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Upon an indictment for selling or offering for sale of oleomargarine unmarked, the Supreme Court of Oregon lately held that it was not necessary to prove any overt act of offering it for sale in an unidentified condition, but that the mere possession of it and placing it in a store with other articles held for sale was sufficient to warrant a jury in finding that the same was offered for sale.

The following table, which the Rochester (N. Y.) Post-Express has prepared with great care from many sources, shows the number of times the veto power has been used by the twenty-two men who have filled the Presidential chair:

Washington..... 2 Taylor..... 0 Adams..... 0 Fillmore..... 0 Jefferson..... 0 Pierce..... 10 Madison..... 3 Buchanan..... 4 Monroe..... 1 Lincoln..... 1 Adams..... 0 Johnson..... 21 Jackson..... 11 Grant..... 23 Van Buren..... 0 Hayes..... 12 Harrison..... 0 Garfield..... 0 Tyler..... 9 Arthur..... 4 Folk..... 3 Cleveland (so far) 111

The English organization known as "Uncle Toby's Dicky-bird Society" boasts of members in France, Germany, Italy, Sweden, Gibraltar, Constantinople, Hong Kong, South America, many parts of Canada and the United States. Within less than a decade since its initiation the organization has just reached in its ranks the grand total of 100,000 members.

A writer for the Boston Herald says that the construction of the American railways has practically quadrupled the efficiency of the army on the Mexican frontier, and the ability to put the troops into the frontier States—where trouble generally begins—gives the Federal Government a sense of security which was never felt before.

All sorts of queer trades flourish in New York, and one of the queerest is the purchase and sale of current coins. A printed list of quotations, sent out daily by a reputable firm, gives the market value of all sorts of specie.

Some correspondents have made inquiries about the water towers used by the New York Fire Department, and the letters show that there is much curiosity in distant places concerning those contrivances which enable the firemen to extinguish flames in lofty buildings in this city without danger. A water tower is a large iron tube, supported on a truck by a turn-table. The big end of the tube is fastened to the table by means of a hinge and cog wheels, which are moved by a crank.

COMPENSATION. The sun when setting in the west, Its daily course has run; The rising moon has only then Its journey vast begun. And thus, when one bowed down with years, Sinks gladly to his rest, Another soul appears on earth— A heaven sent bequest. —Mrs. Mumma, in Good Housekeeping.

GAY FEATHER. It was nightfall of a November day. The dull red disk of the setting sun was slowly sinking behind the peak of a distant "divide." It dropped from the sharp point, and instantly a flood of mellow light poured along the sky, bringing out in bold relief the long, jagged outline of the range, tinting the white-capped peaks with soft rose color, and by vivid contrast, making still blacker the wide expanse of the plains with their herbage burnt by recent fires.

Suddenly, far to the eastward, there appeared amid the purple and brown shadows, a strange, lurid glow, and behind it, a writhing, serpentine length—like the trailing body of a huge dragon with a single gleaming eye. It swept along, the light grew larger, there was a prolonged whistle whose shrill echoes were repeated from the distant rocky recesses, and then the express with its long line of cars steamed into the little station at Amerilla and stopped short with many a snort and sizzle.

As usual, a crowd had assembled to greet its arrival. A score of miners "from up the gulch," several officers from the garrison, two or three Mexicans with clanking spurs and gay-striped blankets, together with sundry women and children—a laughing and chatting. To the left of the station, a party of Indians formed a picturesque group. All were mounted on shaggy ponies. Among them was a young girl with a smooth, well-shaped face, bright eyes and lithe form.

"Oh, maybe not! He has a fever, I see. You want medicine for him?" Gay Feather's face brightened. "Yes!" she said. "But agent's squaw say No! She drove poor Indian away! Me believe Great Feather at Washington not know what devil agent's wife is!"

"Weel, she's a bonny bride, anyhow," persisted Jenny. "an' I don't wonder that the lieutenant feels proud of her." "And I wonder what Gay Feather'll say," said Mrs. Grosse, with a disagreeable laugh and a knowing look at the Indian girl who have mentioned.

The latter caught both glance and remark. A faint, red glow overspread her dusky cheeks. She drew herself up proudly, uttered a brief word of command to her pony and dashed away through the crowd, the mud from her horse's hoofs plentifully bespattering Mrs. Grosse's gown.

But this did not seem to trouble the agent. Job Grosse was a fit companion for his coarse fellow. He was an ignorant, rough fellow, wholly unprincipled in his dealings with the Indians. To him they were as so many dogs, to be kicked and cursed. He laughed contemptuously when some of his more timid companions hinted of war-paint and "pow-wows," and begged that he would have the feeble garrison reinforced.

aright, and his after-life had been wild and irregular. But he had determined to reform now, for he loved this fair maiden with no fleeting passion, but a strong abiding affection.

"You go 'long, you impudent baggage? We don't want none o' your kind here! What if your young one is sick an' like to die—it'll be good riddance to bad rubbish! Go home to some of your Big Medicine Men an' let them chatter their gibberish over him! You shan't get nothin' here, so go 'long! Leave, I say, or I'll set the dog on ye!"

