# Forest Republican.

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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, DEC. 3. 1884.

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# Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quartry. Temporary advertisements must be paid in

ATER. the black-haired

of parts of the

evest field, bery," he mid,

to this band littolly; Jonwoot. In he mid, gone past; enf these arms we cant.

AFF HOW, h the tree;

> the ripe, full coats for him

came again, a with play

fulfally said

will him;

Term Indepen

STORY.

over the the powertart to give burthen be-

a promise to a cigar," he went lantern on one p" on either side.

brough and fast train y few stops would be omfortably by our side sun, lit a Havana.

at Aurora by a freight following us, but as she we won't be near her on some bad accidents

our long experience on

were low got the orders No. 5 reached Tyto run on east, while

est with horror. Then instrument, telegraphed

he grade east of here. Send

on a mighty crash shouk the With an agoni ing shrick the ak to the floor senseless. was an awful wreck. Many

and wounded. It was pitiful poor victims cry, and some so put out of their misery. want any wrecks! And we

it in March. We had a pretty , and were making good time be lad condition of the road. midnight a storm came ou, in and wind was terrible. But

creek, but it was regarded as being perfectly safe. The wind was now blowing a gale, it had turned cold, and snow was now mixed with the pouring rain. But on we flew, and I trusted to Providence that all would be well.

'I had just snuggled down in a heap to have a short nap, when I was brought to my feet in an instant by the frantic shrick of the engine, and the pounding and the groan ng of the car-wheels on the track as the brakes held them fact. There was trouble shead. And we were nearing that bridge! Looking out of the window ahead in the distance, I saw a huge boulire on the track, the flames of which lit up the surroundings vividly. The train came to a balt, and within ten feet of the engine, and on the very brink of an abyss, roared the huge beacon fire.
The bridge had gone down.
"But who built the fire and kept it

burning, was the question. Ah, that was easily learned, for there, standing in the storm and the cold, was a woman, clasping in her arms a babe, and about her clung three shivering children. The passengers had crowded upon the scene ere this, and many a hand was out stretched to lead the heroic woman and her little ones in a place of warmth and safety in the train.

"There she told her story. She lived in a poor shanty only a short distance from the bridge, and had heard it go down with a crash into the rushing waters. Knowing our train would soon be due, she built the fire on the track to warn us. Having no fuel of her own, and failing to find any, she had piled her bed-clothes in a heap, lighted them, and kept the fire burning by feeding it with what scanty furniture her house con-

She told us with a sob that baby's cradle had gone to keep the beacon light burn-

"About that time everybody was blubbering. I think one or two of the ladies were praying and crying. But that didn't last long. One big, red-faced old man just took off his hat, a tall stovepipe, and went through the train in a manner that would have done credit to any well organized gang of train-robbers -only the passengers crowded up to him with their valuables. They showered gold, silver and paper money into that hat until it was full. Some gave a filly, others more, some less, and one old fellow put in his check and then wiped his eyes and blew his nose. Oh, they gave her an ovation. It was a heroic act, and one that " oubt saved many lives." "How much was collected?" we asked,

with mercenary curiosity, as the train whistled for Aurora.

through the ordially, barely d' held out for the money purchased' — Washthe rest of the money purchased". - Washington Hatchet.

