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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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WAXING AND WANING.

Hope and the sun are like an one— Both largest when they rise; They shrink alike from morn till noon, As life grows old and wise. With what unbounded hope the boy Begins his world-career! How wondrous large and bright with joy Do rising suns appear! But as the sun grows less and less, And paler as they climb The vacant sky, so we confess The cold decays of time. Our boyhood hopes will shrink and fade As boyhood drifts away, And one by one to rest are laid The failures of the day. And yet the sun at noon that turns Its downward course will grow and grow, Till in the west it rolls and buras, As large as half a day ago. So, as we hear that other sphere, The early hope revives, That all we thought was ours here May be, in other lives.

—Harper's Weekly.

LEFT BEHIND.

It was 10 o'clock of a July morning, and the largest fraction of humanity had been some hours earning its daily bread. The idlers had just risen from the breakfast table. To this latter class belonged the young man who leaned lazily on the piazza railing, and looked absently out on Lake Winnepesaukee. Beside him in a huge chair, sat a little woman rocking to and fro, with an untiring movement, and with deft fingers plying in and out among bright silk and tawels. She was idle, too, in her woman's laborious way, but there was a lack of repose in her indolence that made it restful to turn again to her brother, who stood in statuesque inaction, looking into the still water below. "What are you going to do, to-day?" the little woman asked. "Nothing." "There's a great deal going on, and very nice sort of people, too. Do you see that pretty girl down there at the landing?" "The one with red?" "Yes, don't you think she's pretty?" "I hadn't thought of it."

"No you don't. Leave 'em alone and sit still." "Tom, turn this boat instantly, or I'll still or I'll—" "What'll you do? Come now; you sit still or I'll—" "Tom, there's the Desert Island just ahead. Don't run into it. Be careful; you're going straight toward it." "We might land there," he said, blandly. "To be sure we might," said his sister, "glad of anything to divert him from the first scheme." "All right, just as you say." Tom turned his boat toward the great rock, which lifted its broad back out of the water. It was fitly called the Desert Isle, for its few square feet of surface supported not so much as a blade of grass or a bit of moss. "Hop out," said Tom: "I've got to see to the boat. I guess you can climb up to the top easy enough." "Of course I can," said Josephine; "as if I needed your help, you little monkey." In a moment she stood at the top of the rock, and in another moment a derisive laugh came from below. "Good-by; I hope you will enjoy yourself. I'll see you later."

ion roused the compassion of Josephine, and she began to talk to him with a desperate cheerfulness and acceptance of the situation. "What a cold-blooded little villain that brother of yours must be, Miss Vail, to desert you in this fashion. I suppose we must throw ourselves on his mercy when he comes back. How are you going to account for me? Consider me your man Friday." Beneath their light talk ran an under-current of more or less bitter meditation on the part of each. Miss Vail shuddered to think what a good story this would make to circulate among her friends, while Adams foresaw how it would add to the conviviality of the club. He began with the fervent wish that he was out of the scrape. He ended, I am glad to confess, by ceasing to envy Robinson Crusoe his desert isle, and considering his own far preferable. There was a breeze from the mountain thermometer. She had a way of going to the point, and moreover she had a point, two things which Ben Adams told his sister he appreciated in a woman. In short, by dint of making the best of it, Miss Vail and Adams were both able to express honest surprise when a boat appeared in the distance, and in taking out his watch, Adams found it to be 3 o'clock. "Now!" was all Josephine said, but there were conflicting emotions in the monosyllable. "Hullo-o!" shouted a shrill voice across the water. "Hullo-o!" called Adams back. Blank astonishment wiped all expression out of Tom's face at first, but a broad grin finally made its appearance. "You're a great one, Jo," he muttered. "I'd like to know where you wouldn't find a beau. Did he drop down out of the clouds?" "Hush, sir; you have been a very naughty boy."

AMONG THE JERSEY COWS.

