

The Forest Republican.

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VOL. XVII. NO. 32.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 26, 1884.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.	
One Square, one inch, one insertion.....	\$1
One Square, one inch, one month.....	50
One Square, one inch, three months.....	60
One Square, one inch, one year.....	10 00
Two Squares, one year.....	15 00
Quarter Column, one year.....	20 00
Half Column, one year.....	30 00
One Column, one year.....	100 00

Legal notices at established rates.
Marriage and death notices gratis.
All bills for ready advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

COAKER.

"These who grumble,
as you can see,
through life, but why make
a croaker of me?"

"I'm a croaker,
and you know it,
and I'll be a croaker,
and you know it."

"I'm a croaker,
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and I'll be a croaker,
and you know it."

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THE FLAG.

"Tain't my poor little chickie,
General Stuart."
"Then take it to its mother," thundered the chief.

"It's mother is dead, general."
"To its father, then."
"It's father is dead, too, general."
"Dend!"

"Dead. Killed in the battle yesterday when you led over that stone fence by the farm-house on the hill, sah. The Confederate general bit his lips. Then, muttering to himself as he rose up and turned half away: "Killed at the farm house where I led. Some poor farmer defending his home and little ones. I can't stand this!"

"Please, sir, Mister General, won't you take my yed apple? Papa growed it in his orchard. And he buyed me that, too."

Here the child reached his little flag, trying hard to make friends with the seemingly hard man, who was turning away as if to avoid it.

"Sergeant Zeb, where did that flag come from?"

"Had it in his hand when I found it, sah; it won't give it up, sah; says its father gave it to it for the Fourth of July, sah."

"Foff of July," piped the little waif, waving the little stars and stripes overhead, there in the midst of the dark and gathering circle of soldiers under the oaks. The general turned, stooped and caught the child in his arms.

"Keep your pretty little flag, and wave it when and where you like. Here, Zeb, take care of this kid. Boys, we killed its father by chance, yesterday. Let us take care of it. We can't do less; and, maybe, it will bring us luck. What do you say, boys?"

The wild shout that shook the leaves of the oaks overhead startled the advocate of discipline, and, turning to Zeb, as he strode away into the night for another part of his camp, he shouted:

"Silence! and Zeb, discipline, discipline! Dash it, discipline or death, I say!" and he was gone. They gathered about the wild-eyed, rosy-faced orphan with its little flag and red apple, and many a black and white and not over-clean hand reached out to toy with and stroke the hair of gold that hung heavy as corn silk in summer time over the lad's shoulders.

"I found it in the fence corner," said Zeb, "all a shiverin', and its daddy and its mammy dead, shot down by stray bullets when we stormed the place."

"Yes, and dar war a rabbit right side up him," said a black face back in the dark, over another man's shoulder.

"An' golly, we kotched and eat der rabbit," chuckled another black man.

"Wal, we'll keep the kid; keep 'im till the cows come home." And with a grunt of universal approval from all as they gradually melted away, old Zeb hoisted the little one high up on his colossal shoulders, and turned suddenly to look and to listen, for there was a sharp volley of shots above, beyond the hay stacks. It began to look as if this little squad of raiders had got into a bite.

Shouts of the enemy down the hill; shots of the enemy up the hill beyond the hay stacks. Which way should the surprised and panic-stricken soldiers fly? The colossal old Virginia sergeant, with the child on his massive shoulders, was the only officer in charge. The blacks were hiding about behind trees, behind each other, under saddles, blankets, anywhere. The shouts of the advancing enemy came loud and clear from below and very near. The camp-fire, the song of the soldiers, had done the mischief. This little squad of ragged, panic-stricken night raiders was doomed. The leaves began to fall like autumn time over old Zeb, the tall and angular old sergeant.

What a plight for a soldier! A battle on hand and a babe in his arms. The old sergeant came near throwing it away with the heap of negroes, hiding away under the saddles. Where was Stuart? The sergeant put his hand to his ear and leaned to listen as best he could between the sharp volleys from below that were ruining the prospects of the next year's acorn crop in the trees overhead. He could hear the clatter of iron hoofs on the high ridge to the west. The moon was setting large and round and low. Over the bare crest of this hill and against the moon he could see the Confederate cavalry pouring in impetuous flight. Stuart, the cautious and wary leader, had escaped.

