

Published every Wednesday, by J. E. WENK. Office in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building 1214 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

The Forest Republican

VOL. XIX. NO. 48.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1887.

\$1 50 PER ANNUM

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description and Price. Includes rates for one square, one inch, one insertion, and various other advertising options.

The Swiss are a nation of hotel keepers. There are in Switzerland a thousand hotels, containing 58,000 beds, and employing 16,000 servants.

The development of bituminous coal lands in Virginia within the past few years has been very rapid. Up to within a few years the coal production of Virginia was comparatively limited.

The War Department has been looking up the militia force on account of the recent war talk, and it is ascertained that the nation has 7,000,000 men available for military duty.

The artificial honey now made in New York is so close to the genuine that only the experts can detect the difference. It is in racks, the same as the natural product, and now and then the wings and legs of a few dead bees are to be found to further the deception.

Manufacturers are favoring the establishment of relief associations. Several New England employers have started them. One in Portland, Me., has a membership of 129.

Nearly four thousand retail butchers cater to the demands of New York City and Brooklyn. The average number of journeymen employed in each retail house is three, making a total of twelve thousand.

Quail have multiplied so in California that they are a nuisance. When the game law was being discussed in the Assembly the other day Assemblyman C. C. Brownell, proprietor of the Young's house, and has just been cited in his county (San Diego) against quail, which come down in swarms upon vineyards and destroy them.

The Japanese are undoubtedly the most progressive people of Asia. The position of this country, lying off the coast of the continent, is very much the same as that of the British Isles as regards Europe.

Mrs. T. J. Hammond, of Brunswick, Mo., owns what she is pleased to term a very knowing cat and the feline certainly exhibits very rare intelligence. It is a large and beautiful Maltese, less than a year old, and has been taught to perform a number of tricks very unusual for a cat.

OLD AND YOUNG.

They soon grow old who grope for gold in marts where all is bought and sold; Who live for self, and on some shelf In darkened vaults board up their elf, Cankered and crusted o'er with mould, For their youth itself is old.

They ne'er grow old who gather gold Where spring awakes and flowers unfold; Where suns arise in joyous skies, And fill the soul within their eyes.

For them the immortal bards have sung, For them old age itself is young. —C. P. Oranch.

"OUT OF THE COMMON."

And the sunlight danced in at the window and turned her hair to shining gold, touched the crisp gray locks of John Rogers, and made a friendly circle of light and warmth about the pair.

"No, John. Mother cannot look on it as we do; she realizes all the disadvantages and none of the hopes that we have built on; and then—the young lady glanced down once at her delicate hands before she continued—"would it be quite fair, John, for me to wait, and let all other opportunities glide by, and grow old and sad while I waited?"

He rose and turned partly away from her, quite still, leaning his arms on the mantel-piece. Maud Branson rose too, and came toward him, her delicate, beautiful face full of concern.

There was such a noble sadness in his face that it touched her. The proud head bent lower, until it rested on John Rogers's shoulder. She raised herself with eyes still wet.

"Yes, isn't this a big hole I am darnin'! Boys do wear out their clothes so fast. You are home early from the office."

way. "O, yes; there is a Mr. Jones; he plays the piano; and once Mr. Alken, the elocution teacher, read a piece, and all the boarders came in."

"We did not always keep boarders," she said, proudly, reading something there she did not like. "When I was at school we were well off and had a nice house; but mamma is a widow with eight children, you know, and I have to help her about the work."

"I know," said John, kindly, looking at little Clarice with so much sympathy that she quite warmed toward him, and continued confidentially:

"Once I had a beautiful time—that was a good while ago—a girl I knew at school hunted me up, wrote to me, and invited me to visit her. It was in Philadelphia."

"And you do not think by patient waiting—by proving how earnest we are—"

"Poor child!" said John, tenderly. "But it's my own fault, Mr. Rogers. I expected too much. There is no such love as I have dreamed about, and mother says I did very wrong to break it off."