Butter Which Sells at Fifty Cents a Pound—Twenty Cows Worth More Than \$2,000 Each. "Gath," in the Cincinnati Enquirer, gives the following account of his visit to the stock farm of Joseph C. Sibley, near Franklin, Penn. Franklin is surrounded with the derricks of oil wells, looking like skeleton church spires, to the number of scores and hundreds, and most of these are still pumping a small quantity of oil per diem. Overlooking the tower on the opposite side of French creek is the Prospect Hill stock farm of Joseph C. Sibley, perhaps the most complete in all its appointments now in this country. Connected with it in different tracts are about six hundred acres of land, and it has a race-course used by the county agricultural society. Near the gate going in is the creamery, which manufactures two barrels of cream into butter in about forty-five minutes, and this butter is sent all over the country at fifty cents a pound. On the top of the hill is the barn, which is of an octagonal or almost circular pattern, and contains the entire herd on two floors. From the cupola of the barn, which gives the ventilation, descends a pole, around which is a winding stair connecting the two floors. In the center of each floor is a large open space, and the circle of cattle faces this in stalls, their heads all appearing above the stalls, and the troughs at their knees. Behind this row of cattle is an open corridor, also circular, around which the second greater circle of cattle stand at their stalls. On the upper floor a portion of this second circle is devoted to the cows with calves or about to calve. The cows in calf are generally kept dry where this is possible, so that the calf can get the full nourishment; but it is exceedingly difficult in some cases to dry the Jersey cow, as the tenacity with which she makes milk is the great secret of her value. She is the most wonderful butter-making animal known to man. Other kinds of cattle run to beef, but the Jersey so assimilates her food that the globules which might make beef flow in her milk, and hence the extraordinary production of some of these cows, and their high prices in a country where the chemist has been at work with butter, and has given us various forms of wagon grease and coal-tar instead of the Alderney produce. The importation of Jersey cattle into the United States began about seven years before the war. It has gone on with such enthusiasm that we now have about 21,000 Jerseys, either imported or born here, every one of which is registered in the Jersey herd-book, that is now assuming the proportions of a library. The Jersey cattle—by which general name is meant cattle of Jersey, Sark and Alderney—improve in this country over their condition in their native islands, and they make more cream and butter, and thrive wonderfully. They are distributed over the entire country. They are generally of a fawn color, with rather dark gray or blackish faces; the cows are very gentle, and the bulls vicious. I was interested in two things in this stable. In the first place the cream separator, which is run by a steam engine, revolves with enormous rapidity, and the cream flows out of one spigot and the skimmed milk out of another. Then I observed the apparatus for cleaning cows, which are carefully washed and brushed once or twice a day by means of brushes operated by the engine. The cow, calf or bull is brought forward and tied to a post, and from above these brushes are brought to her body, and carefully raise every hair. The cattle like it, but their tails have to be tied up in a bag, for not long ago one of the brushes tore out a tail. The temperature in the barn is kept at fifty degrees the year round, regulated by the thermometer, and the barn is lighted with the Brush light on every floor, and at midnight is as bright as day. A storage battery is kept near the engine for this purpose. The light used is the ordinary gas bracket and small lamp. At Prospect Hill farm the barn is eighty-eight feet in diameter. There are thirty-two cattle on the inner rows and forty-six on the rear rows. The engineer has fifteen-horse power. The food given the animals is boiled and mixed, partly oats and partly ensilage, or leaves of corn plucked when the ear is full of milk. The cattle like this food very much, and it improves their butter. The Jersey cow can be relied on to make one pound of butter a day; many of them make sixteen pounds a week, and some of their performances are almost fabulous. By the machinery used at Prospect Hill it takes thirty-five minutes only to separate the cream from the milk of forty-five cows. The separator is a Swedish patent. In one hour from the commencement of the milking the cream is in the creamery and the skimmed milk is being fed to the calves. Mr. Sibley says that the keep of his cattle in the winter is some where between twenty and thirty cents a day, but that for a portion of the year they do not cost about eight cents a day. There are about thirteen men employed on the herd farm, and the cost of running it is about \$17,000 a year. At Prospect Hill there are forty-five milch cows, producing not less than one pound per diem of butter, while a good deal of the milk without being skimmed is given to the calves. There are twenty cows in the stable that \$2,000 apiece would not buy. The czar of Russia owns personally 320,000 square miles of territory in Siberia, yielding the small annual rent of \$150,000, not much for 140,000,000 acres.