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A CHILD'S FANCIES.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.
When I was sick and lay abed,
And two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed clothes, through the hills.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow hill,
And sees before him field and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

THE WIND.
When you toss the kites on high
And follow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass
Your "kisses" skirts across the grass—
And, blowing all day long!
The wind, that sings so loud a song!

How the different things you did,
But always felt yourself you hid;
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
Oh, wind, a-blowing all day long!
Oh, wind, that sings so loud a song!

Oh, you that are so strong and cold,
Oh, blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
Oh, wind, a-blowing all day long!
Oh, wind, that sings so loud a song!

THE COW.
A friendly cow, all red and white,
Came with all her heart;
To give me cream with all her might,
To eat my apple tart.

The wanderer lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
In the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day.

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

—L. Stevenson, in Art Journal.

JACK.

"I don't know about sending such a
rotten little chap as he is."
"That is the kind that need to go."
"But what if nobody'll take him?"
"Then I'll bring him back."

So said the superintendent of one of
the earliest companies of children sent
out by the fresh-air fund, and so it came
that Jack joined the eager little crowd
drawn from alley and slum of the great
city.

"He is a tough one," said the super-
intendent to himself, watching Jack as
he half carelessly, half willfully tripped
over one or two smaller boys in the rush
which came when they were leaving the
steamboat in order to take the cars.

"He don't look like the right sort,"
said one or two farmers.
If they were the right sort they
wouldn't need our help," said a pleasant-
faced woman who sat in a spring wagon.

"Put him in here, please. Come, my
boy, will you go home with me?"
Jack climbed into the wagon, but
made little answer to the kindly attempts
to draw him into conversation. His
eyes were never raised toward her as he
sate along in dogged silence, and Mrs.
Lynn began to conclude that she had
taken hold of a very hard case indeed.

But it was quickly seen that there
were some things which Jack loved. Be-
fore night he had made friends with
pigeons, cows, chickens, ducks, geese and
hens, and lying under a tree in rapt ad-
miration of a pert jay which chattered
above him, and almost succeeded in
drawing it to light on his finger.

"Come with me, and I'll show you
something more," said Mrs. Lynn, the
next morning after breakfast. She put
a pail of salt into his hand, and they
walked up a little glen, then up a steep
hill, when she called:

"Nan, nan, nan, nan, nan—come
nan, come, nan; come, my pretties;
come, my pretties."

A quiet little pattering was heard, and
down along the path which led higher
up Jack saw coming a light soft look-
ing white thing.

"What's their name?" he cried, in
great interest.

"Sheep. There are great many more
up over the top of the hill, but they
don't know me very well, so they don't
come. We must go further."

Higher up they went to where a sunny
pasture sloped more gently down the
other side, and there were hundreds of
the pretty creatures nipping the short
grass or lying under the trees. They
looked at the strangers with shy, gentle
eyes, but gathered near as Mrs. Lynn
repeated her call.

A Jack laughed and whooped and rolled
on the ground in the excess of his deli-
ght at first frightening them away.
But he was soon among them, winning
them by his coaxing tones to taste the
salt he held out to them. The boy's face
seemed transformed as Mrs. Lynn got
her first full glance at his eyes, and wondered
at them. They were large and clear and
soft as he laid his hands lovingly on
the heads of some half-grown lambs, and
presently tenderly lifted one which
seemed a little lame.

"You may take that one to the house, if
you like," said Mrs. Lynn, "and I will
send up his poor foot."

He did so, and when he carried it back
the flock remained all day, only
going to the house when called to dinner
by the sound of the conch-shell. And
every day afterward the most of his time
was spent on the breezy hill-side, per-

haps taking in the beauties of valley and
stream and woodland which lay below,
but finding his fill of enjoyment in the
sheep. He was little seen at the house,
seeming not to care for any human soci-
ety, but he took long walks at his will,
from which he once brought home a bird
with a broken wing, and again a stray
starved kitten, both of which he carefully
tended.

"Hear him!" said Mrs. Lynn, one day,
when she had gone out into the meadow
where her husband was at work. "I be-
lieve he knows every sheep there."

Jack's voice came ringing down the
hill.

