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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Advertisement type and rate. Includes rates for one square, one inch, one month; one square, one inch, three months; one square, one inch, one year; two squares, one year; quarter column, one year; half column, one year; one column, one year. Also includes rates for legal advertisements and marriage and death notices.

A Pittsburg (Penn.) man has cast a whole flood of light upon the subject of bimetalism. He has conceived the idea of a coin containing both gold and silver, one-half of the value in each, the silver to form the outer ring, and the gold fitted into the center.

The grounds attached to the palace of the mikado of Japan comprise twenty-six acres. The gateways to the inclosure are magnificent specimens of architecture, the roof-timbers, gables and eaves decorated with gold chrysantheums and much carved and gilded wood. One gate on each side is set apart for the mikado, and they are never opened for any lesser personage.

It is only twelve years since the diamond fields of Cape Colony were discovered and the export now amounts to more than \$15,000,000 a year. Diamond mining has become an established and prosperous industry, with the local belief that the supply will continue for at least a century. One of the good effects of the discovery of the mines is the teaching of at least a million natives to work for wages, which is considered at the Cape a great civilizing agency.

Some of the private bills before Congress, and which are doing so much to delay legislation, are, to say the least, unique; but one from Chicago caps the climax. It is to appropriate \$50,000 "to enable a Chicago journalist to promulgate and propagate a system of phonetic spelling." A wicked exchange suggests that there might be some sense in a bill for appropriating that sum to enable Chicago journalists to promulgate and propagate more truth in the old style of spelling.

It appears that one of the reasons for the low price of quinine lies in the fact that the cinchona trees are no longer destroyed in the harvesting. The old plan was to cut them down and strip off the bark when they were ten years old. Then the idea was adopted of tearing off long strips and filling the bare places with moss. The present method is to scrape off the outer layer of the bark, the part richest in quinine, and this does not interfere with the growth of the tree. The bark is scraped half round at one operation, the other half being scraped six months afterward. The process may be repeated year after year.

"Carp," the Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Leader, says there are six pairs of Dromios in Washington this season. Congressman Reed has a counterpart in the leading photographer of Washington. Two other Dromios are Congressman Wellborn, of Texas, and a frowsy-headed fellow who writes cards in the lobby of the house. The likeness of Gay, the sugar millionaire of Louisiana, to Senator Sherman is very striking, and Cleveland and Manning are sometimes taken for one another. O'Donnell, of Michigan, and Assistant Postmaster General Stevenson have got mixed up time and again, and an impetuous Pennsylvania legislator looks exactly like the angular Holman, of Indiana.

The "Coal Mines" is the name by which a hamlet and station in Portsmouth, R. I., are known. Two mines that are said to have been originally opened early in the present century, and to have been worked spasmodically since, are situated there. The product was a cross between slate and the ordinary anthracite, with a preponderance in favor of the former. It could not be burned in ordinary stoves, though in war time, when anthracite was bringing \$14 a ton, Newport people to some extent bought Rhode Island coal at \$8 a ton, and managed to burn it by mixing it half and half. Of late years the demand for it has fallen off, and a few months since mining was suspended altogether, after penetrating to the depth of 1,600 feet. The mines are full of water, and coal mining in Rhode Island is probably ended forever.

The rubber industry of the United States has no rival in foreign countries. There is something like \$75,000,000 invested in the business of manufacturing rubber goods, \$30,000,000 of which is confined to the rubber boot and shoe industry. The total number of employes is placed at 15,000, and the total number of factories at 120. According to a recent census bulletin the value of the annual product is \$250,000,000. Some 20,000 tons of raw rubber are imported every year, which when combined with other materials in manufacturing, amount to 300,000 tons. The market price of the raw materials has been forced up to \$1.25 per pound, while six years ago the price was scarcely fifty cents. In consequence of the advance in price, several substances have been prepared as substitutes for it, of which celluloid is the most important.