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Total abstinence, even for boys, was a thing unknown in England early in this century. Savon, the French word for soap, is ascribed to Savona, the place at which it was first manufactured. Among the Goths, Iberians and Moors the linking of the thumb was regarded as a solemn pledge or promise. The pearls and emeralds worn by Caligula's wife were worth \$1,600,000, but she was not usually attended by private detectives. It was formerly customary in England for the sick to wear a kerchief on the head, and a certain virtue was attached to the custom so that in Cheshire tying a kerchief on the head and drinking a posset was a remedy for everything. The Musurgia, printed in 1650, tells of a speaking-trumpet invented by one Kacher, who read a litany from a convent on the top of a mountain standing at the foot of it two Italian miles off. This is the first telephone of which there is any account. The earliest statute against the employment of playing cards bears date in the reign of Henry VIII., and is entitled, "An act for the maintenance of artillery and the debarring of unlawful games." In fact, it is simply intended to encourage archery. North America was called Mexicana in an English almanac published in 1747, and South America, Peruviana. The provinces of Mexicana were New Spain, Florida, New Albany, New England, New France, or Canada. The islands were Newfoundland and California. The captain of a coal steamer, which loaded at Cardiff, Wales, missed his dog, and sailed in grief without him. When thirty-one days later, his cargo was discharged at Constantinople, the spaniel was found in a little cavity among the coal, where he had survived his long fast. Though too weak to stand, he was restored in a few days by careful feeding upon small quantities of bread and milk, repeated at short intervals. WISE WORDS. We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. The beggar is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances. That each thing, both in small and in great, fulfilleth the task which destiny has set down. Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things, and is not hurt by them. Be at least as polite to father, mother, child, as to others; for they are more important to you than any other. Treat everybody with politeness, even those who are rude to you. For remember that you show courtesy to others, not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one. Young man, don't forget that all the people are watching you, and most of them are more ready to charge your account with something bad than something good. Never pronounce a man to be a willful niggard until you have seen the contents of his purse. Distribution, you must remember, should be in accordance with the receipts. The hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first instance, we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter, nature cooks it for us. It is not a question as to whether any man may or may not have objects of beauty; it is not required that any man should make himself a hermit in the desert. A man has a right to wealth and all that it produces, but no man has a right to hold them selfishly and shut others out from their enjoyment. Beautiful Harbor. One grand picture gallery Sydney possesses and sufficiently enjoys—its harbor. Let none who values his place in any Australian heart murmur that he never heard of Sydney harbor, or hint that it has any equal in the world. When I first sailed on it a gentleman gravely assured me that, with all its sinuosities, this harbor, had a water-front of 2,300 miles. Deduct about two thousand and you will be nearer the fact. Deduct a proportionate amount of enthusiasm and you still have the sober truth that this harbor, with its green promontories and islets, its bays and nooks and beaches, studded with shining villas, is of a beauty that never wearies the eye. As, during many months of the year, fair weather may be counted on, there are many picnics on the wooded shores and so much room that none need jostle each other. On Sundays there are many excursions, but little bathing, the sharks being a sufficient police force to keep all bathing inside the palls and hoses provided at various spots, with scrupulous separation of sexes.—M. D. Conway. One of the most interesting and valuable features of the Johns Hopkins University library is the newspaper bureau. A trained editor and a staff of assistants read all the representative dailies and mark superior articles upon economic, political, social, educational, legal and historical subjects. These are afterward clipped, arranged in newspaper budgets, and kept in large envelopes or oblong boxes, which are marked with labels. The lists of subjects includes everything of value that finds its way into the columns of the press. Bulletin boards are covered daily with the best clippings from the latest papers, arranged under the leading heads of current topics.

THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE STAR SPANGLER BANNER. [The correspondent sending the following poem to the New York Observer, remarks: "I have never seen it in print, but obtained it through a manuscript copy of a friend of the author, Mr. Francis S. Key, and feel sure I can vouch for its authenticity."] Oh, where can the soul find relief from its woes, A refuge of safety, a home of repose? Can earth's highest summit or deepest hid vale Give a refuge no sorrow or sin can assail?—No, no, there's no home! There's no home on earth, the soul has no home. Can it leave the low earth, and soar to the sky, And seek for a home in the mansions on high In the bright realms of bliss a home shall be given, And the soul find a rest in its Home of the Heavens. Yes, yes, there's a home! There's a home in high heaven, the soul has a home. Oh, holy and happy its home shall be there, Free forever from sorrow, from sin and from care, And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise To welcome the soul to its home of the skies. Home, home, home of the soul! The bosom of God is the home of the soul! HUMOR OF THE DAY. Under a cloud—An umbrella. The man who "found his level" was a carpenter, of course.—Boston Bulletin. The best hand to hold in the game of life is that of your best girl.—Waterloo Observer. One good thing may be said of the pawnbroker—he sticks to his pledges.—Somerville Journal. A Vermont man has been married six times, and he's the citizen they always get to go first in a bear hunt.—Boston Post. It doesn't speak much of the size of a man's mind when it takes him only a minute to make it up.—New York Graphic. An English paper says that American are good listeners. Our invention of the telephone proves it.—New York Journal. It seems strange that a man should hurt himself when he drops on a sidewalk. Down is so soft, you know.—Siftings. Every affliction has its blessing. The man with a wooden leg never knows what it is to have rheumatism in that ankle.—Chicago Sun. A linen shirt was first worn in England about the year 1250. There was a man in our office yesterday who had on that identical shirt.—Rockland Courier. A fashion item declares that the long train is going out of fashion. Let 'em go. This is the kind of departing train that no one will care if they do miss.—Statesman. "There is a species of lizard that can throw off its tail at pleasure." In this it resembles the writers of serials for the story papers, albeit the latter throw off much the longer tails.—Norristown Herald. When a young man lays siege to a young lady, and insists upon her consenting to become his wife, she cannot but confess that he is "a man after her own heart," however heartless she may appear.—Chicago Sun. An iceberg 110 miles long was seen by the steamer Norseman on her way from Liverpool to New York, and perhaps the Arctic regions and the north pole, in order to avoid giving us any further trouble, are coming down here.—Chicago Times. "My dear," said Mr. Muckleham to his wife, "those hams I bought the other day are so badly spoiled they cannot be eaten." "What a pity," his wife replied. "Guess we'd better send them out to the charity hospital."—Arkansas Traveler. As somewhat of an inducement to amateurs we take this method of announcing that everyone sending us a poem on "Spring" this year will receive a pound of dynamite done up in a beautiful sheet of colored tissue paper. Now is the time to get up clubs.—Chicago News. A loving father at Clayton, N. Y., in his anxiety to marry off his daughters (fifteen in number) as quick as possible, has killed his dog, taken the locks off his doors, and hung rope ladders over his dooryard by the dozen, and still his provision bill is as large as ever.—Bismarck Tribune. The pleasurable part: An Austin man, who has just got out a book of poems, met Gilbooly, and the following proceedings were had: "Did you read my new book?" "Oh, yes, I read it." "How did you like it?" "My dear sir, I assure you that I laid it aside with a great deal of pleasure."—Texas Siftings. "If you don't marry me," he exclaimed, "I'll take myself out of this hated world and I'll haunt you as long as you live!" Said she: "It will be more respectable than your present haunts. Please stand a little further off. I never could bear the smell of alcohol so soon after tea."—Boston Transcript. "All this hard wood you export," the English tourist asked the Indiana lumberman, "all this maple and beech, you know, where does it go?" And the man told him that most of it went direct to Scotland, where it was worked up into boxes and chums and paper folders from the sters of Burns' cottage and the home of Sir Walter Scott." And the tourist said "Haw," and wrote something in his note-book.—Hawkeye. Over 500,000 rose trees are annually imported into this country from England, France and Holland.