

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XVII. NO. 50.

PHOENIX, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1885.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion.....\$1 00 One Square, one inch, one month..... 3 00 One Square, one inch, three months..... 8 00 One Square, one inch, one year..... 28 00 Two Squares, one year..... 50 00 Quarter Column, one year..... 30 00 Half Column, one year..... 50 00 One Column, one year..... 100 00 Legal advertisements ten cents per line each in section. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

I WONDER.

If I this night, at set of sun, Should find my race was nearly run, Would I have earned the glad "Well done!"— I wonder. Would I look back at dearest ones here? Would I go onward without fear? Would there be time for any tear?— I wonder. Would it then be so strangely sweet, Where loved ones wait their own to greet, That life would pass with winged feet?— I wonder. Would all the countless trials sore Perplex no never, never more! Would heartaches, failures, all be o'er?— I wonder. He says, "Unlo the weary rest," Unto the fruitless home so blest; And so to him I leave the rest— No wonder. —Boston Transcript.

TWO DOZEN BUTTONS.

Betty sighed. Now, when she should have sighed at this particular moment no one on earth could tell. And it was all the more exasperating because John had just generously put into her little shapely hand a brand new ten-dollar bill. And here began the trouble. "What's the matter?" he said, his face falling at the faint sound and his mouth clapping together in what those who knew him but little called an obstinate pucker. "New what is it?" Betty, who had just begun to change the sigh into a merry little laugh rippling all over the corners of the red lips, stopped suddenly, tossed her head, and with a small jerk no way conciliatory sent out the words: "You needn't insinuate, John, that I am always troublesome." "I didn't insinuate—who's talking of insinuating?" cried he, thoroughly incensed at the very idea, and backing away a few steps, he glared down from a tremendous height, in extreme irritation. "It's yourself who is forever insinuating and all that, and then for you to put it on me—it's really abominable." "The voice was harsh, and the eyes that looked down into hers was not pleasant to behold. "And if you think, John Peabody, that I'll stand and have such things said to me, you miss your guess—that's all!" cried Betty, with two big red spots crowning her cheeks, as she tried to draw her little erect figure to its utmost dimensions. "Forever insinuating! I guess you wouldn't have said that before I married you. Oh, now you can, of course!" "Didn't you say it first, I'd like to know?" cried John, in great excitement, drawing nearer the small creature he called "wife," who was gazing at him with blazing eyes of indignation; "I can endure everything!" "And if you hear more than I do," cried Betty, wholly beyond control now, "why, then, I'll give up," and she gave a bitter little laugh and tossed her head again. And here they were in the midst of a quarrel. These two who, but a year before, had promised to love and protect and help each other through life. "Now," said John, and he brought his hand down with such a bang on the table before him that Betty nearly skipped out of her little shoes—only she controlled the start, for she would have died before she had let John see it, "we will have no more of this nonsense!" His face was very pale and the lines around the mouth so drawn that it would have gone to any one's heart to have seen their expression. "I don't know how you will change or help it," said Betty lightly, to hide or dissimulate at the turn affairs had taken, as sure, and she pushed back the lights, saying that from her forehead with a sick, indifferent gesture. That hair that John always smoothed when he petted her, tired or disheartened, and called her "child," her gesture struck to her heart as he glanced at her sunny locks and the cool, indifferent face underneath, and before he knew it he was saying: "There is no help for it now, I suppose." "Oh, yes, there is," said Betty, still in that cool, calm way that ought not to have deceived him. But men know so little of women's hearts, although they may live with them for years in closest friendship. "You need not try to endure it, John Peabody, if you don't want to. I'm sure I don't care!" "What do you mean?" Her husband grasped her arms and compelled the merry brown eyes to look up to him. "I can go back to mother's," said Betty, provokingly. "She wants me any day, and then you can live quietly and to suit yourself, and it will be better all around." Instead of bringing out a violent protestation of fond affection and remorse, which she fully expected, John drew himself up, looked at her fixedly for a long, long minute, then dropped her arm, and with white lips said slowly: "Yes, it may be better as you say, better all around. You know best!" and was gone from the room before she could recover from her astonishment enough to utter a sound. With a wild cry Betty rushed across the room, first tossing the ten dollar bill savagely as far as she could throw it, and flinging herself on the comfortable old sofa, broke into a flood of bitter tears—the first she had shed during her married life. "How could he have done it! Oh, what have I said! Oh, John, John!" The bird twittered in his little cage over in the window among the plants. Betty remembered like a flash how John and she had filled the seed-cup that very