COVERINGS FOR THE HEAD.

AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF HOW HATS ARE MADE.

A Curious Process and One That Calls For Great Labor—Various Stages of Hat-Making.

In the first place the whole material of which a good felt hat is made—with the exception of the bands, binding and lining—is fur. For this purpose the furs of the beaver, the Russian hare, the rabbit, the French coney and the South American rutia are used. Every reader will be familiar with all but the last-named animal, which is a soft-coated, beautifully marked rodent, about as large as a cat. Several of these furs are mixed to make the felt, and the mixtures for fine hats are secrets carefully guarded by the men who have discovered the right proportions for the constituents.

The forming process is a most curious one. It consists of a copper cone six inches broad across the top, about twelve broad across the bottom and three feet high. This cone is full of holes; in fact, it is a sieve. A workman takes it and dampens it. Then he sets it so that the rim at the bottom is caught in the round groove of a wooden plate. This plate is raised a foot above the floor in the center of a semi-circular wooden fence rising six feet above the floor. On one side of this particular inclosure and rising above it are the rollers of a big machine, at which a boy is standing. The boy sets the machine going and it begins to fill the air above it with hair.

The man with the cone has also started some machinery, apparently, for the cone is rapidly revolving horizontally, and something beneath it which cannot be seen is buzzing busily. Then the man takes the two doors which are folded back from the sides of the semi-circular fence and closes them. They form another complete semi-circle and the cone is thereupon shut up in a kind of wooden well six feet in diameter. Hair is raining down all this time from the machine above this well. Before a minute is over the machine has tossed all the fur for one hat into the air. The boy rings a bell, the machine stops, the man opens the doors of the well, the cone is stopped, and then the visitor looks at what seems a miracle. All the fur which has been seen lately falling softly like rain into the wooden well is lying evenly distributed upon the top and sides of the cone.

This loose fur covering of the copper cone is the felt hat as it first begins to take shape. The man who is attending to it throws wet cloths about it and carries cone and all away to a tank, where he plunges it in boiling water. Then he carries the cone to a table and carefully strips the hat form off it. It needs an experienced hand to do this; a tyro at the business would break the loose lying form all to bits. The man performs the operation with ease, though, and turns it over and over, looking for flaws and weak parts. Whenever he perceives one he takes some wet fur and sticks it there. When he has patched the form before him he wraps a wet cloth about it and carefully wrings it out. When the wringing process is complete he rolls it with a wooden rolling pin, just as a woman rolls pastry. He rolls it from the top downward and its height diminishes every minute. At first it was about three feet high and the same in other dimensions as the cone, but in a little while it is contracted, with the rolling pin and continued dipping in hot water, to two feet high, about. Then it is taken to what is called the sizing shop. In this place are round tables, the centers of which are low, while the boards slope up to the outer edges; in the low, central part boiling water is bubbling. A man stands at each of these tables and beside him lies a pile of hat forms. He takes one and beats it and dips it in the boiling water and rolls it from the top downward till it becomes not more than nine inches high.

When it has reached the required size for this process the hat is "shaved" by a man who takes it on his knee and goes over its surface rapidly with a very sharp knife. Then it is "second sized" or rolled again to make it smaller, and after that stiffened with shellac dissolved in alcohol, laid on with a brush, then it is cleared, the surface being washed with a solution of soda. The next process is dyeing, which is very carefully done, the exact proportions of dyewood to water being preserved and the hats kept continually stirred as, if they were allowed to rest on each other, there would be some very extraordinary coloring effects produced.

