Forest Republican.

VOL. XVIII. NO. 40.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1886.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

Marriage and death notices gratia, All bills for yearly advertisements collected carrierly. Temporary advertisements must be peld in advence.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one impertion...... 1 00 One Square, one inch, one mouth 9 6

Inif Column, one yest...... 80 80

Job work-cash on delivery.

The Chase estate in England is reputed to be worth \$800,000,000, and there are about 800 persons in this country who claim to be heirs to it. England will have to mortgage some of her furniture if she pays all these demands in cash.

Will some one write a history of China? President Angell considers this a fair field for the future historian. He will have to struggle with the lists of the Han, the How-Chow, and the Tae-Taing dynasty, but that is nothing to an enthumiastic spirit such as is needed to construct any living picture of the past,

A prize of \$5,000 was offered some time ago by Mr. Lorillard, of New York, for the discovery of the key of the ancient Maya alphabet. The offer is still standing. Dr. Le Plongeon, who has recently returned from a twelve years, study of the ruins and monuments in Yucatan, is thus far the strongest competitor for the award.

According to the New York Commereial Enquirer, a company of fruit growers has been formed in California, with a capital of \$250,000, to carry on the business of shipping truit to the eastern markets. They expect to run fruit trains daily from Sacramento, made up of cars for the principal points of distribution in the Eastern and Middle States, and by putting them through on passenger train time to supply at the metropolis in good condition and at reasonable prices the vast quantity of fruit that now goes to waste in California for lack of some such system for utilization,

A traveler entered a town in southwestern Kentucky on "court day," when the streets were full of people from the country and the stores were crowded with customers. There was quite a brigade of horse traders on hand, and from the well-to do farmer, with his prancing roan, down to the dilapidated darkey, with his rickety old mule, that looked like a relie from Noah's ark, all had their say and their trade, and imagined that they had the best of it. That is one of the mysteries of the business. One hundred men can make fifty trades, and every man of them make money by it. It destroyed there was a satisfactory inreminds me of a group of boys I once knew who boasted that they could meet to 22,775. The destruction of poisonous together every Sunday and make two or three dollars apiece trading jackets."

Crater lake is thus described in a petition that is being numerously signed in | satisfactory increase, although it natur-Oregon to make a national reservation ally happens that here and there a too of the wonder. The surface of the lake adventurous snake killer pays for his is 6,300 feet above sea level, and it is daring with his life. about eight miles long and six miles wide. It contains a circular island 600 feet high, on which is found an extinct crater which is ninety feet deep and 475 feet in diameter. In another portion of the lake is found a conical shaped rock which is perpendicular, and rises to an altitude of 2,290 feet above the water's surface. Other rocks of remarkable form and elevation tower high above the lake. The lake walls are nearly perpendicular, and vary in altitude from 1,000 to 2,000 feet.

The microphone-an electric strethoscope whose sensitiveness to the faintest sounds as making "the walk of a fly seem like the tramp of an elephant"-is likely to become of great use in medical diagnosis. In the Atlanta Medical and Surgical Journal, Dr. Eve describes an interesting series of experiments made by him with the instrument. He was ab'e to detect the nature of obscure fractures by the character of the sounds conducted through the instrument, and could differentiate aneurisms from tumors by the sound of pulsation. Intracranial and muscular sounds were made out with great clearness, and in diagnosis for stone the instrument worked with mathematical accuracy. The doctor suggests that an audiphone constructed on the principle of the microphone would prove inestimable to people of impaired hearing.

Many cases of heroism occurred in the city of Saragossa, Spain, during the recent cholera epidemic. Every citizen gave money, food or labor to the suffering. A poor washerwoman, bringing home clothes to a lady whom she found in a state of collapse, in which it was impossible to warn her, threw off her dress, jumped into bed, took the dying woman into her arms, and chafed the clammy limbs until circulation was restored. When the disease had spent itself the Spanish government offered rewards to the principal officials, who promptly refused them. It then bestowed the grand cross of the Order of Beneficence on the entire city. This cross is given only to a few individuals, who have risked their lives for the help of others; there is no order more highly valued in Spain. Never before has it been conferred on an entire town.

