed the throat when the membrane is loose enough to come away easily.

Praising the National Capital.

The capital of the Republic is not unworthy of the great and prosperous country in which it occupies the first place. Washington is an absolute creation of the Federal Congress. Other cities have grown, but Washington was made. The site chosen for the seat of government was well adapted for the purpose, though some of the lower ground is said to be conducive to malaria. Large ideas pervaded the founders of the city. They provided for a development commensurate with the development of the nation. Hence they placed the public departments so far away from each other that Washington was happily designated the City of Magnificent Distances. The distances are still magnificent; but the intervening spaces have now almost all been filled up with handsome residences. The streets and avenues are all broad, all planted with trees, and nearly all asphalted. It is said that the average width is double that of the streets and avenues of Paris and Berlin. Pennsylvania avenue seemed to me even finer than the Champs Elysees. The management of the thoroughfares is placed in the hands of a parking commission, which has done its work so well that upward of 67,000 trees have been planted under its direction. Trees of the same variety are placed in each street or avenue, regard being had to the surrounding conditions. For instance, preference is given in the lower locations to the California poplar, which, in its power of absorbing miasmatic exhalations, bears a strong resemblance to the eucalyptus, which cannot be successfully grown so far north. The result of the Parking commission's operations is that 130 miles of shaded walks are provided for the use and enjoyment of the citizens of Washington. Many of the public buildings are splendid specimens of architecture. The Capitol, however, overshadows them all. Situated on an elevation in the center of the city, it commands a clear and unobstructed view on every side. Nothing can be finer than the prospect from the Capitol—the city, embosomed in trees, lying below; the broad waters of the Potomac beyond; and beyond the Potomac again the Heights of Arlington, where, around the ancestral home of the late General Lee, 16,000 Federal and Confederate soldiers lie side by side in one common graveyard. From the Potomac, too, the city has a charming appearance, crowned as it is by the dome of the Capitol, which shines in the sun like a globe of polished silver. I have seen many of the capitols of Europe. I have seen London, Edinburgh and Dublin; I have seen Paris, Berlin and Brussels; I have seen Copenhagen, Christiania, Dresden and the Hague. But I have seen none that surpasses for effect the city of Magnificent Distances.—Our American Cousins.

No Quarter.

There is a sign over a butcher's shop on Michigan avenue which reads: "Beef by the quarter." One day lately a man went in and asked for a ten-pound roast, giving the name and number, was to be sent to. When he was walking out the proprietor stopped him and told him he had forgotten to pay for it.

"Doesn't your sign read, 'Beef by the quarter'?" "Send round your bill when the quarter's up and collect."

"Look here!" shouted the angry butcher, "you pay down now or you'll get no beef. It's war to the knife and no quarter, d'ye hear?"—Free Press.

SAD HEART, TO THREE I SING.

As shower of rain to song of birds, As thorns to weary feet, As winter wind to autumn leaves, As sickle to the wheat; So to the heart the hand of Grief, So to the eye the tear, When Hope is dead and not a rose To lay upon the bier. As lilies in a desert place, As stars in leaden skies, As sleep comes to a weeping child When angels kiss its eyes; So to the heart the still, small voice That whispers through the gloom: "Dead Hope, I say to thee arise And make life's roses bloom!"—Clarence T. Urmey, in the Continent.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The dark horse—Night-mare. The banker is the best known man of note.

A case of much interest—When you borrow of your uncle at the sign of the three balls.

As this is leap-year women have the privilege of whistling when they want to stop a street car.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

A writer in a scientific monthly asks: "What is a meter?" It's a sort of a mechanical Jay-Eye-See.—Philadelphia Call.

An exchange says mush has become a popular dish in society. Nothing seems to take in society like something soft.—Blizzard.

In a courtship the position of pursuer is occupied by a man, while woman looks after the rigging and stays.—Chicago Telegram.

Lambkin says the only sure preventive against Western river rising would be for him to own a few shares of 'em.—Boston Bulletin.

The largest word in the dictionary is "disproportionableness." By punching out every other letter it ought to make an excellent comb.—Chicago Sun.

And still, year after year, the standard of college education is raised higher and higher and higher. Columbia has just organized a banjo club.—Hawkeye.

"Bring something good to the surprise party to-night," wrote a young lady to her sweetheart, and the New York Morning Journal says "he brought a tremendous appetite."

Walt Whitman's latest poem shows a marked improvement in the construction of rhymes. He makes "suggestions" rhyme with "goal," and "sun" with "hurricanes."—Norristown Herald.

We have discovered that turkeys can be completely fooled by throwing them gold dollars by the handful. They snap them up in mistake for corn. It is good fun. Try it.—Philadelphia Call.

"Shot dead by a doctor!" Such is the startling caption of an article in an exchange. He must be a very unskillful physician who has to resort to powder and ball to get rid of a patient.—Boston Transcript.

It was only a little piece of butter-cracker, yet how great and colossal and bitter it seemed to the occupant of the hall-room as he suddenly jumped into bed and got it square in the small of his back.—Puck.

A Boston man advertises that he recovers umbrellas. This man should have a good run of custom. We would give him a job ourselves if we thought he could recover the silk one we lost last spring.—Somerville Journal.

Mother—"I am afraid Mr. Crisscross is not serious in his attentions!" Daughter—"He is awful bashful, you know; but he's offering himself piecemeal. Last night he wanted me to take his arm."—New York Graphic.

An exchange says: "What are our young men doing?" We can't answer for the rest of the country but around here they are engaged mainly in trying to lead a nine-dollar existence on a seven-dollar salary.—Hot Springs News.

A Vermont man has a hen thirty-nine years old. The other day a hawk stole it, but after an hour came back with a broken bill and three claws gone, put down the hen and took an old rubber boot in place of it.—Boston Post.

Confucius or some other ancient writer states that little things are very often greater. When this little bit of philosophy was written the philosopher must have been trying to chase a solitary mosquito out of the room in the dark.—Puck.

HER STUPENDOUS SCREAM. A Fargo young lady named House Caught a glimpse of a poor little mouse, And the scream that she screamed, Shattered heaven's blue dome, And banged out the walls of the house.—Bismarck Tribune.

A woman in Macon, Ga., has been tending a switch since 1862, and it is considered a remarkable thing down there. We should like to see a Massachusetts woman who does not "tend a switch" as regularly as she does up her hair every day.—Lowell Courier.

MAIDEN MEDITATION. Let poets sing of gentle spring, The joys that birds and flowers bring, The woods that with wild echoes ring, The sky, and all that sort of thing; In rhymes which have no reason; But as for me, when, like a bee, I seek for sweetness, fairy free, And dart my glance with savage glee At bashful swains who start and flee, Give me the leap-year season!—New York Journal.

The Meaning of It. A correspondent writes: Is it a sign that a girl loves you when she sends you a poem like this: "Oh, dearest, you have won my heart; Of life itself you are a part. I sleep, I dream, I pray for thee, Just as I hope you do for me."

No, it is a sign that the girl's system is out of order. She should consult a physician.—Boomerang.