

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.

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XVIII. NO. 33.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1885.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00 One Square, one inch, one month... 5.00 One Square, one inch, three months... 6.00 One Square, one inch, one year... 24.00 Two Squares, one year... 48.00 Quarter Column, one year... 24.00 Half Column, one year... 36.00 One Column, one year... 48.00 Legal advertisements fee extra per line each in advance. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

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 copse 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 pail 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 phenomenon Mchitable—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.

faintest inclination to bloom, ran up to five; a myrtle-tree ascended the scale, and was finally knocked down at ten and a half; an oleander was bid up to three, half a dozen spindling fish-geraniums varied from fifty cents to a dollar each, and ten callas and a sickly carnation were bought by Miss Dora Daggett at seventy-five cents each; and the surplusage of pallid primroses and cactus monstrosities was lumped at a dollar to Mr. Towa, whose door-yard was laid out in carrots and parsnips, and who did not know a pokeberry bush from a holly bush.

AFTER PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

HOW THE WILD BIRDS ARE HUNTED IN ILLINOIS. The Hunters' Keen-Scented Dogs—A Sportsman's Outfit—How the Birds are Found and Killed. A Chicago letter says that a glance, almost any day, into the baggage cars of the trains leaving the city for the West and South will reveal an unusual sight. In addition to the piles of trunks, empty milk cans, and the usual promiscuous heaps of all kinds of luggage, anywhere from six to two dozen dogs of various sizes and colors may be seen securely chained in different parts of the car. They may be chained singly, in pairs, and sometimes in double pairs; but the different groups are kept carefully apart and out of each other's reach. The reason is that they are apt to be belligerent and are extremely valuable, and a "scrapping match" of even short duration might result in the destruction of serious damage of several hundred dollars' worth of property of a kind not easily replaced, and the delay of a hunting trip just begun. The secret is out. They are hunting dogs and their owners are starting out for the corn fields and grain stubbles in search of prairie chickens. Contrary to what one would naturally expect, the dogs are far from being plump and sleek after the manner of well fed and comfortably housed pets. In fact, they are quite the reverse, and, as a rule, are lean and gaunt, although clean and sound of limb. They are kept thin on purpose, that they may work easily and without fatigue, and are trained with all the care bestowed upon a champion in the ring. Few of them are valued at less than \$150, and a check for ten times that amount would not buy a number in the car. Born with the instincts of the hunting dog of pure pedigree, they have been as carefully trained as children, and at a large expense, by their owners or by professional trainers, who make a handsome living at the business. The ordinary pup is worth from \$50 to \$250, according to the size, color, disposition and pedigree, and his training costs from \$50 to \$100. If well treated and intelligently handled the trained dog is a miracle of docility and intelligence, and the hunter's bag would be woefully small without his aid.

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 was 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 Snelley 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 \$30 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 \$10 per acre. Close to the town of Merced, however, land can not be bought for less than \$150 per acre.—Chicago Times.

I'LL KNOW THEE THERE.

[G. D. Prentiss said: "No living poem can surpass in beauty the following lines from the muse of Amelina."] Pale star that, with thy soft, sad light, Comes out upon my bridal eve, I have a song to sing to-night, Before thou takest thy mournful leave. Since then so softly thy hour star'd That months have almost seemed like hours, And I am like a little bird That slept too long among the flowers,] And, waking, sits with woeless wing, Soft singing 'mid the shades of even; But, oh! with tender heart I sing— I sing of one who dwells in heaven. The winds are soft, the clouds are few, And tenderest thought my heart beguiles, As, floating up through mist and dew, The pale young moon comes out in smiles; And to the green, resounding shore In silvery tropes the ripples cove, Till all the ocean, dimpled o'er, Lifts up its voice and laughs aloud; And star on star, all soft and calm, Floats up yon arch, serenely blue; And, lost to earth, and steeped in balm, My spirit floated in ether, too. Loved one! though lost to human sight, I feel thy spirit lingering near; And softly—as I feel the light That trembles through the atmosphere, As in some temple's holy shades, Though mute the hymn and hushed the prayer, A solemn awe the soul pervades, Which tells that worship has been there; A breath of incense, lest alone, Where many a censer swung around; Which thrills the wanderer like to one Who trods on consecrated ground. I know thy soul, from worlds of bliss, Yet stops a while to dwell with me. Hath caught the prayer I breathed in this, That I at last might dwell with thee; I hear a murmur from the seas That thrills me like thy spirit's sighs; I hear a voice on every breeze That makes to mine its low replies— A voice all low and sweet like thine; It gives an answer to my prayer, And brings my soul from heaven a sign That I will know and meet thee there. I'll know thee there by that sweet face Round which a tender halo plays, Still touched with that expressive grace That made thee lovely all thy days, By that sweet smile that o'er it shed A beauty like the light of even, Whose soft expression never fled. Even when its soil had led to heaven; I'll know thee by the stary crown That glitters in thy raven hair; Oh! by these blessed sights alone I'll know thee there, I'll know thee there. For ah! thine eye, within whose sphere The sweetest youth and beauty met, That swam in love and softness yet, Most swim in love and softness yet. For ah! its dark and liquid beams, Though saddened by a thousand sighs, Were holier than the light that streams Down from the gates of Paradise— Were bright and radiant like the morn, Yet soft and dewy as the eve, Too sad for eyes where smiles are born, Too young for eyes to learn to grieve. I wonder if this cold, sweet breeze Hath touched thy lips and fanned thy brow, For all thy spirit breaths and sees Recalls thee to my memory now; For every hour we breathe apart Will but increase, if that can be, The love that fills this lonely heart. Already filled so full of thee, Yet many a tear those eyes must weep, And many a sin must be forgiven, Ere these pale lips shall sink to sleep, And you and I shall meet in heaven!

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 close their eyes, The young to see their clothes. —Goodall'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 nothing else.—Lynn's Union.

Medical Virtues of Dogs' Tongues.

M. Reimach having recently called attention to the mention in the recently discovered inscriptions at the Temple of Esculapian, 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 Hindus 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 newborn 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 Plutus recovers his sight in the Temple of Esculapian after being licked by two serpents which the god sent for that purpose in answer to his prayer.

An Intoxicating Palm.

The Missionary Herald gives an account of an inland tour lately made by the Rev. Dr. Richards, a missionary of the American Board, stationed at Inhambane, on the east coast of Africa, from which the following in relation to the Amakwawe tribe was taken: "They have no gardens at all. They are so frequently robbed by Umzila's imps (soldiers) that they have become quite discouraged. Another reason is that the native fruit is capable of sustaining life, and is abundant; and, again, the palm wine flows freely all over the country. This palm-tree is four or five feet high, seldom ten feet. It manifests little life, save at the top, where a few leaves appear, looking like a flower-pot on a stump. These leaves are all cut off, and from the cut each tree yields daily about a pint of delicious juice, but highly intoxicating when allowed to stand for a few hours. There seems to be no limit to these trees, and we were surrounded on every hand by drunken men and women. Even little children were staggering about as ingloriously as their parents. It was difficult to avoid trouble with these people, yet our guns were respected, and a ball fired carelessly at a near tree would produce quiet for half an hour. They were coarse, rough, drunken fellows, often plundering, often plundered, and accustomed to quarrels and fights not altogether bloodless. One could scarce expect to find pleasure in passing among them."

Little Johnny.

Little Johnny, on being asked by his school teacher if he knew what was meant by "at par," replied that "Ma was always at Pa when he came home late."—Life.

And now Chicago claims that pork is a brain food, being a "product" of thousands of pens.—Lawell Citizen.