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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes rates for one square, one inch, one month, one year, and legal advertisements.

LUCKY DAYS.

When May with apple blossoms Her loving-cup is brewing, With beams and dews and winds that get The honey from the violet, With hopes on which the heart is set, Oh, then's the time for wooing, For wooing, and for suing, Dear lad, the time for wooing!

AUNT MITTABLE'S THINGS.

The orange glow of the March twilight threw the leafless cypresses into strong relief; the little brook had burst its thick crust of ice, and sang merrily under the velvet fringes of the pussy-willows, and up from the woods there came an indescribable odor of spring. A red flag rolled up and tied around its stick by a hemp string, lay just inside the doorway, when Mrs. Grigson came in with the last pair of water that she should ever draw from the old well. She sighed as she filled the squat copper kettle and hung it over the fire.

before the fire of discarded barrel staves, ruinous packing boxes, ancient chair legs and wooden stools which had absolutely refused to be made capable of further service. "Aunt Mittable"—which name was a perversion of the good old New England praiseworthy name—had been all the mother she had known, and it seemed lonesome enough to be sitting there in the empty house with Aunt Mittable tucked away in a corner of the frozen church-yard. Her husband was dead, and her three little children were struggling up in the world as best they could. She had had a position as janitress in a public school, but she had lost it when she came to Mullen Farm to nurse Aunt Mittable in her last illness; and now she scarcely knew which way to turn. Brother Lyman, her only living relative, was poorer than herself—a good-hearted, empty-pocketed man, who occupied some position on a sailing vessel which which plied between Boston and the Azores islands. There was a mortgage on the place which had swallowed up all aspirations in the direction of selling it, and Mrs. Grigson faintly hoped that the auction sale might help to pay the expenses of her old aunt's burial. Otherwise she did not, to use her own expression, "see her way clear."

After prairie chickens. follow carefully close behind, guns cocked and ready for use. Down goes the dog as though shot dead, and this time he does not dare to look back, the tremor of his body giving warning that he can go no further without walking into the covey. The men take one, two steps—whizz—three birds rise, two to the left, one to the right! Bang! bang! bang! The man on the right kills his bird, the man on the left kills with the first barrel and misses with his second barrel. Neither hunters nor dog stir a step. The left-hand man breaks his gun, draws out the discharged shells and slips fresh ones in their places. While he is loading, up rises a fourth chicken, this time to the left. The right-hand man knocks it over, and at the discharge of his gun the chickens rise on all sides. The left-hand man gets in both barrels and knocks down two birds. They reload, and the dog to "hunt 'em up!" If the birds are plenty and the stubbles in good condition, the chances are that a covey will be found in each stubble-field. Hunters often "draw a blank," as they term it, and sometimes two coveys are found in one field. The coveys vary widely in size; sometimes as many as thirty or forty birds are found together and sometimes an old cock is found alone with a field all to himself. The chickens in different coveys also behave differently. At times they will get up singly, and in such a case two shooters will get nearly the whole covey. At other times the whole covey will rise together, and it needs quick and skillful shooting to make each of the four barrels count. If the country and flight of the birds allow, it is sometimes possible to "mark a covey" and follow them from field to field, unless they fly into the corn, when pursuit is hopeless.

A Great Irrigating Canal. There is now in progress in Merced county, California, a great irrigating canal. Merced, the capital of the county, lies in the heart of the San Joaquin valley, which has been for some years the chief wheat-producing section of the State. The valley extends from the Sierra Nevada on the east to the skirt of the coast range on the west, its greatest width being ninety miles, and its length from north to south about forty miles. The town of Merced is expected to make enormous strides when the canal is completed. The first sight of the ditch suggests the earthworks of a fort, the ground being ridged up from six to eight feet. There are 300 men at work on the canal, the undertaking has begun on March 14, 1883, and has been carried on continuously ever since. The canal will run across the country from the Merced river just above Snelling to Plainsburgh, ten miles below the city of Merced, on the Southern Pacific railroad. The slope during this whole distance is a gradual one, and the canal is carried well up on a slight elevation, so that without artificial means the water will flow over the wide extent of level valley land which is to be irrigated. The entire length of the canal will be thirty-five miles, of which sixteen miles are now completed. In the portion which has been built there is one tunnel a trifle over a mile long, and another of sixteen hundred feet is now being excavated. The general grade of the canal is one foot to the mile. Among the hands employed are 150 Chinese. They receive \$1 a day and board themselves, while the white men receive \$20 a month and their board. The Chinese live in a camp by themselves, and run their commissariat. The company which has charge of the enterprise has expended already nearly \$700,000, and it is roughly estimated that the entire cost of the work will be double that sum. Land on the banks of the canal, which was previously valued at \$2.50 per acre, has now advanced to \$8 per acre, and the owners claim that it is worth \$35 per acre. Close to the town of Merced, however, land can not be bought for less than \$150 per acre.—Chicago Times.

Humor of the Day. The golden mean—The miser. A dead beat.—The muffled drum. Inquirer asks: What must I do to make my hands soft? Do nothing.—Boston Courier. An exchange says that there is a mission in this life for dudes. We hope it is a foreign mission.—Burlington Free Press. An Iowa veteran draws a pension because ten years ago his wife struck him with a broomstick.—Burlington Free Press. "Attend your church," the parson cries; To church each fair one goes; The old go there to cross their eyes, The young to get their clothes.—Gould's Sun. "You are bound to read, I see," said Mrs. S. to her husband, who, with novel in hand, was busy among its pages. "So is this book," he replied, without looking up, and his talkative wife collapsed.—Merchant-Traveler. SHE COMPLAINED WITH HIS REQUEST. "Pray call me a pretty name," said he One night to his darling Carrie. The girl he had courted so long that she thought he never meant to marry. Up from his bosom she raised her head, And her cheeks grew red as roses, "I think I will call you 'man,'" she said, "For they say that 'man proposes'."—Boston Courier. "If you should allow me fourteen dollars per week on which to run the house," she said, as they sat together in the twilight, "and I saved three dollars per week out of that, what would you say?" "Say? Why, I'd say you ought to run it on 'leven,'" he growled, as he lighted the gas.—Detroit Free Press. Oh! for a girl with bright blue eyes, A girl that knows how to love, A girl that can make good squash pies, And is sweet as the angels above.—Oh! for a girl that will not flirt, A woman kind and true; A wife to sew buttons on your shirt, When she's not buttoning else to do.—Lynn Union.

Medical Virtues of Dogs' Tongues. M. Reimach having recently called attention to the mention, in the recently discovered inscriptions at the Temple of Esculapius, in Epidaurus, of children having been cured of blindness at that sanctuary by having their eyes licked by the sacred dogs, M. Henri Gaidoz states that he has discovered the faith and practices of the dog-cure among several peoples and in a number of religions. The Hindoos believe that the English kill dogs to obtain possession of a sovereign remedy which is found in their tongues. In a Venetian legend, St. Roch was cured by a balsam distilled from the tongue of his dog. Dogs' tongues are considered to have medical virtue by many people in Portugal, France and Scotland. In Bohemia they let dogs lick the faces of new-born children for "good luck." A belief in the existence of divinities issuing from dogs, whose office it was to lick the bruises of the wounded, once prevailed in Armenia. In a scene in one of Aristophanes' plays Pletus recovers his sight in the Temple of Esculapius after being licked by two serpents which the god sent for that purpose in answer to his prayer.