

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.

Forest Republican

VOL. 11, No. 15, 52.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1885.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Table with columns for ad type and duration, and rates.

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 M'GINN, 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.

"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."

"She read my face while listening to the words."

"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."

"Poor Phil!" almost in a whisper, "and all I can do is to pray for him."

"I bent lower and closer to hear the words."

"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."

And the light of happiness blue eyes was my grand reward. But this morning's story and not mine, and the boy odd jobs to do about the mine, 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.

Side the lonely old place very plain so many simple ways, and they seemed quite happy to work as the flush of health came back to their cheeks and the light of hope in their eyes again.

As I passed up the road to my room just in the edge of evening, I used to stop before the cabin and listen, while unconscious of anyone outside, to some old melody, the clear, sweet notes floating up the mountains across snow like the notes of a lost bird, making the work of the long night easier, as I remembered.

The cold months of the winter rolled into the dangerous spring—dangerous to all mines, but doubly so in ours, because the rising waters of Snake river were only kept from flooding our galleries by an artificial barrier of earth and rocks. We watched with anxious eyes as, inch by inch, the waters, fed by the mountain snow, steadily crept up higher; and the owners had pronounced it safe, and we had to believe them.

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."

"She read my face while listening to the words."

"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."

"Poor Phil!" almost in a whisper, "and all I can do is to pray for him."

"I bent lower and closer to hear the words."

"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.

"They would not start! The lives of every man in the stables hung with that barricade, yet still it clung there, and as we toiled, the water kept creeping up, until it had reached the boy's throat. Like rain I showered my heavy blows, scarcely able to keep my own feet in the sweep of the current."

"For God's sake, lad!" I groaned in despair and agony, "what can we do?" "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."

In vain I called for Phil, and felt my way back and forth along the wet rocks. Nothing answered but the flitting of the bats and the gurgling of the waves. Sobbing, crying, praying, half crazed the long night wore away; sometimes dreaming that I saw the boy's face in the darkness—calling to him only to have the echoes of my own voice come back in mockery. I think I was truly mad when the party of rescuers came at last, guided down the tunnel by my cries.

In the flickering rays of their lights, the first thing my eyes saw was poor Phil, lying crushed under the timbers. At the sight, and before they could reach me, I fainted dead away.

It 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?" "Yes, my girl," my own voice trembling. "I think so, and you must trust me, Mary."

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. Young girl tramps are said to be becoming common in the mill districts of New England.

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.

The Kansas house of representatives has four girls among its pages, and its docket clerk is a woman.

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. And yet people say that women never get their rights in this world.

Japanese crapes, brocaded with floral patterns in silk or chenille, is the most fashionable material of the season for evening and ball dresses; it requires a silk dress under it. Lace is used in profusion for trimmings.

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.

New teacups flare 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. A leading belle appeared in a gray felt bonnet adorned with a pair of real dried donkey's ears.

A doctor who ought to know says that the practice of the wholesale use of smelling salts, which came in with the universal fashion of carrying smelling bottles, is sure to have its influence upon the olfactory nerves sooner or later, and render the victim unable to distinguish odors from asafetida. More than all that, it causes headaches, sore throat, and red noses.

Tall and slender young ladies this season have a new and pretty way of arranging a sash. A generous length of sash is finished at both edges with a plain, wide hem; the ends at the top are then drawn through glittering jeweled slides upon each shoulder, brought down to the belt in front, crossed and fastened with a jeweled buckle or clasp. The ends are arranged from thence in panniers, or one is carried to the back and the other lightly looped, or left to fall straight.

Gray, light brown and green cloths, 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.

