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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion..... \$ 1 00
One Square, one inch, one month..... 3 00
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One Square, one inch, one year..... 12 00
Two Squares, one year..... 20 00
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Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.
Marriage and death notices gratis.
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The most profitable way to advertise is through the newspapers. They are the "abstract and brief chronicles of the times," and those who want information on any business subject consult their columns, and almost involuntarily run their eyes over the advertisements while they are in search of the news.

The French railway companies are employing women in all positions on their roads. They are ticket sellers, accountants, gate tenders, bookkeepers, letter carriers, clerks in transportation and store departments, and they have charge of lunch-rooms and newspaper stands. Altogether there are 2,500 women employed, of whom 490 are widows, who provide the sole support of their families.

Mississippi is rapidly coming forward as a dairy State. One county with the remarkable name of Oktibbeha has twenty silos, built the present year, while there were previously five others in use. There is also a creamery in full blast in that county, and if a year's experience proves a success more of them may be looked for in the immediate future, for they are rushing things down there now.

Of the 300,000,000 eggs annually used in Paris every one is inspected by being held before a candle. Rotten ones are thrown into a vat, which is emptied daily. Those "spotted" and unfit for food are sold to manufacturers, who extract their albumen and other chemical ingredients. The price of eggs is rising in Paris, owing to the increased demand of other countries and to onerous customs duties on those imported.

Victoria, born Morosini, married to Hulskamp Schelling, her father's coachman, has now secured a permanent position as a minor performer in a light opera company, where she sings five bars of music during the evening. Her husband, the famous Ernest, fallen from his high estate of coachman, conducts a raging horse car on Sixth avenue, New York. The young couple may never see the world afire again, and yet, avers the *Current*, they are undoubtedly earning more money than Victoria's father and mother made at the same age.

A steam sheep-shearing machine is successfully used in Melbourne, Australia. It consists of a cutting wheel, geared to the shaft of a small turbine, about three inches in diameter, and which is operated by a current of steam conveyed from the boiler by an india rubber tube. In front of the cutter is a comb which serves as a guard against cutting the skin of the sheep. The apparatus is made of brass, something in the shape of a small trowel. It is used in the same fashion as the shears, but cuts much more rapidly and cleaner, without the least danger of injuring the fleece or the sheep.

Many of the old railroads in the South in existence in 1880 have been purchased since by syndicates, and vastly improved and extended as to develop new territory or make new connections. Beside this, however, many millions of dollars have been expended in building new roads, and a wonderful impetus has been given to the development of the resources of the South. The increase in mileage alone in five years has been 9,323 miles. The smallest increase of any State has been in Maryland—forty-two miles—and South Carolina comes next in smallness with 136 miles. Virginia shows an increase of 794 miles, which is exceeded by only two States—Texas and Arkansas.

For an American to marry in Mexico is a somewhat serious business. He must be three times married, twice in Spanish and once in English, beside having a public notice of his intention of marriage placed on a bulletin board for twenty days before the ceremony. This is the law. The public notice can be gotten around by the payment of a sum of money, but a residence of one month is necessary. The three ceremonies are the contract of marriage, the civil marriage—the only marriage recognized by law since 1853—and the usual but not obligatory church service. The first two must take place before a judge, and in the presence of at least four witnesses and the American consul. The civil marriage is the legal form of marriage. These ceremonies are necessarily in Spanish. Most weddings are confirmed by a church service.

There is one province of Turkey that even in time of peace suffers many of the horrors of war. This is the classic province of Macedonia. In that region it is not unusual to see a Greek, Bulgarian, Turkish and Albanian village standing side by side, each as alien from the others as though separated by the Alps. It results that the dissensions so univer-

sally throughout Turkey in Europe find here their vital knot. Each race in Turkey claims this province on grounds which no one can dispute. Even in times of peace the whole province swarms with brigands, and one is hardly safe outside the walls of Salonica. Of the different competitors for the ownership of the province the sympathies of our people rather side with the Greeks. But it is hard to believe that any small power will emerge from a general Turkish war with any prize of value. For in the lap of that unhappy peninsula a new apple of discord has been thrown, on which is written, "To the strongest."

