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Emigration this year, according to the estimate of Superintendent Jackson, of Castle Garden, New York City, will add 300,000 people to our population.

A steel cannon which costs \$375,000 is equal to only 200 rounds, and then is worthless. Therefore it deteriorates \$1,-875 worth every time it is fired.

A writer in the Scientific American says that in experiences in Colorado and Utah he never saw an Indian with a cold. He concluded that it was our hot rooms which give us colds.

Bishop Warren, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, does not believe in gentle preaching to rich sinners. He says there are some pastors who go at it in this style: "Brethren, you must repent, as it were; and be converted, in a measure; or you will be damned, to some extent."

An International Congress of Science and Industry is proposed for Brussels in 1888. Prizes to the value of \$100,000 will be awarded for the best papers on various stated subjects, and many of the important applications of science will be discussed. The commercial section will consider import and export duties. This somewhat novel idea is expected to prove a welcome change from the round of international exhibitions.

The Russian Empress leads an active and simple life. She rises early and walks a great deal; goes to bed late, reads enormously, and although she loves dress and dancing passionately, she busies herself at the proper times with works of charity, which she generously patronizes. During the holidays she does not change her habits, except by the distribution of alms and long sessions at church, which are more frequent than usual.

The Kansas City correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution tells a long and interesting story of how a congregation in Southwestern Kansas placed on the spire of its church, as a weather vane, a large gilded fish, and how a fishhawk hovering about the vicinity was so deceived by its life-like appearance that it swooped down upon it and carried it off in its talons. The most interesting point in the narrative is the presence of a fishhawk in southwestern Kansas.

A New York physician writes that cocaine, belonging to the class of excellent remedies, is apt to beget a habit that is almost impossible for the individual to subdue—a habit worse than that of alcohol, opium or chloral. He recommends the establishment of asylums for the victims of morphine, chloral and cocaine. The hypodermic use of morphine, he declares, is second only in evil to the use of cocaine, and instrument makers should be prevented from selling, under any circumstances, an instrument to any one who is not a physician.

The Toronto newspapers are boasting the possession of the champion shop-lifter, who was captured in Montreal. In a pocket three feet long was an assortment of spoons, thread, lace and other valuables. Her bustle was formed of two bed sheets, a lady's beautiful hat, and a colored glass jug. Her trunks contained bedclothes, all kinds of wearing apparel, brushes, combs, more than one thousand rolls of thread, a large bag of needles, pins, etc., about fifty pounds of soap, matches, fancy cards, glassware, table goods, feathers, bottles, and jars of preserves.

It is affirmed that the Hessian fly is so called from the traditional belief that it was brought to this country by the Hessian mercenaries of Great Britain during the Revolution. It was first discovered, so it is said, in the vicinity of a camp of Hessians on Long Island. Previous to that time no mention of its existence in America is recorded. If this be true, says Our Country Home, the recent arrival of the Hessian fly in England is but a piece of tardy reprisal. John Bull is now likely to have a chance to see how he likes it himself. It is a notable illustration of the delightful custom of chickens coming home to roost.

Iron says that if a continuous telegraph wire were strung from New York to San Francisco and a rain storm should be in progress along the entire route, the shrinkage caused in the wire by the rain would amount to 120 miles, and for smaller distances the proportion would be the same. "The above shows," says Iron, "that underground telegraphs have become a necessity, for that system would obviate this contraction, which causes constant annoyance through interruption to the transmission of dispatches during wet weather, due to the pulling apart of wires at joints through the strain caused by violent contraction in length."

BANG AWAY. First be sure you're in the right, In what'er you wish to do, Even though you have to fight All the world to push it thro'— Then bang away. Let no feeling of dismay Overpower your single aim, Least the world may truly say To success you have no claim. So bang away. Fate disdains a coward heart, So do you, I dare to say; Let that never be your part; Whether work or whether play, Bang away. —John D. Hemstreet.