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. The priest wrote a prayer on a piece of paper and put it into the prayer bag, which was small and made of red crape, embroidered in white flowers and drawn together by silk cords. This bag containing the prayer was the "guard from evil," and it is devoutly believed by all Japanese to have the power of keeping children from evil spirits, from delusion by foxes—for the people think that foxes can cheat or enchant people—and from all dangers. This little red bag was attached to the girle behind. After bestowing a gift in money upon the priest, the parents and relatives returned home with the little girl and held a great feast in her honor. Kine was carefully nursed, and carried on the back of a faithful servant, who fastened her there by a long string or bandage drawn around the waist and legs of the child, and crossed over the neck and shoulders of the maid. Her little head and bright eyes would bob on every side as her nurse walked or ran, and here she would go soundly asleep, or play as any baby would. She was never carried in any person's arms. Japanese babies seldom are. When Kine's aunts or cousins wished to coax her away from her nurse or mother, they would hold their backs invitingly, and she would put out her little arms and go to one or another as she chose. Clinging tightly the neck of the favored one, and held there by the feet or legs, she would be as happy as if cuddled up in the arms. As the baby grew and began to walk, little sandals made of straw were put on her feet. These were fastened on by putting the great toe through a loop. When she was a year old her hair, which had been shaven, was allowed to grow a little, and then tied on the top in a very funny fashion. Every year it was worn differently.—St. Nicholas.

A Land of Scenic Wonders.

Leaving Wrangle to battle with its fogs, says a letter in the Portland Transcript, we sailed through Wrangle narrows, and later into genial sunshine and past pleasant coves and by the side of steep cliffs, over which fell streams of water, and above which towered peaks of snowy whiteness, glistening in the sunlight far away. There on the shore a fish cannery lay nestled among the trees, or a group of Indian huts was visible, while at times the native canoes were paddled out to us to enable their inmates to offer bits of native manufacture. It was never cold, and fortunately a long succession of pleasant days greeted us as we moved lazily along our way. The air was soft, yet exhilarating, the channels were filled with water as smooth as glass, the coloring was rich and the vegetation rich and abundant. Alaska, so often considered bleak, and bare and cold, appeared in its true light. Whatever it was elsewhere, here in the south at least it was warm and sensuous, picturesque from guarded cove to distant peaks of snow which lighted up the blueness that existed, but threw no chill upon the region. The country is Switzerland enlarged, full of sharp contrasts in color studded with mountains of varying shape and size. And here at Chitkat, near the sixtieth degree of latitude, there are the serrated ranges with whitened heads shading above the forests that press down upon the waters of Pyramid harbor, where we lie at anchor. Truly Alaska is, whatever it is not, a land of scenic wonders.

Soap That Grows on Trees.

There are a number of soap trees growing in Tallahassee. In the yards of Dr. G. W. Betton and Mr. Philip Sullivan, the former on McCarty and the latter on Duval street, fine specimens of this tree, in bearing, may be seen. They are prolific fruiters, the berries being the size of an ordinary marble, having a yellowish soapy appearance, with a hard black seed, from which the trees are propagated. Parties here boil the fruit to make soap, but Judge Van Valkenburgh says in China and other tropical countries the berries are used as a substitute for soap just as they are taken from the tree.—Tallahassee Floridian.

There are in England over 300,000 cyclists, and the capital invested in the manufacture of bicycles and tricycles is \$18,000,000, employing eight thousand persons.

It requires \$1,500 worth of quinine a month to keep the French troops in Tonquin in health.

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.

A scientist has discovered that drunkenness is a contagious disease. When a married man goes home at midnight with a demoralized pair of legs he is liable to "catch it," we've been told.—Norristown Herald.

A Chippewa Indian boy, twelve years old, is a fancy roller-skater at Chicago. People who are familiar with roller-skating say that he is by no means the first red skin that has been developed in the rink.—Boston Transcript.

It is said that a person "can do almost anything he wants to on roller-skates with sufficient practice." The trouble is, however, that he does so many things he doesn't want to do in acquiring the practice.—Norristown Herald.

A shrewd old lady cautioned her married daughter against worrying her husband too much, and concluded by saying: "My child, a man is like an egg. Kept in hot water a little while, he may boil soft; but keep him in there too long and he hardens."—Boston Post.

There is probably no better illustration in this world of the terrible weight of grave responsibility than a five-inch dog standing on a box with his forepaws on the tailboard of a four-horse express wagon, alertly guarding its passage through the streets of a crowded city.—Somerville Journal.

Advertisement for clothing and goods, including 'KERS' and 'SE FURNISHING GOODS'.