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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description and Price. 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 Florida house is shipping 2,500 bird skins a month to Newark, New Jersey, to be used in hat decorations. The birds killed for the purpose are the jay, lark, snipe, crane, hawk and black and other species. It is claimed that these birds are destructive to crops, and that they "won't be missed."

Jack rabbits are said to be swarming through Nevada, Utah and Idaho, and doing much damage to crops. The epidemic is due, according to the popular opinion, to the efforts made by the authorities to exterminate the coyotes. There is now a bounty fixed by law for their scalps in Nevada, but the legislature will be asked to repeal the act.

An English statistical writer says that while population in Europe and the United States has risen thirty-four per cent since 1850, working power has increased 105 per cent, and as a consequence of this, five men can now accomplish as much as six in 1870, or eight in 1850. The world's steam power is now five and a half times what it was in 1850.

The Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington, upon the question of animals in the United States affected with pleuro-pneumonia, says the number of cattle inspected during the last year embraced over 6,000 herds. In only 445 of these herds were infected animals found, and the number of diseased, but not the exposed, in these were 1,700 animals. This statement was made in reply to a contemporary which made the infected number 60,000 herds examined, healthy and otherwise. The disease seems virtually extirpated west of the Alleghesies.

The subject of cremation has been recently discussed in the French Chamber of Deputies, and it has been decided that the mode of disposing of the dead will be left optional to the friends of the departed unless special arrangements have been made during the lifetime of the latter. In response to Bishop Freppel as to the immunity that criminals would enjoy if the bodies were subjected to incineration, M. Blatin, Deputy, remarked that the examinations in case of suspected poisoning could be more usefully carried out before incineration. Even after incineration there are poisons which could be found in the ashes.

John Ruskin confesses that he would rather please the girls than do any other one thing. "My primary thought," he avows, "is how to serve them and make them happy; and if they could use me for a plank bridge over a stream or set me up for a post to tie a swing to, or anything of the sort not requiring me to talk, I should be quite happy in such a promotion." And John seems to think he is quite too kind and condescending for anything. Perhaps he is, taking the English view of the case. But over here any man who didn't do all he could to make the girls happy, as a matter of course, would be speedily and deservedly boycotted.

It is said that in Scotland glens whence many thousands of able-bodied men were sent forth are now used only for breeding grouse and game. A question of great practical importance is whether this degradation of the soil is wanton oppression of the poor, or whether it is necessitated by soil sterility. Properly managed naturally good soils may be kept always fertile, as England, Holland and other densely-populated countries have shown. But where land has become too sterile to pay for cultivation, letting it lie idle may be the only means of reclaiming it. Nature's processes are slow, but she charges nothing except time, and this with valueless land is not worth reckoning. While lying idle its occupancy by game can scarcely be regarded as a desecration.

A matter which is attracting much attention in England is the rapid diminution of the number of brewers. Sixteen years ago the brewers of the United Kingdom numbered 32,000. Between 1870 and 1880 they grew fewer at the rate of a thousand a year, and at the last-mentioned date only mustered some 23,000. In 1881 they had become reduced to 15,000. Since then the decline has been less rapid, but still they are yearly losing ground to a surprising extent. They number at the present time only 13,000, or 19,000 less than sixteen years ago. Were there a corresponding decrease in the consumption of beer it would be a cause of great rejoicing to temperance advocates; but such is not the case, though the temperance movement has had a perceptible effect upon the business, and it is expected to still further curtail it. The great cause is the levying of a duty upon beer instead of upon malt, which has had the effect of concentrating the business in fewer hands.

WHAT TO BELIEVE.