A noble instance of courage and presence of mind is recorded in a New Zealand paper. A child, which was on the track of a down-grade train, was rescued when the engine was within two yards of it, by the engineer leaping down and seizing it. He was himself thrown off without severe injury by the cowcatcher. An English paper frankly says: "Had the affair taken place in England, where engines are not provided with cowcatchers, the driver would have paid the penalty for his bravery with his life."

The Boston Record gives the following good illustration of the confusion which the blending of old and new fashious in some of our modern houses produces in the minds of plain people. "A visitor at a fashionable West End mansion, the other day, was from the country, and had not been in Boston for several years. During this period his host had built a spick an span new house on the site of his old one. After going over the gayly decorated establishment, surveying the sumptuous drawing rooms and the resthetic attics, the guest came down to the lower floor, where the rooms, instead of having large plate glass windows like those above, had exceedingly small panes, in imitation of the fashions of a century or more ago. The innocent rural visitor naturally supposed that here was a veritable vestige of the past. "Well, John," said he, 'I'm real glad you've kept part of the old house, though it's an awful small part.""

The wild beast pest but slowly disappears in British India. There is, however, a slight decrease in the loss of life from the bites of wild a simals and venomous snakes. The numbers are 22,905 for 1883 and 52,425 for 1884. The numbers representing those due to snake bites are 20,067 and 19,629 in the two years respectively. The reported loss of cattle amounted to 49,672, against 47,778 in the previous year. Of these, 47,944 are said to have been caused by wild animals and 1,728 by snakes. Tigers and leopards are shown to have been about equally destructive, having killed 19,680 and 19,699 head of cattle respectively. In the number of wild animals crease from 19,890 in the previous year snakes is enormous, but the numbers have declined from 412,782 to 380,981. Wherever the system of rewards have been pursued the figures have shown a

Noses and Ears.

With the astrologers a large nose was always a sign of much character of some kind, but that was determined by other characteristic marks. A Roman nose was a sign of a courageous temper and a disposition to face and overcome difficulties, while a more strongly aquiline nose was an indication of rapacity; the idea being evidently borrowed from the similarity of this description of beak to that of the eagle, the most rapacious of birds. The snub nose showed little character but much temper, while the Greek nose, even, straight and regular, was a sign of the temperament of the owner. Large nostrils indicated good lungs, health and long life, while swelling nostrils showed a warlike spirit and fire. A very sharp nose was considered an indication of a busybody, while a bluntness at the end of this member was an outward sign of the possessor's mental lack of acuteness. Large cars were always bad, the similarity between their owner and the donkey being supposed to extend further than the cars, while small ears were always good. The lobe of the ear passing insensibly into the check was a sure sign of a th of and liar, while an exceedingly sharp division between the two indicated honesty and candor. Thick ears meant thick brains, while thin, delicate cars declared their possessor to be a man of refined intelli-

Two Stories of Grant.

After General Grant had appointed Judge Taft secretary of war, he invited a number of leading Republican Senators to dine with him at the White House, that they might become personally acquainted. He forgot, however, to invite Judge Taft, who consequently was not present so those invited to meet him did not have the pleasure of seeing

On another occasion, when Congress was investigating the Washington real estate pool, General Grant sent one of his sons to the Capitol to invite Informally a dozen Republican Senators to dine at the White House for a conference. The young Grant mistook that stauch Democrat, Senator Eli Saulsbury, for Senator Morrill, of Vermont. and so invited the Delawarian. His presence acted like an extinguisher on all political talk, and he, after having wondered all through the dinner why he was invited, hurriedly took his leave when the eigars were introduced .- Ben: Perley

Liquid fuel is exciting much attention in England. With a view to its use the Russian Black Ses Navigation company is building a large fleet of tauk steamers to import petroleum in bulk.

ONE AT A TIME.

One step at a time and that well placed, We reach the grandest height;

One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores Will slowly come to light; One seed at a time, and the forest grows; One drop at a time, and the river flows

One word at a time, and the greatest book Is written and is read; One stone at a time and a palace rears

Aloft its stately head; One blow at a time, and the tree's cleft through

And a city will stand where the forest grew A few short years before.

One foe at a time, and he subdued, And the conflict will be won; One grain at a time, and the sand of life Will slowly all be run;

One minute, another, the hours fly; One day at a time, and our lives speed by Into eternity!

