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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes One Square, one inch, one insertion; One Square, one inch, one month; One Square, one inch, three months; One Square, one inch, one year; Two Squares, one year; Quarter Column, one year; Half Column, one year; One Column, one year; Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

A NEW POEM BY BURNS.

A poem by Robert Burns, hitherto unpublished, has been found in one of the poet's manuscript excise books, and is given to the world by the Dramatic Review of London, which endorses it as genuine. It is entitled "Youth," and is as follows:

Youth is the vision of a morn That flies the coming day; It is the blossom on the thorn, Which wild winds sweep away; It is the image of the sky In glassy waters seen, When not a cloud appears to fly Across the blue serene; But, when the waves begin to roar And lift their foaming head, The morning stars appear no more And all the heaven is fled. 'Tis fleeting as the passing rays Of bright electric fire That flash about with sudden blaze, And in that blaze expire. It is the morning's gentle gale, That as it swiftly blows Scarce seems to sigh across the vale Or bend the blushing rose. But soon the gathering tempests roar And all the sky deform; The gale becomes the whirlwind's roar, The sigh an angry storm. For Care, and Sorrow's morbid gloom, And heart-corroding Strife, And Weakness, pointing to the tomb, Await the Noon of Life.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Bred upon the waters—Reared at sea. One rent paid is worth a dozen in your pants.—Waterloo Observer. "What is case?" asks a philosopher—Ease is a thousand-dollar salary and a hundred dollar job.—Puck. A school journal advises, "Make the school interesting." That's what the small boy tries to do to the best of his ability.—Burlington Free Press. It is wrong for married women to make fun of old maids. They would have been old maids themselves if they hadn't got married.—Somerville Journal. He was a bore and he remarked to the editor: "I wish I could leave town;" and the editor answered, "I wish you could," and the conversation ceased.—Boston Post. Lilla M. Cushman, the poetess, says: "My back is almost broken with this weary, weary load." She ought to make her husband carry up the coal.—Burlington Hatterey. An exchange refers to a young physician in a neighboring town as a dude. It is inferred that when he lances a boil is not the only time he "cuts a swell."—Norristown Herald. In some parts of Europe men drink cognac instead of liquor. When a man comes home very late in those countries his wife is puzzled to decide whether he has been in a saloon or a barber shop.—Richmond Whig. Little boy, beware! The good, kind lady who gives you gingerbread to day, when you come over to play with her little boys and girls, may be your mother-in-law some day in the rosy future.—Merchant-Traveler. "A sixteen-year old girl" in the Boston Globe asked for a remedy for too hard lands, and a "Mother" in Malden sent in the following heroic remedy: A sixteen-year old girl can soften and whiten her hands by soaking them in dish water three times every day. She took his watch, and said to him: "When you have learned to do the things I ask, and you forget, I'll give it back to you." That evening when she asked, in tones of confidence sublime, "Say, did you get it?" "No," he said, "I didn't have the time."—Merchant-Traveler. A New York physician has written an article entitled "Kissing as a Medium of Communicating Disease." It has long been known that kissing causes a species of heart disease which terminates in matrimonial fever, and the victim dies sooner or later. Generally later.—Norristown Herald. Erdite grocer (balancing a can of peaches in his hand)—"My dear madam, did you know that we really knew nothing about canning fruit and vegetables until the ruins of Pompeii were uncovered, and splendid specimens recovered, canned over twenty centuries ago?" Snapish lady customer—"No, I didn't know it. But I did know your canned goods were very old. How long before you will have your stock from Pompeii worked off?"—Chicago Tribune. A farmer was hoeing hard on his patch of land when one of those town loafers approached the fence. "Hello, Farmer B., what do you think of the outlook?" "What outlook?" "Why, the business outlook." "Didn't know there was one." "We are all talking about it down at the store, and they sent me to hear what you had to say." "Oh, yes, I see; well, tell 'em if they will stop talking and get to hoeing that the country will prosper without any outlook. Do you hear?" Snake Eat Snake. The following snake story is related by a gentleman of unquestioned veracity, says a recent Zanesville (Ohio) letter: While harvesting a few days ago a party of men on the farm of J. H. ... in Madison township, Perry county, a few miles from here, killed an unusually large black snake, which had the tail of another snake sticking out of its mouth. Upon pulling them apart the snake which the black snake had swallowed was found to be three and a half feet long. A large knot in the body of the inner snake attracted their attention, and upon examination the men were wonder-stricken to find that the smaller snake had also been cannibalizing, a full-sized ground squirrel being found in its stomach.

