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Anyone who sighs for breathing room should go to Alaska. The territory has about 370,000,000 acres and the population is less than 35,000, or over 10,500 acres for every man, woman, child, Creole, Aleut, Indian and white. Persons desiring to grow up with the country will find large opportunity in Alaska for practicing that theory.

The English royal family are blessed with good appetites. They look upon four substantial meals a day as by no means an excessive allowance of food. Even at their 5 o'clock tea the wafer-like bread and butter that customarily accompany the syrupy Souchong or Orange Pekoe is supplemented by beautifully cut sandwiches, pate de foie grass and other tempting delicacies, and every justice is done to them by the illustrious ones without in any way "spoiling" the elaborate dinner that is to follow later on.

A large and substantial vault has been constructed in the New York assay office for the safe keeping of gold and silver bullion. The vault is fire and burglar proof and is fully as substantial as any in the sub-treasury at New York. Few are aware that \$10,000,000 in gold and silver bullion is stored in the assay office, which is in fact, though not in name, one of the depositories of the public money. The assay office at Carson City, Nev., has been suspended, and nearly \$1,000,000 in gold and silver on deposit there for assay was transferred to the office in New York.

In receiving visitors the President, according to an exchange, has peculiar habits in the management of his arms and hands. When he is pleased or contented to listen he holds his hands about six inches apart, with the back part of his hand against his coat. The fingers generally are quiet; but if they begin to work or contract he is growing tired. Then he will shift from one foot to the other. If the man bores him the arms gradually come forward. The move is gradual, but if the inflection continues the hands fall to the side—thumbs in. If still the visitor persists in staying the arms go out and the thumbs beat against his side. Then is the time for disappearing.

Duoyout clothing has been devised by a Londoner, and seems to be attracting some attention in that metropolis. Threads of cork are interwoven with cotton, silk, or woolen, machinery which slices the cork to the required thickness forming part of the invention. From these new materials clothes of ordinary appearance are constructed which bear up the wearer when committed unexpectedly to the water. The worth of the new fabrics was thoroughly tested by throwing three persons clothed in them from a pier. They floated as easily as if incased in cork jackets. It is said they remained in the water over an hour without discomfort. The possibilities of fireproof apparel are next in order.

An extraordinary scene occurred recently in a California theatre while a "Rip Van Winkle" performance was in progress. The man whose duty it was to manufacture the thunder was up in a loft with a big piece of sheet iron, which he was agitating vigorously. In his enthusiasm he lost his balance, and, falling off the narrow platform on which he stood, he was precipitated through the ceiling of the auditorium, sheet iron and all, into the arms of the panic-stricken spectators beneath, a wagon load of lath and plaster following him down. All who were not compelled to go to the hospital agreed in pronouncing it the most vivid representation of thunder and lightning that they had ever witnessed on any stage.

Evidently the life philosophic tends to longevity. There are, at present, at the various German universities, no fewer than 137 professors between the ages of seventy and ninety. Of these, 122 deliver their lectures as usual, seven of them being more than eighty-five years of age. The oldest is the veteran Von Ranke, the historian, who is now in his ninetyeth year, but is not considered fully equal in vigor, memory and other faculties to Professor Elvenich, who is thirty nine days his junior. After all, it is not remarkable that a professor should live to a good old age. He has a secured income and congenial pursuits. He ought to be devoid of the unworthy passions that shorten existence, and to lead a life as placid as that of the gods of Epicurus. But Germany, in spite of this figures we have quoted, cannot show a professor equal to M. Chevreul, of Paris, who still lectures, still writes, still conducts experiments in chemistry, still walks every day from his house to his laboratory, and will, if he lives, be 100 years of age in the August of next year.

Like Glazier, the newly discovered source of the Mississippi, is a sparkling little lake, which nestles among the pines of a wild and unfrequented region of Minnesota, just on the dividing ridge which forms the great watershed of North America. It is about a mile and a half in greatest diameter. The waters of the lake are exceedingly pure, coming from springs.