One grain of knowledge, and that well stored. Another and more on them,

And as time rolls on your mind will shine With many a garnered gem Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell, "One thing at a time, and that done well,"

Is wisdom's proven rule. -Golden Days.

AN OLD CLOCK.

It was a bright, breezy June day, and in the big kitchen of a comfortable-looking house on the outskirts of the little town of Springvale a young girl in a purple calico dress, with her round arms

bared to her shoulders, was churning. She was tall, and rather slender, with a quiet, thoughtful face and earnest dark eyes; but there was nothing melancholy in either her appearance or manner: and, as she raised and let fall the dasher, she hummed the air of a hymn she and John Henderson had sung together in church the evening before. She was engaged to John, and he took her to prayermeeting every Thursday evening, as a matter of course. It was only what was expected of every young man in Springvale under the same circumstances.

John and Prudence had been "keeping company," as the Springvale people termed it, for five years, and still there seemed no prospect of their marriage; for John's farm was old and overworked : he had no money to spend in enriching the soil, and he had his sister Thirza to superior charms, that Prudence had gone support. But Prudence Dennison, being of a gentle, patient disposition, did not grumble or fret over the delay. She loved John with all her heart, and thought him well worth any number of years of waiting.

Her mother did not agree with her in thought Prudence could do better than marry John Henderson, and felty sure that there were many other young men in Springvale who would come forward her heart sank like lead in her breast self out of the way. She treated her like to him.

She was sitting by the kitchen table, paring apples for pies while Prudence churned. She was an old woman with rusty gray hair, sharp blue eyes, and a She was "her father over again," the country people said.

Neither Prudence nor her mother ever talked much, and this morning the silong time, save by the loud ticking of the old clock in the hall, and the occasional snatches of a hymn which Prudence hummed softly to herself. Mrs. Dennison was the first to speak.

"I expect John Henderson's told you bout that girl Miss Peck's took to board?" she said, as she rose and went into the pantry for some pie-pans. "No," answered Prudence, pausing in

her churning; "he didn't mention her.

"Dear knows!" said Mrs. Dennison. 'Miss Peck's so close-mouth, nobody kin get a word out'n her. 'Pears to me l'd ask John bout her if I was you. Miss Barker was tellin' me yestidday that he'd been up to see her 'most every day since she come. They say, she's awful pretty, an' puts on lots of style. Seems strange John didn't say nothin' 'bout her. Miss Barker was sayin' as how it didn't look none too well for him to be runnin' up there so much. It'd be jes' like him to give you the go by, now he's took a new fancy. Men are mighty onstable. You can't place no dependence on 'em and there's no denyin' you're gettin' on. You can't blame men for likin' what's young and pretty;" and Mrs. Dennison drew a long sigh as she walked slowly across the

Prudence made no reply, and her face was hidden from her mother's gaze. She was bending over the churn, adjusting the lid, which she had lifted a moment before in order to see the condition of the butter.

room to the stove, and deposited a pie

in the capacious oven.

Dennison did not speak again. When the pies were all in the oven, she left Prudence to attend to them and went up stairs. Prudence presently heard her moving about in the room

overhead. The girl continued to churn steadily, but she did not sing any more; and there was a troubled look in her dark eyes bolted the front door.

A shadow fell across the kitchen floor, and, raising her head, Prudence saw a jauntily dressed man standing in the and an enormous watchchain, and the hand with which he was twisting the ends of a long, red mustache was adorned with an enormous amethyst ring.

"Good morning," he said, with a low lars for it."

bow, and a smile which showed all his teeth. "I'm round after old clocks, and a woman living a little way back of here told me you had one. Want to sell

"No," answered Prudence. "I would not think for a moment of selling my clock. It belonged to my grandfather."
"Let me see it," said the stranger. "I'm interested in these old clocks. The

up for a firm in Harrisburg." "He entered the kitchen as he spoke, and Prudence, after a moment's hositation, led the way into the hall.