THE PEOPLE OF LABRADOR.

UNIQUE PHASES OF LIFE IN THE FAR NORTH.

Rough Homes Perched on Bare Rocks—Winters Eight Months Long—A Dreary Existence.

If environment molds a people, then the Labradorians should have strong traits. The climate, the unique features of the country, the undisputed supremacy of the sea, the isolation from the world—all their circumstances, indeed—are so strongly marked as to be irresistible. The population of the Canadian part of the coast—down to the boundary line at Blanc Sablon—is of French origin. Canadian and Acadian; the Newfoundland part of Labrador—the Strait of Belle Isle and the Atlantic coast—is inhabited by English-speaking people. Moravians and Esquimaux are found in the far North. The French Canadians consist of two classes; a part of them come here every spring to fish for the merchants, and return every fall to their families and small homesteads between Quebec and Gaspé; others live here permanently, own little isolated establishments, and fish on their own account. The Acadians have collected in two principal settlements, Esquimaux Point and Natashquan, where they have their schools, priests, churches, and some other features of village life. I was fortunate in being storm-stayed at a few of these French Canadian homes, where I found now and then a person able to give me some account of the summer and winter life of the people. To begin with external and material things, the average home of Labrador generally consists of a rough board dwelling, with two rooms and a garret, a small dock and storehouse for receiving, cleaning, curing and storing fish, and two or three open fishing boats. All these buildings perch like anxious water fowls on the bare rocks; they never impress me as homes, for they make for themselves no niche or place in the surface of the earth; you expect them to be washed or blown away at the next gale—as they sometimes are. For the sake of being near the fishing grounds these shelters are generally established on some outlying island offering a mooring or else a beach for the boats; they seem to be banished from the earth as far as possible seaward. They stand up gaunt, stark naked in the gales, in the midst of a desert of sea and rocks.

In the best places there may be a hollow little sand, enriched with decaying fish, where a few turnips and cabbages manage to show themselves during a brief season. You get a gleam of hope and horror on beholding a gaunt scaffold about eighteen feet high; but it is not a gallows for the ending of life, only a platform for keeping the frozen fish for dog meat. The interior of these homes is not quite so distressing as their hard surroundings; for the human hand indoors can make its mark, which is not always a clean one. The furniture, diet, costumes, are rough and common place; but the people are courteous and kind, and they observe well their religious rites. Their isolation is such that they keep the run of time by marking the days of the week on the door post. An exception to this dreariness is to be met here and there, at a light house, or at the home of a merchant. I asked an intelligent fisherman how he could content himself in such a place.

"Well, sir, I expect we're fools to stay here. The worst of it is, our children are growing up as ignorant as we are—just like the dogs. Hardly any of us can read or write. Our houses are too far apart to get the children together for school, excepting at Esquimaux Point, Natashquan and Mutton bay. Then, too, we can't see the priest more than once or twice a year, and that's very inconvenient about dying, for pleurisy and consumption are very headstrong. And there is no doctor at all, nor any roots or herbs for medicines. We keep alive on pain-killers and salts that the traders sell. It's a hard life, and we don't live to be very old. We have to do all our own work—jack-of-all-trades, you know. When we came here to live, my wife and I cut all the timber in the winter for building these houses, sawed it by hand in a pit, and in the spring rafted it down the river. The social season of Labrador is the winter. There is no fishing then to keep people at home; cutting wood and a little hunting are the only occupations. Winter lasts about eight months; when the channels among the islands and the bays are frozen over, dog teams can run up and down the coast for three hundred miles—from Mingan to Bonne Esperance. People then go visiting; they carry no provisions, for everybody keeps open house, and the little cabins are often packed with people and dogs. The winter homes, as a rule, are back some miles from the coast, where wood is handy. Several families who fish at Whale Head live on a swamp in winter, where the tread of a man along the street shakes every house. The Abbe Ferland says that in his time—about fifty years ago—the hospitality of the coast was such the people on going away from home used to leave food, and sometimes even money, on the table, and the doors unlocked, that needy travelers might enter and help themselves. But the advent of more travelers in these days has led to more caution and less generosity. These fishermen are not behind other seafaring men in either the number of their superstitions or the faith they repose in them. But Labrador, in time, will doubtless produce still more astonishing results in this regard; for what other region on earth offers such elemental powers, such weird scenes, such impressive hardships and horrors? Here is a region without a mile of road in three thousand miles of coast; I never elsewhere appreciate a wheel and a horseshoe. Some of these people have no idea of the shape and size of a cow or a horse,

