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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.

NOT TO-DAY.

Not to-day the golden fruition Of the hopes that beckon on, For the joy of attained ambition Flashed not from the eyes of dawn.

FROM OVER THE SEA.

"Sandwich Islands!" The words, uttered in a chorus of high, childish treble, rang out clearly through the open transept above the stout, oak-grained door.

main where everything should remind her of him; he, as if equally resolved to forget, had fled away across the ocean, that wide, wide ocean, whose multitudinous waves seemed adequate for the washing out of any resemblance, however deeply stamped.

Peeping past the blackboard, she saw the class of little short-skirted geographers file decorously out of their recitation room, each turning at the door to courteously after the old-fashioned manner traditional in the school, and which Miss Martha insisted should be punctiliously observed, then bounding away with many an impromptu twirl and pirouette.

Miss Martha stood upon the platform before the assembled school—sweet Miss Martha, adored by every girlish heart in the room. Tall and slender was she, clad in a soft gray gown of some spring-like fabric, the full bandeaus of waving auburn hair parting in an enchanting double curve over her smooth, white forehead, stately hazel eyes, with long, ray-like lashes, a dainty, clear-cut, oval face, red, mobile mouth, and a faint sea-shell tint in the cheeks; not at all like the ideal schoolma'am.

"I have a note here," she said in that clear, vibrant voice that never could be tamed to the conventional monotone, "inviting you all to the sociable at the Methodist church to-night. Mr. Rowell informs me that an old classmate of his will be present, and will probably be induced to tell the company something of the mission schools in the Sandwich Islands." Miss Martha, looking at the note as if not quite sure, hesitated a little before pronouncing the last word, then tore the sheet of paper to atoms.

Maria Jane." She threw back her head with that bright little laugh that had always been hers.

"It is wonderful how little changed you are," he said again. "I am an old man and you are still a girl."

"I wish I had it," he said, with the old wistful look in his eyes. "But it is hard to keep a lonely heart light."

"But the way is not to have a lonely heart," she replied, rising to draw a flapping shade beyond the reach of the wind.

"So free from conventionalities and stupid formalities. I don't suppose you have church sociables and set tea-drinkings out there now, or that you feel it necessary to know the very latest utterances of the great leaders of modern thought? I dare say that in the absence of adequate leaders of late date, one might venture to do a little thinking for one's self, eh?"

"Yes," he said, feebly, his eyes glued to her face, but no appearance of understanding in his own.

"And then the sea all around you. Well, I don't know either that I am very fond of the sea. The sea is alien and inimical; full of treacherous things; no, decidedly, I don't like your sea."

"Ah! but you would learn to like it," he exclaimed with anxious warmth. "It is really beautiful; mysterious and awful at times, it is true, but at other times joyous beyond anything you can imagine on land. To see it sparkling under the morning sun, rocking and swaying and clasping its hands as if it had some secret and unfathomable reason for being glad!"

"Only a surface gladness," interrupted Miss Martha. "At heart I am sure it is profoundly sad."

"Ah! don't say you will not like it," he said, leaning forward, and seeming to make a personal matter of it.

"For one, yes; but if there were two?" He leaned nearer; she drew back, half rising; but he caught her hand.

"Martha, dear, you didn't marry the man your father promised you to. Tell me, was it your love of me?"

"Well," she said, looking at him with a tantalizing smile, "what do you think about it?"

"And you are right sure you never forgot me for a single instant?"

"Quite sure. And you will go with me, dear?"

"To the sociable this evening? Why, certainly."

"Ah! you know I don't mean there. He took her face fondly between his hands, looking down into the starry eyes.

"Well," with a sigh of deep content, "I suppose—if nothing else will satisfy you—I must even go to the Sandwich Islands."

"The Schoolmaster's Promise." "Boys," said an old schoolmaster, smiling, one day, "I am about to bargain with you for good conduct, I desire that you will behave yourselves with decorum for one week, and I will promise to show you a curiosity—what no man ever saw, and having shown it to you, what no man will ever see again."