"Hiho! hiho! hiho! hiho-o-o-o-o-o, my
beauties! Come, Daisy-face, come,
Cloud-white, come, my Tripey-toes, and
Hobbledohy; come, Jack and Jill, and
Clover and Buttercup. Hiha, hiha, hiha,
ho-o-o-o-o-o, my Hop, Skip and Jump,
come with yer patterin' and yer wiggle-
waggle tail, my woolly backs! Where
be you, my jolly boys, kickin' up yer
heels in the wind? Come, Snip and
Snap and Snorum and Flax and Flinders
and Foam."

At the sound of his voice a few white
heads were raised among the grazing
flock in Mr. Lynn's field; then more, and
then a commotion stirred the quiet crea-
tures. Bleating, they ran to the fence
where Jack stood, and crowded about
him, almost clambering over each other
in their efforts to reach him. But little
heed was paid to them, for all were watch-
ing Mr. Green's sheep. There was a stir
among them, too, for nine-tenths of the
flock, alarmed by the unknown voice cut-
ting so sharply through the still air, had
turned and fled, and were huddling in a
white mass in a distant corner, while
about twenty had bleated their recogni-
tion of a friend, and hurrying up with a
run and a jump, were also gathering close
about him. And Jack sprang down
among them, and with arms around the
neck, and face buried in the fleecy back
of one of his special favorites, was sob-
bing as if his heart were breaking.

Mr. Bright danced about like a school-
boy, swung his hat, and pitched it high
in the air.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for boys and
sheep! They are the best witnesses I
ever want. Mr. Lynn's case is the sound-
est one I ever carried before a court."

"Witnesses!" growled Green. "Are
you such idiots as to think this will
amount to anything in law?"

It did amount to something in law,
however, as Mr. Green found out when
the judge's decision was given.

As soon as the men were gone, Mrs.
Lynn bent over Jack, whose head was
still bowed.

"Jack, my boy, don't cry so. Don't
you know you have friends all around
you?"

"Yes, Look at 'em." He looked
about with a smile.

"Yes, the sheep, and plenty more if
you'll have them. Oh, Jacks, we're all
your friends. The loving Shepherd I
told you of has sent us to try to do you
good. He wants you to follow him just
as the sheep come at the sound of your
voice, because they love you and you
love them. Do you want to stay here and
take care of them?"

"Stay here, with you and the sheep!"
Jack's eyes, beaming with joy and gra-
titude, frankly met hers.

"I think we've found the soft place at
last," said Mrs. Lynn to herself, as she
went home, leaving him on the sunny
hill-side.—*Young People.*

HUMORISTS OF THE PRESS.

FUNNY STORIES BY NEWSPAPER WAGS.

Not a Musical Ear—A Narrow Escape—A Masher Routed—The Railroad Hog—Dog and Crab.

"My dear, I wish you would tell the
servant to stop moving that furniture
around in the parlor. I'm sure she has
broken some of the vases and Sevres
ware."

"I hear no noise, Christopher."
"There! She has dropped the clock!
I heard the shade smash!"

"Why, Christopher, how silly you are!
That's not the servant moving the furni-
ture; that's Birdie practicing a Wagne-
rian sonata.—*Chicago News.*

A Narrow Escape.
"Sister!" cried a little boy, running
into the room. "your little pug dog has
bit me on the leg."

"What!" exclaimed the frightened
young lady. "Beauty has bitten you on
the leg? Let me see."

She hastily pulled down his stocking,
and sure enough there was the impres-
sion of his teeth.

"You naughty boy," said his sister,
shaking him violently, "don't you know
better than to tease Beauty? Some day
he will bite a big lump out of your leg,
and it might make him deathly sick."—
Philadelphia Call.

A Masher Routed.
A lady, young and handsomely
dressed, entered a Woodward avenue
car and sat down opposite a passenger
who had the appearance of a gentleman,
but soon showed himself to be that con-
temptible creature, a masher. He took
no notes on time, but at once proceeded
to mash; he stared, ogled, smiled insu-
latingly and made a second-class foot
of himself at sight. The lady was discom-
posed. She seized her parasol and every
one present hoped she was about to mash
the masher.