morning; how he had laughed when she tried to put it in between the bars, and when she couldn't reach without getting upon a chair he took her in his great arms and held her up, just like a child, that she might fix it to suit herself. And the "bits" he had said in his tender way, they had gone down to the depths of her foolish little heart, sending her about her work singing for very gladness of spirit. And now! Betty stuffed her fingers hard into her rose ears to shut out the bird's chirping. "If he only knew why I sighed," she moaned. "Oh, my husband! Birthdays—nothing will make any difference now. Oh, why can't I die!" How long she stayed there, crouched down on the old sofa, she never knew. Over and over the dreadful scene she went, realizing its worst features each time in despair, until a voice out in the kitchen said: "Betty!" and heavy foot-falls proclaimed that some one was on the point of breaking in upon her uninvited. Betty sprang up, choking back her sobs, and tried with all her might to compose herself and remove all traces of her trouble. The visitor was the worst possible one she could have under the circumstance. Crowding herself on terms of the closest intimacy with the pretty bride, who with her husband, had moved into the village a twelve-month previous, Miss Elvira Simmons had made the very most of her opportunities, and by dint of making great parade over helping her in some domestic work such as house-cleaning, dress-making and the like, the maiden lady had managed to ply her other vocation, that of news-gatherer at one and the same time, pretty effectually. She always called her by the first name, though Betty resented it; and she made a great handle of her friendship on every occasion, making John rage violently and vow a thousand times the "old maid" should walk. But she never had—and now, scenting dimly, like a carion after its own prey, that trouble might come to the pretty little white house, the make-mischief had come to do her work; if devastation had not already commenced. "Been crying!" she said, more plainly than politely, sinking down into the pretty chintz-covered rocking-chair with an energy that showed that she meant to stay, and made the chair creak fearfully. "Only folks do say that you and your husband don't live happy—but let I wouldn't mind—I know tain't your fault." Betty's heart stood still. Had it come to this? John and she not live happy! To be sure they didn't, as she remembered with a pang the dreadful scene of words and hot tempers; but had it gotten around so soon—a story in everybody's mouth! With all her distress of mind she was saved from opening her mouth. So Miss Simmons, failing in that was forced to go on. "An' I tell folks so," she said, rocking herself back and forth to witness the effect of her words, "when they git to talkin'; so you can't blame me if things don't go easy for you, I'm sure!" "You tell folks!" repeated Betty, vaguely, and standing quite still. "What? I don't understand." "Why, that the blame is all his'n," cried the old maid, exasperated at her strange mood and her dullness. "I say so, why there couldn't no one live with him, let alone that pretty wife he's got. That's what I say, Betty. And then I tell 'em what a queer man he is, how cross, an—"

"And you dare to tell people such things of my husband?" cried Betty, drawing herself up to her extreme height, and towering so over the old woman in the chair that she jumped in confusion at the storm she had raised, and stared blindly into the blazing eyes and face rosy with righteous indignation—her only thought was how to get away from the storm she had raised but could not stop. But she was forced to stay, for Betty stood just in front of the chair and blocked up the way, so she slunk back into the smallest corner of it and took it as best she could. "My husband!" cried Betty, dwelling with pride on the pronoun—at least, if they were to part, she would say it over lovingly as much as she could till the last moment; and then, when the time did come, why, people should know that it was John's fault—"the best, the kindest, the noblest husband that ever was given to a woman. I've made him more trouble than you can guess; my hot temper has vexed him—I've been cross, and impatient and—"

REMEDIES FOR INSOMNIA.

ADVICE FOR SUFFERERS FROM SLEEPLESSNESS.