Doctor Sutor, of London, celebrated for his knowledge of nervous diseases, said to a *Herald* correspondent, while talking of the treatment of hydrophobia: "I have never known a case cured where symptoms of hydrophobia had appeared, however slight or intermittent. I am inclined to believe that M. Pasteur is right and hope England and America will send doctors to study his method. The reported death of a little girl after inoculation under him proves nothing adverse to M. Pasteur, if thirty-six days had elapsed before his treatment began. People can't do better than try M. Pasteur. His inoculation is harmless and it may do good. Cauterization will best prevent hydrophobia, but it must be thorough, so that the part bitten may be absolutely destroyed. This is best done, I have found, with fuming nitric acid. A hot iron might only destroy the surface. Nitrate of silver, in my opinion, is utterly useless.

Commenting upon the vast fortune left by the late W. H. Vanderbilt, the *Chicago Herald* says: "Two hundred millions! What are they? Who can compute their power for good or evil? Who can imagine them in a single pile or grasp the responsibilities involved in their possession? Two hundred millions are one-tenth of the national debt at its greatest figure. They are more by \$20,000 than the entire customs revenues of the United States, and they are considerably in excess of one-half of the entire revenue of the republic from all sources. They would support the United States army of 25,000 men for five years, pay the 250,000 pensioners for three years, run the naval establishment for ten years, build a double track from New York to San Francisco, and give every man, woman and child in the United States \$4. Five per cent. interest on them would yield an income of \$10,000,000 per annum, enough to support every charitable institution in America not of a public nature, to build asylums and hospitals for the world in fifty years, to educate, feed and clothe the deserving poor forever, and to make such a thing as a slum unknown in any city of the republic. The man who controls a fortune like that is not to be envied unless he does some good with it."

Pasteur's method of preventing hydrophobia is by inoculation, not by vaccination. The former process produces the genuine malady in a mild and innocuous form; the latter employs one malady to antagonize and battle a more serious one. This cow-pox is employed to ward off small-pox. In a recent chat with a correspondent M. Pasteur described his experiments and their results as follows: "I began my experiments in 1882 in this way: I took a portion of the spinal cord of a dog which had died of hydrophobia and with that I inoculated a rabbit in the first membrane of the brain. It went mad in fifteen days. Then with a portion of the spinal cord of this rabbit I inoculated another rabbit in the same way, and it went mad in thirteen days, and so on. I continued inoculations from rabbit to rabbit, finding the strength of the virus increase each time until the nineteenth time produced hydrophobia in only seven days. I then took very small portions of the spinal cord of this nineteenth rabbit, and which contained the greatest virulence yet obtained, and I suspended these bits of virus in empty bottles, in which the air was kept very dry by means of potash on the bottom of the bottle. After several days' exposure in a dry, cold temperature the virus loses all its strength. The time required for this loss depends on the size of the piece and the dryness and coldness of the air. Then of this virus which has lost its strength I take a small portion dissolved in sterile bouillon, and with a Pravaz syringe I inoculate the animal. Each day I inoculate it again with virus, just a little stronger each time until at last the system has become so accustomed to the poison that I can use the virus which had not been dried at all and which would produce hydrophobia in seven days if the system had not been so treated to it by degrees. I have treated one hundred dogs in this way, and not one has become mad."

At Russian railway stations passengers now find a "grievance book," in which complaints are entered. The record of wrongs reaches the central office once a month, when the complaints are investigated.

SPINNING.

Just as the spinner turns the wheel
And with her song winds her thread,
So as I turned the wheel of thought
Its every round new pleasure brought,
Until "there is," I said,
"No joy that can compare with mine—
In all the world no heart so blest!"
And so the whole day long I spun,
And fast, so fast the thread wound on
Hope's shuttle in my breast.

But while I in the sunlight turned
The busy wheel and sang my song,
And while my shuttle was so full,
And all the thread so beautiful,
My spinning all went wrong.
The thread it broke and slipped my hold,
Till I could not discern
Where and which was the end I sought;
It tangled, and the wheel of thought
For me refused to turn.