"What could it be?" Another and another day, until the last Saturday dawned upon our gladdened young hearts. Nine o'clock came; every urchin was at his post; books and slates all in readiness; every task committed to memory. Altogether a charming state of affairs. "Tinkle, tinkle!" sounded the bell—that bell had a voice as well as a tongue. Mr. Birchen entered, seated himself, then raised the lid of his desk, and drew the wonderful thing forth—adjusted his omniscient-looking spectacles astraddle his nasal protection, and proceeded to the solemn ceremony, saying, "The hour has at length arrived. Behold in my upraised finger a single fibert. In this fibert is a kernel," ceremoniously breaking the shell, and exposing the tiny thing to view, he continued: "This no man ever saw;" then opening his capacious jaws he thrust in the mysterious kernel, crushed and swallowed it. "Boys!" exclaimed he, with great emphasis, "boys, you will never—I shall never—no man ever will see that kernel again! To your lessons, you rascals, every one of you."

"When in Doubt." A couple of Hoosier statesmen were traveling from Chicago to Washington with Senator Logan. The latter occupied a seat by himself and was engaged in reading a magazine. His companions, seated immediately behind him, were discussing the rules of whist. They got into a heated argument over the rule that requires a player, when in doubt, to lead trumps. After talking several minutes, one of them appealed to the Senator. "General," he said, "when you are in doubt what do you do?" Logan, half turning his swarthy face toward his questioner, answered in a cool, matter-of-fact way: "Consult Mrs. Logan."

FIVE MINUTES OF FUN.

HUMOROUS STORIES THAT WILL RAISE A SMILE.

Too Thin—How He Wanted to be Shaved—Hacking the Yellow Fever—Tougher Than Pie-Crust.

"It is astonishing," remarked Sam Colly at the breakfast table, "how extremes meet in this world."

"To what extremes do you refer, Mr. Colly?" asked the widow Flapjack, who was pouring out the coffee.

"Well, you, for instance, are very stout, and the coffee is so very thin," and he stirred up the mixture, and smiled in a sickly sort of a way.

"It's not as thin as your excuses for not paying your board regularly."

Sam has not said "coffee" since.—Siftings.

How He Wanted to Be Shaved. The following incident has been related before, but the Boston Globe thinks it will be enjoyed at this time: The late Charles O'Connor, soon after he took up his residence at Nantucket, had occasion to visit one of the barber-shops in the town. The tonsorial artist, elated at the honor he enjoyed in the patronage of Mr. O'Connor in the following garulous manner:

"Good morning, Mr. O'Connor. Fine morning, sir."

"No answer. "Think the weather will continue fine, Mr. O'Connor."

"No answer. "We've had a good deal of rain, sir."

"No answer. The great lawyer sat in the chair."

"How would you like to be shaved?" inquired the barber, placing a towel about his new customer's chin.

"In silence, sir!" was the stern and solitary reply.

Hacking the Yellow Fever. Mental confusion is a phenomenon to which every one is liable who can be badly scared, and it takes but very little of it to turn a tragedy into a farce. Some years ago, when the terrible "Yellow Jack" was in Savannah, Judge B—, of the supreme court of the State, was holding session in the upper county, but within twenty-four hours' run, by mail, of the infected city. Quite suddenly, late one afternoon, he was seized with a headache, pain in his back, limbs, etc.

Having heard that these were the salutations which Yellow Jack extends to his victims when approaching them, the judge, in great consternation, applied to a friend, who was "posted," for advice. A hot mustard bath was ordered at once, and the judge was soon laying himself in the irritating fluid.

Presently he felt better, and finding a cake of soap in the bath tub, he began to apply it quite freely upon his person. After some pleasant exercise in this way, he looked down for the first time on his body and limbs, and to his horror discovered that he was turning black! His friend was hurriedly sent for, came in, and declared that the symptoms were intensely expressive of yellow fever.

"But," said the judge, "I feel no pain; I feel well."

"So much the worse; the absence of pain is a marked symptom."

"Oh," groaned the judge, "what shall I do!"

"The only hope is in mustard; rub away," was all the advice his friend could give.

And he did rub with a will. On examination, he was as black as a crow, and the "soap," which a careless servant had dropped into the tub, was discovered to be somebody's patent paste blacking.

The judge survived.

Tougher Than Pie-Crust. "That horrid Mrs. Sawyer!" said Mrs. Jones, the other day. "I wish she would move out of the neighborhood."

"Well, what do you run there all the time for? I told you how it would be," retorted Mrs. Jones.

"This was not the kind of sympathy Mrs. Jones expected, and she became ominously silent."

"What has she said about you now?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"Oh, it's nothing about me," said Mrs. Jones.

"Who is it about?" asked Jones, with evident anxiety.

