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There is said to be one blind person to every 1,400 of the earth's inhabitants. The proportion is least in New Zealand, where one person out of every 3,500 is sightless, and greatest in Cairo, Egypt, where every twentieth person is blind.

In Sioux City, the youngest of Iowa towns, and at the present time pretty near the most enterprising, they have what they call an "Epitaph Club."

There is a hint for smugglers in the trick just played by some Prussians, who wrapped \$1,000 worth of lace around a strong ten-months' heifer, and tied a false skin over the whole so successfully as to defy detection.

There has been, it is stated, a great awakening among the Boers (Dutch settlers) of Natal, South Africa. They have been so busy with prayer meetings that the worldly have complained that they have spoiled the annual races.

The Rev. A. L. Hillman, of Atlanta, owns a farm in Taliaferro County, Georgia, on which is a big alum rock. He decided to dig a well beside the rock in hopes of getting an alum spring.

If all the incidents of the Charleston earthquake should be collected and printed they would make interesting reading. One of the latest published relates to young couple who were courting when the shock came.

It is stated by Frank Leslie's that "the crowded quarter of New York city, of which East Broadway and Hester, Ludlow, Baxter, Mulberry, Bayard, Mott, Division, Essex, Chrystie, Elizabeth and Cherry streets are the main arteries, is picturesque, but undeniably dirty."

LONGING FOR REST.

I am so weary of this futile striving, And life is net the thing it was of yore; The olden joy, the happiness of living, Pulsates and stirs within my heart no more.

"THE DALLES."

He was known as "Red Pfeffermann" because his hair was of a reddish blonde hue, and he had a beautiful beard of the same color. There lived in the same place, in Mariampol, another man, whose name was also Pfeffermann, and who bore the same given name Jerobam, but his hair, whiskers and complexion were dark.

In their little beds until they heard again outside a throwing down of things, screaming and crying, but their courage forsook them, and they crept quickly under the ragged covers, their teeth chattering with fright.

When Red Pfeffermann spoke little that day, and when he did say something, he never looked at Slob, his wife.

When night came on, Slob took the children to bed. It consisted of straw and a pillow filled with hay; an old, dilapidated, patched up quilt served as cover for all three.

"Let me jump out and take hold of his legs," whispered Jacob; "he must not be permitted to beat Mame again. I will not let him."

"That is him! That is the Dalles!" said Sarah, and anxiously leaned her trembling face upon Jacob's shoulder.

"You attempt to—hiccup—threaten me, your lord and—hiccup—master! Slob! Slob! Things have come to a nice pass—your good for nothing wife, you! Fie."

"Sweet Dalles, don't strike Mame!" The wild man, who was not recognized by the children, stared at them for a long time, with cold, glassy eyes; the stick dropped out of his hand; he put his hand upon his forehead, as if trying to remember something which he had forgotten long ago.

"The Dalles!" he repeated softly with a voice choked with emotion. "The Dalles!" Then the children commenced to scream out in chorus, "The Tatal!"

Yes, it was the Dalles. The Dalles for his wife and children. Had he not made beggars of them? No Shadchen

(go-between) had persuaded him with honeyed words, his own heart had chosen the stately Slob, with her bewitching dark eyes. She had not been wealthy, but she brought, nevertheless, to her new home several hundred florins, besides linen and other things, but above all industrious hands and a loving heart.

Next morning, when the children woke up, Red Pfeffermann was already seated on his bench, hard at work; his arms moved briskly, as they had not done for a long time past; he even whistled a lively tune, whilst Slob was busy preparing some breakfast.

"Pardon me. May the earth swallow me up alive if I drink another drop or waste another hour of the day in idleness. Pardon me now, my beloved wife, and should you ever see me turn weak again, then, in the name of God, beat me or tear out my hair and whiskers."

Only once did Pfeffermann have a relapse, but it was sufficient for Slob to knock at the window of the tavern and say "Abraham!"

He hurried to the square, where all the windows were bright with the lights that shone from within the houses as if the town had been illuminated in honor of some prince; and it was a prince who had come, it was the Sabbath.

Never before had he recited the prayer, welcoming the bride Sabbath, with greater fervor than on this evening, and when he cut the white loaves to say the benediction, two big tears dropped upon them.

A Great Difference. Irate Person—"See here; did you call me an 'old calibrator' in your paper yesterday?"

Editor—"No; I called you an 'old reprobate.'" Irate Person—"Oh, that's very different."—Life.