Ben Perley Poore asserts in the Cultivator that "experimental stations are one of the latest agricultural crazes, and very useful they are. It is stated that the first one was organized about thirty-five years ago in Germany, in a rich agricultural district, where a club of farmers organized a club to solve certain problems, for the solution of which by individual experiment they had not the time. They secured a farm, put a competent person in charge, and there by co-operative committee work made their experiments. The improvement was so successful that other communities made like move, and afterward the State took it up. Now there are about 100 such stations in Germany, and in Belgium there are four. The English experiment had a different origin. The institution came to America, however, from the German origin. Connecticut was the first American State, North Carolina next. Now there are quite a number of these stations in other States."

An exchange thinks "we are troubled in this country by having too many years. The calendar or 'civil year commences the 1st day of January. The presidential year begins the 4th of March. The commencement of the landlords' and tenants' year in the country is the first day of the same month. The beginning of the landlords' and tenants' year in the city, however, is the 1st day of May. The 4th day of July is the first day of our national year. The religious year of the Episcopalians commences with Easter; that of the Methodists with the meeting of the church conference. The congressional year commences the first Monday of December, but the fiscal year does not begin till the 1st day of July. The school year commences the first Monday in September. In many parts of the country the hired man's year commences the 1st day of April. The sportsman's year in many of the States begins the 1st day of August. It is unfortunate that we have so many years, and an effort should be made to abolish some of them. There appears to be no good reason why the year for every class of officials should not commence at the same time."

The real wealth at present of Alaska rests in the abundance of fur-skinned animals. It was for the fur trade that the Russians occupied the country after it had been discovered by Behring, and it was mainly for the fur trade that the Americans acquired it from Russia. The extent of the trade has proved greater than was expected at the time of the transfer. The shipments of sea otter and fur sealskins alone have more than doubled since 1867, and now average annually about \$300,000 in value. Of land furs, as they are called, the list is a long one, and in the order of wideness or distribution may be thus given: Land-otter, beaver, brown bear, black bear, red fox, silver fox, blue and white fox, mink, marten, polar bear, lynx and muskrat. Rabbits, marmots and voles are also common, but the skins are retained by the natives. The annual value of the furs, sea and land, now obtained from Alaska is estimated to average about a million sterling, and there is no sign of decrease in the yield. On the contrary the competition of the traders for skins has stimulated the natives to greater industry in hunting; while the prices now paid to the hunters are from four to ten times more than were current during the Russian rule.

Our consul at Breslau, Germany, has made some interesting statements in his report to the department of state relative to the condition of German farm labor, the perusal of which might prove profitable to many of our young tillers of the soil who are discontented with their lot. The laborer usually lives the year around upon the estate where he is employed. He can indulge in few luxuries, receiving, as he does, but \$19 to \$23.80 in cash for his year's services. Beside this he is allowed twenty-four bushels of rye, three bushels of peas and one and a half bushels of wheat, with free lodging and fuel; and it is customary to grant his family the use of 100 square rods of land for raising vegetables. His wife is compelled to work in the field, receiving from twelve to fourteen cents a day in summer and ten to twelve cents in winter. The laborer gets but little meat, tea and tobacco, though occasionally indulges in a pipe of unmanufactured leaf. He is encouraged to work in harvest time by being treated to "schnapps." It has been estimated that a family consisting of a husband and wife with five children can live on \$1.09 a week. When we consider in connection with this the enforced military service, there can be no wonder at the great influx of Teutons into our country, where the condition of the agricultural classes, though not all that might be desired, is far superior to any they could hope to attain at home.

FOR OTHERS.

Weeping for another's woe, Tears flow then that would not flow When our sorrow was our own. And the deadly, stiffening blow Was upon our own hearts given In the moments that have flown Cringing at another's cry In the hollow world of grief, Still the anguish of our pain For the fate that made us die, To our hopes as sweet as vain; And our tears can flow again!

One storm blows the night this way, But another brings the day. -Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, in the Century.

LOVE OR FAME.

BY C. B. CRISP.