"It's about you," resumed Mrs. J. "She says you're no more fit to run for office than a bridle cat, and that if Sawyer votes for you she'd never speak to him again. She says—"

"Never mind," said Jones loftily. "I'm not the least interested in what a feeble-minded woman says."

But the fatiron had struck home, and Jones left the table with a look on his face that boded no good.

escaped, but the barrier between the houses of Jones and Sawyer can never be broken. It is tougher than pie-crust.—Detroit Free Press.

Breaking up a Refrigerator Man. "Fifty dollars to the man who can prove that any two things put into this ice-chest will taste of the other."

He had a refrigerator run out to the curbstone, hung the above sign over each side, and retired in-doors to await the expected run of customers. People passed up and down the street, jostled each other in their hurry, glanced at the ice-box and its sign, and—went on.

After some hours of disappointed hopes and expectations the dealer saw a pedestrian halt, calmly peruse the wonderful announcement, and rather hesitatingly advance to the door.

"Do you mean it?" he inquired in an anxious tone, pointing over his shoulder to the sign.

"Yes, sir," emphatically responded the dealer.

"Put your money up," insinuated the stranger.

"No, sir," replied the dealer in a pompous style; "my word is as good as the cash."

"All right, I'll take you," responded the stranger, as he departed. Some time after he returned with a box under each arm.

"Stick to your agreement?" he queried.

"Of course I will," answered the dealer, wondering what in the name of Christopher Columbus the man had in view.

The stranger set his boxes down on the sidewalk, and a crowd began to collect. He told the dealer that he was afraid that he (the dealer) would back out of the bargain, but the latter asserted his readiness to put up the stamps if necessary. The stranger opened a box, lifted a cat out and placed her in the refrigerator; then he opened the other box and took therefrom a wire cage containing a large rat.

"Now, mister," said he, "you just shut that door in a hurry when I flop the rat inside, and I'll go you another fifty that one will taste of the other in less'n five minutes."

The crowd yelled, and the dealer slammed the refrigerator door and slid into the store, with a remark about fools and swindlers. He still refuses to recognize the stranger's claim to the \$50—but has taken his signs in.—Denver Republican.

The Greeks of Old. The physical superiority of the ante-Alexandrian Greeks to the hardest and most robust nations of modern times, is perhaps best illustrated by the military statistics of Xenophon. According to the author of the Anabasis, the complete accoutrements of a Spartan soldier in what we would call heavy marching order, weighed seventy-five pounds, exclusive of the camp, mining, and bridge-building tools, and the rations of bread and dried fruit, which were issued in weekly installments, and increased the burden of the infantry soldier to ninety, ninety-five, or even to a full hundred pounds. This load was often carried at the rate of four English miles an hour for twelve hours per diem, day after day; and only in the burning deserts of Southern Syria, the commander of the Grecian auxiliaries thought it prudent to shorten the usual length of a day's march by one-fourth. The gymnastic tests applied by the systanachus, or recruiting officer of a picked corps, would appear more preposterous to the unformed exquisite of a modern "crack regiment." Even tall, well-shaped men of the soundest constitution, could not pass the preliminary examination unless they were able to jump their own height vertically and thrice their own length horizontally, and two-thirds of those distances in full armor; pitch a weight equal to one-third of their own, to a distance of twenty yards, and throw a javelin with such dexterity that they would not miss a mark the size of a man's head more than four out of ten times at a distance of fifty yards, beside other tests referring to their expertness in the use of the bow and the broadsword.—Popular Science Monthly.

Diet for Athletes. In Doctor Sargent's recent lecture on "What Shall We Eat to Get Strong?" he said in the course of his remarks: "It has been customary to train athletes on lean beef and mutton, but he thought this a mistake, as tissue-making food should be used in combination with these, and the diet should be so changed as to meet the requirements of the organism of the person using it, for to establish one diet for all persons was ridiculous. Beef alone is not superior to meal, beans, or other farinaceous food, and the size of the muscles of a man is not indicative of his strength. Farinaceous food tones a man down, and will tend to give him more endurance. A man who can strike a blow equal to four hundred pounds would be called a strong man, but this strength cannot be kept up for any length of time on animal food, as it comes from the base of the brain, and endurance must be sought for in other kinds of food. To reduce the weight of a man in training lean meats may do, but when he is down in weight he must go back to food containing more carbon, such as ham and sausages, which should always be eaten cold. Three years ago this would have been considered ridiculous by trainers, but for a diet for running, walking and rowing it has been found that saccharine food, with beef or mutton is the best; tea, coffee and alcohol, as well as condiments, are objectionable; indeed, it is not the quantity of food a person eats that strengthens him, but the amount assimilated and worked into the organism.—Harvard Herald.

