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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion.....	\$ 1.00
One Square, one inch, one month.....	5.00
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Some statistician has discovered the fact that there is not a day in the year that does not record the loss of some British vessel and all its crew. During last month for instance, seventy-four English ships were lost with all on board. Britannia pays heavily for ruling the waves.

All breeding farms in this country pale in comparison with Senator Stanford's at Palo Alto, Cal. Two hundred and forty-nine brood mares are in the trotting stud and twenty-nine in the thoroughbred department. At the head of the trotters is Electioneer, and Monday occupies the same post among the runners.

The Chinese in California must be accumulating wealth, however deficient they may be in influence. A Chinese syndicate recently offered \$2,000,000 for the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, and were prepared to pay \$2,500,000, but finally concluded that the investment would be an unwise one at the present time.

The present Congress contains ninety-two former Federal soldiers and sixty-six Confederates. Those who receive a collegiate education number 138. There are three graduates of West Point. One Senator and forty-four Representatives are not over forty years of age. The two oldest men in Congress are Senators Morrill and Payne, born in 1810. Mr. Wait, of Connecticut, was born in 1811, and is the oldest Representative. The youngest Senator is Mr. Keena, of West Virginia, who is thirty-seven. The youngest Representative is Mr. La Follette, of Wisconsin, who is twenty-eight.

Several very severe cases of trichinosis have occurred recently—all traceable to eating raw pork ham. This, it appears, is a favorite dish with Germans, and whole families and their guests have been severely affected by this disgusting disease. Some of the patients are expected to die, but most of them are likely to recover. The warning to cook thoroughly all kinds of pork before eating is very obvious. So much diseased pork comes into the Chicago market that there is danger of its being cured as hams or bacon and scattered over the country. All diseased pork should be sent to the soap-factories.

A leading publishing house states that when a manuscript is received it is turned over to a "reader," who, after examining it carefully, returns it with his opinion as to its merit or lack of merit. If a reader returns a manuscript with a strong endorsement, the merits of the work are considered from a commercial point of view—whether it is likely to sell, how much it will cost for production, etc. Frequently the manuscript is turned over to a second reader, sometimes to a third. If all say, "This is a strong work; think it will pay you to publish it," or words to that effect, of course their recommendation goes a long way in the question of publication.

Referring to an announcement that at a recent exhumation in a Western cemetery the body of a woman was found turned to stone, the Louisville Medical News says: "Petrification of the body of a warm-blooded animal never has been known, and it is quite safe to say never has taken place. The condition of the body which leads to such a misconception is not that of petrification, but of saponification. It is explained that nitrogenous tissues give off ammonia, and this, attacking the fats in the body, produces adipocere, a hard form of soap, the writer, when at the New Orleans fair, saw a barrel of pork labeled, 'Found floating in the Mississippi in an advanced state of petrification.' Being skeptical as to the capacity of rock to float, he chipped off a piece and found that the hog, like the human being under like circumstances, had merely turned to adipocere."

A man was seized with an epileptic fit in the street in New York the other day, whereupon a kindly disposed policeman darted into a neighboring grocery and asked for a handful of salt, which he forced into the poor fellow's mouth. The operation was approved by some of the spectators, who complimented the policeman upon his knowledge of "just what to do" in such cases. "Of all popular remedies," says a physician who was questioned on the subject, "that of choking a man with salt just because he has a fit is the most senseless and barbarous. In some cases it would do serious injury, and might cause death. Hysterical epileptics are troubled with a choking sensation and spasmodic contractions in the throat, which interfere greatly with breathing and swallowing. To crowd salt into it is a foolish and ignorant proceeding."

The wild horse of the plains and Rocky mountains is pretty much a thing of the past. Nevertheless, a few isolated herds are said to be occasionally found. A Montana writer says, in substance, that these isolated bands, that, with the wild horses a stallion is at the head, and is the leader of every herd, having such full control over them that no band of cowboys are able to drive a band of horses so fast or so well as a stallion can. All in the band are so thoroughly afraid of him they keep in a bunch, and their speed is gauged by his own, he running behind with his head low, scarcely above the ground. He advances quickly on the hindmost ones, giving them a sharp bite on the rump, thereby giving them to understand they must keep up. Should one turn out he follows him, much after the fashion of a shepherd dog, and runs him back. Until his band are out of sight in the mountains he keeps this up. Here they scatter in all directions, in ravines, canons and inaccessible places, so that when the rider arrives at the place he last saw them he is mortified to find his own horse almost exhausted and the herd so scattered that he must give up the chase in disgust.