In the old-time exultant way;
My hand its cunning all had lost.
It could no longer deftly spin,
Because the thread of hope had in
The thread of sorrow crossed.
— Helen A. Manville.

DUSTERS.

"Dusters" have gone out of fashion, my dear; look into any Pullman palace car and you will see that for yourself. I took one this summer, but found it not the thing at all; first-class travelers now are in stylish suits, and I'm sure they look much better. A few years ago the women in any waiting-room were like a brigade ready to be ordered off on duty, all in uniform—the regulation gray duster, with only a blue or brown veil to distinguish one from another. I am not surprised that dainty aristocrats have discarded the homely but conventional garment, for all must admit that dusters were eminently democratic; that they were great levelers; that they were no respecters of persons. They covered the shabby alpaca quite as successfully as the glossy silk; I do not doubt in the least their democratic proclivities banished them from good society.

But I have a dear old duster laid away; you will laugh, I am sure, to hear that I entertain for it the most romantic attachment. Ah! you can't think what a trick it served me—dear old thing! I first came South this very month three years ago, to teach, you know, though I do not think now I was well qualified for the work—only an untutored girl myself. This was the first time I had ever strayed far from home; the trip was a long one; I grew very tired, and as the engine steamed into the city a terrible feeling of home-sickness took possession of me.

I expected Professor Raynor, the principal, to meet me; and when the train stopped, took my little sachel and stood waiting, while all the other passengers hurried out. I began to feel faint and dizzy with the fear that he might not come, but followed along after the others, my heart in my throat, my eyes gazing forward eagerly and scanning every face in sight.

Suddenly I saw a gentleman making his way anxiously toward me, smiling and expectant; this was surely Mr. Raynor, but how young he was for the principal of a school, and how handsome. It was evidently he, for his hand was extended before we quite met, and in a second more he had clasped mine warmly, and—ardently kissed me! Yes, kissed me! fair and square on the lips.

Did I scream? No, not exactly, but I shivered, and was cold to my finger-tips, then flushed until the angry blood burnt into my cheeks, before he exclaimed: "Why, little Christine, how you have grown! Can it really be my little Christine?"—a sudden fear flashing into his face.

I tried to speak, I gasped, turned cold again and almost fell, but managed to say:

"I am Miss Stretton. I am to teach at Jackson academy, and expected Mr. Raynor to meet me. You are not he?" Of course it was very foolish. I knew it at the time, but knowing it did not help matters. Great tears welled up to my eyes as I gazed into his, and a compassionate look came into his pale, handsome face.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Stretton. I came to meet some one," he continued. "No, I am not Mr. Raynor; but allow me to accompany you to the waiting-room. Probably he is on the platform."

I made no reply, but went with him, and just as he turned to help me down the steps of the coach, a tall, portly gentleman, with suave, self-conscious manner, came forward somewhat slowly, saying: "Ah, Miss Stretton!—I am Professor Raynor, I began to fear you were not on the train."

I could not tell you exactly why, but a strange shyness came over me; I did not even look toward the gentleman who had given me such an affectionate welcome, only mumbled something to Mr. Raynor, and followed him quickly to the omnibus.

That night, after shutting and bolting the door of my room, looking around upon its bare and cheerless walls and trying to think the place homelike and pleasant, I threw myself, in a fit of hysterical sobbing, upon the narrow bed, and between smiling and weeping, managed to spend an hour. What foolish creatures girls are!

What was his name? Who was the "little Christine?" And would I ever meet him again?

These were the thoughts that occupied the hour, but at last I fell asleep. "My eyes always did make pictures when they were shut," great pity I never could put the pictures on canvas. My dreams that night would have been a fortune, either painted or written. Oh, such glorious sights and scenes—and always that stranger somewhere near.

Well, a week passed, and I am ashamed to say how frequently I thought of him; of course, as I told myself then, it was due to loneliness, to my entire isolation, and to the fact that it was my first prolonged absence from home.