Modern surgery has achieved a great triumph in Germany. Eleven years ago Professor Nussbaum, of Munich, took charge of a boy so malformed and crippled that he was obliged to crawl about on all fours. Nine serious operations were performed, four crooked bones were broken, three stiff joints forcibly extended, several sinews cut through and nerves stretched. Weights were then attached to certain muscles, and by means of massage baths, ointments and electricity, so much progress was made that in a few years the boy was able to walk erect with the aid of crutches and a special apparatus fastened to his feet. Subsequently he was able to throw away this apparatus and exchange his crutches for a cane, and to-day he is a healthy, vigorous youth, able to walk, dance and ride on horseback.

In Brazil the telegraphic lines have to contend both with the natural decay, rapid as that is in a tropical country, and with the sudden fall of the temperature at sundown, that causes wires and insulators to break by contraction. All nature is leagued against them. The luxurious vegetation of the tropics, despite all attempts to keep it down, causes no end of trouble. Birds build their nests on top of the poles, and ants, upon their sides, while skunks and armadillos undermine them and cause their sudden fall. The ants' nests have to be chopped off with axes, when old and hard. Wasps build nests in the bell-shaped porcelain insulators, apes meddle with the wires, and enormous swarms of birds, flying by night, often wreck or tangle them. More mischievous than any of these is a huge spider that weaves its web between the wires and interferes with the electric currents. Worst of all, the tremendous tropical thunderstorms smash wires, poles, insulators, and all, almost daily in their season, despite all precautions.

A Missionary Romance.
The story of an interesting romance comes back from Constantinople concerning the little party of missionaries sent to Turkey from the vicinity of Boston, by the American board, some months ago. Among them was a Dr. Graham, an estimable young man, a descendant of Robert Bruce and a graduate of the university of Michigan. He did not go under the auspices of the American board, although traveling with the party. Early last summer he volunteered to go to Turkey as a missionary physician. The officers of the American board were very glad to gain so valuable a recruit, but the young man was unmarried. It is an inflexible rule of the American board not to send single young men to the mission fields. The services of unmarried women are readily accepted. Dr. Graham was urged to provide himself with a wife before the time of sailing. The young man hadn't thought seriously of matrimony. He certainly had no specific plans made. He did, however, make an earnest search for a wife during the few weeks interim. The details of his search no one knows but himself. At all events, the time for departure came, and he was wifeless. The American board declined to employ him, and he decided to go at his own expense. He selected Aintab, Turkey, as his field of labor, and he sailed from New York with the rest of the party. Among his fellow-missionaries was Miss Eliza Bray, a young woman of twenty-three years, of great attraction of mind and person, who for some time had been a teacher in Mount Holyoke seminary. She was assigned to Adana, Turkey. Intelligence comes from Constantinople to the effect that a mutual attachment sprang up between Dr. Graham and Miss Bray in the course of the voyage. The romance culminated in the marriage of the couple at Constantinople on the 1st inst. Both Dr. and Mrs. Graham will go to Aintab. The American board will now probably make both husband and wife its missionaries.

Tricks of Memory.
After Church.
I wish that I could remember
Our minister's Sunday text;
My memory is so treacherous
That I'm often really vexed.
When I asked about some sermon
Which I know was really fine,
It is dreadful mortifying
When I can't recall a line.
Five Minutes Later.
Did I notice Miss Jenkins' bonnet?
Yes, what a horrid shape!
And I noticed Miss Brown was wearing
Her old last season's caps.
She wears a different trimming—
Last year, you know, 'twas fur—
But I remember the garment
As well as I do her.

THE EGGS THAT NEVER HATCH.