The clock stood at one side of the hall door. It was eight feet tall, with enormous wooden ornaments on the top resembling antiers, and a door half way down the case, that, when opened, disclosed two great iron weights on chain pulleys, and a big brass pendulum that swung slowly back and forth with a solemn "tick! tick!" that some people, alone in the house, would have found unbearable. But Prudence liked it. She was as fond of the old clock as if it had been a living thing, and had never thought of herself as an inmate of John's house without a mental vision of the old

clock there, too.
"This would just suit a lady that's been after me for one," said the man, looking admiringly at the old-fashioned face of the clock, with its wreath of flowers encircling the lower part, and big, jolly-faced moon at the top. now, you'd better sell it. I'm willing to give you fifteen dollars for it,"

Prudence shook her head. "My grandfather left it to me when he died," she said, "and I can't sell it." The man argued the matter with her

for a little while, but finding her firm, finally went away.

That afternoon, when dinner was over and the house put in order, Prudence dressed herself in her best muslin gown and went out to take a walk. Her mother looked after her with some curiosity as she closed the gate behind her. It was Prudence's custom to sit down at her sewing when the work was done. She seldom went out except to attend to some necessary purchases, which were always discussed openly before she left.

assigning some good reason for it.
"What I said 'bout that girl kinder stirred her up, I expect," commented Mrs. Dennison, who would have been greatly amazed had she known that it was for the purpose of seeing the girl in question, and judging for herself of her

She had never before gone out without

Her walk was not in vain. As she approached Mrs. Peck's house, she saw a lovely vision on the front porch-a tiny creature with a quantity of golden hair piled on top of her small head; a delicate, pale face, and a graceful figure arthis. She was anything but patient rayed in some soft, white material gathand amiable about the matter. She cred in at the waist with a very broad She | ered in at the waist with a very broad cardinal sash.

Prudence did not doubt for a moment as suitors if John would only take him- Was it any wonder that John admired this dainty creature? He would have daughter's lover very coldly in conse- been less than a man if he had not. And, quence, and made no secret of her dis- oh, how different she looked from any girl Prudence had ever seen before!

Poor Prudence! Her life had been a very quiet, monotonous one, and she had never known the necessity for pretty dresses and gay ribbons. She had at necessary in the way of personal raiment, her face. He put his arm and her selections had invariably been and drew her to his side. made with a view to durability and economy. She had never owned a sash in her life, nor a pair of slippers, and she lence of the kitchen was unbroken for a had worn her chestnut hair in the same quiet fashion for the past ten years. She walked past the house very slow-

until she reached the open country. Then she sat down under a great tree in a se-cluded lane, and tried to think calmly over this new phase in her quiet life-a phase she had never dreamed would en-

It was almost dusk when she reached red mustache. - Florence B. Hallowell, home, and she passed through the kitchen without speaking to her mother, who was setting the table for supper. As with a settled purpose, she entered the gloomy parlor on the right of the hall, and threw open the shutters. There was an old-fashioned mirror between windows, and after a moment's hesitation she stepped before it and looked in. She stood motionless a long time, her dark eyes strangely troubled, her slim, brown hands clasped before

With a heavy sigh she turned away at last, and looked about her. Everything was the worse for wear, in spite of care ful usage: for the parior had been fur-nished when Mrs. Dennison had come to the house a bride, forty years before. On the mantel were the little china ornaments Prudence had received as birthday and Christmas gifts when a child.

'I'm getting on, as mother said. can see that now. I never thought of it before. But a couple of new dresses, bright ribbons-those things count for a good deal with a man, I suppose. don't know it, perhaps, but he is influenced by them. Thus murmuring to herself, Prudence

advanced to the windows to close the shutters, but paused as she saw the stranger with the red mustache standing

"Came back to see if you had changed your mind about that clock," he said, with a famillar smile. Prudence went into the hall and un-

"Wait here a moment," she said to the man. "I went to speak to my mother.

She went into the kitchen, her eyes doorway. He wore a gray tweed suit shining with a new light, her breath

man here who will give me fifteen dol-

"It's yours. Do as you please with it," answered Mrs. Dennison, who had never possessed a particle of sentiment. "But look out that he don't give you counterfeit money.

Prudence gave a long sigh when she saw the old clock carried out of the hall and put into the stranger's wagon; and that night she woke up half a dozen times with a sense of some great loss folks in the large cities have taken a having fallen upon her. And, oh, how notion to 'em lately, an' I'm buying 'em she missed the "tick-tick" of the solemn old pendulum!