He has no joy who has no trust! The greatest faith brings greatest pleasure, And I believe because I must. And would believe in perfect measure. Therefore I send To you, my friend, This key to open mines of treasure; Whatever else your hands restrain, Let faith be free and trust remain. Believe in summer's sun and shade, Although to-day the snow be falling; Expect glad voices in the glade, Though now the winds alone are calling. Have eyes to see How fair things be; Let Hope, not Fear, prove most enthralling; And skies that shine will oftener be Stretched lovingly o'er thine and those. Have loyal faith in all thy kin, Believe the best of one another; One Father's heart takes all men in, Be not suspicious of thy brother. If one deceives Why disbelieve The rest, and so all kindness smother! Who the most looks for love will find Most certainly that heart's true friend. Regard the age with hopeful thought, Not it, but thou thyself are debtor; Behold what wonders have been wrought; Believe the world is getting better. Oh, be thou brave To help, and save, And free men's hands from every fetter, Yet know that cheery hopefulness Is the great factor in success. Above all things, in God believe, And in His love that lasts forever; No changeless friend thy heart to grieve Is He who will forsake thee never. In shine or shower His blessings down The souls that trust with strong endeavor; Believe, believe, for faith is best— Believe, and find unbroken rest. —Marianne Farningham.

A TRIAL OF FAITH.

"What I consider the essential element of happiness in any love affair is the supreme faith and perfect trust of the one in the other," said the heroine, in a voice that in a moderately pretty girl would have seemed authoritative, but not in a splendid creature as tall and stately as Tennyson's Maud, with red-brown hair, dark violet eyes, and a mouth shaped like Cupid's bow. "No matter what appearances are against him, no matter if time or distance or malicious tongues separate, the woman should trust. Since I have become engaged—" "Engaged to do what, Florence?" asked Jack's sister, with her irreverent giggle. But what could you expect of a little undersized creature, with a turned-up nose, and a pair of green eyes as inquisitive as an interrogation point? "When I think that you and Jack are really to be married, it does seem too ridiculous; he just gone into the Senior at Yale, and you just out of school last June. And then such a lot of sweethearts as he has had! There were Emily Hazen, and Marie De Bresse, and last year Professor Peter's daughter—the youngest one, with the big black eyes, that giggled. And to hear you, the very best spitfire in school, when you get jealous, talking about love and trust and faith! Now, my lady, don't get vexed; it's all 'badinage and persiflage,' as the women of society would say. I'm merely watching the miracle of love."

time, and I hope you will trust him, Florence. Let's go home and get into his top drawer, and turn out the mementos of the past. Do you know that the other day I stepped in while you and he were discussing constancy on the veranda, and I found twenty different locks of hair in one corner of the bureau—every color of the rainbow except gray—and all mixed up, so that they looked like Joseph's coat or a rag carpet."

he, Mrs. Lane; I know these college belles. She is twenty years older if she is a day, and—" "Read the telegram yourself, Florence," said Sue, through her tears. The heroine stepped to the window and stood in the recess for five minutes, her back to the other three. "Well!" she said, presently. "Well!" re-echoed the trio, hanging on her words. "He has been entrapped," said Florence, looking tall and stern. "I blame her entirely. She made him do it. I always said she was the most manoeuvring, deceitful— Oh, my poor Jack!" cried the heroine, in a burst of bitter weeping. "I hear the carriage coming up the avenue, Florence," said Sue, in a low voice, as she tapped at the door at seven o'clock. "Why, Florence, you are perfectly lovely, all in white like a bride, and with your diamonds on. What a lovely color in your cheeks, too! Oh dear, what made him do it?" "What made her do it?" said Miss Maxwell, with set lips. "Wait one minute. Does my train set in the back? She will be dirty and dusty, the little—" "Never mind; we will go down to meet them."

ANIMALS WHO LOVE FUN.