"When I go to bed," observes a Boston editor, "I always try to lie still. We have no doubt of it. He has so much practice during the day.—New Haven News.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

CELEBRATING THE CLOSE OF THE HARVEST IN GERMANY.

Lord and Peasant—Drawing the Festooned Wagon—The Pastor's Blessing—Merry-making. In Germany, writes Mary Gordon in the New York Observer, the close of the harvest is celebrated by the "Erntedankfest," or harvest thanksgiving.

Almost every castle has, nestled down just beyond the confines of its park, a little village or "dorf," where the people live who do the work, and help carry on the estate of the gentleman.

Each proprietor having many people under him—often hundreds—arranges the Harvest Festival as best suits his convenience. It is in reality a merry-making for his retinue of servants.

When the parsonage is reached the cart stops, the pastor comes forth with his little black skull-cap on, and a hush falls over the merriment, while the good man returns thanks for the bounty of the harvest, and craves a blessing upon its use.

The girls bring forth the treasures of their wardrobe, and appear with bright kerchiefs fastened tastefully over their tightly braided flaxen locks, or with an immense stiff black bow attached to the back of the head, as taste or custom dictate.

Lord Churchill makes sixty gestures a minute while speaking, or half as many as a woman who is describing her new hat to her dearest friend.

It is more blessed to give than receive—advice.

WAIFS OF A WORLD.

Long ere Columbus in the breeze unfurled His venturesome sail to hunt the setting sun Long ere he fired his first exultant gun Where strange canoes all round his flagship whirled,

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Where does a buckboard?—Boston Herald. It takes a handsome young boiler-maker to rivet himself for life.—N. Y. Journal.

A newspaper article is headed, "Earthquake Lore." That is right, the lower the better.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A musical exchange has an article on "Silent Music." The worst of it is that there is altogether too little of the article.—Boston Post.

Eighty-one and a quarter tons of quinine were used in this country during the past year, yet that did not prevent the shake in Charleston.—Siftings.

"I've been digging for water to the depth of fourteen or fifteen feet, but I don't seem to get along." "Well, dig forty or fifty feet, then you'll get a long well."—Hamlet.

Creditor—"I'd like to know when you are going to pay that little bill of mine." Debtor—"See here, I'm not going into any details with you regarding my private affairs."—The Judge.

James Whitcomb Riley has written verses to show "What Poets Know." A great many of them don't know when the tide is high in the editorial scrap basket.—Newark (N. J.) News.

It makes the clothier, who sells half-cotten garments as all wool, as mad as a hornet when he finds that the grocer has palmed cotton-seed oil on him as the genuine olive.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

"It's got to come!" said the solemn man, solemnly straining away at the handle of a door. "What has got to come?" excitedly asked a dozen bystanders, rushing up. "Christmas!" said the solemn man, solemnly, letting go the door handle. And the bystanders rushed down again.—Somerville Journal.

"Is any one waiting on you?" inquired the polite salesman of a Westville maid. "Well, I can't hardly tell," she blushing replied. "Sometimes I think there is, and then again I ain't certain, but Will's so sort of funny, you know," and then she blushed again and asked to look at some lace collars.—New Haven News.

Keeping Up Appearances. An English visitor to Persia traveled post through that country with a native servant whose duties included the preparing of his master's meals at every halting-place. The public houses of the country furnished shelter only, with not so much as a chair or a table. Even a brick floor is a luxury. How the servant magnified his office under such circumstances is told in a ludicrous way:

"We carpeted down there on a divan of brick, and Ali kindled a fire. It was a foul place indeed. But Ali was never to be daunted; his little fire was soon burning at my feet, the water boiling, the canteen opened and ready; and then, in his swaggering way, out he comes with, "Now, zur, what you like take? What you like take you have!"

A Man's Memory. A man's memory is like a fine horse, says Dr. M. L. Holbrook in "How to Strengthen the Memory." To do its best work it must have good treatment. It must neither be neglected nor overworked. It can easily be so abused by irregular and unsystematic employment as to become a cause of annoyance and discomfort; or, again, it can't be so overworked and heavily taxed that it becomes practically the chief organ or agent of the entire system, every other portion dwindling in comparison.

The latter course is the greater danger of those who value the help of a tenacious memory. Both memory and a horse are valuable, not in proportion to the burdens they can carry, but in proportion to their training for the work of a body as a whole; and either of them is made effective only by such a course of life and training as shall bring them up to their best condition and hold them there permanently.