"Don't be afraid of me," she said, gently. "Tell me what you want, and, perhaps, I can help you." Mrs. Grosse regarded the two from her doorstep. She gave a shrill, unpleasant laugh. "To think o' you a-talkin' to her!" she muttered, with a significance that was quite lost on Amy. And with that she went in, banging the door after her.

"Is the baby sick?" continued Amy. Gay Feather seemed to hesitate before answering. Yet somehow, Amy's sympathetic face and voice exerted a magic influence. "Yes, papoose very sick—him die!" she said, at last, with a pathetic brevity.

Winter with its drifting snows and icy blizzards swept over the plains, burying the little station at Amerilla in temporary oblivion. But even the dreariest season comes to an end, and presently Amy Armand awoke to a consciousness that, after all, nature had garments of beauty with which to clothe this barren desolation.

"It was dear, kind Gay Feather, who saved me," said Amy. "Gay Feather!" stammered her husband, his face turning red and then deathly pale.

As in few words as possible, Amy related the circumstances, at the same time leading him to the place where lay the Indian girl. She was still breathing, but it was with much difficulty. As they drew near, she opened her eyes and smiled.

For the last twelve years Otto H. Bowman, who died at the Bridgeport Hospital Sunday has been kept alive by hypodermic injection of morphia. For the nineteen months he had been at the hospital it is estimated that his skin had been punctured 2,999 times in order to perform the operation, and five ounces of sulphate of morphia was the quantity used.

HOW THE FRUIT IS RAISED ON COSTA RICA PLANTATIONS. Preparing the Land for the Seed—No Plow or Harrow Needed—Harvesting the Crop.

For an instant the young wife hesitated. Was this treachery? she asked herself. One glance at the Indian girl's sincere though anxious face reassured her. "Where are we going?" she asked, as they sped along in the darkness.

Suddenly, like a dark wind-cloud, a band of warriors dashed by them, in mad pursuit of a fugitive soldier. The savages were too intent on overtaking their victim to perceive the horse and its riders, all of which were in the shadows of the willows.

"No! no! I can't leave you so! Do you hear, good girl!" But the faithful Indian woman made no response; she had sunk into a state of unconsciousness. Amy sat beside her and dreadingly waited. As long as she lives she will never forget that night! The distant yells died away; the lurid gleams from the burning station faded out of the sky; all was silent, save the moan of the night-wind and the murmur of the waters, sharply broken now and then by the yelp of a prowling coyote.

"Me save your palface'd squaw, Lieutenant Armand," she said in her low, musical voice. "She good squaw; you must be kind to her all your life!"

As a week later Mr. John Adams went to the Capitol to deliver messages from the President to each House of Congress. Having delivered that addressed to the Speaker of the House of Representatives he was going through the rotunda toward the Senate Chamber when he was overtaken by Mr. Jarvis, who pulled his nose and slapped his face.

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It costs \$14,000 a year to light the White House.

RUNNING A BANANA FARM.

HOW THE FRUIT IS RAISED ON COSTA RICA PLANTATIONS.

Preparing the Land for the Seed—No Plow or Harrow Needed—Harvesting the Crop.

Fifteen years ago the State of Costa Rica was covered, save some shallow belts along the coast, by dense primeval forests. Very little was known of the interior except what was told now and then by some hardy adventurer. The natives on the eastern coast cultivated little else than plantains and coconuts, and exported dyewoods.

The cultivation of bananas began about six years ago on the lowlands, and now all the land along the line of railroad, one mile wide, is taken up by banana farms, a majority of which are owned by citizens of the United States.

It is only necessary, to cultivate the banana in Costa Rica, to cut down the forest, and then the land is ready to receive the seed. The plow and the harrow are unknown. The trees are allowed to lie where they fall.

When the bananas are ready to cut a farmer who cultivates a mile square of land will take about forty men, five of whom are regular cutters, and the others convey the bunches out to the cars in mule and ox carts as fast as they are cut.

Mr. Adams's private secretary was his son, John Adams, who soon made himself very obnoxious to the friends of General Jackson. One evening Mr. Russell Jarvis, who then edited the Washington Telegraph, a newspaper which advocated Jackson's election, attended a "drawing room" at the White House, escorting his wife and a party of visiting relatives from Boston.

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THEY NEVER COME BACK AGAIN.

Oh, the days, the days in the dear old past, With their kisses, your bliss and pain! My heart droops sad 'neath the overcast, For they never come back again.

Oh, my cup was brimmed with pleasure's delight, And my sky was sunny and clear, But the morrow's blank as I look to-night Through the glim'ring veil of a tear.

Oh, nevermore'll come back to me The kisses and blisses of yore! For I see yond the posts of eternity The rain and the shadows pour.

There is nothing that makes a man so warm as talking continually about the heat. An enthusiastic meeting—two girls who haven't seen each other for an hour.

Keely, the motor man, used to be head waiter in a hotel. That is where he got the wonderful patience with which he waits for his motor to come.

"Oh! whose disaster never was," she cried as she ran: "I never can marry you, because you are a fast young man." —Boston Courier.

The Boulanger fight in Paris recently is not, after all, more comical than the duel between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Winchester in 1829.

The newest club I've heard of is on wheels—the "Parlor Car Club," running between Irvington and New York. Initiation fee, \$200; club house, the parlor car; Duchess; great mogul, house committee, committee on admission, etc.