Major Browning, the famous impresario, rode slowly down the country road smoothing now and again his horse's chestnut mane, like the judge in Whittier's poem. It was a charming day in early April, and, although not by any means a lover of rural life, the gallant major found it quite impossible to look unmoved upon the beautiful stretch of the country with its low hills, its clustering trees, its breath of early flowers. He hummed softly the favorite song of the opera, which was at once his joy and his annoyance.

A bird poised on a swaying limb commenced a charming song without words. The major halted and listened. The tiny songster, unabashed by the presence of the famous critic, poured out its wonderful flood of melody; trills that would have made a prima donna die of envy, quivered from his tiny throat. Sweeter and fuller rose the joyous notes, filling the air with their rapturous minstrelsy, until, as if enamored of its own voice, or, perhaps, overcome by the sight of his admiring auditor, the singer plumed his wings and soared up into the blue.

The major clasped his hands enthusiastically. "I acknowledge the perfection of your manner, the charm of your voice, but why are you not a woman able to take the part of Julia in my unfortunate opera? Why have I found a musical genius if I cannot find a voice for my heroine? I want nothing more—only a voice, and I long in vain."

The major was growing tragic, he clutched his hands in mock despair, and went moodily on his way when—but let the major tell the story in his own words. It was after dinner on the same day, and he and his friend, Colonel Forester, of the Priory, were lingering over their coffee.

"You know, Guy, that when I left you after breakfast for a ride I was still out of sorts. I have told you of my new opera; you knew that I needed a soprano to take the leading role—something new. The music is phenomenal, I wanted a marvelous voice. The first thing I heard was what the poets call a 'feathered songster.' I wish you could have heard him—he could fill the part superbly, but—he flew away; they all do. I shall never feel safe until my young lady has signed her contract. You can't imagine the trouble I have undergone, the miseries I have endured season after season, just to please grumblers like yourself. I have to please everybody; prima donna, prima donna's husband, her stage lover, the public, the—"

Colonel Forester laughed and filled the major's cup. "I understand; but what about your new discovery?"

"All in good time. Well, as I left my bird or after he left me, rather, I went on my way regretting that so much sweetness should be lost, when I heard a woman's voice—a woman's, did I say? Barbarian, savage! An angel's voice; the voice of a seraph. I rode on quickly in the direction whence the clearest, fullest notes even I have ever heard issued and I beheld her. A girl of eighteen or so, tall, slight, with a face as lovely as her voice. I could have fallen on my knees before her ejaculating faintly, 'my deliverer'—but I didn't."

"Glorious!" laughed the colonel; "let me finish your story for you. I know her—have known her since we were children—at least since she was a child; you can tell me nothing. She is an orphan, she is poor, she is ambitious. Her name is Mary Percival, her home is with a shrewish step-aunt, if such a relationship can exist, she is very lovely, her voice is marvelous, but—here the gentleman paused, enjoying the eager expectancy of his friend's face—"but, mademoiselle has a lover; a stern young man who thinks it a sin to laugh, who looks upon the theatre as the bottomless pit—who, but, in short, give it up, Fred, you can never succeed."

"Give it up! Almalco mio, you don't know women; I do. I spoke to her; I told her of the power which lay concealed within that glorious voice of hers; I pictured glowingly the happy life of a famous singer; I waxed eloquent until I startled myself. 'Give it up!' You will hear her next season on the stage—the fairest prima donna of the century."

Colonel Forester leisurely lit another cigar; then lazily watching the white rings of smoke ascend, said carelessly: "All very true as to the wealth and fame, but Miss Percival is engaged to a young civil engineer now in Mexico. I have understood that they will be married upon his return to England. Alfred Temple is a man of too much pride and ability to permit his wife to appear on the stage as—what would you call her?—Madame Tempino!"

—she—why, positively, I never felt so old, so base, before. The man is fortunate who wins that exquisite creature—but she will be Julia in the opera of my rising young genius—Ramon Del Camp. You know him! No!" Then the conversation branched off from Mary Percival to the Spaniard, whose music was to set all the world wondering a little later in the year.

Still, when Major Browning rose to retire for the night, Colonel Forester returned once more to the charge. "Mark my words, you will fail yet."