Hair Pillows to be Preferred to Feather Pillows. Various Methods of Cooling the Brain. When I was a student, says a writer in the New York Sun, I suffered much from sleeplessness, and, after trying many remedies, I hit upon this one: I discarded my feather pillow for one of hair. The effect was wonderful. I slept soundly the whole of the first night, and have never since, except when feverish, been so wakeful as I usually was before. Although feathers are excellent for preventing the dispersion of the heat of the body, so much fault has been found with feather beds that they have quite generally gone out of use, and it is strange that feather pillows have not been sent after them. Feathers in pillows are open to the same objections as feathers in beds, and even their chief virtue, that of keeping up a high temperature, is a defect in a pillow; certainly when one-half of the head is kept at blood heat by being buried in feathers and the other half is exposed to the air, both halves cannot be at the most favorable temperature. A hair pillow does not get warmed up to an uncomfortable degree, because it rapidly conducts away the heat imparted to it by the head. Since hair pillows are not yet in common use, it might be supposed that a person accustomed to the use of one would either have to take it with him every time he was to be away from home for a few nights, or suffer considerable inconvenience. But fortunately hair bosters are more common, and if the pillow is thrown aside the bolster will raise the head probably as high as is good for the sleeper. If a hair bolster is lacking, the end of the mattress may be raised high enough to make a comfortable head rest by putting the pillow under it. According to most, but not all, medical writers, wakefulness and mental activity depend on the circulation of a large quantity of blood through the brain, and the flow of blood must be lessened before sleep can come on. I have obtained special benefit from drawing the blood to the muscles by means of a brisk walk or a quarter to half an hour's vigorous performance of light gymnastics just before going to bed. The majority of cases of sleeplessness occur among persons who use their muscles but little, and for very many taking more exercise is the best remedy. Sleep can sometimes be brought on by simply warming the body, especially the feet; the drowsiness caused by sitting in a warm room is an instance. The blood may be drawn to the skin by a cold shower or sponge bath, followed by rubbing with a coarse towel. Getting out of bed for a few minutes when the air is cool will often bring relief. I have lain awake half the night and then, after being up long enough to mix and drink a lemonade, have fallen asleep at once on going back to bed. Perhaps the lemonade should have part of the credit. On hot summer nights a cold bath will reduce the bodily temperature so as to admit of sleep. If the skin is not wiped quite dry, the evaporating moisture will increase the cooling effect. A light lunch just before going to bed relieves the brain by drawing the blood to the stomach, and the inclination to doze after a meal is explainable in this way. Diminishing the cerebral circulation by compression of the carotid arteries is advised by some physicians. Lying on the back with a doubled pillow placed against the back of the neck so as to tip the head forward will effect this, and Dr. J. L. Corning has invented an instrument in the form of a collar for the same purpose. In view of what has been said about circulation of the blood, coldness of the feet is a natural accompaniment of sleeplessness, and one means of cure may be made to serve both ends. Bathing the feet in hot water is such a means, but after a few hours a reaction is liable to set in, which will send the blood from the feet to the head and cause the sleeper to awake. It is better to take advantage of the reaction which follows a cold foot-bath with vigorous rubbing of the feet, both in the water and with the towel. The stimulus thus given to the circulation in the feet will be more permanent. I have found walking just before bedtime beneficial, and when I do not wish to go outdoors I raise myself sharply on my toes to the full stretch fifty or more times. A paragraph has recently been in circulation to the effect that a continuous low noise favors sleep; the sound of water dropping on a brass pan has been prescribed by a physician with good effect. The explanation seems to be that a simple monotonous impression quiets the brain by occupying it to the exclusion of more varied and interesting, and therefore stimulating, impressions. On the same principle are the devices of counting forward or backward, imagining sheep jumping one by one through a gap, etc.; but they are open to the objection of causing one portion of the brain to be excited in order to control the rest of it. If the hygienic measures which have been described fail to induce sleep, probably some form of disease stands in the way, and a physician should be employed to discover and remove it. Sedative drugs should be regarded as a last resort, for, unless skillfully used, they produce a stupor rather than a refreshing sleep. Do not take a narcotic or morphia at random because somebody says it is good to make you sleep; one narcotic is injurious where another is beneficial, and the chances are that you will choose one which will do you more harm than good. Untidly rooms are padded sinks will not be popular with fat men.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

ADVICE FOR SUFFERERS FROM SLEEPLESSNESS.

