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SUNSET. Sweet star of summer's eventful O'er yonder sea of light, Where many a cloudlet crimson dyed Is cradled on the night. And back from many a purple side The darkness rolleth for awhile, As sunset o'er that billowy sea Unveils her heart of hearts to thee.

SIDDY'S ADVICE.

I. WHEN IT WAS GIVEN. You could not find a more notable woman in the fishermen's quarter of our pretty seaside town than the wife of Joel Sims. He might work hard in his boat, but he spent all his hours on shore in lounging about or sleeping, whereas Sidly Sims was never idle. The four fat little children who called her mother were as rosy and healthy as plenty of tubbing and wholesome food could make them; and spiders avoided the queerly-built tenement on the cliff-side, that might be known as Sidly Sims' by the whiteness of the rough stone of the door and the redness of the pots of flowers that filled the windows.

don't you let her wear no more o' them fal-lals; it's waste o' money!" "I don't believe her brown gown," was the angry retort, "cost more than that shawl of your'n, Sidly; and it's not half as flaring!" After hurling this shaft Ned made his escape, for he knew Sidly would not find it easy to forgive a slighting remark on the huge-patterned plaid which she had hitherto worn in happy ignorance of its ugliness.

THE RESULT.

Sidly shut her door against the well-meaning neighbors who would have consoled with her, and all the next day she sought by working harder than ever to forget the violence of the reproaches with which she had driven the weeping Liz from her presence. Ned a soldier! sent abroad not to wrestle with the elements—that was man's work—but to be cut and hacked by savages! And her eyes would turn, against their will, to a wretched daub upon the cottage wall—a picture of a battle with the Zulus, in which half a dozen hideous savages were hewing down a young Englishman, who, to her excited fancy looked like Ned.

done all through being short-handed had exasperated him, and he growled at his wife, abused the missing Ned and looked so black at the guest that she was fain to keep out of his way. Sidly had much to cope with while his ill humor lasted, but she bore it as the richly deserved punishment of her hasty advice. In other respects the world went smoothly. The doctor called on Liz and predicted her speedy recovery. But nothing would lift the load that lay on Sidly's heart, and as she went home down the cliff side with her empty basket she felt weak and spiritless, for the sight of Liz's pale face and the sound of the heavy sighs the girl breathed as she sat in the old arm-chair with her sewing were continual reproaches to her hostess.

Japan's Lacquer Industry.

Japanese papers are crying out at the extinction of the lacquer industry of the country. The tree from which the varnish is obtained is disappearing. Formerly, like the mulberry tree on which the silk worm feeds, it was protected by law. Each family of the upper classes was obliged to rear 100 trees, the middle classes seventy, and the lower classes forty. Since the law fell into disuse the cultivation of the lacquer tree has rapidly declined. The trees were cut down without care and none were planted to replace them, so that they have become exceedingly rare while the price of lacquer has enormously increased. Similar complaints, too, are heard of the process of deforestation going on in Japan since the ancient law, which required every one who cut down a tree to plant two in its place, was abolished.

IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER.

ITALY'S SONS AND DAUGHTERS IN NEW YORK. How the Residents Dress, Act, Live and Work—Side-walk Hucksters—Disipation and Pleasure. Nowhere else in the cosmopolitan life of New York city, can such grotesque realities and picturesque, if sometimes sorrowful, incidents be observed as those which exist in the Italian colony. It embraces the district lengthwise, from Worth street to Spring, and crosswise it extends from the east side of Mott street to the rear of the west side of Mulberry. The colony comprises only the most ignorant and the poorest of the children of Italy, and within the territory named there are not two dozen families of other nationalities. Not many years ago a handful of Americans, and a sprinkling of Europeans might have been found in the district, but the steady influx of the Neapolitans with their peculiar mode of living, caused a line of demarcation to be drawn, and left that section in their possession. And the district is a faithful reproduction of uncultured Italian life. Within the territory virile vice keeps abreast of virtue, thick lined poverty rears its gaunt head with infinite ease above the medium of moderate wealth, and whichever way the eye may glance characteristics startling, customs fanciful, scenes outlandish may be observed. The people live within themselves. They revel in their peculiar and riotous fun, breathe the uncluttered atmosphere of friendly fellowship, and earn a livelihood in a manner peculiar to the Italian.

tion is the Banca de Italiana in Mulberry street. The men put their savings in this, and their pile is augmented by dribblets from their wives and children. But surely the reader may ask if these men are able to save money on their small wages, they would be content to live better. No; they are willing to drudge and starve, willing to subsist on a crust, so that their ambition, the great one of their lives, may be realized. The poor Italian has but one object in view and that is to get back to his native land. It is to compass that object that he slaves and starves. Every day that goes by sees him nearer to the goal of his ambition. If he feels the chill air on a winter's night because of the lack of an overcoat he consoles himself with the knowledge that soon he will have money to bring him to sunny Italy, where, with his modest fortune, he can become a tradesman or a farmer. When the Garibaldian has acquired \$1,000 or \$1,200 he sails with his wife for home. The children are then old enough to take care of themselves and they are left to do so.

