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LIFE. When violets bloom and soft winds play— When flocks of birds float o'er the earth—

AT THE MINES.

As the adventurous traveler turns from the narrow strip of prairie land, and follows the Old Bolton shaft road, where it winds in and out among the snow-decked cedars of the mountains, he will come unexpectedly upon a small white wooden cross, standing as if on guard,

Philip McGinn, April 7th, 1885. A little above, certainly not many hundred yards, but out of sight around the sharp spur of the mountains, are situated the great Bolton coal mines, their wooden shafts rising up in the midst of the solitude, noisy with never-ending toil.

Here and there, along the gulches and the canons, which are crossed in every direction by black ash paths, can be seen the little wreaths of smoke curling up into the blue sky, showing where the dark-browed delvers in the depths below make their humble homes.

The snow lies trampled and dirty on the pit-house in every direction, and the great heaps of slack show the employment of a large force of workers. Not one of them all to-day but as he passes that lonely grave beside the trail, will reverently bend his head and feel that, standing there, he is very close to God.

"What is it, my lad?" I asked gently, for something about his forlorn appearance had touched my heart with pity. His eyes fell to the floor, and he stood there for an instant twirling his ragged hat in his cold hands without saying a word.

"You are rather young for the mines," I began, but he leaned forward eagerly. "Oh, sir, don't say that! Father is old, and I must work. I am strong— I'll be come of it."

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And the light of happiness blue eyes was my grand reward. But this morning's story and not mine, and as he turned away, I proved to be a "helper" at the foot of the shaft.

The boy—for she was the elder of two, and quite a woman—son of an old, tumble-down house to the trail. I helped them fit it, and kept them out of the cold wind, and there she kept house for the brother, and as the weeks passed used often to drop in there after me just to cheer her up a bit.

Such was the unchanged situation of things, when one night, early in April, I pushed up the rocky path to my work, and, turning the edge of the pines, saw Mary McGinn standing in the door of her poor shanty, shading her eyes with her hands and watching Phil's stubby little figure trudging away in the after-glow.

"Oh, sir," she said, looking up into my face, as if reading every thought, "I have wanted to see you all day. I heard some of the men saying, at the store last night, that the mines were unsafe while the river was so high. I asked Phil, and he laughed at me. But oh, sir, is it true?"

"It was hard for me even to attempt a lie to her, yet could I tell the truth just then?" Bolton and the engineer both pronounced them safe," I said gravely; "and they should know better than the rest of us."

"But you? you do not?" she cried. I struck my tin pail against the post and drew a long breath. "Mary," I said, with a tenderness new to me, "I am not satisfied, but I hope for the best."

"And will you forget all the others?" I asked, longingly. "It makes men stronger to think some one remembers them at home." She looked up into my rough face a moment with tear-dimmed eyes, then placed both her little hands in mine.

"I have always remembered you," she said, and, as a shrill whistle came down the frosty air, recalling me to duty, I followed the impulse of my heart and kissed her cheek, now flushed with red. What I saw in the blue eyes is hard to tell, but I turned away happier—without knowing why—than I had been in many years.

thought. Every life in the mine depended upon that. Impulsively I stepped forward and clasped my hands on his shoulders. "I had forgotten," I said. "We will go together, my lad."

Hand-in-hand, to steady our steps over the wet rocks, we went down into the main gallery, feeling our way in the intense blackness, hearing the gurgle of the water, already sweeping to my waist.

We could distinguish some cries far off in the mine, and hear the frightened bats flitting about our heads, as we finally struggled up to the heavy timbers, and I hacked at them with an ax.

"I know, sir, he cried out, for I could not see him in the darkness, "and may God help me to do it!" And catching the lower timbers he clambered up. What he succeeded in cutting I can only guess, but I heard a cry and a crash, then down came that great mass, completely blocking the passage and sending an immense black wave over my head, and clear to the top of the tunnel.

"Oh, heaven, what a night of horror that was! I have wondered since that it did not turn my hair to snow. Back of me the black, gloomy, silent mine yawning like a grave; before me the barricade and on every side the eddying currents of water.

"I was up in the pit-house, with a crowd of rough, sympathetic faces about me, that I came back to life once more and looked eagerly around. "The girl?" I asked, for she was the first thought, where is the girl?" They drew back silently, and then I saw her kneeling over a shrouded body in the corner. For her own sake she must be taken away, while the men did all they could with the poor battered figure. The lads helped me to her tenderly.

"Mary," I whispered, taking her cold hand in mine, "you cannot help Phil any more, now. Come, let us go home." She looked up at me, her face like death, but without a tear in the clear eyes. "It is so hard to leave him here," she said, piteously; "is it right?"

The potato, originally a South American plant, was introduced to Virginia by Sir John Harvey in 1629, though it was unknown in some counties of England 150 years later. Potatoes were served, perhaps as an exotic rarity, at a Harvard installation dinner in 1697; but the plant was only brought into culture in New England at the arrival of the Presbyterian emigrants from Ireland in 1718.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Women are becoming commercial travelers in England. The Paris fashion writers assert that shawls are again to be in vogue. Laws have been passed, sprays of delicate flowers and geometrical figures.

Waltzing is going out of fashion in England. The Prince of Wales has revived quadrilles. New clasps, much used for cloaks and dresses, exhibit heads in curiously carved and stained wood.