A Boston Advertiser correspondent asserts that "the citizen of the United States is surprised and disappointed to find how small a part his great country is playing in the life of the eastern coast of South America from Cape St. Roque to Cape Horn. The Yankee colony in the various cities consists almost exclusively of those connected with the legations and consulates—a mere handful of individuals. There are some few engaged in business of various kinds, with now and then a clergyman, ship chandler, naturalist, professor, or dentist, and the officers of the United States ships in the different harbors are an important element. The triumphs of American enterprise are more of the past than the present. You will still see Baldwin locomotives and old-fashioned cars on some of the railroads, though the locomotives are fast being supplanted by those imported from England and Germany, and the cars are made in the country itself. Stephenson horse-cars hold their own, and some of the companies are managed by Americans, who have made considerable money out of them. In Rio the New York ferry boats ply across the bay. The Bell telephone is generally used, but the management is now principally in the control of local organizations. Agricultural implements and sewing machines from the United States have a very good sale and Waltham watches also find purchasers. The great life insurance companies of New York have their advertisements over the country, and as their officers are in large and elaborate buildings it is to be supposed they are doing a profitable business."

It has often been remarked that dogs in the country, though they abound in every farm-yard, do not get mad and kill people by their bite, as is sometimes the case in cities. "The only reason we can imagine for such a difference," remarks the Witness, "is that country dogs are petted, while city dogs, when allowed to go loose, are often petted. The natural depravity of man shows itself in many boys in tormenting and torturing dogs and cats. If kindness to animals were inculcated oftener in churches and schools the average of the people would be greatly improved, as is already the case in many places where Bands of Mercy have been formed. But it may be said, if cruelty to dogs causes hydrophobia, why should not cruelty to cats do the same? and the answer is that it does. The bite of a mad cat is probably as dangerous as that of a mad dog, and the same may be said of the bites of other animals when in a state of furious excitement. It was the bite of a chained fox, excited by punishment, that killed one of Canada's first governors, the Duke of Richmond. If dogs cannot be protected from persecution in cities they should either be banished or confined, and the fewer of them the better. Pasteur's success in curing hydrophobia by inoculation, if fully established, will be an important point gained by patient investigation; but whether or no, so long as bitten persons believe themselves to be cured there will be much fewer deaths. It is the constant apprehension of a dreadful death which aggravates, if it does not in many instances cause, the disease called hydrophobia, or something that cannot be distinguished from it."

A half eagle of the year 1815 has just been added to the excellent collection of American coins at the mint in Philadelphia; \$500 is the value of each of the three specimens known to be in this country.

THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

What is the time of the year?
What is the hour of the day?
Later at morn and sooner at eve
The pale stars shine away;
And the low sun drifts to the south,
So wan that at height of noon
We hardly know it the dun light
Be the parting glow of the sunlight
Or the gleam of the risen moon;
And ever through shade and fleeting shine
We hear the bleak wind's rime:
"Alas, alas for the summer fled,
And sky and earth so gray!"

Oh, for the odor of violets
That sprang with the April rain,
And the breath of the rose and the lily
That long in their graves have lain!
And oh, for the orchard's wealth of bloom,
And the wheat field's waving gold—
My heart is faint for the splendor
Of harvest moons, and the tender
Tide that the zephyrs told!
How shall we live now earth is bare,
And the sun himself is cold,
And the only wind is the bitter north,
Bemoaning wood and plain?

Wait! there's a thrill in the air!
See! in the south horizon
The great sun stays his wandering beams,
And a new year finds its morn!
The stars are a-watch, and the moon;
The waiting wind drops low:
There's a murmur of daffodil meadows,
And of songs in the silver shadows,
And banks where the violets blow!
Let fires be lit, let shrines be decked,
And joy be lord of woe!
The sun in glory mounts the sky,
And God for earth is born!
—Edna Dean Procter, in the Cook.