There's a young man on the corner,
Filled with life and strength and hope;
Looking far beyond the present,
With the whole world in his scope.
He is grasping at to-morrow,
That phantom none can catch;
To-day is lost. He's waiting
For the eggs that never hatch.
There's an old man over yonder,
With a worn and weary face;
With searching, anxious features,
And weak, uncertain pace.
He is living in the future,
With no desire to catch
The golden Now. He's waiting
For the eggs that never hatch.
There's a world of men and women,
With their life's work yet undone,
Who are sitting, standing, moving
Beneath the same great sun;
Ever eager for the future,
But not content to snatch
The Present. They are waiting
For the eggs that never hatch.
—Merchant-Traveller

THE NEW DECLARATION.

Alice Brown was kneading bread at the low kitchen table. The melodious, whirring hum of the reaper came through the window, and the graceful shadows of the morning glory vines danced upon her floury molding board, and the mass of yielding dough upon which she was bestowing a great deal of unnecessary energy. Evidently the maiden's mind was not in harmony with the peaceful scene about her. A temperamental explosion seemed imminent, and Dorcas, who watched the gathering of the tempest, shrewdly reasoning that a premature outburst might mitigate the severity thereof, hastened to provoke it with the inquiry, "What seems to be the matter, Alice?"

"The girl turned quickly.
"Matter? I'm sick of this everlasting cooking, eating, and scrubbing. There has been nothing else ever since I came home from school, and there is no prospect of there ever being anything else. I don't object to work; but I should like a little variety—a chance to rest and read occasionally; though I'm sure I don't know what there is to read, if I had the opportunity."
"There's a passel of books on the mantel in the parlor," said Dorcas, placidly.
"Oh, yes! There's an old dictionary, and last year's almanac, and 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and Baxter's 'Saint's Rest'—one would have to turn into a genuine saint to get a chance to rest in this house—and a few more antiquated volumes that give me the blues to look at them. I'd like something a little more modern and spicy. I want *Harpers' Magazine*, and the *Century*, and the *Woman's Journal*."
"Well," said the practical Dorcas, "why don't you send for them?"
"Because I haven't a cent to bless myself with, though I have worked in this kitchen steadily ever since I came home. Women never do have any money, it seems to me. Just think of it, Dorcas," and she gave the dough a vindictive punch by way of emphasizing her statement, "here is my father, the richest man in the county, with the largest farm, the best stock and machinery, with plenty of leisure, and money in the bank; and my mother, who has worked just as hard, and helped to earn it all just as much as he has, is practically a pauper. She has toiled many an hour when he was asleep, and yet she has nothing to show for her incessant labor, nothing that she can call her own. Yesterday when the agent for the *Household Magazine* called, she wanted to subscribe, but couldn't, because she didn't possess the paltry dollar and a half, and father didn't think it was necessary. Poor mother! Her pale, patient face haunts me daily. No wonder she is old and wrinkled and worn out at fifty, having had, all her busy life, only what some one else thought was 'necessary'! If I thought my life was to be a copy of hers, I should want to end it now. But it never shall be. I'll inaugurate a new system, have a Declaration of Independence, and earn my own money."
"What will you do?" queried Dorcas.
"I'll apply for the school in this neighborhood. I haven't a very finished education, I know, but I think I could teach the 'deestrick school' as successfully as that headless college boy who was here last fall."
"Your pa will never let you, Alice."
"I shall not ask him. I am twenty-one, and shall do as I please. I will have my papers and mother shall have her magazine if she wants it. She has earned it a million times over."
"And what will you do with Ralph Ellis?" asked Dorcas, slyly.
The girl's face flushed a rosy red, but she answered bravely: "I'll let him entirely alone. I do not deny that I used to think I might be willing to marry him, if he gave me the opportunity. I thought I could find my happiness in washing his milk pans, making his butter, and cooking for his hired men; but I've changed my mind. I should only be his maid-of-all-work all my life, as mother has been father's before me. I should have to live on a daily diet of self-denial and sacrifice, and I find I have no appetite for that sort of food. There," she added in a different tone, giving the shapely loaves a parting pat, "the bread is finished."
"And it looks nice, too," said Dorcas, admiringly; "but if it ever dares to come up after all that punchin' and poundin' you have given it, I shall have great respect for that yeast of mine."
"Oh, it will come up, never fear. There are some things in this world that cannot be kept down."
"I believe you, Alice, and I shouldn't wonder if you was one of them. But,

dear me! here it is coming on ten o'clock, and the chickens ain't even killed yet," and snatching her gingham sunbonnet from its nail, she left the kitchen in haste.