and they flee like hares at the coming of a stranger. Lawlessness often prevails, and those who are in need do not hesitate to break open stores and help themselves. But their most astonishing traits are laziness and improvidence here in sight of heart-rending hardship and want. Labrador, however, was formerly a sea of plenty; fishing, sealing, trapping, gave even the indolent a sure, though a miserable living. In a few weeks the average man could catch fish enough to exchange with traders for the necessities of life. This enabled him to idle away three-fourths of the year, and relieved him of any sense of responsibility. But now fish, oil, and fur are no longer so abundant. The average family spends about one hundred dollars per year to get only the absolute necessities of life; and yet the government is obliged very often to distribute flour and pork to prevent actual starvation; and it offers free passage and work to those who will leave the coast. The lazy depend upon the industrious, the provisions are shared, and if navigation is tardy, the first sail is watched for in the spring with eagerness.—Harper's Magazine.

An Iron Hand in Reality.

While passing down Dupont street near the academy of sciences recently, a Chronicle reporter observed a man pounding away on a nail with his hand. It was in a blacksmith's shop which opens on the street. The nail seemed to penetrate further and further into the wood, and the man did not appear to feel as if the striking of his hand against the nail hurt him at all. Approaching nearer, the reporter saw that the hand was made of iron. The steel-fisted man said that while participating in a Fourth of July celebration in Marysville in 1864 he lost his right arm at the elbow by the premature explosion of a cannon. Being a blacksmith and key fitter, the loss compelled him to abandon his trade. For five years he wandered about the country, doing one thing or another. One day, while in a blacksmith's shop in Vallejo, the idea entered his head to fabricate an artificial hand out of iron. He gave his directions and had the contrivance he now wears manufactured. It consists of a steel cylinder about four or five inches long. To this is affixed a leather apparatus, which enables him to adjust the artificial hand on the stump of his arm. The stump fits into the apparatus and is carefully strapped. The hand may then be used as a hammer, and the dents in the steel show how much it has been so applied. The deficiency of fingers to grasp a file is supplied in the following manner: A long hole projects into the base of the cylinder, into which a file or knife may be screwed. This is properly tightened, and the loss of fingers is not felt. If the iron-handed man desires to pick up anything he adjusts a peculiar hook or instrument resembling a chisel, and he can bring to his reach anything he may require. Beside the heavy hand, which he generally uses for hard work, he has a more delicate apparatus of brass, manufactured by himself, for easy work. He says that he has worn the steel hand for sixteen years, and he has grown to regard it with great affection. He scarcely feels the loss of his natural hand. As he hammers or files at saws behind his little glass window on Dupont street, the passers by gaze curiously.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Keeping His Balance.

There is a story, told among the Tartars, which has a moral for the civilized men of the present day. It is to this effect: Robo, cousin of the Great Mogul, was condemned to death for participation in a rebellion. The most skillful swords in the empire was provided for the execution, and the Great Mogul and his court were present as spectators. The thin, keen blade flashed in the sunlight and descended upon the bare neck of Robo, who stood upright to receive the stroke. The executioner's work was so deftly done that though the head was severed, not a vital organ was disturbed. Robo remained standing. "What, Robo, art thou not beheaded?" exclaimed the Great Mogul. "My lord, I am," replied Robo, "but as long as I keep my balance right, my head will not fall off." The Great Mogul was placated, a bandage was put on Robo's neck and he recovered. He afterward became a loyal subject and was made cashier of the empire, because, as the Great Mogul remarked: "He knows that if he keeps his balance right, his head will not come off."