One afternoon, a chilly, drizzling autumn day, a servant came to my room with a card. "A gentleman to see you, Miss Stretton."

I took the card wondering, thinking, "Perhaps it is the minister." Then I gave a hasty look into the mirror, smoothed back the curling bangs, gave a touch of powder to my forehead and a pinch to my cheeks—I was beginning to look a little pale—and went immediately to the parlor.

The light was rather dim, and I walked the length of the room before discovering my guest. He was looking from the window, and evidently did not hear my steps, but turned suddenly. Honestly, I will be ashamed as long as I live of what I almost did. It reminds me of the little boy who said, "Pins have saved lots of lives by not being swallowed." I think a kiss saved mine that time by not being given. I was so astonished, and, to tell the truth, so glad, that I very nearly returned his first enthusiastic salutation; and if I had—well, there is no telling what I would have done; jumped into the river, I suppose; I always was a thoughtless, impulsive creature.

We shook hands, though, and then laughed, both of us, before he asked pardon for calling, saying he had purposed doing so each day since our first meeting, but feared I would consider it presumptuous. At last he had decided that he must offer an apology and explanation for conduct which doubtless appeared scarcely that of a sane man.

"I was expecting my sister," he said; "my sister whom I have not seen for ten years."

Would you believe it—I promised to tell you all the truth, or you should not hear this—my heart almost flew out from my lips when he said that? So "Christine" was his sister, only his sister. I had not told myself before what manner of bird, beast, or fowl she was; now I felt an unacknowledged satisfaction in discovering.

"The mistake was due entirely to the duster," he continued; "she distinctly wrote that her costume would consist of a gray duster and blue veil, but since I have thought of it, it seems to me all the ladies wore dusters. What masking stuff is here! I will tell her to be more explicit next time; I might make another blunder, and it might be a worse one."

I scarcely knew what this meant, but it sounded pleasantly in my ears anyway. He left, after awhile, asking to be allowed to call "now and then," and I flew back upstairs, and went up to the looking-glass, thinking, "I wish I had worn my blue cashmere to-day, instead of this sombre brown." What giddy creatures girls are, to be sure!

Well, he did call now and then, and I must admit he was always welcome. One day, just about the beginning of the Christmas holidays, we had an engagement for a walk, and after returning (the evening was dark and cool) he came in, only for a moment, he said. The room was warm, with a red fire slumbering under a great bank of black coal. I opened it a little and leaned forward, holding my fingers to the blaze. Directly, something influenced me to look up. He had remained standing, and was very near me, gazing down upon my face with such an intense, searching look, that involuntarily I clasped my hands before my face. I cannot say why, exactly. I fear it was to conceal what he might see there, but I shrank from his glance, intuitively.

"Don't," he said, very gently, and stooping over me, drew my hands away and held them in his own.

I have always contended that there was an unfair advantage, for I never could conceal my feelings. He held my hands in a tight clasp, and I turned away, but directly he drew me nearer and lifted up my face until he could look straight down into my eyes.

Then a quick indignation, a sudden anger, took possession of me, and I wrenched myself away, and asked, proudly, "How dare you! by what right?"

"Because I dare to love you!" he interrupted; "dare to love you with all the intensity of my whole being!"

Then those foolish tears of mine came again, and he threw his arms about me, and gazed down into my eyes, exclaiming: "Now you look as in the first moment I loved you!"

looking bride I would make, to be sure; but I'm happy—oh, so happy! He's just the dearest fellow in the world! Now, I've kept my promise, and told you the whole story.—*Annah R. Watson.*

Mistakes About Hydrophobia.

A New York veterinary surgeon said to a *Sun* representative.

