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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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AMID THE WHEAT.

Amid the wheat, amid the wheat, At morn the sturdy gleaners greet. What time the meadow-lark upsprings, On buoyant wings, and scorns and sings.

A BRIGHT FACE.

CHAPTER I.

My name is Henry Debon. I am not ashamed of the name, even though it was disgraced. My parents came to Arkansas while I was very young. My father hated the idea of ever living in a town, settled in the wilderness, where, after several years of toil, he succeeded in opening up one of the best farms in the State.

die. Weary nights of contemplation dull his dread, take off the keen edge of fear. It is not a philosophy; it is a "don't care" which settles upon him. I was not afraid to meet the king of the universe, and knowing that not a shadow of hope remained, I surrendered myself to an unjust fate.

The uppermost thought in my mind was the thought of escape. I had lost everything but my desire for freedom. My chance came. One night while a number of us were penned in a stockade, near a coal mine, into whose dark vaults we were daily driven, I heard one of the guards say to a companion that he was so sleepy he could scarcely hold his eyes open.

Creeping over where several of my vile associates lay, I communicated the intelligence which I had caught. They agreed with me that our time had come. We kept the secret closely guarded, knowing that a general rush would be fatal to our plans. We made our stealthy move about 2 o'clock in the morning. We climbed the fence with but little trouble. I passed near one of the guards. He was sitting, leaning back against a stump, and was sound asleep. I took his gun and box of cartridges which he had deposited on the ground near him.

We had not gone much farther when pursuers came within sight. Then there was a race for liberty. I was fleet, more so than the wretches. About the time night set in two of my fellow convicts had been captured. The other one kept close to me. A gun fired. I heard a yell. Looking around, I saw him fall. The darkness and the dense woods protected me. I escaped. Finding a canoe, I crossed the river. The face of the little girl was constantly before me.

CHAPTER II.

I succeeded in making my way to New York. In the great city I was comparatively safe. Under an assumed name I went to work in a manufacturing establishment. I bent my every energy to the work, and, from time to time, I was promoted. Three years from the time I entered the establishment, I was the superintendent of the entire works. My services became so valuable that I was admitted as a partner. I saved my money and became wealthy, yet, not for a moment did I forget the crushing fact that I was a convict.

The general, in speaking of the popular idea that he was a lifelong smoker, said that prior to the battle of Shiloh he rarely—very rarely smoked; and that it had never been a habit, much less a pleasure. At the battle of Shiloh he chanced to smoke a cigar, while riding over the field, and the newspaper correspondents, seizing upon the incident, described it graphically in their accounts of the battle to the papers in the North. The idea of a victorious commander of a great army, in the midst of frightful scenes of carnage and destruction, surrounded by the dangers of battle, with a nation's life hanging on the result, looking on calmly and serenely, complacently smoking a cigar, when most men would be overcome with excitement, if not nervousness, was something that appealed irresistibly to popular admiration. Grant's admirers and friends, reading the accounts of the battle, supposed him to be a great smoker, and almost deluged him with cigars. Every express brought boxes of cigars as presents from his Northern friends. As the general said: "There were always two or three boxes on the table in my tent or headquarters free for the use of my staff and visitors. Having them always at hand, it was but natural that I should very little while take a fresh cigar, and in that way the habit grew upon me so that it became irresistible, and the people no doubt are right in calling me an inveterate smoker."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

dered Mapleson. From the very moment of the confession he began to improve, and soon became so well that he was taken to prison. After a short trial, during which he did not attempt to make a defense, he was sentenced to be hanged. The execution took place last Friday, and was witnessed by a large crowd of people. The public deeply sympathizes with young Debon, and should he ever come back to the State he will receive an enthusiastic ovation.

I cannot describe my sensations. I hurried to my place of business, and after relating to my partners, the experience through which I had passed, I showed them the Arkansas paper. My partners were rejoiced. They declared that such a vindication was worth half a lifetime of trouble.

I immediately set out for Arkansas. I indeed received an ovation. Mr. Gray, the old minister, took me by the hand, and said: "I was intimate with your father and I did not see how his son could commit such a crime, but the proof was so strong against you. Your earnest protestations of innocence caused me to call upon the governor and intercede in your behalf."

"I have seen you before, somewhere," she said. "You have seen me." "When?" "I will tell you when we become better acquainted."