Building a Brain.

Our present life is signalized by a union between soul and body. All attempts to disturb the harmony of this marriage tie are futile and mischievous. The devotees of India crawl into caves, cultivate long hair and dirt, and starve and torture themselves to emphasize their hatred of these vile imprisoning bodies. They devoutly believe that the soul can rise only as it climbs on the ruins of the body. This struggle to divorce the soul from the body has appeared among many peoples. We have not altogether escaped it. With many of us a pale, languid woman is more of a lady than a rosy, robust one; and a sepulchral clergyman more of a saint than a broad-chested, fun-loving one. We are just beginning to apprehend the spirit of the old Greek, and to regard the body as an honorable and beautiful part of man. Already we speak of building a perfect body, crowned by perfect brains as at once the greatest problem and grandest hope of the race.—Dio Lewis. Connecticut is the only State in the Union, it is said, whose legislature retains judicial functions. The Connecticut legislature is still a supreme court in equity.

A Famous Resort for the Sick.

The following is the regimen prescribed to the majority of Carlsbad patients. They begin the day by rising not later than 6 and go to the springs. After having drunk three glasses of water at intervals of a quarter of an hour, they walk for an hour and then breakfast. This meal consists of two small rolls of rusks, a boiled egg, and a cup of tea, coffee or chocolate. It may be noted in passing that the custom is for each person to buy his rolls or rusks at a baker's shop and carry them to the place where the rest of the breakfast is provided. The hour of dinner is from 1 to 2 o'clock; as a table d'hôte is unknown in Carlsbad, each person or party dines apart in a restaurant. Three courses constitute the dinner, consisting of soup, roast meat and a dish of vegetables, or, in place of vegetables, a little stewed fruit. A quarter of a bottle of red Austrian wine may be drunk at dinner, and this is mixed with Giesshubler, a sparkling and very pleasant table water. At 5 o'clock a cup of tea, of coffee, of chocolate, or a glass of water is permitted to those who require something. Supper is taken at 7 o'clock, and this is confined to cold meat, bread, and wine mixed with water. Between breakfast and dinner a bath is taken every other day, and all spare time between meals is passed in walking. After a well-spent day, in which the patient has displayed the self-denial of an anchorite and has covered as much ground as if he were in training for a walking-match, he goes to bed between 9 and 10 o'clock, there to rest his weary limbs and dream of dining with Lucullus. The course of treatment lasts from three to six weeks. Patients undergoing the treatment are advised to keep up their spirits, forget worldly cares, and amuse themselves by contemplating the beauties of nature. If any have been accustomed to smoke tobacco they are allowed to do so in moderation, but subject to the condition that they never smoke at the springs in the morning and that they always smoke good cigars. Patients are also advised to avoid exciting conversation; to refrain from going to the theatres when tragedies are performed; to read light literature only and newspapers in particular; to listen to good music when they have the opportunity, and to abstain from everything which fatigues or distresses them. So far as eating or drinking is concerned, the hotel and restaurant proprietors do not heartily co-operate with physicians in keeping patients out of temptation. Everywhere notices are displayed to the effect that the food or drink displayed is "kurg mass," a word for which there is no English equivalent, its meaning being that the articles in question are suitable to be taken during the treatment. But, as many persons visit Carlsbad who do not drink the waters, provision has to be made for them also.—London Times.

Forecasting Tornadoes.

If the knowledge of tornadoes gained by solar observation were combined with that gained by the signal service, a great advance in the science of meteorology might be made. It may yet be possible by combined effort to locate a tornado path before the destruction occurs. The only case in which the forecasting of a tornado track would have been accurate was that which destroyed Rochester, Minn. Upon the previous appearance of the same solar storm a train of cars was swept from the track not far from Rochester. At the next appearance of the sun storm by the sun's revolution Rochester was destroyed. Upon the third appearance a tornado occurred to the north of Rochester. But this coincidence was not sufficient to establish a basis for locating tornado paths, although it may help to determine a method.—Rochester Democrat Chronicle.

The Difference.

This is an apple, large and round, At the top of the barrel always found.

This the apple small and mean, Always at the bottom seen.