A Georgia inventor has invented a fireproof cotton bagging, the use of which will very much reduce the insurance rates on cotton. It is called "anti-phlogon," and is said to be cheaper than the jute or gunny-bagging now used. To test the purity of water there has been found no better or simpler way than to fill a clean pint bottle three-fourths full of the water to be tested, and dissolve in the water half a teaspoonful of the purest sugar—loaf or granulated will answer—cork the bottle, and place it in a warm place for two days. If in twenty-four to forty-eight hours the water becomes cloudy or milky it is unfit for domestic use. It has been proved beyond all doubt that waters which circulate or stand in leaden pipes or vessels not only take up particles of lead through mechanical action due to friction, but attacks the metal because of the affinity of several of their constituents, the result being generally lead carbonate. Minute quantities of lead introduced into the system must rank among the factors of anemia and defective nutrition in large towns. The electric light is being used to light bakers' ovens. A great difficulty has always existed among bakers to get a light into their dark ovens, so that the progress of baking might be observed. Two incandescent lamps, driven by a Victoria-Brush machine, are placed inside an oven where the temperature ranges from 400 to 500 degrees Fahrenheit. The oven door contains a sheet of plate glass, through which the whole of the oven is distinctly visible. The baker now never need burn his bread or pastry. Considering its extent, America is better supplied by the clouds than Europe and Africa. In the tropics of the old world the annual rainfall is about seventy-seven inches, while in tropical South America it is 155 inches. In the eastern United States it is forty to fifty inches; but west of the one hundredth meridian to Sierra Nevada it is mostly twelve to sixteen inches. The annual average of Great Britain is thirty-five inches; that of France twenty to twenty-one inches; but about the Alps it is mostly thirty-five to fifty inches. Farther from the coast, in central Germany and Russia, it is only fifteen to twenty inches. The moistest climate known is in India, at Cherrapongee, where over a small area the yearly fall of rain is more than 610 inches, or about fifty-one feet. The process of swallowing food in serpents is painfully slow and somewhat peculiar. For how is an animal without limbs or molars to swallow its prey, which is often much larger than its own body? Thus the boa-constrictor seizes the head of its victim with its sharp, recurving teeth, and crushes the body with its overlapping coils, then slightly uncoiling and covering the carcas with a slimy mucus, it thrusts the head into its mouth by main force, the mouth stretching marvelously, the skull being loosely put together. One jaw is then unaxed and the teeth withdrawn, by being pushed forward, when they are again fastened farther back on the animal. The other jaw is then protruded, and then re-fastened, and thus, by successive movements, the prey is slowly and spirally drawn into the gullet. Fighting in the Desert. The manoeuvres of the British in the desert preparing for the enemy, are thus described by Cameron: "Continually does the column halt, dismount and prepare to meet the enemy, and on these occasions there is always guard between the mounted infantry and rifle regiments as to who shall be first in square. The formation finally adopted is this: Squares. Camels kneeling and tied by the legs. "Thus an enemy charging cannot get in among the camels without being enveloped by one or other face of the squares." Proud to Call Himself a United States Farmer. Senator Williams, of Kentucky, is proud to call himself a farmer, and he thinks there is no higher, honorable calling. He is a staunch friend of the agriculturists, and during his term has done vigorous battle for every measure that has come before the Senate for their benefit or relief. He says: "After all, give me the country raised boy. The boy who runs barefooted and stubs the nails off his toes and gets stone bruises on his heels grows up in the simple, unaffected ways of life which make him the better man."—Washington Star. In married life there should be sympathy—companionship. The husband and wife should be true friends and comrades, without a thought of getting the better of each other. They should join hands at the altar with the idea of being made one. There can be no true love where the thought of mystery enters the mind. You may find ecstatic joy in the dream of hope, but it takes money to go to market.—Chicago Ledger.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