Berry Wall is the king of dudes, says a New York letter. This sovereignty in the matter of dress is the unique means the young man employs to dispense with an income of over \$500,000 a year. A gentleman, who has known this eccentric spendthrift for years, met him at Saratoga recently. During the past month he has replenished his wardrobe with the most marvelous variety of garments ever made for man's back. It is said that, after a long career among the toilers of the world, this fastidious dresser has finally decided that no one can excel the fit and style of the clothes made by a New York firm. Poole, by special permission, allowed to refer to one of us—H. M., the Prince of Wales—as a customer, if superseded by this arrangement. Mr. Wall's happiest moments are when he is astonishing a gaping crowd by his attire. Just to give them something to wonder at he will change his costume three or four times an hour. When conscious that he is being pointed out as the beau of the fashion plates, he will excuse himself from his friends for a space of five or ten minutes to return in a spick-and-span outfit of an entirely different design. The transformations in dress are made by two valets, who are always on duty in his apartments to strip and rehabilitate him as they would a dummy model in a millinery store. The fellow is not bad at heart, as liberal as a prodigal prince and nobody's fool by any means. This penchant for clothes is simply an expedient for spending money and killing time.

Grant as a Smoker.

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CHICKENS BY MACHINERY.

THE BUSINESS OF PRODUCING POULTRY FROM INCUBATORS.

An Industry Which is Extending—Food for the Chick—A Chicken Ranch in New Jersey.

"The outlook for the incubator and poultry supply business is first-rate," said a well known dealer in response to inquiries made by a reporter for the New York Mail and Express. "There are many new parties coming in every day now looking at machines who intend starting in the chicken-raising business this fall to make a regular trade of it. Incubators increasing in number? Yes, sir; there are in the market from twelve to fifteen machines of different patents. We have here in our store eight of the leading ones in constant operation night and day. The prices range from \$20 to \$300 each, with a varying capacity from fifty to 2,000 eggs. As a rule, a first-class incubator hatches from eighty to ninety per cent. of the fertile eggs that are put into it. Most of the machines are automatic in their regulation, so that they require very little care."

"How much capital does it require to start in the chicken-raising business?" was asked. "I know of one party whose capital is \$100, and of another whom we fitted out the capital for whose stock was \$40,000. All the eight machines that we keep are hatching chickens every day. These we send to our chicken ranch at Franklin, N. J. Some days our machines hatch out as many as 300 chicks. Yes, the chicken raising business is a new industry that has sprung up within the last two years. But aside from those who go into the business as a business there are many wealthy men, owners of country seats, who have gone into it for the novelty of the thing. But you will be surprised when I tell you, and statistics will prove the truth of the statement, that the poultry industry has now become one of the largest industries in this country, and amounts to more than even the trade in wheat. Even now there is not a sufficient supply of eggs in the market, and it is necessary to import them in large quantities."

"Has not this growth of the business increased the demand for poultry supplies?" "Yes, very largely. Among the articles in great demand is ground bone and oyster shells, which is fed to the chicks. Why, we sell at least fifty tons of this material a year, and the demand has made a new way of disposing of bones and oyster shells. Not long ago a man started a manufactory at Yonkers, for the special purpose of grinding bones and oyster shells for the chicken trade, and he has a big trade in it already. It has also made a great demand for wire netting for fences to poultry yards. The other day we sold and put up for one party a mile of this wire netting."

"You spoke of a chicken ranch. What is it like?" "Ours at Franklin covers six acres of ground. It is enclosed by a fence about six feet high. It contains a number of wooden buildings, built especially for chicken raising. One of these measure sixty by eighty feet and is twenty feet high. It was originally built for the fattening of poultry. It is divided into pens for flocks of chickens of different breeds. The pen measures about ten by twenty feet, and each contains nest boxes, roosts and feeding troughs. Another building on the ground is long and narrow, ten feet by fifteen, and is divided into pens, the same as the other. Still another is forty by fifteen feet, which we use principally for ducks. It has a small pond adjoining. On a knoll back of these buildings we keep a large number of the artificial brooders for young chicks taken from the incubators at the store. They are kept in these brooders four weeks and are then old enough to be put in with the larger stock."

"What is the capacity of such a ranch?" "Without crowding it will accommodate nicely 1,000 full-grown fowls, 5,000 young chicks and 1,000 ducks. The cost of such a ranch complete, without the land, is about \$5,000. One man and a boy can attend to it nicely. Their duties are to feed and water the fowls regularly and keep the buildings thoroughly cleaned. If this properly done it keeps the fowls in perfectly good health. Such a business, properly carried on, will yield a profit of at least one hundred per cent. on the capital invested, and even that is a low estimate. Take fancy-bred fowls and they bring from \$1 to \$10 a piece, and I know a man who has a partridge cochon cock which \$100 couldn't buy. Then take broilers. They are worth today, and it is the dull season, twenty-two cents a pound live weight. Each one will weigh two and a half pounds, and the cost to raise it is not over fifteen cents. In winter they bring from fifty to sixty cents a pound, or \$2 a pair."