But she simply raised the parasol and
spread it in his face. Under its protec-
tion she calmly continued on her
way, but the chagrined masher got out
at the next crossing and made himself
scarce.

"When he was gone the lady closed her
parasol and said: "I have heard of
frightening wild beasts by such a weapon
opened suddenly, in their faces, and I
find it serves as good a purpose with
tame ones."

The passengers all applauded.—*De-
troit Free Press.*

The Railroad Hog.
"Is this seat unoccupied?" a lady tim-
idly inquired.

Her voice was not very loud. It did
not recall the fat man from his reverie
nor his gaze from something interesting
in the brick wall of the depot. The lady
passed on as though embarrassed at the
sound of her request.

"Is one of these seats disengaged?"
The question was asked in a firm, clear
voice by a young woman, who looked
steadily into the monopolist's eyes as
she turned slowly, and he coldly replied:
"All engaged."

Then he resumed his study of the wall,
and the train moved slowly out of the
depot.

"Oof!"
The exclamation resembled exactly the
grunt of a pig. It was made by a young
man with a dimple in his cheek and a
twinkle in his eye, on a seat diagonally
across the aisle and behind the bald-
headed man. He was absorbed in an in-
teresting article in a newspaper. The ex-
clamation was not noticed.

"Oof! Oof! Oof!"
A young lady in the seat behind the
person intended to be described by the
young man with the dimple, tittered
aloud. The fat man with four sittings
stole a wicked glance at the young man
with the newspaper, and then settled
back with a determined gesture of his
head and neck as if he wasn't going to
mind it.

"Oo-oo-oo! kweck! kwe-e-ek! oof!
oof!"
The passengers turned their attention
to the passenger with the four seats.
The bald spot on his head began to get
red.

"Kwe-e-ek, kwe-e-ek, kwe-e-ek!
Oof, oof, oof!"
A tittering and giggling broke out
spontaneously up and down the car.
The bald spot on the fat man's head
blazed. Then one foot was dragged
slowly off from the front seat, then the
other. A hand reached out carefully
and set one valise on the floor. Then
the other valise followed.

"Sent here, I guess, ladies," he
growled.

Three women threw grateful glances
at the grunter and took their seats. The
grunter, who had not lifted his eyes from
his newspaper, turned it over to continue
reading, but just at that instant the train
glided into the tunnel.—*New York Sun.*

Dog and Crab.
Some years ago my neighbor had a
dog of an inquiring turn of mind, which
he called Philosopher when he was not
in a hurry. Philosopher was in the
habit of coming over upon my premises,
and trying in various ways to win my
respect and esteem; but he never suc-
ceeded to any great extent. Perhaps he
did not go about it in the right way. He
came off in the stilly night, and sat under
my window and poured out his sorrow
to the moon. The moon seemed to stand
still, but I couldn't. I went to my neigh-
bor with a protest, but he said he could
do nothing; that he didn't like to hear
a dog howl any better than I did; but,
according to divine law, that was the
only way in which a dog could give ex-
pression to his deeper emotions, and he
thought man ought to try and put up
with it. Beside, he said, he believed

that the howling of a dog was an omen
of death.

I told him I thought so, too, especially
when the dog howled under my window,
and then I went and bought a shot-gun.

But after that Philosopher seemed to
reform and lead a more joyous life. He
stayed home of nights, and if he was
ever sad, he brooded mostly in silence.

One day I came home with a basket
full of crabs, and found Philosopher sit-
ting in my yard with a look of mingled
curiosity and pleasure on his open
and expressive countenance. He seemed
to be glad to see me, and when I set the
basket upon the ground and turned
aside, he went up to it in an inquiring
sort of way. As I have said, he was of a
very investigating turn of mind. He
would sit by a hen's nest half an hour,
waiting for the hen to get through lay-
ing and adjourn, so that he could form
himself into a committee of one and in-
vestigate the proceedings. And his in-
vestigation of a hen's nest was always
systematic and thorough.