Dodging around the corner of the wood-shed in her usual hurried fashion, she came unexpectedly face to face with a handsome, sunburned young farmer, whose mischievous smile told its own story of lishers and the old adage. He held up a warning finger.
"It is all right, Dorcas; don't say a word!" and comprehending the situation at a glance, Dorcas, with a nod of her wise head and a suppressed giggle, disappeared in the direction of the barn-yard.

Alice carried out her intentions before she slept. She walked, unannounced, into the presence of the nearest school-director, and shocked that worthy individual into a state of temporary stupefaction by announcing that she would like to engage the district school for the fall term, at the same rate of compensation given the young man they usually employed. The spectacle of the rickety Farmer Brown's daughter wanting to "earn her own living" so overcame her listener that it was some time before Alice clearly understood that so important a matter must be laid before his brother directors before a decision could be rendered; but, having understood it, she went quietly homeward to await the result. One thing was certain, whether her application were successful or not, she would never settle down to a round of ceaseless toil with no money and no privileges, such as had always been her mother's portion. Life must hold something more and better, or it was not worth the having.

Three weeks later a tow-headed boy, with bare brown feet and a perilous need of the ministrations of a handkerchief, appeared at the Brown domicile with a mysterious package for "Miss Alice."

"Where did you get it?" questioned Alice.
"He gin it to me. Mr. Ellis, you know. He said he'd gin me a quarter if I bring it home."

Mindful of her possible occupation, Alice paused to re-examine with the ungrammatical specimen. "You should not say 'bring,' Isaac; there is no such word."
"Ain't there now, Miss Alice? Well, 'pears like there oughter be, it comes so easy and nat'ral like. But you'll tell Mr. Ellis the bundle was all right?"
"Oh, yes, I'll tell him. You shall have your quarter."

With a snip of her shining scissors, the cord was severed, and several fresh uncut magazines, with copies of the *Woman's Journal* and other periodicals for which she hungry soul had longed, fell into her lap. As she turned them over and over, a note bearing her address, fell from the folds of one of the papers. Hastily breaking the seal, she read as follows:
"MY DEAR ALICE—Please accept the enclosed with the best wishes of the giver; and permit me to state that I am ready to sign your new 'Declaration of Independence' whenever you will allow me the opportunity. I believe most devoutly in its thirty-nine articles—or more, if it has them—and shall be only too happy to endorse them openly, one by one. My home is a humble one, as you already know; but its mistress—if her name is Alice—shall reign supreme therein. She shall wash no milk-pans, make no butter and cook for no hired man, unless she chooses; she shall have all the magazines and papers her soul longs for, an undisturbed possession of half the contents of the family pocket-book, and the unwerving devotion of a man who believes in equal rights and privileges for even the weakest atom of humanity. It seems to me that together it will not be difficult to solve the problems of life, and make the most of its opportunities.
Very truly yours,
RALPH ELLIS.

P. S. I am compelled to inform you that the "deestrick school" is already taken by Squire Jones' nephew, a circumstance which I cannot regret, as I think the other situation which is open to you can be made far more pleasant and profitable.
R. E.
And Alice thought so, too.—*Woman's Journal.*

Government Farms.