## A Scandinavian Sanday

Sunday came, and it was very pretty only at important to see, on the evening before and early our friend returned, and in the morning, the boats streaming up the flord and down from the inland lakes. One boat passed the yacht, rowed wery heavy train to-by ten young stalwart women, who worse, we will be de-handled their oars like Saltash fishwives. With a population so scattered, a single priest has two or more churches to attend to at considerable distances, pastors being appointed according to the num-bers of the flock, and not the area which they occupy. Thus at Elversdale there was a regular service only on alternate never was in any bad Sundays, and this Sunday it was not we always been fortu- Elversdale's turn. But there was a had many narrow es- samling-a gathering for catechising and prayer-at our bonder's house, where the weeks, the worst one good man himself or some itinerant min-tint which occurred at ister officiated. Several hundreds must years ago. You see, have collected, the children in largest and No. 3, going west, proportion. The Norse people are quiet, as there. Both trains old-fashioned Lutherans, who never read running a newspaper, and have never heard of The operator a doubt about the truth of what their the order and fathers believed. When the meeting er for a freight was over, as many of them as were curious en standing there to to see the English yacht, and its occusome unaccountable pants came on board. The owner welcomed the elders at the gangway, talked to them in their own tongue, and showed them over the ship. A- had handtill held at Tyrone! fulls of sugar plums for the little ones. on the road, and the They were plain featured, for the most mocently obeyed the part, with fair hair and blue eyes—the so they shot into the men in strong homespun broadcloth, the women in black serge, with a bright sash a, a came tearing down about the waist, and a shawl over the mile or two from Ty- shoulders, with bits of modest embroidery rushing on to meet at the corners. They were perfectly well id be a terrible wrack! behaved, rational, simple, unself-conared from view, the cious, a healthy race in mind and body, this mistake. But it whom it was pleasant to see. I could stood helpless for a mo-well understand what Americans mean when they say that, of all the colonists who migrate to them, the Norse are the a headquarters:

5 and 5 have met in a terrible as it can hold, and the young swarms who in old days roved out in their pirate ships over France and England and Ireland now pass peaceably to the Far West. - Froude, in Longman's Magazine.

Why Hair Suddenly Turns White. It is said that the hair and beard of the Duke of Brunswick whitened in twenty-four hours upon hearing that his o one now, for our road is father had been mortally wounded in the battle of Auerstadt. Marie Antoinette, ny years ago. The road was found her hair suddenly changed by her west. It was a dresry, rainy, to Charles L. when he attempted to escape to Charles I. when he attempted to escape from Carisbrooke Custle, Mr. Timbs, in his "Doctors and Patients," says that "chemiats have discovered that hair contains au oil, a mucous substance, iron, oxide of mangauese, phosphate and plow along through it, though carbonate of iron, flint, and a large proposal uncasiness among the portion of sulphur. White heir contains and to tell the truth, I also phosphate of magnesia, and its oil is altogether safe myself.

The property colorless. When hair becomes unless from II— we suffdenly white from terror it is probably change Creek was way beyond owing to the sulphur absorbing the oil, and was rauldly rising, as in the operation of the sulphur wooden.

HANDS OF ARABIA.

One of the Most Terrible Episodes in Modern Elistery Recold—A Morrible Story of Carnage. The Soudan campaign, from first to last, has been a comment on the vast value of water in the East. One of the most terrible episodes ever recorded in history is the flight of the Torgote Tarters from the Russian frontiers to those of China, about a century ago. Throughout this awful journey across the pathless, waterless desert the Bashkirs and Khirghises followed on the beels of the flying Kaimucks, and the continuous trail of corpses told a fearful story of unceasing conflict and perpetual massacre. The desperate persistence of the escaping hosts in pushing on was equaled by the frenzied cruelty of those who pursued them, until the scenes of carnage and brutality that ensued were such that it seemed as "if a nation of plied, madmen were flying before a nation of flends." But the horriole climax was only reached at the end of their 2,000 miles of disastrous pilgrimage, when, after a loss of 400,000 of their number, the Kalmucks, mad from thirst, came in sight of the lake of Tengis. Hundreds of the pursuers and pursued had already lost their reason from their dreadful sufferings. Thousands were being borne along upon camels and horses, helplessly exhausted by two days' want of water. But as soon as the lake came in view of the Bashkirs and Kalmucks alike seemed to forget their pitiless hatreds, and the orter." vast hosts, reduced now to about 200,000, rushed in a body with frantic eagerness to the anticipated solace. In De Quincey's pages the story is told with consummate tragic force. The Chinese emperor, happening with a force of cavalry to be at the very spot, saw what was happening, and sent out soldiers to protect his restriction. tect his returning subjects. But there was time enough before the horsemen reached the scene for one of the most ferocious conflicts ever recorded against man. In the general rush toward the saving water all discipline and command were lost—all attempts to preserve a rearguard neglected—the wild Bashkirs rushed in among the encumbered people and slaughtered them by wholesale, and a most without resistance. Screams and tumultuous shouts proclaimed the progress of the massacre; but none heeded, none halted—all alike, with faces blackened by the heat and with tongues drooping from the mouth, continued with maniacal haste toward the lake. The Bashkir was affected by the same misery as the wretched Kalmuck, and into the lake the whole vast bodies of enemies rushed, forgetful of all things but one instinct. The absorption of their thoughts in one maddening appetite

