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A QUEER GAMBLING SCENE.

VISIT TO A CHINESE GAMING HOUSE IN CANTON.

Setting on a Fight Between Two Crickets in a Porcelain Bowl—Flight of the Gamblers.

A writer in an English publication describing a visit paid by him and a companion to a gaming house in China, says: Preceded by Whang, whose long black tail and dark dress gave him the appearance of a huge tadpole, we set out one evening after sunset to visit one of the most fashionable of the thousand and one gaming houses with which Canton is infested. After about fifteen minutes' smart walking, we arrived at a low narrow door in a dark narrow street, into which we stooped and squeezed ourselves, and keeping close to our conductor's "tail," entered a small room lit by three lanterns as large as regimental double drums, and of the same shape, and seven or eight oblate spheroids, which were dangled about in the hands of the gamblers' attendants, and by some of the sporting gentlemen themselves, so anxious were they about the game. "Tseng tow ke!" cried our conductor, which being interpreted, means, "Clear the way!" But we checked his rudeness, and declared we only came as visitors, and did not intend to bet.

In the center of the room was a round table, ornamented at the edges with a richly carved ivory rim; in the center of this table was a large porcelain bowl, of a delicate white color, veined and clouded with pale tints of purple; round this bowl were assembled some fifteen or twenty Chinese gentlemen, evidently in a state of intense expectation and impatience. At opposite sides of the bowl stood Chinese attendants, who acted as backers of the respective combatants, each being armed with a straw. The play was now ordered to begin.

Two other attendants immediately made their way through the crowd, each with a little carved ivory case having a gold top of open work like an aromatic scent-box. Out of the cases were produced two large crickets. These fighting insects are regularly trained for the contest by a variety of curious processes. They are of a dusky color, with strong legs and thighs, thick bodies, and broad bull-heads, and have mouths that bite like the front claw of a little crab. The combatants were placed at the same time on the inside surface of the bowl, and, sliding down quickly, came against each other, head foremost, with a dry, crisp, cracking sound. But they immediately drew back, and began to manoeuvre in the air with their front legs. At sight of this great applause was elicited from the company.

The gamblers, however, soon became too impatient to bear this display of science, and the backers were ordered to make them "go to work." These gentry accordingly advanced their straws, and stirred, and turned, and poked the crickets, till the poor creatures became so exasperated at what they evidently thought to be the strong provocation given by each other, that they reared themselves on their hind legs, and danced, and bit, and wrestled with their front legs, and pulled and scratched, and tore, and rolled over and over, and jumped up and down, and slid about, and bled and foamed at the mouth, until pieces of skin and joints of legs were strewn quivering over the bottom of the bowl.

These Chinese gentlemen were all excited to the highest degree; they also capered, and slid, and jumped up and down, and pulled and scratched, and squeaked and screamed, and frothed at the mouth, while their eyes were all like glittering beads. They betted for fly-cakes—cakes in which small black flies are baked by way of currents; but the thing hazy being only nominal, gambling for money being contrary to law. These nice cakes, however, are privately understood to represent money.

I confess I was at last so absurd as to become excited myself as the fight went on, and made several bets of ten cakes, with the understanding that my cakes meant dollars. My friend, Captain Bowling, in order to prevent me being "done," hedged all my bets. I felt certain as to which of the crickets would win, for one of them had by this time no atom of wing left, and scarcely half a leg to stand upon, while the other had one ragged wing quite entire at the shoulder, and three good stumps of thighs.

My bets had by this time amounted to one hundred dollars. Captain Bowling having carefully "hedged" to the same amount with different sporting gentlemen in the room. No sooner, however, had I made my bet of the last ten cakes, than the cricket which was reduced to a mere trunk, and which, of course, I had betted against, bit the head of his adversary completely off! There lay the vanquished cricket, and there lay the head, with the mouth opening and shutting. I have not the slightest idea how it was done. It all seemed fair enough, and I may add, with shame in my participation in it, barbarous enough—bad as our cock-fighting. But how did it happen that my cricket lost? Surely some black-legged longtail must have done the deed with an invisible pair of nippers.

Howbeit, I paid the hundred dollars. Captain Bowling then went laughing round the room to collect his bets, which would just have got the money back again; when suddenly a servant rushed in as pale as ashes, and cried out that three mandarins and a troop of soldiers were about to surround the house. Down came the large lanterns from the ceiling—out went those in the hand—smash went the porcelain basin—and amid the scrambling rush of the crowd and the crashing of china under foot I was pursued about in the dark, first one way, then another, till eventually I fought my way out into the street, by some other door than the one by which

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Chestnut and mushroom are the new fashionable colors.

The Tip of the Tongue.