TRANSCRIPTS FROM NATURE.

THE GIANT BEACH. A million little beach leaves every In the warm wind above me here; A speckled marvris sings quite near, The cuckoo calls from far away, But only beach leaves can I see Trembling and tossing carelessly— A world of green lost in the fair Surrounding space of azure air. OLD FISHER-BOAT. Bright as a burnished shield, the sea In calm, in moveless peace doth sleep, Only the tide's faint ripples creep Along the brown sands hushfully, Till now they lap the old worn boat That never more on them will float. A year ago a wild storm made The sands a grave where it was laid. A HERRING SHOAL, WEST HIGHLANDS. Between dark hills on either side The salt sea loch runs for a mile; And now, sun-charmed to a smile, Gleans bright its flowing, frothing tide. But, lo! each wave to silver turns, In dazzling fire the whole loch burns. Millions of herring dart and splash, Each one a living lightning flash. —William Sharp, in Harper's. HUMOR OF THE DAY. The man who has the floor—The father of twins at midnight.—New York Journal. A scientist asserts that a bee can only sting once in two minutes. We would respectfully submit that this is often enough.—Chicago Times. Do boys or girls make the most noise? is the latest conundrum. Turn a mouse into a school-room and it will be settled so quick it will make your head swim.—Chicago Eye. A correspondent asks: "What shall I get for mother?" There is nothing that gives a moth or a lady greater pleasure than a seal skin sack. Suppose you try it.—Pett's Sun. Umbrellas look tired. They have become faded and worn, although carried every day. It's been a bad season for the crop and they are hardly worth taking.—Cambridge Tribune. A Cincinnati man claims to have a wife so hot-tempered that he can light his cigar from the flash of her eyes. He made a good match when he married her.—Lovell Citizen. A compositor with a great prophetic soul, while putting into type a wedding notice, instead of "the high contracting parties," made it read "the high contradicting parties."—Derrick. "Is snoring bad for the health?" asks a correspondent. That depends largely upon the size and temper of the parties disturbed by it. There are cases on record where it has produced serious contusions.—Cleveland Leader. She was admiring herself and a twenty-five dollar spring bonnet. "Do you think it becoming, dear?" she asked of her young husband. "Yes, I do," was his response, "I think it is becoming very decidedly dear."—Saturday Night. There is comfort for the child who swallows a two-cent piece, as one child or another is in the habit of doing almost daily; an eminent French physician says that the copper absorbed into the system is a sure preventative of cholera.—Burdette. HE DOESN'T ADVERTISE. I feel like one Who reads alone Some market hall deserted, Whose cash is fled, Whose trade is dead, And all but he departed. —Wilmington Star. In the beautiful metaphor of the Orient, a Chinese girl's foot is called a "golden lily." There is nothing so fragile about the old man's hoof, however. It can indicate the way to the front gate just as pointedly and effectively as the regular orthodox American pedal.—Lovell Citizen. The Briarwood Pipe Industry. "The short clay pipe formerly used by smokers has of late years been to a great extent supplanted by the wooden pipe, the manufacture of which is now an important industry," says the St. James' Gazette. "Some interesting information respecting these pipes is given in Consul Inglis' trade report on Loughorn, whence the material for making wooden pipes is now largely exported. Similar works are also to be found at Siena and Grosseto. Selected roots of the heath—preference being given to the male variety—are collected on the hills of the Maremma, where the plant grows luxuriantly, and attains a great size. When brought to the factory the roots are cleared of earth, and any decayed parts are cut away. They are then shaped into blocks of various dimensions with a circular saw set in motion by a small steam-engine. Great dexterity is necessary at this stage in cutting the wood to the best advantage, and it is only after a long apprenticeship that a workman is thoroughly efficient. The blocks are then placed in a vat, and subjected to a gentle simmering for a space of twelve hours. During this process they acquire the rich yellowish-brown hue for which the best pipes are noted, and are then in a condition to receive the final turning; but this is done elsewhere. The rough blocks are packed in sacks containing forty to one hundred dozen each, and sent abroad, principally to France (St. Cloud), where they are finished into the famous G. B. D., or 'pipes de bruyere,' known to smokers in England under the name of 'briarwood' pipes. The production of this article is considerable, four hands turning out about sixty sacks per month. Consignments are also made to England and Germany; but the Anti-Tobacco association will be glad to hear at present. Demand is said to be rather slack."