After being dyed the hat goes to the "blocker out." This man—who is one of many—has a hand on him like a horse's hoof; the palm is one great callosity as white as a water blister and as hard as sole leather, and the palm side of his finger and thumb show similar callosities. These are produced by the man's work, which is especially hard. He has by strength and considerable skill and much perseverance to pull the hat into the shape of the block. There are no artificial aids. He dips the hat into boiling water, pulls it out again, dips his hand into a cask of cold water which stands by his side, and then grasping some portion of the hat between his hand he braces himself and pulls.

When the "blocker out" has got through with it the hat is ready for finishing. A man now pulls it over a block and irons it into the final shape. Then smooth sand paper is used to pounce or smooth it. After being thoroughly pounced the hat is then greased with hot, cold oil to make the color even; then it is rounded and the brim cut to any desired width. After this cutting, which is done with a gauged hand-machine, the hat goes away to the curlers, who curl the brim. These men must be very skillful and have good eyes for size and shape. They take a curved iron blade

VALLEY AND PEAK.

The Valley said to the Peak,
"Oh, Peak, I fain would arise
And be great like you; I would seek
Your remote and sacred skies.
Although I lie so low
At your feet, I aspire to share
The mysteries that you know
In your cloud-roofed house of air."

The Peak to the Valley said,
"Oh, Valley, be content,
Since for you my veins have bled,
And for you my breath is spent.
Alone, for your sake, I live
In the cold and cloudy blue,
Great only by what I give
Out of unreach'd heavens to you."
—Lucy Larcom.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

He is a philosopher who can find music in a fat man's snore.

A man with a cast in his eye—A trout fisherman.—*Texas Siftings.*

Earthquakes cause quite a movement in real estate.—*New York Daily.*

A cobbler's wife call him "Breath," because he lasts for the living.

Practical jokes—Those that are published and paid for.—*New York Mail.*

The only bar that tramps are unfamiliar with—Crowbar.—*New York Telegram.*

A Boston agricultural editor says that the best way to preserve peaches is to keep a bulldog in the orchard.—*Courier-Journal.*

A society exchange says: "Ladies' bonnets this season will be felt." Yes, and the one to feel it most will be the husband.—*Boston Post.*

"Why is a harmonious husband and wife like eight cubic feet?" asked Flattery, and before I could reply the answer came: "Because they are both in accord."—*Boston Times.*

A fashion paper, in describing a belle's attire recently, said she wore carbuncles, and now that poor girl gets 300 different recipes for the cure of boils in every mail.—*Washington Hatchet.*

An esteemed contemporary, talking of a man run over on Monday by a Market street car, says he has four doctors in attendance on him, and then unnecessarily adds: "It is doubtful whether he will recover."—*San Francisco Post.*

Orange peel is now said to be collected, dried in ovens and sold for kindling fires. It burns readily and with great fierceness and is safer than kerosene. Now cannot some useful avocation be found for the treacherous banana peel.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"So, you have finally made up your mind you won't have me?" he asked.

"Yes, firmly," she replied. "I suppose you take me for a fool for proposing to you so often." "No, sir; I don't take you for a fool. I wouldn't have you for a gift."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I hear that your wife creates quite a sensation," said one Burlington man to another who had recently been married.

"Well, I guess she does," replied the other dubiously, feeling of the bumps on his head. "But the sensations are not altogether so pleasant as might be wished."—*Burlington Free Press.*

"You must be sick to hire a horse in the daytime," said an impecunious young man to a companion. "Why so?" was the inquiry. "Are they any cheaper at night?" "Guess they are! All you've got to do is to eat a five-cent slice of mince pie and you can have a mare all night that would beat Maud S. to finders."—*Burlington Free Press.*

REASURED.

"Oh, youth, with smooth sand-papered pate,
The night is dark, the hour is late,
Why do you linger on my gate?"

"I stay to help your daughter hold
This gate upon its hinges old;
Go in, old man, you're catching cold!"

The old man sought his little bed,
And pillowed there his tranquil head;
"I guess the gate is safe," he said.
—*Luther G. Riggs.*

"Landlord!" cried an irritated traveler who had been eating dried-apple pie at a railroad lunch-house, as he held one hand to his shattered jaw and produced a gimlet with the other. "Look at this confounded gimlet I've found in your pie and broke half the teeth in my head out on!" "Well, I declare!" said the landlord. "I wanted to use that yesterday and hunted all over for it. Much obliged, stranger."—*New York Star.*

Curious Land Sinks.