Several months had passed away. John Rogers had often found his way into the shabby little parlor, and chatted with Clarice. Once he had found a bunch of flowers on his bureau, and no room in the house was such a model of order.

who prided herself on her former dignity. She wore a very long and dusty alpaca. It being no longer within her limits to trail silk, she trailed alpaca. Some persons are of this mold. Her hands, which she folded majestically, were very grimy. Rogers remembered with pleasure that Clarice was always neat.

"Mr. Rogers," began the lady with unusual dignity. "Pray be seated. I have noticed for some time past that you have frequently of evenings found your way into my parlor, and passed the time in conversation with my daughter, Clarice. I should not speak of this circumstance had not events, which have already come to pass, taught me to be guarded."

"I wish you would make an inquiry for me through the columns of the Sun," said a stout, healthy-looking man to a reporter. The inquirer was about 5 feet 6 inches high, weighed probably 170 pounds, and looked the picture of physical and mental comfort.

"I will be feeling good for a while, when all of a sudden there is a sensation that something is going to happen. Then I grow restless, frightened, and finally fall into a regular panic, just as one would if he were in a front seat in a theatre and somebody should cry fire and the audience start to rush out."

It was a June afternoon. "John," said Clarice, touching his arm with a certain anxiety, "I have been outgrown. My life is a fairy tale, and so beautiful, only it comes in a different way."

His victories have never received the credit justly due them on account of the apparent ease with which they were gained. The student of military history will rarely meet with accounts of battles in any age where the actual operations coincide so exactly with the orders issued upon the eve of conflict as in the official reports of the wonderfully energetic and successful campaign in which General Scott, with a handful of men, renewed the memory of the conquest of Cortes in his triumphant march from Vera Cruz to the Capital.

A witty retort sometimes answers as well as a long argument. There are some things not easy to explain, and no better answer, says *Frank's Constitution*, could have been made to the Englishman criticising our social customs than that made by Mr. Lincoln:

A PECULIAR AFFLICTION.

A CASE THAT NO DOCTOR SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND.

A Man who is Apparently Healthy, but has Peculiar Mental Sensations—Suffering Fifteen Years.

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"Another peculiar phase of the trouble is a monomania against going far away from home and in certain places, wherein it is like the disease called neurophobia by the one who wrote up the *Sun* article some time ago. I cannot go to New York without some strong person with me to take care of me. I never want the confidence in my ability to take care of myself. I cannot walk through the streets of a city alone on flag stones or brick pavements. The symptoms are the same day or night. But, strange to say, as soon as I reach the country, there are broad fields and no sidewalks, I am as well as any one and have no unpleasant symptoms day or night."

"The inability to walk around town interferes greatly with business, it being sometimes necessary to get a hack to go a distance of two blocks. On some days the nervousness is worse than on others. At times I am afraid to get into a barber's chair. I do not know what I am afraid of. I cannot fathom it, but I am terror-stricken. I am not physically a coward. I could look into the muzzle of a cocked pistol without flinching (and I have often felt tempted to look into one with my own finger on the trigger), but I am afraid of some intangible thing or state of things that I cannot describe, because I do not know what they are."

"I have, as I said before, tried all sorts of doctors and all sorts of remedies in vain. I have spent a fortune to recover my health, and am still almost where I started. In the course of my experience I have met several persons somewhat similarly afflicted."

The elder duck, like most acetic species, is common to both hemispheres. It breeds in great numbers in Labrador. In ice and the down of the elder duck is so valuable that the nesting places are carefully guarded and the eggs and ducks are not destroyed. An ounce of down from a nest is considered a good production.

A MIRROR.

Life's pretty much what we make it, It's only a looking glass true, And reflects back shadow for shadow, The very image of you.

The good deeds will always be smiling, The bad will look vicious and vile, The face you behold in the mirror Is only yourself all the while.

And the longer the shadow's reflected, The deeper the impress will be, It shows for good or for evil, As it sends back the features you see.