"Fail! You should have seen her face as I pictured her glorious future to her. It was an easy conquest. 'When has love ever given way to ambition?' you asked the other day. A little while, and you shall see that in a woman's heart is no love like the love of fame. The applause of kings against the tame common-places of a husband's affection! Nonsense, Guy, you are behind your age! Fred Browning, late of the—the old Grey, with a glittering bait can give the odds to handsome Alfred Temple. Still, I will be generous; he shall have a complimentary ticket during the season."

"Most kind, most noble! But we shall see what we shall see."

"Which will be Miss Percival as Julia, the new prima donna with the face of an angel and the voice of the bird I heard this morning. Give up, indeed!" The gallant major's face of disgust was a study as he left the room.

In her own room Mary Percival sat alone pondering over the stranger's words. The one regret her proud heart had ever experienced since she had become Alfred Temple's promised wife, was that she was a penniless orphan. Now, while he should be toiling for her in his far Mexican home, she, too, could win laurels and wealth. She had never been farther from her quiet village home than to the neighboring county town; she knew as much of the world and its pleasures and miseries as her little baby-cousin sleeping peacefully in its mother's arms in the next room.

She had listened to Major Browning's description of what her reception would be by the world; she had seen herself in the crowded concert room, had heard the applause of a cultivated audience, or, better still, had felt the rapt silence as her voice thrilled all hearts. And then—Alfred! First to glory in her triumph, first to share in her fame—how delighted he would be when the world should render its homage to her!

When Major Browning called upon her in the morning, he made known more fully his plans. As he looked upon her exquisite face and heard again her rich voice, he was aroused to an enthusiasm unusual to a man of his somewhat phlegmatic temperament.

When he left her she had agreed to all his wishes. She would receive the instruction of the master he would procure for her; she would carefully study the part of Julia; she would appear in a grand concert before a chosen audience—then, and then only, would she consent to sign a contract for a specified length of time.

"Because, after all," she said gaily, "you may find me condemned by the voice of public opinion, and then what would you do?"

"After I had expressed my opinion as to the merits of your voice, my dear young lady," he said superbly, "you will pardon me, but you show great modesty"—he hated to say ignorance of his reputation as art critic and connoisseur—"great modesty. I fear you will not retain that humble opinion of yourself a year from now; you will be like the rest of the world then—fully conscious of your powers. We all are," he added quickly, as he saw the swift flush rise to her fair young cheek. "Now, once more, if you will so honor me, and he led her to the piano with the courtly grace he had found so taking with women."

"She is a wonder, a marvel, Guy," he said enthusiastically to his friend that night; "she will be a revelation to all London next season. If only I had that contract signed by that fairy hand, I would snap my fingers at Fate—a happy man."

It was the eventful night of Mary Percival's life—the night of her debut; the night which would set the seal of public opinion upon Major Browning's dictum; the night to make or mar her prospects.

The great hall was comfortably filled by the select audience bidden to judge of Major Browning's discovery. London had contributed her rank and fashion, her learning and wealth to give elegance and tone to Miss Percival's debut. The leading papers had each sent its reporter, armed with pencil and notebook to jot down his impression of the young debutante.

First of all there was an orchestral overture, to which every one listened with well-bred composure and lack of enthusiasm; then followed a dashing and brilliant pianiste in one of her own dashing compositions; then base opera-goers roused themselves to interest; languid fine ladies allowed themselves to look eagerly at the beautiful young creature who came forward with all the ease and grace of manner born of innate refinement. A lovely girl in the floating white draperies with clusters of red-berried holly-leaving her dress and lying against the chestnut waves of her hair.

It was the realization of Mary's dream. All those faces before her were merely visions she had seen that night in her quiet room; she knew they were around her, but their presence embarrassed her less than when she had felt them with her that still April night. She heard the opening chords of the accompaniment, she saw the major's anxious face and could not, for the life of her, repress the queer feeling of amusement which took possession of her for the moment. Then she sang—sang as never woman sang before. It was a song which the young Spaniard

had written for her, a song which breathed the soul of music in every rapturous note.