Parisian ladies are having landscapes and miniature portraits painted on their finger nails by talented artists. Buttons are very small, some forming small, round, jewel-like objects, others curious little men or antique heads.

A new brooch is composed of an enormous hook and eye of gold, inlaid with small but very brilliant diamonds. Mixed bright metal braids are used on waistcoats and cuffs of plain cloth of some distinct shade from that which composes the gown.

In Paris fashion's latest freak is a fancy ball, in which each lady is dressed as a flower—violets, lilies, roses, bluebells and marigolds. What a lovely bouquet. An Indian princess has eloped from a Cincinnati dime museum with a St. Louis man. This appears to be a retrograde movement whichever way you look at it.

Broad heavy galleons are very popular trimmings. Plaited skirts have often one, two or even three rows of galleon, sometimes three inches wide, around the bottom a short distance apart. "It is a belief of the Buddhists of Ceylon that if a woman behaves herself properly she will eventually become a man."

Mrs. Louisa Reed Stowell, the only lady instructor in the University of Michigan, and author of several treatises on microscopical subjects, has just been elected a member of the Royal Microscopical society of London, being the third lady ever elected. Asses cars are the latest bonnet ornaments in Paris, an extraordinary novelty in trimmings which far distances such modest curiosities as mice, mushrooms and watercresses.

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WISE WORDS.

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessary. The best answer to all criticism, the best test of all work, is—result. Nothing is wholly good or bad. There are dark spots in the sun and bright ones in a coal mine.

Some men are as covetous as if they were to live forever; and others are as profuse as if they were to die the next moment. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught as men take diseases of another; therefore, let them take heed of their company.

If you want to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people pay you, and what people think of you. To make others' wit appear more than one's own, is a good rule in conversation; a necessary one, to let others take notice of your wit, and never do it yourself.

Nothing but frank intercourse with independent minds, nothing but discussion on equal terms, will keep a thinker intellectually humble and conscious of fallibility. The leaves that give out the sweetest fragrance are those that are the most cruelly crushed; so the hearts of those who have suffered most, can feel for other's woes.

You want to find out a mode of renunciation that will be an escape from pain. I tell you there is no such escape possible except by perverting or mutilating one's nature. How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how true is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.

Alcibiades having bought a remarkably handsome dog for a large sum, cut off his tail. "This I do," said he, "that the Athenians may talk about it, and not concern themselves with any other acts of mine." A Japanese Baby. When Kine, the little Japanese baby, was one hundred days old she was carried to the temple, just as some American parents take their little children to the church to have them christened, though Kine's parents do not know or worship the true God.

New teacups fare flat and shallow. Breakfast coffee cups follow the same in larger size, and after dinner cups are tall, conical and tapering in a straight line from the rim to the bottom, to correspond with the tall shapes prevailing in the after dinner coffee service in silver. Asses cars are the latest bonnet ornaments in Paris, an extraordinary novelty in trimmings which far distances such modest curiosities as mice, mushrooms and watercresses.

Gray, light brown and green clothes, plain, or in a little check or mixed corded stripe, are used for some of the new walking suits intended for spring wear, and show very little or no trimming. The skirt is closely box plaited or trimmed with a series of wide folds or with panels. The apron is draped on one side. The bodice is plain, short on the hips, with a little position at the back and a short pointed front. The sleeves are short also, and rounded up naturally at the top, without unnatural fullness, stuffing or padding. The garment to wear with this dress is a small cutaway coat, or a fitted cape. The buttons used are small and shaded in horn or pearl to match the cloth.

THE STORM.

All day long the snow has fallen gently, softly down! All night long the snow is falling over city, vale and town! Gentle snow!

The wind! A winter wind comes tearing, howling from the north! In his arms he gathers up the snow and rushes forth! Cruel wind!

The snow fiend! All day long he blows and sweeps the snow drift o'er; A demon wind, he howls and shrieks from door to door! The snow fiend! A tempest!

The world lies buried 'neath the fallen, drifted snow; Death is abroad! The tempest and the cold ride to and fro— A tempest! At last! The storm is o'er, and silence reigns upon the snowy deep; The shrieking, moaning wind has sobbed itself to sleep— At last!

The world awakes! From out your prisoned homes behold the awful wreck! But nature and its God now holds the storm in check— The world awakes! —Carthage (Ill.) Republican.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. A boil in the pot is worth two on the neck. Limburger and Schweizer are the kind of cases that circumstances cannot alter. —Puck. The young woman who is just learning the ways of the rink says she knows why they call it roll-her skating. —Merchant-Traveler.

A Madison street girl's answer to the current conundrum, "Will the coming man work?" "He will if I get him." —Wilmington Star. The youth who woos and wins a girl at the rink will find it but a few steps from roller-skates to the rolling-pin. —New York Journal. The man who has no music in his sole never distracts the attention of worshippers by walking up a church aisle with squeaking boots. —Boston Courier.

As we allow our thoughts to wander back to our boyhood, we find that many a train of fond recollections has been wrecked by a switch. —South and West. "Man wants but little here below!" The statement causes mirth: It might have been in earlier times, But now he wants the earth. —Merchant-Traveler. A German scientist has counted the hairs on his wife's head, and quotes her at 128,000 to the inch. We don't see how he could tell which was switch. —Life. If there is anything more ungainly than a fat man on roller skates, it is a thin woman, loaded to her eyebrows with packages, rushing against time to board a street-car that won't stop.