lasted for a single half-hour, but in the next arose a final scene of parting ven-geance. Far and wide the waters of the solitary lake were instantly dyed red with blood. Here rode a party of savage Bashkirs hewing off heads as fast as the swathes fall before the mower's scythe; there stood unarmed Kalmucks in a death grapple with their detested foes, both up to their middle in water. Every moment the lake grew more polluted, and yet every moment fresh hosts came up to the water and rushed in, not able to resist their frantic thirst, and swallowing large draughts visibly contaminated with slaughter. Wherever the lake was shallow enough to allow of men raising their heads above the surface there, for scores of acres, were to be seen all forms of ghastly fear, of agonizing struggle, of spasm and death—revenge and the lunacy of revenge-until the martial spectators, of whom there were not a few, averted their eyes with horror as they rode down to the lake to the rescue of the hapless fugitives. Every desert bears witness against itself in the warning skeletons of man and beast which lie scattered up and down its surface. All the poetry of the nations

who live upon the frontiers of these pitiless wastes ga hers round the spring and the well. It was at the Wells of Teb and of Tamanich that the Arabs fought their flercest. To abandon the spring is significant of loss of country. A civilized race would rally for its last struggle round its capital; the Arab reserves his most desperate courage for the conflict round the water. The sand is the Arab's ocean, the cases are his ports, and with all the accuracy of ships' courses they steer their way over the trackless wastes. To be betrayed from the straight line by a mirage, or driven from it by attack of enemies, or delayed upon the road by sand storms, may, as in the case of a ves sel at sea, compel the voyager to make fer some other port than that which he had started. But the sun or the stars are always there, and for the rest what better compass does the Bedouin ask than his camel's amazing power of scent? The dromedary's nose is a needle that never needs readjustment. No accide tal attractions make it unfaithful to its daty, A fearful peril attaches, nevertheless, to serious deviation, from the shortest route; for even these har-dened "children of the desert" find as much as their power of endurance can bear, and are accustomed to time them

WHERE WATER IS PRIZED. the stock that grazes upon them, or the harvests gathered from them, but by the water-rights that go with them, so in these oriental countries of desert and wommerum resumments or torrid sun, clans measure their wealth by the flow of water within their boundaries, and the importance of all grounds by the amount of irrigating power involved in the issue. Every stream might be a Pactolus, so precious is it; every pool a Bethesda, so great is its virtues. To compass the wonder-working thing, all energies, whether of individual or of community, are fiercely employed; and prized above all that Arabs possess in the tribal right of access to a of a woman fifty-three years old certain spring, or the privilege of en-campment by a special well.

#### The Farmer and the Editor.

"Seems to me you don't have nothin' to do," said a farmer, walking into the sanctum of the editor, the other day.

"Well I have worked on a farm a good deal of my life, and I regard editing a so called humorous paper as harder work than plowing corn," the editor re-

"Oh, shucks!" exclaimed the farmer; "If I didn't have nothin' to do but sit around and write a little, and shear a good deal, I tell ye I'd be havin' s

mighty easy time.' "I'll tell you what I'll do," said the editor, "I'll plow corn a day for you, if you'll write two columns to-day for

"Done," cried the farmer.
"And I'll bet you ten dollars you can't

write two columns to day for me."
"Done agin. An' I'll bet yer ten dolars more yer can't plow as much as yer

"I take you." the editor replied. "What am I to write about?"