"The most widespread error about hydrophobia is that it is most prevalent in the hot months. A surprising number of people hold it as an article of faith that the 'dog days' are so called because that season is particularly dangerous to dogs. At all events, the belief is almost universal that July and August are the months in which to look out for mad dogs. As a matter of fact, statistics show that there is less hydrophobia in those two months than in any in the year, and that cases of hydrophobia in winter, early in the winter and late in the winter, that is, in November and December and in February and March, are rather more than twice as frequent as they are in July. You have only to read the papers every year to verify this. The numerous reports of cases with which the papers are at this moment filled verify it. A distinguished veterinary surgeon in England kept a record of hydrophobia cases for a series of years, and the result was that he discovered that, in England at least, February was the most dangerous month. A record kept in France during a period of ten years showed an average of twenty cases in January, 21 in March, and 25 in April, while in July there were only 12. From this series of observations the inference was drawn that the disease was much more prevalent in the rainy than in the dry months. This hot weather error, like the error about aversion to water being a symptom of the disease, is also a source of danger. People look up, muzzle, and drown dogs during the months when it is safest to let them run at large, and let them run at large just when they are most liable to the disease and most dangerous.

"But hydrophobia is after all so rare a disease that there is no necessity of half the fuss that is made over it. During the five years from 1860 to 1871 there were in New York city only twenty-two cases, or an average of three and two-thirds per annum among the million and a quarter of people here. This is a greater number of cases than was shown by a long record kept in Paris, where during a series of forty years only ninety-four cases occurred, or an average of two and one-third per year."

Dog Towns.

The prairie dog is a burrowing animal, and the spot on which it congregates is literally honeycombed with its tunnels. There is, however, a kind of order observed in the "dog towns," as these warrens are popularly called, for the animals always have certain roads or streets in which no burrow is made. The affairs of the community seem to be regulated by a single leader, called the big dog, who sits before the entrance of his burrow and issues his orders from thence to the community. In front of every burrow a small heap of dirt is raised, which is made from the excavated soil, and which is generally employed as a seat for the occupant of the burrow. As long as no danger is apprehended, the little animals are all in lively motion, sitting upon their mounds or hurrying from one tunnel to another, as eagerly as if they were transacting the most important business. Suddenly a sharp yelp is heard, and the peaceful scene is in a moment transformed into a whirl of indistinguishable confusion. Quick barks resound on every side, the air is filled with a dust-cloud, in the midst of which is distinctly seen an intermingled mass of flourishing legs and whisking tails, and in a moment the populous "town" is deserted. Not a dog is visible, and the whole spot is apparently untenanted. But in a few minutes a pair of dark eyes are seen gleaming at the entrance of some burrow, a set of glistening teeth next shine through the dusky recesses, and in a few minutes first one and then another prairie dog issues from his retreat, until the whole community is again in lively action.

Patrolling Russian Railroads.

The track from Charkov to Nikolajev, in Russia, is patrolled before each train by a watchman of each section, who carries forward a number found by him at the beginning of his section and left on a hook provided for at the end, even numbers being carried in one direction and odd numbers in the other. The numbers, which are painted on metal plates, are hung in view of the trains, so that officials passing can readily see them, and by means of a small table of the positions of the number on any day or hour can see whether the watchmen are doing their work. A hook without a number indicates the negligence of a watchman, who can be readily identified, since every watchman is required to give notice when he does not find a number at the beginning of his section, and must do so to avoid having the carelessness ascribed to him.

The Street Crier Gone.

The ancient colored man who, on the darkest winter mornings, was wont to make his rounds carrying a tray on his head and melodiously singing, is no longer a familiar feature of Philadelphia street life. This was his song, chanted with peculiar gurgle, half warble, as "catchy" as anything a mock Tyrolean ever warbled on the stage:

De hominy man,
An on he-es homy,
Wid de good hominy!
The oyster peddlers put their extended hand to their mouths, as a sort of a voice deflector, and yell at the tip top of the scale:
Oysters, oh!
Yero de go,
Forty coats a hundred!
—*Texas Siftings.*

BEYOND THE GATE.

Two dimpled hands the bars of iron grasped,
Two blue and wondering eyes the space looked through.
This massive gate a boundary had been set,
Nor was she ever known to be but true.

Strange were the sights she saw across the way—
A little child had died some days before—
And as she watched, amid the shades hushed,
Some carried flowers, some a casket bore.