THE SENSE OF HUMOR COMMON TO THE ANIMAL CREATION. A Dog that Imitated a Toad—A Parrot that Punished a Cat for Stealing. According to W. H. Beard, the artist, nearly all the brute creation have some mode of enjoying and many of them a way of perpetrating a joke. He once owned a pointer which was well broken for bird-hunting, and boy-like, young Beard trained it to chase the nimble rabbits, but he never was able to induce it to tackle a woodchuck, or, as it is called South and West, a ground-hog, but once, and then Wallace, the pointer, was badly worsted. This pointer grew so keen that it could readily discover if a woodchuck was the occupant of a hole, and then it wagged its tail and put on a sort of shamed look, as much as to say: "Oh, no; excuse me." It had a way of showing its teeth, not as if in anger, but as if smiling. On one occasion the dog had run ahead in a wheatfield after harvest, beating here and there and vibrating his tail as if on the scent for rabbits. Soon the dog left the earth, jumping high in the air—so high that his form for a moment was clearly cut against the blue distance. Of course, this performance was received with peals of laughter from the boys. The dog looked foolish for a moment, then shriveled up his nose and grinned as was his wont, wagging his tail undecidably all the time; in short, claims Beard, trying to lie out of it by every device at his command, since he was not able to speak. Again he began his run, snuffing zealously in the stubble, and presently bounced up again, as before, and then turning, smiled to show that the trick he played several times, and at last, the boys went to investigate, and at the scene of the first leap found a large toad, whose hopping motions he had caricatured. Another dog was a mongrel cur of low degree, but it was his great happiness to chase pigs, not as the ordinary dog does, grabbing them by the ear until piggy squealed for mercy. Oh, no, Sport got more fun out of a pig than that. When the proper distance was established, and the two animals just in position, he would thrust his head under the pig, and then turning, smiled to show that the trick he played several times, and at last, the boys went to investigate, and at the scene of the first leap found a large toad, whose hopping motions he had caricatured.

THE THRUSH.

The thrush sings high on the topmost bough, Low, louder, low again; and now He has changed his tree, you know not how, For you saw no flitting wing. All the notes of the forest- throng, Flute, reed and string, are in his song, Never a fear knows he, nor wrong, Nor a doubt of anything. Small room for care in that soft breast; All weather that comes is to him the best, While he sees his mate close on her nest, And the woods are full of Spring. He has lost his last year's love, I know— He, too—but 'tis little he keeps of woo; For a bird forgets in a year, and so No wonder the thrush can sing. —Atlantic Monthly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Most women are clothes observers. Before marriage a girl speaks to her lover with her eyes; after marriage, with her tongue.—Life The number of men who are disappointed in love doesn't compare with the number who are disappointed in marriage.—Burlington Free Press. Even water will burn in a hot enough fire, And the cold often blows from the south, And the size of the lie of the champion liar Doesn't hinge on the size of his mouth. —Hatchet. A correspondent wants to know why a bald is called a "hop." Watch the gentlemen as they evade the ladies' trains and you will tumble.—Burlington Free Press. Women and the weather are the two principal topics discussed by men, says a philosopher. And it may be added that both are mighty uncertain things.—Boston Courier. An exchange suggests that young ladies give up the banjo and take to flute playing. This couldn't be done. It is impossible to talk while playing the flute.—New Haven News. A SURE SIGN. When goats decline to eat old rubber boots, And crop the growing grasses in the lane, The time for trimming Bobby bathing suits Is drawing near again. —Boston Courier. "It is healthier to lie on the right rather than the left side," says an astute health journal. Of course nobody wants to be on the "left" side, but a lawyer for instance often finds it healthy to lie on either side.—Boston Bulletin. "Isn't that an Inter-state cigar you are smoking?" he asked. "An Inter-state cigar? What's that?" queried the stranger. "Why, one that you can smoke in Maine and make the people in Texas hold their noses." —Washington Hatchet. It seems from a careful count that there are only 2,000,000 pianos in the whole United States. No count has been made of flutes, accordions, trombones and other instruments of torture. At a rough guess we put the number at 3,000,000,000.—Philadelphia Call. When you've told your glory story And have settled to the glory Of extravagant narration most successfully displayed, How you turn a billious yellow When you hear some other fellow With his wretched "That reminds me" lay you snugly in the shade. —Pittsburg Chronicle. A man in the coal region put a little dynamite in the cooking stove to remove clinkers. It removed them. It also removed three chairs, one table, one family cat, a twenty-four-hour clock, four dollars' worth of dishes, and the stove. The fact that the man was likewise removed, in something of a hurry, will be apt to prevent his mode of removing clinkers becoming popular.—Norristown Herald. Jefferson Davis in Irons. An eye-witness, engaged in 1855 at Fortress Monroe in the ordnance department, now a resident and attached to the police department of Baltimore, says that when Mr. Davis landed from the gin-boat on the Government wharf, the guard that received him kept back the lookers on to a considerable distance while they conducted the prisoner to the interior of the fortification and to the casemate assigned for his incarceration. Soon after he was lodged there the officer of the day called and advised him that orders had been received from Washington to place him in irons, and asked him to submit by lying prostrate on the cot then within the casemate. Mr. Davis, with some vehemence, objected, and asked that the order should be read to him. This was done, and he still refused, and declared that the manacles should only be placed on him by force. The blacksmith was then present with the leg-irons, and a soldier, being so ordered, placed his musket across the breast of the prisoner, pressed him to and then down on the cot. While held in that position the smith riveted the irons on the ankles, and the prisoner, thus secured, was locked in the casemate. A day or so following, orders came from Washington to remove the manacles, and soon afterward to open the door, and finally to allow Mr. Davis to exercise himself by limited walks within the grounds. The order to iron was issued, it is said, by Secretary Stanton, and the preparations to do so were all made prior to the arrival of the gun-boat. President Johnson issued the ameliorating orders that followed. Jack and Jim. They grew in beauty side by side, They filled one home with glee; Jack was a base ball pitcher; Jim— A cricketer was he. All perfect stood these noble youths In beautiful April. Their pie-crust mouths were ever wreathed With one serene smile. But ere the summer time had waned, And overcasts had come, Jack's nose had lost its only bridge, Jim's ear its only drum. —New York Journal.