"Oh, anything, so it's funny. Remem-ber, now, Mr. Farmer, you are to do the writing yoursel.'. The matter must be strictly original."

"Never mind me, Mr. Editor. But look ye. You have got ter do a good job o' corn plowin'. Do it jest like I would."

"All right." The editor went to the farm and set a good hand whom he had hired on the way at work plowing corn. The farmer wrote a head-line which read: "Killin' tater-bugs," before the editor was out of

hearing.
In the evening the editor came into his sanctum blithe and cheerful. The farmer sat at the desk, vexed and worried into

"How do you feel?" asked the editor. "Used up. Hardest day's work I ever done, an' two lines ter show fer it."

Sure enough he was but one line beyond the head-line. That line read: 'Killin' tater-bugs is funny.'

"Then I've won the wager." "Yes, but I reckon I've won t'other 'un." plowed several acres of corn, and done

it well, and I've written my two columns besides.

"Creation! How'd ye do it?" "Just like you would. I hired a man to do the plowing, and I sat in the shade; but I wrote while I sat there, and did not sleep as you do. Fork over the

The farmer paid twenty dollars for his information, but the lesson was well learned, and as he went out he said: "Stranger, I would not be an editor if I could. It looks mighty easy, but, by Jerusalem, it ain't near so easy as settin' in the shade, an' watchin' ther hands plowin' corn. I am a fool, an' yer can say so in yer next paper, if yer want to." And that is why we write it.-Through Mail.

## Barbarities in Old Russia.

Of the barbaric features of the old Rus sia out of which Peter sprang the tortures attending judicial processes were the most marked, says the Quarterly Review. His father was considered unusually mild and gentle for a czar, and, indeed, had been named "the most debonair;" but even under his reign there were fifty official executioners in Moscow, whose hands were incessantly red with their ghastly functions. Every judicial investigation involved the infliction of horrible tortures all round -torture of suspected persons to extors confession; torture of witnesses supposed to know more than they revealed; torture of criminals to force them to betray their accom-

plices. Sometimes it was inflicted by the alternate stroke of rods wielded by a couple of executioners, who kept time in hammering away at the back of the prostrate victim as smiths are accustomed to hammer at an anvil; sometimes by the horrible flail-like knout, which cut a deep furrow at every stroke, till the back was ribbed and crossed from top to bottom; sometimes by the continued dropping of boiling water on the top of the head after it had been shaved; sometimes by roasting the naked back of the accused over a fire, above which he was suspended horizontally by a wooden spit. Hanging and decapitation were the most common methods of inflicting capital punishment, when their work had not already been done in the torture-chamber; but suspension from hooks through the passage from one spring to the next the flesh, breaking alive on the wheel, and impalement on stakes were by no means unfrequent. Even private indiviso exactly that as often as not they arrive duals enjoyed a large freedom to terture at their journey's end with water-bottle and kill their serfs and dependents, of and strength alike exhausted. After which ample advantage was taken; and days of solitude and utter silent travel- as late as the regency of Sophia, Peter's ing perpetually in a centre of an un- half-sister, a special edict was required broken circle of blistering sand, the re-lief of green palm fronds, of human voices, of rest, must be such a rapture even to maim and kill them at their

as almost to indemnify the Arab for all the drawbacks of his hard life; and no A man in Kansas conceived the notion wonder that the word "water" is the darling of all his language. Just as in of removing the tombstones from his the far West men buy and sell water family plot to the roof of his house. claims as if they were mines in full work, where they stand in a row of seven along the ridgepo family plot to the roof of his house, plented by Charlemange, 10°0 years ago, where they stand in a row of seven along the ridgepe

PAOPLE APPARENTLY DEAD.

Woman and a Child Securingly Dend Hestored to Consciousness— Some Valuable Suggestions.