But the next morning, as soon as her honsehold duties were done, she went to the best store in the town and bought the material for a white dress, and four yards of broad sash ribbon of a rich cardinal hue.

When John called Monday evening he did not recognize the figure that came forward to meet him, and stared at it a moment in mute astonishment.

"Is this really you, Prue?" he asked. "Why, child, what have you been doing to yourself! I don't know you in this

new gown." "But don't you like me in it, John?" asked Prudence, with trembling lips.

John shook his head.

"It may do for some girls-that little one up at Mrs. Peck's, for instance," he said; "but I think little brown wrens better than butterflies, Prue."

Prudence had been in a morbid, miserable frame of mind for four long days, and was completely unstrung. As John ceased speaking she burst into tears, and then threw herself down on the old lounge, where she had sobbed herself to sleep many a time during her childhood.

John's arms were around her at once. He was startled and surprised by the sudden outburst, so unlike his quiet, gentle Prue, and it was a long time before he could win her to tell him her whole story. But he knew it all at last. Prue confessed even her jealousy of Mrs. Peck's boarder.

"You're a little goose," said John, when at length her tears were dried, and she was smiling again, "Mrs. Peck's boarder is my Cousin Sam's wife. They had a quarrel, and she ran away from him and came here to Mrs. Peck, who is her aunt. Sam wrote me all about it, and I've been trying to patch the matter It's been hard work, she's such a silly little thing-so unlike you, Pruebut I got her to promise that she will go back home to-morrow. And so you sold the old clock in order to buy a new dress and a red sash? Oh, Prue! Prue!"

"I see now how foolish I was," said Prudence, with a sigh. "But thought

"I'll hear what you thought when I tell you the news," interrupted John. "It's the strangest thing! It seems that Thirza has been corresponding for several months with a gentleman she met at the camp-meeting last summer, and has decided to marry him."

"Really!" gasped Prudence. "Yes; the wedding is to be in August, and I want you to come when she goes. Will you?

When Prudence, after her quiet wedding, walked into the house which she and John were to share together henceforth, the first thing she saw was her grandfather's old clock standing in the hall, ticking as solemnly and regularly as if it had never been moved.

She turned to her husband, glad tears thin, stooping figure. Prudence did not ways bought only what was absolutely in her eyes, and a questioning look on bear the slightest resemblance to her. necessary in the way of personal raiment, her face. He put his arms around her,

"This is my wedding gift to you, Prue," he said. "I hunted up that man with the red mustache the very day after I learned you had sold the clock, and bought it back."

'You couldn't have given me anyly, and kept straight down the street thing I would have prized more, dear John," said Prue,

But she never knew that the wedding gift had been the one extravagance of his prudent life. He had paid seventyfive dollars for it, but no one ever knew it except himself and the man with the

A Decorated Goblet.

An interesting home-made method of natural decoration consists simply in taking a glass or goblet and placing in the interior a little common salt water. In a day or so, a slight mist will be seen upon the glass-hourly this will grow until in a very short time the glass will prescut a beautiful appearance, it being enlarged to twice its thickness and be covered with beautiful salt crystals, packed upon one another exactly like some peculiar fungus or animal growth. It is necessary to place a dish beneath the glass, as the crystals will run over, if the term can be used. The glass can be made additionally beautiful by placing in the salt and water some common red ink. This will be absorbed, as it were, and the white surface covered with a rich red coat, which, in turn, can be covered by blue or any color by the introduction of inks or tints. No more simple method of producing luexpensive and beautiful oraments can be imagined, and by using different shapes of vases and shades, ar endless variety of beautiful forms can be produced, pleasing alike to young and old .- Scientific American.

Crimson Tipped.

She has sunny, golden hair, She is exquisitely fair, And her eyes of blue are gorgeous in their While her lips are roby bright,

And her tooth are pearly white: And, in fact, she, as a possity, is a buster. But, despite her charms so rare, And her fascinating air. e knowledge that of them all men are

coming fast.

"Would you care if I sold the old She in life no pleasure finds.

For the frosty autumn winds.

For the frosty autumn winds.

Tint her lovely nose with red when she goes walking.

-Goodall's Bun.

SLUMBER-LAND.

Oh, haby mine, the night is here, The night that drifts us slowly near The realms of Slumber-land.