There are many queer attachments to this great and complicated machinery of government, says a Washington letter. How many people know that the United States is a landlord on a large scale. Titles to no less than eighteen farms in South Carolina are vested in the nation. These improved places vary in size from 40 to 890 acres, the average being about 100 acres. They were bid in by tax-commissioners of the United States away back in reconstruction days, and under the existing statutes no authority can be found to permit their redemption or to sell them. Congress passed an act twelve or fifteen years ago providing for the disposition of the income from the farms. They are in the custody of the internal revenue collector, who adds to his ordinary duties of looking to the tax on liquors and tobacco the renting and keeping of the property. Under special legislation to meet this case, the rents received are invested in government bonds, and the interest on these bonds goes to the support of schools in the parishes of St. Helena and St. Luke, South Carolina. Last year the farms yielded a rental of only \$327.43, and the year before not half that. The endowment fund grows. It now amounts to \$47,800 in United States 4's and \$700 in 4's. The income from the bonds is about \$2,000, which is disbursed in the parishes by a board called the South Carolina free school commissioners.

A Pigeon in Love With a Piano.

A young lady in this city has a pet pigeon that is very fond of music. When she wants it she goes into the parlor and commences playing the piano, and no matter where the pigeon is, it will start immediately for the parlor and perch itself on the piano. It appears to be perfectly delighted with the music, showing unmistakable signs of pleasure.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun.*

A WONDERFUL NEW DRUG.

THE USE OF COCAINE AS AN ANAESTHETIC.

History of its Discovery—Used on General Grant—What Leading Doctors Think of its Effects.

The excitement which prevailed in the medical world a year or so ago at the announcement from Heidelberg by Dr. Henry D. Noyes that a new and powerful anaesthetic had been discovered in Europe is being revived again. The honor of the discovery was given to a young student at Vienna who has since become famous as Dr. Koller. He sent a vial of his newly-discovered extract to a well-known physician of Trieste, to be used experimentally before the ophthalmological congress Heidelberg, where it proved a most wonderful success. Soon after the communication reached America experiments were tried here by Dr. Charles R. Agnew and several of his assistants with similar success. This new anaesthetic is cocaine. It was used very successfully in the sickness of General Grant, and in that way it was brought before the notice of the public. The people caught up the cry of a universal panacea and cure-all, and the demand for the drug was enormous. It fortunately, however, was very expensive, and could be afforded only by the rich. Since then the price has been very much reduced, and the use of cocaine is now said to be very extensive.

In speaking of the matter Dr. Douglas, who attended General Grant during his fatal illness, said yesterday: "I have used cocaine very little since its discovery, and only in weak solutions. I have never used it internally or hypodermically. In the case of General Grant it was most efficacious and was entirely successful. The first time I used it was December 16, 1884, when the general came into my office and complained of his throat and the trouble he had in swallowing. He had not been able to drink a glass of cold water in many days. He sat down on the sofa there, and I applied a weak solution to his throat. He felt almost immediately relieved, and in a few moments was able to swallow a glass of iced water without any pain and with the greatest satisfaction. We used local applications of the drug several times again when he was suffering great pain, and always with most marked success. The public is greatly mistaken in thinking we used the anaesthetic constantly, for there were several weeks in the spring when we obtained from its use entirely. We began its use again in May some time, I think, and continued applications whenever it was absolutely necessary to kill his pain, which was intense. He was never allowed, however, to treat himself, and a physician always watched by him after the anaesthetic was administered. We never dared to use a powerful solution—four per cent was the strongest we ever used—for it was too great a case to experiment with. We confined ourselves strictly to treatment which had been verified in hundreds of cases. I have a statement in the general's own handwriting as to what he thought of cocaine, and some time, perhaps, I may publish it.