—Bridgewater Independent.

THE FARMER'S TREASURES.

The farmer lay dying, and standing around Were his three sons, for idleness famed; They had never put shovel or hoe to the ground, And all share in the toil had disclaimed; But now they were waiting to catch his last breath, And near him they eagerly pressed To hear what, perchance, he might say before death Of the treasures they thought he possessed. "My boys"—so he whispered—"I worked for the gold That I now must bequeath unto you, Who never have helped me, though feeble and old, As more dutiful children would do. But yet I shall leave all my earnings between You three, now my life's race is run, Treating each, at this moment, as though he had been A faithful, affectionate son. "But the treasures are buried deep down in the soil—I shall not name the place where they lie—They cannot be reached without patience and toil—Which, perhaps, it won't hurt you to try." The farmer was dead, and his sons were arrayed, An army of workers at last; Every inch of the land was disturbed with the spade, And sloth was a thing of the past. But where was the wealth that their father had said Lay buried deep down in the breast Of the soil? They could get no advice from the dead; But one, less obtuse than the rest, Saw the treasures that lay in the newly-turned earth; The tale to his brothers he told, And next year the old farm laughed aloud in its mirth And bloomed out in a harvest of gold! —Edmund Lyons, in the N. Y. Clipper.

THE EMBALMED HEART.

One evening a poor physician sat in his room in Florence, wishing that some Christian soul would have pity upon his meagerly filled purse and fall ill where he should be forced to take the case in charge. Not the smallest accident or the most trifling sickness had come into his hands in weeks, and starvation was staring him in the face. At this moment a man wrapped in a dark mantle glided into his room, addressing me—"for I who write am the hero of my story"—by name: "I need your assistance, doctor," he said, in an agitated whisper, "not for the living but for the dead. My sister, who came here with me on a visit to some relatives from our home in a foreign country, has just died, and before interring her remains in this strange land I desire, according to the custom of our family, to carry away with me her embalmed heart, that so much at least of our beloved one may repose among the ashes of our kindred. My mission is to ask if you will assist me in this painful duty. It is necessary that it be done at night, and quietly, since we do not wish to start the tongues of the gossips, or to allow the servants of the house to become aware of it. Here is the certificate of her death signed by her regular physician, and as an earnest of my willingness to make the visit worth your while, allow me to lay this purse of gold upon your table." Seeing the glimmer of the large, bright pieces in the flames of my expiring lamp, I could no longer hesitate. Beside the straightforward manliness of my visitor and his evident emotion quite won my sympathy. I followed him, and after a long walk—during the latter part of which I consented to be led blindfolded—we stopped at the small side gate of a large and stately palace. Opening this, we ascended in the dark a winding staircase, proceeding in a dimly lighted corridor, emerging in a noiseless footstep, the stranger touched the spring of a secret door, which, flying back, revealed a lofty chamber lighted by a silver lamp swinging between two marble columns. Here on a low couch lay the body of a beautiful young girl. "You will excuse my personal attendance, doctor," said my guide, turning away his face as if to conceal his tears. "It is more than I can bear, and I shall wait without until your task is finished." After a brief examination of my subject, who lay as if disposed for burial, and noting with interest the fact of her extreme youth and beauty, I prepared to make an incision in the region of the heart. Quickly, but less skillfully than usual, I plunged my long, sharp knife into her breast—when, horror unspeakable!—the dead girl stirred, opened a pair of dark, imploring eyes, moaned once, as the blood gushed in a current over the bed, and then lay motionless as when I had seen her first. So completely did this circumstance unnerve me that my hand was paralyzed. Evidently the case had been one of suspended animation, and the hand that might have rescued the poor girl from the jaws of death had but served to hurl her into them. Dizzy and despairing, cursing the poverty that led me to accept this fatal commission, not daring to look a second time at my victim upon her blood-stained floor, I dashed my knife upon the floor and fled. The door opened easily, but my visitor was nowhere to be seen. My wish now was to avoid him, and I rushed headlong down the long stone staircase into the courtyard, into the street, believing the stars above a thousand watchers sat there to taunt me. How I finally reached home I know not, but when I found myself once more in the quiet of my poor room, everything as I had left it, books in their