The little watcher at the garden gate
Grew fearful, hers such thoughts and wonderings were,
Till said the nurse: "Come here, dear child,
Weep not."
We all must go. "Tis God has sent for her."

"If He should send for me"—thus spoke the child—
"I'll have to tell the angel, 'Do not wait.
Though God has sent for me, I cannot come;
I never go beyond the garden gate."
—*Katherine McD. Rice, in Harper.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

People we must put up with—Paw-brokers.

A fine art—Presiding over a police court.—*Hatchet.*

A detective story—"We've caught the culprit."—*Judge.*

There is only one bill more powerful than the plumber's—the mosquito's.—*Whitehall Times.*

The smart business man like the woodman makes good use of his "ada."—*Germantown Independent.*

The clerk who works for the merchant who will not advertise, knows the tortures of solitary confinement.—*Waterloo Observer.*

The cigar that is called imported is about as appropriately named as the hired girl we call domestic.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"A genuine patriot," said an orator recently, "must at all times be ready to die for his country, even though it should cost him his life!" (Thundering applause.)

"Petroleum has declined twenty-one cents," says an exchange. But before you praise petroleum for its honesty, wait until it is offered one dollar, and see whether it declines that.—*Puck.*

"Beans Regarded as Food," is the heading in an exchange. That is the way beans should be regarded. Any one who would regard beans as a beverage would be away off.—*New York Graphic.*

An ancient old maiden in Cologne, wished to give her pet poodle a bogues. The condition of her cupboard equaled that of Mrs. Hubbard. Consequently the poor dog had no one.—*Palmer Journal.*

"You dear thing," she said gushingly; "how handsome your bonnet does look. I'm sure it looks as well as it did last winter." Only a woman could say things like this and say them so easy.—*Rockland (Me.) Courier.*

Gogglesop—"Very stupid girl, that Miss Wilpin." Hamworth—"How so?" "Why, you see, we were guessing conundrums the other evening, and I asked her what was the difference between myself and a donkey." "Well," "Well? Why, by Jove, she said she didn't know."—*Philadelphia Times.*

PHILADELPHIA SHOULD HAVE DARNED 'EM. The beautiful maiden is shipping to-day, quite busy, and to her surprise. While through the thronged street she is taking her way.

Her beau in the street she espies. Good gracious! 'tis awful! He's coming, no doubt.

And swift to her heart strikes a pain: The eyes of affection will single her out. He'll see her and speak, that is plain. She halts, blushes redly, then crosses the street.

Avoiding the youth that she loves: The maid it would mortify much should they meet.—
There are holes in the tips of her gloves!—
—*Boston Courier.*

Rabies.

Rabies is liable to attack dogs of any breed or sex, though statistics seem to show that it is more common among males than females.

With regard to the early symptoms, an animal that has the disease invariably loses its appetite; and though this is common to the majority of complaints, it should not be ignored, but should act as a warning to owners to watch for other symptoms, which, in the case of rabies, speedily develop. The dog's manner changes; he shows a disposition to hide himself in corners or under chairs; in fact, anywhere, so as to get out of sight. Then he will never rest in one place for long together, but is continually changing his position, and appears to be always on the watch. His bark, too, is altered, and without provocation he will at times give tongue to a dismal short howl, or to what would perhaps be better described as half a howl and half a bark. He gnaws at anything that comes in his way. If he be in a room he will bite at the chair legs, or the carpet, or at a tablecloth; and if in a kennel, he will attack the corners of it. He will also attempt to masticate stones, and will readily consume straw and filth of any kind. Another early symptom is the disposition to bite other dogs—in fact, a rabid animal will unhesitatingly attack a dog or cat with which he may have lived for years on the most friendly terms.

It seems that rabies is more prevalent in the spring and autumn, and not as is generally supposed, in the summer months. When an animal shows symptoms of the disease, it should be at once securely chained up, as, although it is practically harmless in the early stages to those whom it knows, it is not so with strangers.—*London Truth.*

There are 150,000,000 tons of coal waste piled up in the anthracite regions.