When he saw something move in my
basket, he appeared to grow more than
usually curious. He seemed to be both
surprised and delighted that I had car-
ried home something that was alive. He
smelled cautiously around the basket,
wagged his tail with a graceful easy mo-
tion, and then, growing more curious and
bold, he stuck his nose down among the
crabs and picked a large one up. He did
not intend to pick it up so suddenly;
it was all the crab's doing. It got one of
its claws tangled somehow with Philoso-
pher's nose, and then there was a sound
of revelry by day. I never before saw
a dog get so excited. He lost all con-
trol over himself. His one prominent
thought seemed to be a desire to go
away somewhere and he went. He went
with exceeding impetuosity. He went
as nothing had gone before, except chain-
lightning, perhaps, and he took my crab
with him.

If any traveler in Europe, Asia or
Africa has seen a yellow dog with a part
of one ear bit off, and an expression de-
noting humble birth, with a healthy
looking crab hanging to his nose, the
traveler will receive a large assortment
of thanks by communicating with my
neighbor. But I am rather indifferent.
I lost a good crab, I know; but there is
no loss without some slight compensa-
tion.—*Scott Wau, in Puck.*

Early American Coinage.
The earliest coinage that can be called
American, in the sense of Anglo-Ameri-
can, was ordered by the original Virginia
company, only five years after the found-
ing of Jamestown. The coins were minted
at Somers islands, now known as the
Bermudas. For a long while the stand-
ard currency of Virginia was tobacco, as
in many of the early settlements of the
Northwest it was beaver skins. The ac-
counts of the fur traders and pioneers in
their dealings with the Indians who
kept in beaver skins instead of dollars
until some years after the opening of this
century, and in some parts of the Domi-
nion of Canada they are still kept so. In
1645 the assembly of the Virginia col-
ony, after a preamble reciting that "it
had maturely weighed and considered how
advantageous a quoin would be to this
colony, and the great wants and miseries
which do daily happen unto it by the
sole dependency upon tobacco," pro-
vided for the issue of copper coins of
the denomination of two pence, three-
pence, sixpence and ninepence; but this
law was never carried into effect, so the
first colonial coinage of this country was
that struck off by Massachusetts under
the order of the general court of that
colony, passed May 27, 1685, creating a
"mint house" at Boston, and providing
for the mintage of "12 pence, 6 pence
and 3 pence pieces, which shall be for
fozne flt., and stamped on the one side
with N. E., and on the other side with
XIII., Vid., and III., according to the
value of each piece." In 1682, from this
same mint, appeared the famous "pine
tree shillings," which were two-penny
pieces. This mint was maintained for
thirty-four years. In the reign of Wil-
liam and Mary copper coins were struck
in England for New England and Caro-
lina. Lord Baltimore had silver shill-
ings, sixpences, and fourpences made
in England to supply the demands of
his province of Maryland. Vermont
and Connecticut established mints in
1785 for the issue of copper coin. New
Jersey followed a year later. But Con-
gress had the establishment of a mint
for the confederated States under ad-
visement, and in this same year agreed
upon a plan submitted by Thomas Jef-
ferson, and the act went into operation
on a small scale in 1787. After the
adoption of the Constitution of the
United States in 1789 all the State
mints were closed, as the constitution
specifically places the sole power of
coining money in the Federal govern-
ment.

Mexican Etiquette.
I was given a lesson in etiquette by a
Mexican young lady I met in the train,
says a correspondent. I chanced to be
the only man in the sleeping-car when it
drew out from El Paso, and after an in-
troduction by the conductor, to whose
charge the young lady had been com-
mitted, she and I became quite well ac-
quainted. "I saw you eating an orange
on the depot platform," she said. "In
Mexico that would be considered un-
manly. There it is unmanly to eat
anything outside of a house, even
candy. And I noticed when Mr. Ro-
mero gave you a Mexican match you
threw it away after using but one end of
it. The other was still serviceable, and
you should have returned the match with
your thanks. If you hand one a cigar
or cigarette to light with, you must take
a whiff from it after it has been returned
to you, though it may be so short as to
burn your fingers." All this I received
with good grace, for my young lady was
but ten years of age.

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow
For to-morrow will prove but another to-
day,
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life
With such grave and sad persistence,
And watch and wait for a crowd of ills
That as yet has no existence.

Strength for to-day—what a precious boon
For the earnest souls who labor
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend or neighbor.

