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RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion... Marriage and death notices gratis.

Anthony Comstock, of the New York society for the prevention of vice, says it is difficult to trace persons conducting fraudulent schemes because of their numerous aliases.

Mr. Theron E. Platt, of Fairfield county, Conn., has raised 200 varieties of potatoes on his farm during the past year.

The almost incredible story is told of a Western farmer that, some years ago, hearing burglars breaking into his house, and being out of buckshot, he hurriedly loaded his gun with a box of pills, which were compounded, however, of a soft material, and merely smeared the burglars somewhat.

An Albany doctor asserts that electricity has been one of the most beneficent modern health restorers. It is now used successfully for a great variety of maladies.

It is announced that Messrs. Apert, of Clichy, France, have discovered a process that will make glass blowing by the mouth unnecessary.

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 expedition sent out by the Dominion government to ascertain whether the "Hudson Bay route" to Europe is navigable was highly successful.

Miniature painting is an art which, if not lost, has at least fallen into decline. Certainly the costly ivory miniatures of our fair grandmothers could not be reproduced to-day by the same process.

WHO CAN HE BE?

You may stake your last copper A man who is proper Would not tell a "whopper" Or get in a fight; And he isn't the fellow To play himself yellow On the violinello Way into the night.

A CHECKERED CAREER.

San Quentin prison, twenty miles from San Francisco, contains a vast number of outlaws and desperate men generally, but conspicuous among these imprisoned road agents is "Billy" Miner, who has not only figured prominently as a highwayman in California, but is known in the same capacity in Colorado and the Rocky mountain districts.

again seek the wilds of the West for further supplies.

During the latter part of February, 1881, Miner told his friends that urgent business called him at once to California. His aged mother was in feeble health, and it was absolutely essential that she should take her upon an ocean voyage, and allow the gentle breezes of the Pacific to fan back to her faded cheeks the bloom and glow of health.

Successful Songs.

An interesting fact about successful songs may be noted, and that is, only sentimental songs make any money. Humorous songs become very popular. They are applauded in the theatre, when a favorite singer sings them, and are laughed at unrestrainedly, but very few in the audience ever think of buying copies of them.

Heat Modified by Vegetation.

Dr. Stephen Smith in the course of a paper on the effects of the high heat of summer, read before the New York academy of medicine recently, said: Vegetation, now, is the natural means of modifying the temperature of the air.

Shifting Responsibility.

A charitable lady living on the Back Bay gives baskets of food several times a week to poor families. To one of her pensioners who had a sick wife the lady said one morning: "There are some oranges in the basket, John, for your wife; how is she to-day?"

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The "conscience fund" at Washington, begun in 1827, now amounts to \$320,000, and is increasing every year.

A Russian convict is said to have survived a punishment of 3,000 lashes. As high a number as 4,000 lashes is said to have been imposed in some cases, but no convict ever survived the infliction of the punishment.

A Kennebunk, Maine, man recently captured 800 bees while they were swarming in the woods. He daubed himself with honey, the bees lighted thereupon, and in this way he transported them home without receiving a sting.

Though the principle on which an arch was constructed was not entirely unknown to the Greeks, yet their universal use of the columnar style of architecture, and general deficiency of roads, aqueducts and bridges, rendered its use unnecessary to them, but the Romans employed it extensively in all their great works.

The manufacture of alcohol from wood has increased rapidly within a few years, and it is said to be used largely for patent bitters, ginger extracts and other alcoholic compounds whose strong flavor makes it unnecessary to use a better quality of spirits.

Afghanistan shepherds keep dogs that make their pasture-grounds unapproachable to strangers. They are perfect beasts of prey, ready to tear a man for the slightest provocation, but charging wolves and leopards with the same reckless courage.

Christian Glauser, of Reading, Penn., is one of the few dealers, if not the only dealer, in dogs' meat in this country. He keeps it on hand to sell to persons who think it may be good for their health, and also tries out the fat and sells it as a cure for colds, rheumatism, and troubles of the chest.

A German authority states that a curious historical document concerning a Panama canal exists in the archives of Venezuela, bearing the date of 1780. A canal project, this document records, was broached in the reign of Philip II., and Flemish engineers surveyed the territory and declared the obstacles were not insurmountable.

Being short of government rations, with strict orders not to forage, but having good health and a craving appetite, I resolved to run some chances to satisfy the latter.

The command was moving slowly up a little valley, with here and there a house in view. Handing the reins of my horse to a comrade I started off toward a large house situated not far from the road, and soon found myself in the yard.

It was then I realized he belonged to no church, for the air was blue as he ordered me to come back. To resist was folly. I stopped and turned to see the General's horse within four feet of the punishments soldiers are subjected to from the guard-house to the death sentence.

Raising in his stirrups, he fairly yelled: "Steal and throw it away! Get to your command!" I did "get," and his blessing helped me to "get."

No Liveries for Him.

"Gath," the New York correspondent, tells a story of a major-general of the British army, who came to the American metropolis on a visit from India, and a prominent man who was not in politics, to whom he brought a letter, put him in his carriage and took him everywhere.