THE SIGN. "When you are dead, my darling, When over you has grown The grass to hide your face away Beneath a grave's white stone— When, where your dead footstep trod You may not tread again, And you are in the world of God And I the world of men; Oh, then, if by your grave, dear, I speak some loving word, I pray you, give some sign to me To tell me that you heard."

"Dear, if you kneel beside me And whisper, thro' the mold Above me any tender words I loved to hear of old— If in the grasses growing Above my place of rest Some little flower should blossom, Some flower you loved the best, The while you kneel beside me And speak your loving word, Oh, you will see it, darling, And you will know I heard!"

—Eben E. Rexford.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Short meater—A dishonest butcher. Men who hate long sentences—Criminals. Straw hats show which way the wind blows. Do they ever bury a dead calm?—Derrick. Butter is so cheap that the poorest people can make a spread with it.—Picayune.

The hand that rocks a cradle is the hand that can't stone a hen with any success.—New York Journal.

Carlyle says: "Laughter means sympathy." This will bring comfort to the man who has inadvertently trodden on a banana peel.—Boston Post.

"Trust men and they will trust you," said Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Trust men and they will bust you," says an ordinary, every-day business man.—Saturday Night.

An exchange says that the famous monkey of the Jardin des Plantes has "joined the great majority of Monkeys." Become a "dude," we presume.—New York Graphic.

"The female giraffe," says the Bismarck Tribune, "has a tongue seventeen inches long, but she can't talk." Now we know why a giraffe wears such a sad and subdued expression.

HOW OLEO IS MADE. "My name is oleomargarine, I'm mighty nice to handle; And when they want to make me They milk a tallow candle."

—Merchant-Traveler.

Queen Victoria is said to have nineteen granddaughters. When the old lady and her granddaughters get on a street car a good many loyal Britons have to hang on to the straps.—Courier-Journal.

A Vermont woman, who was thrown out of a runaway team, was found in an apple tree uninjured. This is the first time a woman was ever known to climb a tree under the influence of fright.—Burlington Free Press.

THE APPLES GREEN. The small boy looks with longing eyes Upon the apples green, He will not touch them if he's wise, For lurking at the core there lies Colic and cramps unseen.

—Chicago Sun.

"Are you having much practice now?" asked an old judge of a young lawyer. "Yes, sir, a good deal, thank you." "Ah, I'm glad to hear it. In what line is your practice particularly?" "Well, sir, particularly in economy."

"Did the lion and the lamb ever lie down together?" asked a young hopeful who had just returned from Sunday-school. "Ye, my son," answered the father; "but the lamb was out of sight." The boy was satisfied.—Puck's Sun.

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT. There's a street in New York known as Wall, Far famous for wind and for gall, Where men who go in Intending to win Come out with just nothing at all.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A fashion item says: "Tanned kids are coming in fashion again." It will be harder than ever now to coax boys to go to school. "Tanned kids" went out of fashion when the old style pedagogues stepped down and out with his rattan.—Norristown Herald.

"Look here. This piece of meat don't suit me. It's from the back of the animal's neck," said an Austin man to a German butcher. "Mine fren', all dot beef vat I sells is back of dot neck. Dere vos nodding but horn in front of dot neck."—Texas Siftings.

"Ah!" exclaimed an old miner who went up in the air on the wing of a prematurely discharged blast, "this makes me feel homesick." "How so?" gasped his companion, who involuntarily accompanied him. "Because it's the biggest blowing-up I've had since I left my wife in the States."—New York Journal.

It is said that just before a Hindoo woman dies a cow is brought in that she may take hold of its tail as her life passes away. Anybody who has been yanked over a two-acre lot of newly-plowed land, deathlessly gripping the tail of an impulsive cow, can understand how the heathen rite is supposed to typify the longing of a person to die.—Inland Courier.

Milk, in the manufactured ice-cream, is first boiled and afterward partially condensed. In the boiling a lactical acid of bacteria is set free that, uniting with a hypo-sulphide of buteric oxide, again solidifies as a bi-sulphide of stannic acid in the congealing. This, when taken into the system, produces cramps, frequently ending fatally. (Show this to your girl.)