THE MUTINY.

One foggy afternoon a few weeks ago the captain of a trim clipper ship of about 1,000 tons, which lay at an East river pier, was pacing up and down on the after house, and occasionally glancing out upon the mist-covered river. The ship was to have set sail for Australia that morning, but owing to the fog the captain had preferred to remain at the dock.

"No, I won't take any chances," said the captain to a friend who had come aboard a few moments before, and stood leaning against the taffrail. "Although I'm a young man, I stop and think before I run any risk; that is, when there's any time for me to stop and think. And yet when I was a boy I was the most heedless youngster going. I did whatever came into my head, and never thought of the consequences. But once, just in the nick of time, it flashed through my mind that I ought to stop and think. I did stop and think, and if I hadn't I wouldn't be alive now, nor would the ship under me be afloat. I was brought up on a farm in the interior of this State," continued the captain, "but when I was about sixteen years old I grew tired of farm life and ran away and came to New York. I found a place in a grocery store, but I soon got tired of that sort of work. Then it struck me that I would like to go to sea. So off I hurried to a sailor's boarding house, the keeper of which got a berth for me on this very ship. She was then only about a couple of years old, although I don't know that she looked any newer then than she does now. I signed articles for a voyage from this port to China by way of Valparaiso and back to America. We hadn't been out many days before I found that the life of a boy on board ship, wasn't a very pleasant one. The second mate, in whose watch I was, often kicked and cuffed me, and the mate struck me whenever he had a chance, while the old captain, who always hated boys, would look at me as if he wanted to throw me overboard. The sailors used to swear at me, and some of them thought nothing of hitting me when none of the officers were looking. All this made me wish I had never even heard of the sea. After we had passed the equator we were carried along by the southeast trade winds until we got about off Rio Janeiro. The first evening after we lost the trades, when the watch went to the pumps they would not work. There was some obstruction in them, but the carpenter could not find out what it was. As the ship was leaking a little the captain decided that it would never do to go around Cape Horn with the pumps in that condition, so he said he would put into Rio Janeiro and have them overhauled.

"I was, of course, delighted at the prospect of seeing a foreign port. The night after we had headed toward Rio I heard the sailors in my watch talking about the captain. One of them said that the cook had told him that the captain was going to do some trading on his own account when he got to China, and that he had considerable money with him. I paid no attention to this statement at the time. All I thought of was about getting into Rio Janeiro. We got within about a day's sail of Rio when the carpenter, who was tinkering about the pumps, discovered the obstruction and succeeded in removing it. Then there was no need putting into port, and the captain gave orders to head toward Cape Horn again. I did not like this at all. It was late in the afternoon when we put about. I noticed during the dog watch that the men were talking very earnestly among themselves in the fore-castle. Eight bells struck, and the watch to which I belonged went on deck. I kept the lookout for two hours, and at four bells, when I went down on the main deck, one of the sailors, who was known as 'Big Pete,' came up to me and began to talk very pleasantly. This surprised me, because generally he had seemed to dislike me. Big Pete was a tall, brawny fellow, and was the wickedest-looking man in the crew, and that

was saying a good deal, for they were a hard-looking lot of sailors. After talking about things generally for a few minutes, Pete said:

"Now, young fellow, I know that you don't like to board this ship. No more do we. You're always getting knocked about by the mates, and I don't see how you stand it. Now, if you had a chance to get ashore at Rio Janeiro, you wouldn't throw it away? Wages is good in the high country. A smart young fellow like you could get a job on some ranch, and make a fortune in a few years."

"I wouldn't like anything better," said I, "but I can't get ashore. The captain ain't going to put into Rio, after all."

"But we'll fix that, my lad, if you'll go in with us," said Pete.

"You don't mean to mutiny?" I asked, starting back in alarm.