The cook followed instructions, and the next day Mr. Phobus took breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Barnum and the friend who tells the story. Mr. Phobus ate of them, and ate heartily. They just touched his taste and "supplied a long-felt want."

And that is how it came about that the visitor to the Queen's hotel in London, at Leland's hotel in Chicago, at the West End hotel at Long Branch, and at various first-class hotels in this city, finds on the breakfast table of fare set before him, "Figs' feet broiled a la Barnum."

An excellent quality of paper has been made from the pulp of bananas.

ENCHANTMENT.

Low in the valley and high on the hill, When spring reawakens the earth, All day does the little bird carol and trill; And the children laugh out in their mirth.

For the song in the valley seems sweetest and best, Borne upon the breeze, far and faint, And when we grow older the truth is confessed— All echo the little one's plaint!

The bird that sings near us and always we slight For the bird that sings faintly afar! Oh, bird of the heavens, pray never alight, The charm of your singing to mar. —Will S. Faris, in the Current.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The home-stretch—An after-dinner nap. After all, a good big healthy cyclone is the thing to bring down the house.—Puck.

There is a man in Oregon who is nauseated at the sight of an egg. He would make a poor lecturer.—Maerick.

If you desire to take an extended pleasure trip, get a bicycle and go to Wheeling.—Detroit Free Press.

When a person is in everybody's mouth he naturally has a high appreciation of the popular taste.—Boston Transcript.

Jones (who is not friendly to Johnson)—Yes! He resembles his father, who is about as small a man as I have ever met.—Baltimore Advocate.

Your wife—"Won't you try some of my home-made bread, dear?" He—"I have tried, and I'll try again, but it's a very trying situation to be placed in."—Life.

"Look here, judge," said the burglar; "I ain't so bad as you think I am. Only give me time and I'll reform." And the judge gave him fifteen years.—Somerville Journal.

A little boy whose sprained wrist had been relieved by bathing in whisky surprised his mother by asking: "Did papa ever sprain his throat when he was a boy?"—Chicago Telegram.

"Do you know, my pretty dear," he began. "Don't call me your pretty dear," she retorted. "I'm entirely too lively to be a pretty dear, for they belong to the stagnation, you know."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"Dear sir," he said, "I'd like to ask, unless the question's rude, What means those strange and mystic words, 'Innocent desuetude?'" "Of course the question is not rude." "The other man replies: 'Oh, yes!'" "They mean, you see, the business man, Who does not advertise."—Washington Critic.

"Another look-out," angrily muttered Phaeceus, upon returning home at a late hour from a meeting of the Knights of Labor, and being refused admittance by Lavina. Pending the action of a board of arbitration he has an apartment at a neighboring hotel.—Detroit Free Press.

"If a man can keep his teeth until after middle age," says the London Lancet, "he may generally count on keeping them to the end of his life." There is no reason why he shouldn't keep them provided he has paid for them and isn't careless enough to swallow them in his after-dinner sleep.—Graphic.

"Pigs' Feet Broiled a la Barnum."

The late Harrison Phobus was an epicure above everything else. The creator of a new dish was to him a greater man than he who won many battles. Among the guests at his hotel, at Old Point Comfort, a few years ago, was the veteran showman, P. T. Barnum. He, too, loves the good things of this life. One afternoon the two were sitting together on the hotel veranda. Barnum was spinning one of the yarns for which he is famous. He broke off suddenly in the middle of his story with the remark:

"Say, Phobus, why don't you ever serve pig's feet for breakfast?" "Because they're not fit to eat," laconically replied Mr. Phobus.

"They're not, eh? I'll cure you of that belief. Got a cook you can trust?" "Several of them," responded the astonished Phobus.

"Send the best one up to me," said Barnum. The cook came. "Now," said Mr. Barnum to the astonished chef, "get some pigs' feet—fat ones; wash them clean—very clean; then wrap each one separately in a piece of clean muslin that hasn't got any starch in it. Then boil 'em. Boil 'em hard and boil 'em long; not less than seven hours. Do you understand? Seven hours. Then take them out and put them in a cool place. When they're cool unwrap 'em and split 'em. Understand! Split 'em right in the center. Next day broil 'em and serve 'em hot—the hotter the better, but for heaven's sake don't fry 'em."

The cook followed instructions, and the next day Mr. Phobus took breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Barnum and the friend who tells the story. Mr. Phobus ate of them, and ate heartily. They just touched his taste and "supplied a long-felt want." When the pigs' feet had disappeared, Mr. Phobus comment was, "Say, Barnum, that's food fit for a king."

And that is how it came about that the visitor to the Queen's hotel in London, at Leland's hotel in Chicago, at the West End hotel at Long Branch, and at various first-class hotels in this city, finds on the breakfast table of fare set before him, "Figs' feet broiled a la Barnum."

Mr. Phobus had introduced the dish to his brother caterers in various parts of the world.—Harford Post.