In civilized life we find everything ready labeled and assorted for us; we comparatively seldom require to roll the contents of a suspicious bottle (in very small quantities) doubtfully upon the tongue in order to discover whether it is pale sherry or chili vinegar, Dublin stout or mushroom ketchup. But in the savage state, from which, geologically and biologically speaking, we have only just emerged, bottles and labels do not exist. Primitive man, therefore, in his sweet simplicity, has only two modes open before him for deciding whether the things he finds are or are not strictly edible. The first thing he does is to sniff at them, and smell being, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has well put it, an anticipatory taste, generally gives him some idea of what the thing is likely to prove. The second thing he does is to pop it into his mouth, and proceed practically to examine its further characteristics. Strictly speaking, with the tip of the tongue one can't really taste at all. If you put a small drop of honey or of oil of bitter almonds on that part of the mouth, you will find, no doubt to your great surprise, that it produces no effect of any sort; you only taste it when it begins slowly to diffuse itself, and reaches the true tasting region, in the middle of the distance. But if you put a little cayenne or mustard on the same part, you will find that it bites you immediately—the experiment should be tried sparingly—while if you put it lower down in the mouth you will swallow it almost without noticing the pungency of the stimulant. The reason is that the tip of the tongue is supplied only with nerves which are really nerves of touch, not nerves of taste, proper; they, along to a totally different main branch and they go to a different center in the brain, together with the very similar threads which supply the nerves of smell for mustard and pepper. That is why the smell and taste of these pungent substances are so much alike as everybody must have noticed; a good sniff at a mustard pot producing almost the same irritating effects as an incautious mouthful.—*Cornhill*.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Chestnut and mushroom are the new fashionable colors.

In the English civil service there are 3,260 women clerks.

Sixty-four women engravers earn their livelihood in England.

Jerseys will be in greater demand than ever this coming spring.

There are fifty new shades of brown, almost as many of green.

There are 7,162 women missionaries and preachers in England.

Ten thousand five hundred women bind English books and 2,302 assist in printing them.

The newest crepe lisse neck platings are bordered with very small beads in pearl, gold or crystal.

Gold jewelry set with small stones is fashionable. These stones are usually incrustated in a rough surface.

There are 847 female blacksmiths in England, all of whom actually swing heavy hammers and do men's work.

A silver cream-colored necklace, for visiting toilet, has different animals' heads in raised filigree on its coin drops.

A number of New Haven women have been selling their hair to raise money for the necessities of life. Their husband's have none to sell.

Mrs. Harriet Smith, of Tuckertown, Fla., has proved that women have a soul above the fashions. She is making money by running a large sawmill.

The English clockmakers produce the most accurate timekeepers, the French the finest decorative clocks, and the American manufacturers the best clocks for a moderate price.

Changeable brown agates, called tiger-eye, are much used for ladies' umbrella handles. For gentlemen, buckhorn mounted with silver, or silver chased with hawthorn blossoms, is preferred.

A new jabot is of point d'Angleterre and is a combination of pale crepe shirred, the lace forming Vandyck points and embellished with pale pink satin bows here and there. It is wider and squarer than the jabot of last year.

It is said that a lady in New York has a dress of spun glass, trimmed with cut crystal beads, the glass being in the palest amber tone, in exact coloring of the hair of the fair wearer, who is very young and exceedingly beautiful.

An elegant headgear for a matron is of point de Venice lace caught into a rosette at left side by a cluster of sunset rosebuds, and a plain but deep band of the rich lace forms the cap, which is wired into a diamond-pointed shape.

White satin foulard, brocade with gold-colored buds and leaves, is not a bad substitute for white satin wrought with gold, especially when made up with panels and fan platings of gold-colored satin and a ruffe of gold satin around the entire skirt.

At a recent sale of fans in Madrid one of ivory, painted by Watteau, which formerly belonged to the Princess Adelaide of Savoy, fetched \$750. A fan painted by Boucher sold for \$950; and another, painted by Lebrun for the Dutchess of Medina-Celi, brought \$450.

Brown velvet is much favored by the London dressmakers as a trimming for the yellow illusion evening gowns now so fashionable. It makes a hem more becoming, even to brunettes, and removes the slight suspicion of gauneness which always clings about a yellow dress.

A new, useful and unique style of jewelry has come into fashionable wear called English crepe stone on account of its having the light and wavy appearance of crepe. It is now the most popular, being largely worn by people in mourning, in place of jet, as it is both elegant and inexpensive.

Onion sociables are the latest fashionable novelty in Wyoming Territory. Six ladies take an onion with them into a room, and one of them takes a bite out of it. Then a young gentleman is admitted, and if, after kissing all he falls to tell which of them bit the onion all the girls are obliged to kiss him.

The colors for spring bonnets are six shades of brown, from deep to light Havana, three shades of cream, several shades of bluish drabs, decided straw yellow, Leghorn yellow; cardinal, cherry, and coquelicot; a new shade of absinthe, said to be an exact imitation of the intoxicating beverage when mixed with water. The light pinks, blues, and staple shades of spring are included in all assortments.

Miss Maud St. Pierre, who is known as the "Southern Coal Queen," is the happy possessor of 300,000 acres of mining lands situated in Tennessee, Alabama and Kentucky. She overlooks 22,000 acres of mineral wealth from her mountain home in Tennessee, superintending her workmen in a great degree, and still she is not strong-minded in the general acceptance of the term. She merely demonstrates woman's right to make money—if she can.