Gently the waters ebb and flow, Creeping through nodding lids of snow, That border Slumber-land.

Mother's arms are the sails and boat, And mother's voice the winds that float Your bark to Slumber-land. Beautiful dreams, instead of sands,

Fleeting visions people the strands Of far-off Siumber-land. Sleepy sands that ereep into eyes

Ever so open, ever so wise,

Wafted from Slumber-land. Hush! I'm sure you are almost there, Breathing the drowsy, mystic air That floats through Slumber-land.

Now a kiss on the rosy face, Just to show we have won the race-The race to Slumber-land. -Adelaide Samson.

IUMOR OF THE DAY.

Billiards must be an easy game, for it's mostly done on cushions .- Stockton Mav-

The average postage stamp generally gets in place after it has been well licked. -Electric Light.

A canal horse should never be hard He can always draw on the bank. -St. Paul Herald.

There is no hen so self-contained but that she is liable to lose her head .-Binghamton Republican,

"What is your idea of love, Mr. Sinnick?" "Three meals a day, and well cooked .- Chicago Ledger."

When she was younger and wore the queens' wreath,
She was the finest sorrano you met, oh!
But now she's grown older, with a set of
false teeth,

I find that her voice is falsetto.

—Gorkam Mountaineer. Three editors are members of the Delta (Cal.) brass band. They were driven to it in self-defense. — Burlington Free

Press. Strange, that with the 21,000,000 but-tons manufactured in this country last year, we still have to fasten our suspend-

ers on with a shingle nail .- Palmer A nicely sharpened lead pencil is the only thing in creation that defies the law

of gravitation. The lighter end always strikes the floor first. - Burlington (Vt.) Free Press. A LOVER'S COMPLIMENT.

"A pretty thing in gloves," said she,
"I wish to get a perfect glove,"
"The prettiest thing in gloves," said he,
"Are those white hands of yours, my love,"

—Boston Courier. The king of Dahomey has 3,500 wives. When his royal husbandness rolls homeward about 3 A. M. the chances are 3,500

to one that he will be overheard when he tries to *sneak upstairs in his stocking feet. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. - New York Graphic. TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

The snow is beautiful to see And to the poet gives delight, When over lawn and over less It lies, a mantle pure and white.

But when six inches deep, or so, It lies, at morn, beside his door And must be shovelled off, the snow, The poet deemed a blasted bore.

White Gold-Seekers in China. Siberia has always been regarded as

rich in auriferous deposits, and travelers' tales have been heard describing the rich results of washing the mud of the rivers, while the soil was mingled with golden scales. Strange, these stories did not seem to attract the hordes of needy adventurers who flock wherever gold is, or is supposed to be, in existence; but recently, for some months past, a busy community of diggers has been at work in a place so inaccessible that, until last winter, the Chinese were unaware that a tribe of foreign devils were gathering up wealth on the borders of their own empire. The mining camp is composed of detachments from Australia and Callfornia, and a sprinkling of diamondseekers from South Africa; and these men have formed a government of their own over a republic they have coolly approprinted from the Chinese empire, having the Russian administration on the other side of the river. The results of the work are good, upward of 2,600 pounds weight of gold having been purchased last year by Russian agents, who have paid excellent prices, ranging up to sixty-five shillings for the troy ounce.

This new "nation" founded on the banks of the Amoor river, is likely, if the stories told about it are true, to become a power in the world; for as its only trouble is likely to be with China the bold diggers have taken the initiative and defied the "ten thousand" which the ira e and disappointed mandarins threatened them with. This incident is another painful leaf in the history of China. The brother of the sun and moon, the son of heaven, to be defled by a gang of outer barbarians clad in flannel shirts, corduroys, and kneeboots, and speaking an unknown but emphatic language, and to see the golden treasures of his land taken away from under his very nose, is humiliation too great to be submitted to; yet what can be done? The "ten thousand" had better keep at home, and let well enough ulone. - Japan Gazette.

Comments on the Baby. MOTHER

"Ain't it a pretty little thing, Its eyes so bright and clear! What dimpled cheeks! what tiny toes! How do you like it, dear!"

FATHER. " My love, I think this little babe-All other bahes excels: it has my nose, it has your mouth, And-mercy, how it yells?"

-- Boston Courier.