Strength for to-day—that the weary hearts
In the battle for right may quail not;
And the eyes bedimmed with bitter tears,
In their search for light, may fail not.

Strength for to-day, on the down-hill track
For the travelers near the valley
That up, far up on the other side,
Ere long they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day—that our precious youth
May happily shun temptation,
And build from the rise to the set of sun
On a sure and strong foundation.

Strength for to-day—in home and home
To practice forbearance sweetly—
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow,
For to-morrow will prove but another to-
day,
With its measure of joy and sorrow.
—Mrs. M. A. Kilder.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Drawing materials—mustard and wa-
ter.—*Life.*
Never dispute with a woman about her
weight. She's always bound to have her
own weight.

A wall in the southern part of China is
said to be entirely made of fish. It ought
to be an easy one to scale.—*Statesman.*
A Philadelphia father makes his baby
sleep with the nurse three-quarters of a
mile off. It must be the second one.—
Courier-Journal.

"Do cats reason?" asks a correspond-
ent. Certainly. There are two in our
neighborhood that are reasoning with
each other all through the stilly night.—
Baltimore Day.

"Why am I like a Wall street finan-
cier?" asked a young farmer as he re-
turned from the barn. "I give it up,"
replied his father, "because I have
been watering the stock."—*Brooklyn Times.*

The old saw, "Never kick a man when
he is down" is a good one, because to
kick a man when he is down is cowardly.
Now we give another, "Never kick a
man when he is up," because it is reck-
less.—*Evansville Argus.*

The young man who wrote to his of-
fended girl asking her to send him "a
line" informing him what she would like
him to do, was surprised to receive by
return mail a clothes-line with a noose at
one end of it.—*Statesman.*

The boy who seeks the river's brim,
Where he intends to take a swim,
But runs astray,
Possesses wisdom, strength and vim;
For he will surely live to swim
Another day.
—*New York Journal.*

The wise men tell us that the whale
lives about 400 years. Since the days of
the patriarchs, however, no man has ever
taken a whale from the breast and raised
it to old age. A whale would be a good
thing for a man to buy who hated to part
with a pet after he became attached to it.
—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"It seems to me," said a judge to his
daughter, "that your young man calls a
good many times a week. My court
doesn't sit anywhere near as often as
yours does." "Oh, well, papa," was
the blushing reply, "I am engaged to
him, you know, and that entitles us to a
court of special sessions."

The seats in a Western church are
set on pivots, like those in a dry goods
store. This enables the fair worship-
er, who sits pretty well up in front, to
turn around and count the number of
new bonnets in the house without screw-
ing her head off almost, and going home
with a stiff neck.—*Norristown Herald.*

A paragraph in a number of our ex-
changes says: "Napoleon was bow-leg-
ged, Alexander Pope was hump-backed,
Hannibal had notoriously big heels and
was knock-kneed, Cicero was spindly-
shanked and Alexander's left leg was
badly out of plumb." One might sup-
pose that these old worthies were alive
and running for a political office.—
Norristown Herald.

A-DOWN THE BAY.
She was a vision of delight,
When first she beamed upon my sight;
I met her in a casual way
A-down the bay.

What steamer, I refuse to tell,
Enough to say, she pleased me well,
You bet it was a beautiful day
A-down the bay.

She seemed so modest and discreet,
I thought I'd asked her in treat;
It only cost me two weeks' pay
A-down the bay.
—*Eastern Star.*

Deaths from Cholera.
In 1871 there were 300,000 deaths
from cholera in Russia; in 1873 there
were 16,000 deaths in Poland; in 1872-
73 there were 140,000 deaths in Hun-
gary; 1873-74 there were nearly 27,000
deaths in Prussia; in 1865-67 there were
143,000 deaths in Italy. In Paris the
mortality from cholera has been as fol-
lows: In 1832, 13,351 deaths; in 1849,
19,184; in 1853-54, 8,090; in 1865-66,
12,082; in 1873, 885. In England in
1849 the deaths from cholera were 79,
000. In 1917 the army of the Marquis
of Hastings lost in India 9,000 men in
twelve days from Asiatic cholera.