In Sweden young girls place under three separate cups a ring, a coin and a piece of black ribbon. If the ring is first accidentally exposed she will be married within a year; if the money, she will get a rich husband; if the ribbon, she will die an old maid. It is a favorite amusement among the young girls in Russia to conceal their finger-rings in small heaps of corn on the floor. A hen is brought in, which at once begins to peck at the tiny heaps of grain. The owner of the first ring exposed to view will, according to popular belief, be married before her companions in the experiment.

The attendance at some of the leading colleges for the current year is as follows: Michigan, 1,554; Columbia, 1,530; Harvard, 1,522; Yale, 1,070; University of Pennsylvania, 1,044; Princeton, 927; Oberlin, 1,474.

HOE OUT YOUR ROW.

The summer day a farmer's boy
Was hoeing out the corn,
And modify had listened long
To hear the dinner horn.
The welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he dropped his hoe,
But the good man shouted in his ear,
"My boy, hoe out your row."

Although a hard one was the row,
To use a plowman's phrase,
And the boy, as saffers have it,
Beginning now to "haze,"
"I can," he said and manfully
Again he seized his hoe,
And the good man smiled to see
The boy hoe out his row.

The lad the text remembered,
And learned the lesson well,
That perseverance to the end
At last will nobly tell
Take courage, man; resolve you can,
And strike a vigorous blow;
In life's wide field of varied toil
Always "hoe out your row."
—*Diary Farmer*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A morning call—"Get up!"
The penman's business is flourishing.
The flower of the family doesn't often
Make good bread.—*Judge*.

Remembering the poor is well enough,
but it is much better to give them something.—*Piscayune*.

Gentlemen (entering rail car)—"Is this seat engaged?" Self conscious young lady—"Yes, sir, that's engaged too."—*Boston Transcript*.

They were talking over an aged millionaire who has on several occasions given his heirs high hopes—high hopes always dashed by his recovery.

The young couple who before marriage thought they could live on love are now living on corn bread and hominy.—*Kentucky State Journal*.

Policeman: "Have you a permit to play here?" Organ-grinder: "No, but it amuses the little ones so much." Policeman: "Then you will have the goodness to accompany me." Organ-grinder: "Very well, sir; what do you wish to sing?"—*Flying Dutchman*.

A young lady whose very best young man lived over the way with his parents took a seat by the window one cloudy morning. "Why do you sit by the window such a chilly morning, Laura?" asked her mother. "I'm waiting for the son to come out, ma," she replied.

"Yes," said he, speaking of the church choir, "they all have good voices, but they don't know how to use them together; there's no harmony among them." "Oh!" exclaimed she, "you are wrong there. The best of feeling exists between them."—*Boston Transcript*.

An English magazine contains an article entitled: "What Dreams Are Made Of." As the author fails to mention mince pie, pickled pigs' feet, fruit cake, and several other indigestible things, it is evident he tackled a subject upon which he lacks information.—*Norristown Herald*.

The reason farm hands are so scarce can be accounted for in the fact that a man can't get a moment's rest on the barb wire fence now in use. The old rail fence offered some inducements to a man to engage on a farm, but this barbed wire business don't give a man any show at all.—*Peck's Sun*.

She held my heart in a willing thrall,
She held my ring on her finger small,
She held my respect, this maiden young,
And she also knew when to hold her tongue.—*Boston Courier*.

She held a mortgage on my life,
She held beside a fat cash tin,
She held our private rendezvous,
She held me underneath her thumb.—*Merchant-Traveler*.

A pie in 1770 was made of two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipes, four partridges, two neats' tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds and six pigeons. A pie can now be had from one slice of dried apple and a little piece of soggy dough. Such is the march of improvement.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Capped the climax: An Englishman, Frenchman and American were discussing the merits of their respective countries. The American, after listening to all the others had to advance in favor of their countrymen, remarked: "Well, yes, I guess they did some tall painting, but there was a young fellow in our village and he got a piece of marble and painted it like cork, and blame me if it didn't float."—*Augusta Chronicle*.

Fat People in Public Life.

Judge David Davis is here with his young bride, says a recent Washington letter. Their is about forty years' difference in their ages, but the old judge has grown thinner since his marriage, though his eye is brighter than ever. Perhaps the fattest couple in our political history was General Knox and his wife, who used to be central figures of court society in Washington's day. Knox was Washington's secretary of war, and it is said that both he and his wife pulled the scales at full three hundred pounds. General Knox began life as a bookseller in Boston, and he met his wife in his bookstore, where she came to purchase. Her name was Miss Fletcher, and she was the daughter of the Hon. Thomas Fletcher, the secretary of the Province. The Fletchers opposed the match, but it finally came off and Henry Knox soon became more noted than his father-in-law. He died at last from his carelessness in eating. A chicken bone, choked him and he swallowed it. Mortification of the stomach resulted, and he died at fifty-six.

CONSENT.

Remember night when
Of those new, un-
require the bright-
greenest frames of
make them at all
in the gray, uncom-
of the November
oked dreary enough,
ney of the new silk
the hemlock woods,
n Anne depot, the
ere a strong family
reid's wooden toy, and
to the left, which re-
ightful looker-on of a
ation in an unfinished