"No, no mutiny," replied Pete, "that is, not the bad kind of mutiny. But we can't stand it on this boat any longer, and what we want to do is to get into Rio, and we can do it without hurting anybody or robbing anybody. A few minutes afore eight bells the second mate will go into his stateroom for to write it in his log book. You know he always does that before eight bells instead of waiting until after the watches are changed, as he ought to do. Then all we've got to do is to fasten the forward cabin doors on him. At the same time the man at the wheel will just fasten the door of the after-companionway. Then we'll nail up the window shutters all around the cabin on the outside, and we'll have all the cabin people tight without having so much as struck one of them."

"And what then?" I asked.

"Why, then," said he, "I know enough about navigation to take the ship into the harbor of Rio. There are twelve of us beside you, and the cook will work with us. We can get along without the captain, the two mates, the carpenter and the steward. They'll be locked up in the cabin, where they'll find plenty to eat and drink. We'll manage to strike the harbor along in the evening. Then we let go the anchor and take a few of our clothes and row ashore. We leave the boat at a landing and go to a boarding-house keeper that I know who'll keep us till we get a chance to run up into the high country, where we can get jobs on ranches."

"But how about the ship?" I asked eagerly. "I was trying to persuade myself that there was nothing wrong about Pete's plan."

"Why, the ship is seen next morning," he replied, "and plenty of boats comes alongside. They find them all safe and sound in the cabin. Nobody's hurt and nobody's robbed, for don't we leave our chests and nearly a month's wages on board? And ain't the boat found at the landing? Then the captain ships a new crew and goes on around the Horn. Come, my lad, tell us, are you with us?"

"I wanted badly to get ashore, so, as usual, without stopping to think of consequences, I told Pete that I would stand by him. Another sailor who was standing near us and who had heard me give my decision then came up to Pete and said:

"Don't you think as how the lad ought to do it? He's light of foot and wouldn't stumble and wake them, like one of the lubbers probably would."

Pete seemed to reflect for a moment. Then he turned to me and said: "You are the very one to do it, my lad. You see, though we don't want to hurt nobody in the cabin, we ain't so sure that nobody in the cabin wouldn't hurt us if they got a chance. Now, the mate, he's got a pistol. He keeps it in the drawer right under his bunk, and that drawer is nearly always part open, so the cook says, and he's been in there. The second mate don't keep no pistol; no more does the steward nor the carpenter. But the captain keeps two pistols. They are right in the drawer of the table in the after cabin, and the drawer isn't locked, so the cook says, and he's been in there. Mind, I don't ask you to steal those pistols. We only want to get them away from the cabin folks, who might do some harm with them. We'll never use the pistols, we'll put them in the cook's stateroom, where they'll find them quick enough. If it wasn't stealing, we'd just chuck those pistols overboard."

"As usual, I did not stop to reflect. I volunteered to secure the three pistols and was slapped on the back and told that I was a brave lad. I had on several occasions, while at work, peeped through the after cabin window, and had seen the table in the drawer of which were the two pistols. The captain's stateroom opened off of the after cabin, so that there was some danger of waking the skipper, but this did not frighten me out of undertaking the adventure. It was agreed that I should go into the cabin and secure the pistols at seven bells, if the second mate was then aft, as he was pretty sure to be. At length seven bells struck aft, and were repeated by the lookout forward. The second mate was standing aft by the wheel, and the coast was clear. I stole through the port cabin door and went into the stateroom of the mate, who had left his door half open. He was snoring heavily. Beneath the bunk I found a drawer, partly open. I stuck in my hand and after a little groping I found the pistol and took it out. I got safely out of the mate's room, and, moving softly through the forward cabin, I gently opened the door of the after cabin. I could hear the breathing of the captain, who seemed to be sleeping soundly. I groped my way to the table and succeeded in opening the drawer and securing the two pistols without making any noise. Then I stole back to the door and was about to enter the forward cabin, when a thought struck me. And strangely enough, for the first time in my life, I stopped and reflected.

"What," thought I, "if these men are bent on real mutiny? What if they mean to shoot the officers with these pistols? Some one said that the captain had brought money with him to trade with in China. Suppose the men propose to secure that money, and sink or set fire to the ship, after murdering the officers, and perhaps me? They could easily escape to the shore in the long boat."