Curious Features of Mexican Life.

There is no end of curious things and conditions in Mexico. The people plow with the pronged stick, such as was used in Egypt and Palestine thousands of years ago. The cattle are yoked by a horizontal stick, tied with thongs to the horns; it is said that there is not a modern ox yoke in that country. The large majority of the male inhabitants wear sandals, which once put on are very rarely if ever taken off. One will see, says a correspondent of the Indianapolis Journal, hundreds of laborers in the fields, naked, except for an apology for a pair of pantaloons. The hat—the high-crowned, broad brimmed sombrero—is the main article of dress. To this add a shawl, and the average Mexican considers himself got up in style. The balance of his dress, or the lack of it, is of little moment. A native will pay twenty-five dollars for a hat that will weigh five pounds, as much for a serape or shawl, and one dollar will furnish his pantaloons. If he has any money left he will buy a revolver, and take the chances of getting his dinner. Of thousands of Mexican women of the middle and lower classes that we saw on our trip, not one of them wore a bonnet; but the universal black shawl covered head and shoulders. The burro is the grand means of transportation, except the Mexican himself. The Mexican porter will carry a load of 300 pounds or more; and the burro must carry whatever can be heaped or tied upon him. All the wood that is burned in the towns and cities, the most of which are roots dug out of the ground and cut into lengths of about eighteen inches, is carried to market on the backs of the burros, as is also hay, milk—anything and everything. The burro is the express wagon and drag of Mexico. Occasionally, and only occasionally, one will see a cart or rough wagon, none of which, however, have a particle of iron in their construction. The wheels are cut out of solid wood, and the framework is held together by wooden pins or ropes. When a considerable journey is to be taken they carry an extra axle, because as they never grease them they wear out in short order. It is said that one can hear the squeaking of the ungreased wheels of a cart train five miles. One of the strangest anomalies to be found in Mexico is that they use little or no iron in their domestic economies, yet every town of three or four thousand people and upward that we saw had a street car line with T rails running first and second class cars, their first-class cars and their roads equal, if not superior, to the street railroads of Indianapolis, and much cleaner. A Home Idyl. He was kneeling on the floor, Where he never had knelt before, While he uttered Bible words in some confusion. He seemed to feel quite badly, For he spoke quite low and sadly As to a soltry time he made allusion. No, alas! he was not praying, For whatever he was saying He said, in truth, without mature reflection: Yes, perhaps he was to blame, But you'd have done the same, If a hammer and your thumb had made connection. —New Haven News.

Novel Way to Kill Crows.

In conversation with a prominent planter of the Fourth District, we learn of a new and novel way to kill crows. The gentleman's plan is to catch one of the birds, tie it to your body and walk through the field with your gun cocked and finger on the trigger. The cries of the bird will cause others of its tribe to flock around you, and they can then be easily shot. This method of exterminating these pests is not patented, and those who are so disposed are at liberty to try it.—Duncan (Ga.) Journal.