These curious depressions of the soil known as sinks, a Florida letter says, have attracted the attention of scientific men and form one of the features of the country to visitors. Timid people are afraid of them, but I do not see any difference between them and the natural depressions one meets with in all wooded counties. Sometimes an acre will commence to sink toward the center and year after year the depth increases until it reaches its lowest point and stands still. Some of these places are wonderfully beautiful, being covered with a luxuriant undergrowth of bush vegetation, shaded by immense trees garlanded with grapevines and jasmine, and charmingly draped with the beautiful moss of this country, with perhaps at the base a pool of clear water. These bosky shades are much frequented by cattle and they are enhanced by the attractions of life and motion a picture that any artist might be proud to add to his collection. Sometimes the central part really does fall out of sight, leaving a hole whose depth may be imagined, but out of such fissures I have seen oak trees growing of large girth, proving that they do not really go through to China.

At Regent's park, London, about 50,000 plants are given away yearly to poor applicants.

WAR ON THE SPARROW.

War has again been declared against the English sparrow. The hardy and aggressive bird's enemies are mobilizing with the determination to make a more vigorous attack upon him than he ever before experienced. The leaders in the movement are ornithologists and sportsmen. They have prepared a circular petition, that has been widely distributed and extensively signed, asking that some concerted action be taken to exterminate the "foreigner." The bird is spoken of as an "intolerable pest," and, beside being put down as a general nuisance, he is charged with ruthlessly murdering or driving away "our own sweet-voiced songsters." The petitions are to be sent to the Ornithological union of New York, and the society will take some action regarding them.

"I think the sparrow is a nuisance," said a sportsman who is taking part in the movement, yesterday. "He is an ugly little thing, with a voice like the sound made by a door swinging on rusty hinges. His habits are very disagreeable, and he is the most voracious and bellicose creature in the whole bird world. He fights like a professional pugilist, and there is not a nice, quiet, genteel bird that can stand up against him. A whole brood of 'em have taken possession of an ivy-vine that covers one of the walls of my house. They bulldozed all the other birds that used to come there so much that they have the whole vine to themselves now. They make such a noise that I can hardly sleep after daylight. The only way I can begin to get square is by popping over a dozen or two of them before breakfast every other morning. The sport amuses me, but it doesn't seem to make any diminution in the number of the birds. There must be millions of 'em. But I'm agin 'em all the same—I'm agin 'em to the death."

The caretakers of several public squares said that the sparrows have taken almost entire possession of the trees and shrubs in the urban parks, and if any other bird strays in he is pretty sure to be set upon by the brown-feathered "toughs" and beaten off.—*Philadelphia Times.*

His First Case.

"I lost my first case to a miserable little pettifoggery lawyer named Johnny Wood," said General Sharp, at Chicago.

"I was a graduate of Harvard Law school, and had a good deal of conceit, beside a perfectly good case. When my senior warned me that I should have to meet Johnny Wood, I laughed at him. The suit was before a justice of the peace. We made out our case, and Wood's client, the plaintiff, made out none worth speaking of at all. When Johnny Wood arose to speak he rehearsed the evidence impartially, and then, taking up a book read the law—such law as I had never heard of, but which fitted his case to a nicety. When he got through, I said, 'Mr. Wood, will you allow me to see that statute, please?'"

"Certainly, sir," he replied, handing me the book closed.

"Ah, thank you; but what page is it on?"

"What page?" he cried, indignant. "Don't expect me to coach you, young man. Find your own law—you. I found mine."

"Of course I couldn't find it, but Johnny had the laugh, and the court with him, and I lost my case, according to the law which that second-rate Wood had made out of his head just as he spun it out."

The professor of anatomy at the Edinburgh university is paid \$10,000 a year. The heads of the departments of Latin and mathematics receive \$7,500 each.

It is said that the Germans are to the Americans in Chicago as three to two.