The Washington Star prints the fol-

lowing letter: My attention has been called to an article contained in your who was found hanging eight min-utes after she had been last seen alive, suspended by a cord which encircled her neck. When cut down the latest known appliances failed to indicate the slight-est spark of life. The physician in at-tendance, however, resolved to try slow artificial respiratory action. In the course of ten minutes application of such action the faintest signs of returning life were observed by means of a stethoscope. The work was continued incessantly for two hours before natural breathing was sufficiently established to dispense with the artificial means. Apropos of the need of steadfast and hopeful perseverance in efforts to restore those who have apparently lost their lives by strangulation which this lesson teaches I desire to relate an incident of my own experience.

While engaged in conversation with relatives, whom I was visiting a year ago, I was abruptly interrupted by the startling information that the little fiveyear-old daughter of the next door neighbor had fallen into a cistern, containing rain water, and been drowned. Hurriedly proceeding to the spot I learned that the body was still lying in the water. As soon as possible it was gotten out and la d face upward on the ground, with the hands fixedly extended beyond the head, then with my hands I exerted a continuous pressure on the chest in imitation of slow breathing motion. The feet were immediately bared and a large cloth, dipped in boiling hot water, was held to the soles. In about twenty minutes from the com-mencement of the restorative action we were rewarded by seeing the little one breathing naturally, and in a few days she was playing around as well as ever.

On a comparison of notes it was discovered by the closest calculation that the child must have been in the water, was cold and rigid, the eyes set, the face of a deathly pallor, and, so far as ordinary signs indicated, resuscitation was apparently an impossibility.

In view of the surprising success attained in the case of the woman to means of artification.

means of artificial respiratory action cago Sun. only, would it be unreasonable to presume that if the blood had been forced to circulate by the application of heat, as in the case of the child, that she . New York Mail and Express. might have been resuscitated in less than

two hours? The result of suffocation is a suspension of respiration. Taking for Uruguay for big advertisers? granted, as a matter of couese in all such cases, that the condition of the heart is

normal, can any one say positively that asphyxia of even thirty minutes duration might not be overcome? The possibility of resuscitation in va-

rious cases of sudden apparent dissolution, resulting from other causes than those mentioned, is well worthy of serious contemplation, in view of instances Press. constantly occurring of persons having been buried alive through ignorance of the attendants concerning prompt and proper action. In any event, what harm can result from a practical application of the remedies suggested?

# Birds and Wires.

Animals great and small have ways of avoiding danger to which their ancestors | Press. have been exposed. But when a new danger arises, they do not know how to meet it. Telegraph and telephone wires are a deadly peril to birds which haunt cities and other places where the wires are numerous. A few generations hence wires will be as harmless to birds as trees are now. In the following extract it is the wires which suffer, owing to the size of the bird;

According to the Brazilian Germania of Rio de Janeiro, the telephone wires in that city have found a formidable enemy in the "assgeler," a large bird of the vulture species-a kind of John Crowwhich, flying very low as it passes over the tops of the houses in scavenging the streets, hits the wires and breaks them, or else becomes entangled.

Good wire is very expensive in Brazil, In consequence of the damage done by these birds, the telephone people are compelled to keep up a large force of men for repairs. No sooner are the wires mended in one part of the city than report comes of interruption in another part, owing to the operations of the on my head without my whistling." The asagcier. It is against the law to kill these entomologist sat down.—Somerville Jourbirds, and as a result they increase very nat. rapidly in number.

The Provincia, too, says that nothing positively remedial can be done at pres The telephonists must wait until the bird learns by experience that it will enjoy more personal comfort by flying

There are in this country 11 St. Pauls, 20 Bridgeports, 18 Buffalos and Newarks, 17 Brooklyns, Clevelands, and Rochesters, 16 Hartfords, 15 Louisvilles, 13 Bostons and Pittsburgs, 8 Cincinnatis and Philadelphias, 6 Chicagoes, 7 Detroits, 5 Milwaukees and St. Louises, Washingtons, and 2 New Yorks and Bal-

co are not duplicated.

A standard rose, said to have been

New Orleans and San Francis

#### THE CLOSING YEAR

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one back, one insertion

Come Square, one inch, one mouth

One Square, one inch, three mouth

Two Squares, one fact, one year

Two Squares, one year

Quarter Column, one year

SO ON

Half Column, one year

SO ON

180 06

One Square, one tuch, one merrion ..