Eyes that had not wept for years saw the white-robed singer through a mist; women, drooped their faces behind their fans to hide from other eyes the tears which filled their own. Fuller, clearer, sweeter the marvelous voice rose and soared through the vast hall with the fresh ecstatic fullness of a lark's silver voice, then it died down to silence—the silence which could be felt, and Mary knew what it meant by winning one's laurels.

She did not respond to the encore, but later in the evening she again came forward to receive a perfect ovation.

Again she sang—an old English ballad. As she finished, those nearest to her detected a rich rose flush rise to her face, and saw that a look of recognition seemed to flash from her eyes to the eyes of some one in the audience.

Behind the scenes the ovations continued. With sweet, shy lips she answered the words of her admirers, the rose still pulsing in her cheek—but she cared for it so little, for a few minutes before she had seen across the sea of faces the face of Alfred Temple.

Madame Arditi's brilliant playing emptied the room of all save Mary and Major Browning.

"You are satisfied that I was not mistaken," he said, exultingly.

"It has been too wonderful," she answered softly; straining her ears for the sound of that well-known step.

"You are not afraid to occasion me a terrible loss now, I fancy?" he went on smilingly. "The world shall see you and hear you as Julia after all—but she was paying no heed to him, she was across the room, her hands clasped in the strong, brown hands of her lover.

Very quiet, very stern his face; his voice cold as if they had met after a separation of a day instead of two years.

"You did not receive my letter?" he asked. "The letter in which I announced my intended return."

"I have been in London for a week," she answered, her heart beating violently. "I did not know you were coming home so soon."

"I have had an excellent position offered me in England, but—here a quiver broke his voice—"it would have been better for me had I not accepted it."

"Why not? I do not understand you."

"No!" Then he broke out bitterly. "I come home to you, the Mary whom I left so short a time ago, and what do I find? Have you given me up, that I find on the stage of a concert room the woman who was my promised wife?"

Major Browning groaned audibly. He only needed to look from young Temple's set white face to Mary's fearful eyes to know that he stood in great danger of losing his young singer. He drew near and bowed graciously to the young man.

"Pardon me," he said blandly, "but I think I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Temple?"

Alfred bowed stiffly.

"Allow me to explain the rather bewildering state of affairs," he said, smilingly; and then in his own inimitable manner he related the whole occurrence.

"But I knew it was all up with me," he said afterward to Colonel Forester. "The moment she turned to him and asked in that low, sweet voice of hers what he thought of it all. 'Thought of it'—why, the fellow was black as thunder as he said, stiffly, that he thought so much of it that this was not the place to discuss the matter."

"You are not angry?" she asked, softly.

"Angry? With you?" Then he said, very quietly, "Is it your intention to accept this gentleman's terms to become an opera singer?"

"I had thought so for a little while. You know I did not expect you home so soon."

Then for a last attempt Major Browning said in his quick, decided way.

"The whole affair can be easily settled at once. Miss Percival, will you sign the promised contract? Your success is assured, your fortune secured; there is nothing which you can desire the signing of your name to this paper will not give you. Fame, wealth—"

"On the other hand," said Alfred, "I can offer you very little; neither wealth nor fame—only an honest name and a man's true heart."

Mary looked from one to another, the wild rose flush in her cheek, her soft bright eyes misty—and then she smiled divinely and put her hand in Alfred Temple's strong clasp.

"Without a word, I assure you, Guy. And my ship went down, down to the bottomless ocean, and poor Julia still waits for her breathing semblance."

"What did I tell you?" laughed the colonel, gaily.

HEALTH HINTS.

Salt should be eaten with nuts to aid digestion. Powdered rice, sprinkled upon lint and applied to wounds will stop bleeding.

Hot, dry fannels applied to the face and neck is a very effective remedy for a "jumping tooth-ache."

A London physician gives the following caution: "Be careful in your dealings with horseradish. It irritates the stomach and an overdose will produce an unpleasant sensation for days."