My tree of life in springtime promised well, The buds of faith and hope were full and fair; The blossoms with rich fragrance filled the air, Making my pathway sweeter where they fell. The fruit appeared; I watched its growth with care; Dark clouds of doubt and fear hung o'er my tree; "Your fruit's in danger," oft was said to me; That it might live to ripen was my prayer. In autumn time, my fruitage gathered in, Perfect it seemed, and to myself I said: "How poor the fruit when faith and hope are dead! Mine has escaped the withering blight of sin." At length the fruit I tasted, and I found, Forgetting works, I now must bear the pain; That I had watched and waited long in vain; That looked so fair was bitter and unsound. If I could live again my past life o'er, It should be one of earnest work and love; And He who plants the tree then from above Would bless the fruit; I should need nothing more. —H. C. Hayden.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The sack is an appropriate coat for a rejected lover.—Hatchel. No matter whether bonnets have little birds on them or not, the amount of bill is always the same. "Papa's pants will soon fit brother," is the first line of a new song, and yet it is said there is no literary or musical genius in this country.—Bohemian. "Pickled walnuts are introduced at dinner now," says an exchange. Whenever you are introduced to a pickled walnut its not etiquette to shake hands, I believe.—Brooklyn Times. Among the Esquimaux you can buy a seal-skin sock for two iron hoops and a ten-penny nail; but then it takes a seal-skin sock to buy a ten-penny nail and two iron hoops.—New York News. A young man gazed at his mother-in-law's two trunks in the hall, and sadly remarked: "She has brought her clothes to a visit, would that she had brought her visit to a close."—Drake's Magazine. "Use your fork, Johnnie! Have you forgotten so soon what I told you about using your fingers?" "Well, mamma, fingers were made before forks." "Yes, they were; but not your fingers, my son." We believe in giving every man a chance in this world, but a man in the act of sucking an egg which an old hen set on four weeks last summer, should be speedily told of his rashness.—Three States. Some one asks: "Is it dangerous to eat a going to sleep?" We think not. We have heard frequently of persons doing that. But if you are afraid to risk it perhaps you had better eat after you go to sleep.—Pittsburg Democrat. "Are you going to the party this evening, Mand?" "No, I guess not; I'm afraid that horrid Smith girl will be there." "Oh, no, she won't; she said she wasn't going." "Why not?" "Because she was afraid you would be there."—Boston Post. Josh Billings was asked: "How fast does sound travel?" His idea is that it depends a good deal upon the noise you are talking about. "The sound of a dinner horn, for instance, travels half a mile in a second; while an invitation tew get up in the morning I have known to be three-quarters of an hour gone" up two pair of stairs, and then not hev strength enuff left to be heard." Women have a happy faculty of uttering pleasant things of each other. "Why, dear," said one to a friend, "do you know that young Smith and Laura Jones have quarreled, and now a great gulf separates them?" "Yes," replied the other. "They are in the same position as her cats. A great gulf separates them, too." The worst that it is that Laura's mouth is not so large after all.—Boston Gazette. "A pound of jumps!" and I looked in surprise at little black Rose with her shining eyes. "A pound of jumps—my mother said a pound of jumps, and she nodded her head. "But my dear, we've flour, and sugar in lumps, and peanuts, but never a pound of jumps. "With walnuts and chestnuts and corn that pops—" "Oh, oh! I forgot! It's a pound of hops!" —Wide Awake. The Bone Industry. The bone industry of the country is an important one. The four feet of an ordinary ox will make a pint of neatfoot oil. Not a bone of any animal is thrown away. Many cattle shin bones are shipped to Europe for the making of knife handles, where they bring \$40 per ton. The thigh bones are the most valuable, being worth \$80 per ton for cutting into tooth brush handles. The foreleg bones are worth \$30 per ton, and are made into collar buttons, parasol handles and jewelry, though sheep's legs are the staple for parasol handles. The water in which the bones are boiled is reduced to glue, the dust which comes from sawing the bones is fed to cattle and poultry, and all bones that cannot be used as noted, or for bone black, used in refining the sugar we eat, are turned into fertilizers and made to help enrich the soil. As regards waste, it is the story of the pig. Nothing is lost except the squeal.—Philadelphia Press.