"I looked toward the deck, and through the door of the forward cabin I could see dark figures moving stealthily and easily about. What could I do? A thought struck me. One by one I removed the cartridges from the revolving cylinders, and thus render the pistols harmless. Then I placed the cartridges in my pocket and stole through the forward cabin and out on to the deck. I was instantly seized by rough hands, and the pistols were taken from me. Then I found myself flat on my back, with a man's hand over my mouth. I looked up and saw pointed at my breast a sheath knife, which was in the grasp of a wicked-looking sailor. I saw that I had fallen into a trap, and I gave myself up for lost. I closed my eyes, expecting to feel the steel enter my breast. Then I heard a smothered curse from Pete.

"These pistols haven't so much as a cartridge among the three of 'em," said Pete.

"I opened my eyes. The sailor who had prepared to stab me had paused in his murderous work. Pete bent over me and in a fierce whisper wanted to know what I had done with the cartridges. Then I thought that I saw a glimmer of hope.

"There was a box of cartridges in the cabin drawer," said I; "but how did I know the pistols wasn't loaded? I didn't have time to stop and look."

"One of the sailors proposed that I should be sent back after the cartridges, but I said I was afraid they would kill me the moment I got back. Pete swore that no one would touch me if I brought back the cartridges. And," said he, "we'll give you your full share of the captain's money." I said that I would go back. The sailors pushed me toward the cabin door. I glanced over my shoulder and caught sight of the green light of another vessel some distance off. That gave me an idea. After Pete had shoved me into the cabin door I made a bound for the after cabin and cried out at the top of my voice:

"Ship ahoy! Captain! A sail on the starboard bow close to us! She'll run us down! Have out, everybody!"

"I looked over my shoulder. Dark faces were glaring in through the cabin door. But the men seemed undecided whether to follow me. Then came answering shouts from the people in the cabin. The mutineers seemed to be taken by surprise. A panic seized upon them, and they retreated forward. The captain, mate, carpenter, and steward came out of their staterooms and hurried on deck, and saw a vessel cross our bows, but at a good distance ahead. Then the captain gave me a cuff, and dragging me into the cabin, asked me how I had dared to wake him that way when there was no danger. I hurriedly told the captain what had happened. He rushed into the after cabin, and, unlocking a drawer under his bunk, took out several loaded revolvers, one of which he gave me. Then he called the mate, carpenter, and steward, and gave each of them a revolver, and told us to follow him. He went out on deck, and we stood by him, ready to defend ourselves if we should be attacked. The captain summoned the second mate and told him to call all hands aft. The mutineers came aft with ugly looks in their faces. The captain told them that if he had the time to spare he would put into Rio Janeiro and have them punished for mutiny. But he wanted to continue the voyage, and he proposed to make them behave themselves. They could have made nothing by murdering him, he told them, for the money which he was going to trade with in China was all in bills of exchange, which they could not have had cashed. Then, raising his pistol, the captain ordered the men to lay their sheath knives and the empty pistols they had taken from me on the captain. They quietly obeyed him. The captain then reprimanded the second mate for having been in the habit of making entries in his log book before his watch went below. After he had done with him the captain pointed at me and said:

"I appoint this young man third mate. He shall live in the cabin and be taught navigation. The first man who touches him shall be shot. Now, men, go about your business."

"The sailors obeyed him, and they completed the voyage without attempting another mutiny. I was taught navigation, and slowly rose to be captain of this ship, all of which never would have happened if I had not stopped to think at the critical moment when I was about to leave the after cabin with the stolen pistols in my hand."—New York Times.

The Spider Cure.

Spiders were formerly considered to be a cure in rural districts for agues. Some years ago a lady in Ireland was famous for her success in curing people thus affected. It appears that the only medicine she employed was a large spider rolled up in treacle. The patients were ignorant of the contents of this novel bolus, so that imagination had nothing to do with the matter. In England, also, the spider has been called in as an ague doctor. In Lincolnshire the creature was treated very much after the above-mentioned Irish fashion, being rolled up in paste and swallowed; but elsewhere the animal is put into a bag and worn round the neck.

JEWELS IN THE WINDOWS.