The demand for eggs for hatching is great and a large part of our business is to supply eggs for this purpose. In fact our ranch is carried on for raising thoroughbreds, not for market poultry. Do we allow visitors? Yes, we set apart Fridays for any who want to see the place. But there have been a number of such ranches lately started in the neighborhood of this city. One on Long Island conducted by a stock company is the largest. The capital interested is \$40,000, and the place is conducted for the exclusive production of broilers. It has now a capacity for hatching 7,000 eggs, and they are putting up more buildings, so that the place will have a capacity for hatching out 1,000 chickens a day. They find the business profitable, and their trade is in this city. Another somewhat different ranch is one in New Jersey, which is devoted to the production of eggs exclusively, its owner having contracts with parties in this city.

The man who owns it started the business three years ago, with a capital of just \$25. He has now 1,000 laying hens and his present buildings cost him \$5,000, all of which he made out of the business. Yet, all this time he has been engaged in regular business in this city and has come in every day."

Cookery in China.

Our kitchen certainly is not so cosy and neat as American kitchens usually are. The smoke goes out through the skylight and wherever it finds an outlet. The walls are black with the accumulation of years of soot. That large stove in the corner is built of brick. On the top of this stove is a large round iron spider about three feet in diameter. In this rice is cooking. Straw, being cheaper, is burnt in this stove instead of wood, and some one is required to feed the fire constantly. Turning to the left we see little clay stoves, on which food is frying in spiders or boiling in earthen pots over a wood fire. Vegetables are cut into bits and boiled with pork or mutton, making a soup. Greens are boiling. Fish is steaming, frying or stewing, with or without vegetables. Meat is cut fine; when the spider becomes heated lard is put in it, then pieces of onion, then the shred meat, and all is stirred till well embrowned; then turnips, potatoes, and sometimes other vegetables are added, and after boiling water is poured in the whole is left to simmer and stew. All food, we observe, is cut in pieces before being cooked, or else before serving, for no knives, no forks, are used. At ten A. M. the tables are set; those for men either in the wings or in their rooms, and those for the women in their common sitting-room or parlor. Each table will seat eight persons. No table linen is used. Chopsticks and spoons are laid before each place. The food is brought in large bowls or plates. Rice is carried to the table in a wooden pail or wicker basket, from which it is served in small bowls. The servants summon the inmates to breakfast. The younger ones do not presume to sit till their elders are seated; then, after making a show of asking permission to eat, when the elders gravely nod assent, the breakfast begins. Soup is taken first; then each person, holding the chopsticks in the right hand and the bowl of rice in the left, lifts his food to his mouth and pushes the lumps in with the sticks, alternating this motion with picking meat, fish or vegetables from the dishes common to all. One must take only from that side of the plate which is nearest to him, however; it is a breach of etiquette to reach over to the opposite side. When one finishes he bids the rest "eat leisurely," which is our mode of saying "excuse me." The Chinese invariably wash their hands and faces after every meal. Tea is drunk about the same time. It is taken without milk or sugar. Coffee is not common in China, and we are not accustomed to drink cold water. Tea is the national beverage, and is taken to assuage thirst at all times and occasions, as water is in America. At noon a lunch of cakes or pastry may be served. The majority of people are satisfied with two meals a day. Supper or dinner is served at 5 P. M.—Yan Phon Lee in Wide Awake.

Squatters in the Metropolis.

On the eastern side of this city, says a New York letter to the Philadelphia Press, there is a village of squatters, who have taken temporary possession of unused sites on a hill, and have erected shanties which serve at once for pigpens, hen-coops, bedrooms and living rooms. They enjoy the privilege of squatters in having no rent to pay, but they are exposed to the penalty of being, at any moment, turned out from their dens and losing land and house at once. Usually they remain while the quarrymen who are opening the streets almost undermine their shanties, and then, if the buildings are not blown away, they pull them down and pack them away like tents to another dwelling place. The village is filled with snarling dogs, which aid in drawing the swill or coal carts, for the children are mainly employed in collecting swill and picking coals through the streets. The shanty family are never quite so poor as the tenement house family, as they have no rent to pay. But the filth and wretchedness in which they sometimes live are beyond description. The people have very little regular occupation, many being widows who do occasional "chores" in families; others live on the sale of the coal their children gather, or on the pigs which share their domicile; others keep fowls, and all have goats, though where the profits from these latter come I could never discover, as no one seems to buy the milk, and I never heard of their killing them. Money, however, in some way they do procure, and one old red-faced swill-gatherer who died left, it was said, a large deposit in the savings bank, which no one could claim; yet one corner of her bed chamber was filled with a heap of ill-smelling bones, and the pigs slept under her bed.