Legal notices at established rates.

Shut to the lattice; make it fast; The wind has turned austere and colds And, borns upon the funeral blast, The first dead leaf's poor corpse behold.

Last month the land was gemmed will

And clothed in multitudinous green; Now, shivering under waning leaves, The furrows gape, the forests lenn.

The year's warm life, the honest sun, Is sweening; more and more we see The silent landscape's skelston, The woodland's grim anatomy,

Turn to the town, its crowded time, Its fading bopes, its arts and cheats, Deceit and grasping, hate and crime, The heartless gloom of cruel streets

There is no path but terrors haunt, Desire is still the door to sin; Without you hear the curse of want, Possession's sated yawn, within.

Consoles us not Contentment's priest Who nods by Hope's eternal grave; Day springs not in his dawnless east, Life ceases when we cease to crave.

Honors and riches will not count, Nor Love, for all his rapturous toys; On things of sense the wise will mount

A ladder of exhausted joys. The few who reach the summit sphere Report fair fields-a glad surprise For those who hear with chastened ear-

And watered groves of Paradiss; Rising in mist the enchanted streams Flow under trees that bloom and bend; Clean floods that shine in fairy beams,

Without a burden, bar or end Ah, stream of life! ah, magic light! Dreamed of by these, enjoyed by those And-somewhere in the infinite-The tideless Ocean of Repose.

-A. G. Koone.

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A morning call-"Get up!" A well fed waiter is not necessarily fed on water. Why do old maids wear mittens?-To

keep off the chaps. Live cattle are exported to England now. They go in the steerage, of course. "How shall I sleep?" asks a correspond-

ent. Without snoring, and on your

An exchange asks "How to remove

In Uruguny there has not been a busi ness failure for two years and a half. Who would have thought of looking in

An uptown man recently dislocated his jaw by yawning. His wife was proba-bly telling him what she had bought that

day while shopping .- New Fork Journal. A Milwaukee girl married a bald-headed man, and her lady friends are wandering how she manages to make him stand around,-Burtington Free

There was a sweet damsel named Abbie, Who was stroking her treacherous tabbie, When the cat, without canse, Scratched the maid with her clause, In a way that was dreadfully shabbae.

—Boston Folio. A California farmer has had to pay a

fine of \$10 for knocking his hired man down with a bunch of grapes weighing ten pounds. It was cheaper than hunting around for a rock .- Detroit Free American tramps will be pleased to learn that the English custom of eating

five meals in a day is being introduce into this country. The news may not be so grateful to the farmer's pourty, however, ... Norristown Harald. "Hopes and regrets are the sweetest links of existence," said a sentimental wife to her husband. "Yes, dear," he replied, "I had hopes of letting you have

\$20 for a new bonnet, but I regret to say I can't do it just at present."- Merchant-"M". Simpkins," said Johnny to his sister's beau, "please open your mouth." "Why do you want me to open my mouth?" "Cause I heard sister say you had a mouth like a whale, and I wanted

too see what a whale's mouth looked like." Tableau. "Yes, sir," said the entomologist, "I can tame flies so that when I whistle they will come and slight on my bead " "Pshaw!" said the bald-headed man, "that's nothing. They come and alight on my head without my whiatling." The

A boy was asked which was the greater evil, hurting another's feelings or his finger. "The feelings," he said. "Right, my dear child, said the gratified questioner; 'and why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" "Because you can't tie a rag around them," answered the child .-

Yonkera Statesman. THE LOVER'S REPLY. "Oh, tell me where is Fancy bred?"
She asked, and, getting colder,
She laid her daring little head
Right down upon my shoulder.

And I, with no more postry in
My soul than in a Quaker's,
Replied, with idiatic grin,
"You'll find it at the baker's."
--Luther G. Riggs.

Only one seventh of the inhabitants of the 10,000,000 source miles over which in triumph are