"I would not, however, like to express my opinion yet, as I hardly feel that I have tested the matter sufficiently. Cocaine is, of course, an intensely powerful drug, and when taken in excess is, like any other drug, dangerous. It is not the use but the abuse of cocaine that the papers should deprecate. I can only say this, whenever I have used it, it has been very successful."
Dr. Doremus, who has made a special study of cocaine and its use, could not speak too highly in its praise. "It is too bad," he said, "that the benefits which might accrue from the proper use of cocaine are very much hindered by the abuse which worthless people indulge in. I have suggested to one or two medical associations that the druggists be instructed to label the drug poisonous, which has not been done before. The advent of this splendid anaesthetic is a great thing, and the drug has become invaluable. I have made very complete tabulations respecting the various symptoms of cocaine treatment, and I have yet only been able to ascertain one death, which occurred in the West. The person who died from the effects of the drug was a woman who was her own physician. She probably did not know how to treat herself."
Dr. Leonard Corning said: "I hold that cocaine is almost as wonderful and important a discovery as electricity. It is a most effective anaesthetic. Its province has been mostly confined by specialists to the eye and ear, but it has been employed in nervous diseases with the best of results. In my own particular case it has never failed. The experience of other physicians with whom I have consulted confirms my own. I am very sorry that it is gaining such a fearful notoriety by its improper use, for it can only retard medical progress by the false antipathy people get against it."
—*New York World.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Quite well off—The leaves.
An amendment to the constitution—A wooden leg.—*Holt Springs News.*
The Russians are light eaters. At least they eat lots of candles.—*Danielle Breeze.*
Curious investigators have discovered that the Siamese twins were well connected.—*Life.*
"I haven't a wrap," said she, sweetly, one day.
"Never a wrap to wear."
"And I haven't a rap to buy you one,"
"Said he, with a saintly air."
—*Boston Budget.*

"The old scratch is in it," said a man as he contemplated a fine, large, fat buckwheat cake.—*Merchant-Traveller.*
Some men will take more time to name a dog than others would spend in building a house.—*Chicago Ledger.*
Dudes have begun to wear bracelets. An old-fashioned cuff alongside the head will show them how an ear rings.—*New York Journal.*

Oh, I wear a celluloid collar,
I can buy four of them for a dollar,
I'm a dude from Wayback,
Who never could stay back,
I'm a regular hand-box Apollo."
—*Lyon Union.*
"Queer, isn't it? A man who will swallow any kind of a dish with an imposing French name will be scared to death if he catches a cold with a Greek or Latin title.—*Lowell Citizen.*
—There was once a noted detective,
Whose opinion was far from defective,
When he looked in the glass,
He remarked: "You're an ass."
Which showed that his mind was reflective.
—*Goodall's Sun.*

When one hears of the large amount of lead that is being shot into the lakes and ponds every year, in proportion to the duck taken out, one cannot help thinking of the valuable lead mines that are being formed for future generations to discover.—*Siftings.*
THE MERRY MILKMAN.
The milkman merrily winketh his horn,
And his feeleth as fine as silk,
As he filleteth the pails by the pump at morn,
With his beautiful sky-blue milk.
Oh, what is the joy that filleteth his cup,
And why doth he gaily cavort?
Because the price of the fluid's gone up
'Bout a penny or two per quart.

New Use for the Nose.
The old story of how Mozart made use of his long nose when executing a piece on the piano which would have been impossible but for this way of making up for the want of an elevated finger, has often comforted people afflicted with an olfactory organ of unusual length. But the full use of the nose has only lately been discovered by a community of young Italians, who claim that by the adroit pressure of the nostrils with thumb and forefinger, supplemented by judicious breathing, the softest, sweetest melodies can be executed, and that the Italian's favorite air, "The Delight of Love," is never more charming than when executed on the nosebone, this being the aristocratic name by which the new-born art has been called. Novel, indeed, and original is this musical instrument, but, considering how many people sing through their noses already, it is doubtful whether the new invention will add to the sum of human happiness.—*Pull Mall Gazette.*

His Choice.

See the pretty chickens root among the
bottles,
See their shining feathers, see their scarlet
wattles.
All the day they're scratching in the garden
cool,
And they never, never have to go to school.
Sleeping in the tree-top, down they come at
morn,
When they hear the shower of the golden
corn.
Along on merry winglets they can lightly
skim;
But down in the duck-pond they can never
swim.
So I think I'd rather be a little boy,
With a double-barreled pistol for a toy.
I would be no chicken—here's the reason why;
I should feel so funny, made into pie.
—*Puck.*