There is another old ragpicker whose shanty is a sight to behold, all the odds and ends of a great city seem piled up in it—bones, broken dishes, rags, bits of furniture, cinders, old tin, useless lamps, decaying vegetables, ribbons, clothes, legless chairs and carriages all mixed together, and heaped up nearly to the ceiling, leaving hardly room for a bed on the floor, where the woman and her two children sleep. Yet all these are marvels of health and vigor, far surpassing most children in the comfortable classes.

MAN'S A KICKER.

Give to him power and friends and wealth, Give to him love and home and health, Give to him ease and peace and rest, Give to him all that makes life blest, Give to him what the heart most craves, What makes the freeman more than slaves, What makes the patriot tried and true, What lifts the martyr to the blue, And shapes him for the noblest trust; Give him his choice of youth or age, The manners that do most engage, The poet's fire, the painter's art, That burns the brain or moves the heart; Or give him all the things to eat, The ripe, the luscious, sour or sweet, And add to these flesh, fish or fowl, Then listen and you'll hear him growl— For man's a kicker.

Give to him sorrow, grief and care, The sorrest crosses man may bear, The roughest paths, the blackest woes, A heaven in which there is no bow Of promise, and in which the clouds Enfold the light like funeral shrouds; Let sickness, death and every ill Which makes earth bitter lay their chill, Cold hands upon him. Let his life Be one unending hideous strife, A wilderness where jackals howl— It's all the same. You'll hear him growl— For man's a kicker. Merchant-Traveler.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Is a hotel waiter girl made to order? "How sleep the brave?" asks a poet. This depends largely on the number of cats in the neighborhood. A bar in the river and a bar on shore have the same name, because water is scarce in both places.—Merchant-Traveler. The difference between the human race and a horse race is disappearing. You can't bet on either, nowadays.—Philadelphia Call. "Moire antique sashes six or eight inches wide are becoming more popular," but they should not be worn by the more antique ladies.—Norristown Herald. Child—"Mamma, I want some raisins." "Very well, take a handful." "A handful? Oh, won't you give them to me? your hand is larger."—German Joke.

An exchange says that there is a large falling off in the population of the western part of Massachusetts. The bicycle is bound to make its way everywhere.—Burlington Free Press. A boy will eat, and a boy will drink, And a boy will play all day; But a boy won't work, and a boy won't think, Because he ain't built that way.—Chicago Ledger.

The story that the site of Chicago was bought for a pair of boots is not surprising when we consider the size of the accepted boot in that locality. This probably gave rise to the remark that corporations have no soles.—Life.

The Afghans eat onions as we do apples. The cause of the recent attack by the Russians can therefore be easily understood. They were obliged to use their guns to keep the Afghans from coming within hailing distance.—New York Sun.

In the days that are wintry and chilly, When with bills we are driven, night daft, We're pained on reflecting how illy We honor a draft.

But in summer when all wonder sadly Why no cooling breezes should waft, It's worthy of notice how gladly We honor a draft. —The Rambler.

A poetess asks, "Oh where does beauty linger?" We think that we are breaking no confidence when we reply that in these artistic times it generally lingers on the toilet table until the girl puts it on with a brush and a powder puff.—The Rambler.

"Did not the sight of the boundless blue sea, bearing in its bosom the white-winged fleets of commerce, fill you with emotion?" "Yes," replied the traveler, "for a while it did, but after a while it didn't fill me with anything. It sorter emptied me."—Siftings.

The farmer leads no E Z life, The C D says will rot; And when at E V rests from strife His bones all A K lot.

In D D has to struggle hard To E K living out; If I C frosts do not retard His crops there'll B A drought.

The hired L P has to pay A awful A Z tax; They C K rest when he's away Nor any work will do.

Both N Z cannot make to meet And then for A D takes; Some boarders who so R T eat & E no money makes.

Of little U C finds this life; Sick in old A B lies; The debts he O Z leaves his wife And then in P C dies. —H. C. Dodge.

A Captured Devil Fish.

Immense crowds of people gathered at the beach at Galveston, Texas, one day recently to see a devil fish that was captured on the previous day. For some days past a school of marine monsters had been seen sporting in the gulf a short distance from the shore, and all efforts to harpoon or capture them proved futile until one was caught in a fishing seine. Hopes were thrown around the monster, and, with horses, it was dragged ashore. It proved to be a specimen of a very rare fish, the "Cephalopoda Vampyrus," also called devil fish and vampire of the ocean. Its weight was about two tons, and as it lay spread out on the beach dead, it had every appearance of an enormous bat or vampire. It was fully sixteen feet wide from the extreme edges of the pectoral fins and fourteen feet long. The mouth was four feet wide, and was protected on either side by formidable appendages resembling horns, with which it scooped in food.