THE EVENING HOUR.

'Tis time to draw the curtains And light the evening lamp, And put fresh fuel in the grate— The night is chill and damp, 'Tis time to find the slippers, And leave them over there, In the cozy firelight corner, Beside the easy chair.

'Tis time to put the kettle on And draw the table out, To make the toast and steep the tea. (Do hear that baby shout) For all he's only nine months old, He knows a thing or two; Do see him laugh and clap his hands, He's playing peek-a-boo!

He knows 'tis time to listen To a step upon the floor; He knows 'tis time to welcome— A face within the door. For all the noisy time of times, When frolic leads the van, Comment me to the evening time, And papa's "little man."

-Mrs. Sarah DeW. Gamwell in Good Housekeeping.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

What is done cannot be undone, especially if it is a hard-boiled egg.—Piquette.

No effort should be spared to suppress the small-pox. A single case of it is an epidemic to the man who has it.—Siftings.

"Doing anything now, Bill?" "Oh, yes; I'm kept busy all the time." "Ah! Glad to hear it. What are you doing?" "Looking for a job."

The young man who imprinted a respectful kiss on the fair forehead of his best girl told his friend next day that he had been having a bangup time.

A friend of ours, absent on a trip to Washington, writes that he has been all through the national capital and considerable of his own.—Lowell Citizen.

Some people can ask awfully silly questions. We are asked if a dog's tail dragging through the snow makes a waggin' track.—Binghamton Republican.

Colonel Frank James is having a royal time in Missouri. At a recent county fair, those citizens whom the Colonel hadn't killed called on him and gave him an ovation.—Pack.

An English company has been organized for putting telephones into sick chambers. Some of the instruments in this country need doctoring pretty badly.—Burlington Free Press.

"Papa, what is a savage?" "A savage, my son, is a man who occupies two whole seats in a railway car, while some poor woman with a sick baby has to stand up.—Chicago Ledger.

Patrician hands so soft, so white That drifting o'er the keys Awaken in the old spinnet The tend' rest melodies; The pressure of those finger tips I do remember well, But of the shake that last I got I'll never, never tell.

The chief claim of a California town to notoriety lies in its production of a twelve-pound sweet potato. We know a town much nearer home that has brought forth several two-hundred-pound-dead-beats.—Pack.

Some one has introduced a game of "baseball with cards," but it will never become popular. The umpire is never killed in such a game, and the players are not carried off the field with broken limbs.—Norristown Herald.

THE REASON WHY.

Why dost thou hide that lovely eye, And shade its sunlight mellow? Ah, why not let its glances fly Like those of thy sweet fellow!

Hast thou some fear of unknown pain To clasp thee on the morrow? Or dost thou see on life's dark main The wreck of some dead sorrow?

Oh, tell me, maiden, why, so shy, Dost thou thus coyly pass one? "Well, sir," she said, "I hide my eye Because it is a glass one." —Pack.

Bible Statistics.

- The books in the Old Testament, 29. The chapters of the Old Testament, 929. The verses in the Old Testament, 23,241. The words in the Old Testament, 393,430. The letters in the Old Testament, 2,733,700. The books in the New Testament, 27. The chapters in the New Testament, 260. The verses in the New Testament, 7,956. The words in the New Testament, 181,253. The letters in the New Testament, 838,380. The Apocrypha, has chapters, 183. The Apocrypha has verses, 7,051. The Apocrypha has words, 132,185. The middle chapter, and least in the Bible, is Psalm cxviii. The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 95,543 times. The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,386 times. The word "and" occurs in the New Testament 19,604 times. The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs. The middle chapter of the Old Testament is Job 29. The middle verse of the Old Testament is II. Chronicles, 1st chapter, 25th verse. The least verse of the Old Testament is I. Chronicles, 1st chapter, 25th verse. The longest verse of the Old Testament is Esther, 8th chapter and 9th verse. The middle book of the New Testament is the Gospels. The middle chapter of the New Testament is Romans 14 and 15. The middle verse in the New Testament is Acts—18th verse.