You're only to take the world easy, Mingle alone with the good to be had, And the face you see in the mirror Will always be happy and glad. —Nora F. Higginson.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The ragman's business is picking up. It only takes half a hog to make its forerunners. —*Goodall's Sun*.

If the barber stands at the head of his profession, the chiropodist stands at the foot of his profession. —*Carl Prezel*.

"Where is the ideal wife?" asks a prominent lecturer. In the cellar splitting kindling, most likely. —*Philadelphia Call*.

The man who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth is now looking about for something to eat with the spoon. —*Lowell Citizen*.

If any dime museum wants to coin money it should exhibit a wife who can make as good pies as mother used to. —*New Haven News*.

Only one thing is needed to make the toboggan an enormous success, and that is, a patent arrangement that will cause it to gravitate up hill. —*Life*.

Sam Jones refused to address a gathering of newspaper men at Boston. His work appears to be exclusively among the sinners. —*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

Why women kiss each other is an uninterminable question. Unless the darlings would by this Give man a sweet suggestion. —*Stings*.

There are two things in the world that I can't understand; one is, that you catch a cold without trying; that if you let it run on, it stays with you, and if you stop it, it goes away. —*Durdane*.

Henry Ward Beecher says money is not necessary to happiness. Of course not. Neither is lemon juice necessary to a raw oyster, but it adds mightily to its succulence. —*Baltimore American*.

As life is full of ups and downs, this thought Must comfort all: Who're on the ladder's lowest rung; they've not Got far to fall. —*Boston Courier*.

"There is no business in the world," says the *Bulletin*, "which can be carried on successfully in the face of a loss of 50 per cent." How about driving a water-cart, old man? —*San Francisco News Letter*.

In the opinion of scientists there will come a period when the earth will cease to revolve on its axis. To the man, however, who, on going home at night, has to wait for an opportunity to catch his bed as it passes him, it will continue to go round. —*New York News*.

Though many persons annually enjoy sport of shooting canvasback ducks, the Maryland sportsmen and the joy of Baltimorean epicures, the pride of Baltimorean sportsmen have probably thought of the summer houses of the ducks, where the vacancies in their numbers caused by the industry of winter fowling are filled by young birds. The ducks are found along the Atlantic coast as far north as Canada, but they migrate in the greatest numbers in the fall to the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, where they find their favorite food, the valenena or wild celery, a freshwater plant, whose roots they feed upon, and which gives them the juiciness and peculiar flavor which distinguishes them from other ducks and atones for their comparative lack of bright plumage.

They follow winter down the Chesapeake coast and remain in the Chesapeake waters during the winter months. When the spring opening occurs they wing their way across the country in a northward direction and spend the summer months breeding and raising their young in the neighborhood of the cool waters of the Upper Rocky Mountain system and in the far north of the fifth degree north latitude. There alone can their eggs be obtained. A well known restaurateur of this city conceived the idea of raising canvasback ducks in Baltimore. He procured two crippled birds—a male and female—but his experiments were unsuccessful, as the bird-pined for the cool air of the British American forests. —*Baltimore Sun*.

Gunning for Sea Lions.

William Arnold has been gunning for sea lions of late at Tillamook, and with good success, having already 216. The bodies of these huge beasts blown ashore lined the beach for miles. While others have been writing letters about fish-wheels, traps, and pound-nets, Mr. Arnold has taken his little gun and done good, practical work for the preservation of our salmon interests and salmon nets. The sea lion was doubtless created for some useful purpose, probably to prevent salmon from becoming too numerous. Vast numbers of them congregate at Tillamook rock and at Seal rocks, a few miles south and near the shore, where they live at their ease and prey upon the shoals of salmon entering the Columbia. It is estimated that half the salmon which come into the Columbia in the early part of the season are captured by sea lions, which also damages nets to the amount of ten thousands of dollars. —*Portland Greenback*.