My jewels in the window are looking out for me,
They clap their childish, chubby hands when "Papa dear" they see,
And just as evening twilight has deepened into gloom,
I hear their cheery voices ringing 'round the room.
The rain of snow and winter blow fiercely in my face,
And many pangs of sorrow I've suffered in life's race,
But those jewels in the window inspire my soul with joy,
My charming little daughter and my darling little boy.
God help the poor and patient, who wander weak and lone,
Devoid of home and children, with naught to call their own;
No cheering light to guide them in all the gathering gloom,
No jewels in the window, no welcome in the room.
Yet hearts like those may ponder and hope to reach at last
A blissful home beyond the skies when earthly ills are past;
And in some heavenly mansion, amid celestial bloom,
Bright jewels in the window may greet them in the room.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"What is your circulation?" asked the inquisitive individual of the editor. "Blood principally," was the calm reply.

Many a man finds out after marriage to a pretty girl that what he thought a thing of beauty is a jawey forever.

There are 1,000,000 people who live "on tick" in this country, not including 50,000 telegraph operators.—New York Graphic.

Job Ingersoll refuses to kneel in religious devotion, and yet a pinch of snuff can bring him to his knees.—Hatchet.

A Hampshire street grocer wants to know how to protect dry peaches from the cold. Put ear muffs on 'em.—Saturday Optic.

Time is money, they say. And we have often observed that it takes a good deal of money to have a good time.—Somerville Journal.

"Dear me, I'm continually getting into hot water," said the oyster. "Well, you needn't make such a stew, said the spoon.—Palmer Journal.

"Mother," said a little girl who was trying to master a pair of tight boots, "It's no use talking, I can't wear them. My toes can't get a chance to breathe.—Lynn Union.

Customer—"Why, hang it, man! You're wiping off my plate with your handkerchief." New Waiter—"That's all right. I'm going to put it in the wash next week, anyhow."—Siftings.

The moon shone softly down on them, and life seemed more than words could utter.
He said: "We'll live on, my gem."
She said she wanted bread and butter.
—Marchant Traveler.

Mrs. Professor Matrix—"Professor, you should have told me earlier in the evening that you wished that button sewed on. Here it is, midnight and I—!" Professor Matrix—"Wife, it is never too late to mend."—Tid Bits.

Minister's wife (rather trying at times)—"How much did you get for performing that marriage ceremony this morning?" Minister—"Two dollars." Wife—"Only two dollars?" Minister—"Yes. The poor fellow said he had been married before, and I hadn't the heart to charge him more than that."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Tramp (at the back door)—"Will you please give me something to eat?" Woman—"Not a thing." Tramp—"Nor nuthin' to drink?" Woman—"Nor nuthin' to drink!" Tramp—"No cast-off clothes?" Woman—"None." Tramp—"Well, would you tell a poor, unfortunate man what time it is?"—St. Paul Globe.

People Along the Elbe Shore.

One of the most pleasing traits, to me, in the German character is the kindness shown to animals. One is not made miserable, as in Italy, by seeing the wretched, raw, bleeding horses straining at an impossible load, kicked and lashed into hopeless efforts to drag a weight far beyond their strength. On the contrary, the fine horses which draw the loads of stone or wood are as well fed and groomed as those between the shafts of a carriage. Indeed, humanity would here seem to be carried almost to excess.

Particularly glad is one to see well treated the good dogs which so willingly drag about the little carts, reminding one of Ouida's pathetic story, "A Dog of Flanders." I often see the market women put down a sack for the good beasts to lie on, and it is pleasant to hear their cheerful greeting when their mistresses return; and amusing enough to see two rivals barking excitedly at each other, while the women, laughing, give a helping or restraining hand. All, too, who have been in Germany will remember the little wooden boxes fixed up in trees or against houses for the birds to make their homes in.

But though humane the Saxons are fond of sport, their king setting them a good example, and there is plenty of game to be found in the forests. Stags, roe-deer, hares, foxes and badgers are apparently common, but there seem to be neither wolves nor bears.—Schandauf Cor, Chicago Times.

A cloth with cork threads through it has been invented. It looks like ordinary wear, yet prevents the body from sinking in water.