PROFESSOR CHARLES.

BY FLORINE THAYER M'CRAY.

It was the night before the summer vacation at the old Bradford Female Seminary. Studies and recitations had been carried on with some difficulty and irregularity during the day, and a glimpse into the double room "44" would have shown the astonished principal that the girls were making a night of it as only boarding-school girls know how to do. Water-proof cloaks darkened the windows, a line of jaunty wraps of various styles hung up and down the cracks in the doorway, and a dark shawl spread and tacked carefully over the transom prevented any ray of light penetrating the dark hall after the bell should have rung, with all the young ladies supposed to be in bed. It was half-past nine, and, in anticipation of the provoking and quite inexcusable custom of the institution which shut off the gas from the halls promptly at ten, numerous candles, mostly reduced to stubs and placed in the noses of blacking-bottles and small vases, burned before the mirrors of the dressing-cases and on the little book-shelves and window-sills. Eleven girls, in various conditions of toilet, arranged entirely suit the taste of the wearers, sat about the room, and while preparations for a feast were evidently complete, they waited.

"Well," said Jennie Bemis, who sat on the floor with her plump little hands clasped about her knees, shaking her closely cropped curly head impatiently, "this is a little too much! Now that we have everything ready for a lovely time, Ben must go and—ah! absent herself."

This remark, finishing with a perfect imitation of the most precise of their teachers, raised a general giggle, which was speedily suppressed by a whispered—"Sh! Do you want 'Prisms' herself to knock at the door?"

"It is a cruel sin for Ben to stay away like this," said pretty Kitty Glazier, who sighed, and then proceeded to fish a small piece of candied ginger out of the jar with a hairpin. This sweet morsel she was munching pensively, unnoticed by the girls who lounged around, until Fan Kendall—a saucy, red-haired nymph, who lay upon the bed, her arms folded under her bright head—suddenly cried out in remonstrance:

"Kit, I think you might wait for the rest of us! It is bad enough to see all these things spoiling for want of eating, without your picking around."

Fan pouted, and as she arose to a sitting posture continued: "Now, what's to be done! We have waited for Ben one hour. If she chooses to keep away, I move that we go on without her."

"We might wait fifteen minutes longer," said Florence Healey, a tall, dark-haired girl, who sat in the rocking-chair, in a white wrapper, and supported the dignity becoming the president of the secret society of "The Mystic Twelve," which, lacking a member, were there assembled. "We cannot very well open the door, or Sue might go and look for her." She looked inquiringly at the others.

"No, no! 'Prisms' would be sure to catch a gleam of light," said Jennie; "and—I am surprised! At this hour, young ladies!" again giving an inimitable representation of the manner of Miss Perrin, irreverently dubbed "Prisms" by the girls. Just then a muffled knock, repeated three times, was heard at the door. There was a general stir. "Ah! there's Ben at last!"

was cold so that its aroma might not penetrate the nostrils of the watchful teacher referred to as "Prisms," and soon all were fairly at work upon the edibles. When Ben had finished her first course, and was reaching for a liberal piece of raisin cake, she said, solemnly:

"Girls, I have the most astonishing and wildly interesting thing to tell you that you ever heard. No novel could be stranger or more thrilling! But I am so tired! Oh, how my back and neck did ache! And it seemed as if my feet would come off!"

And Ben put in a large mouthful of cake and relapsed into silence, which in two seconds became unbearable to her companions. "Come, tell us!" "Do let us hear it!" "What can it be?"

"Has the housekeeper discharged the cook?" said Florence Healey, laughing. Ben turned suddenly upon her. "No; but Miss Lou Brown has discharged Professor Charles."

She turned back to get the effect of her stunning announcement on the roomful of girls, so she did not see the paleness that overpread the beautiful face of her interlocutor, and laughed gleefully at the chorus of exclamations that came from the wondering girls.

"No! Really? How do you know?" "How do I know? I should think I ought to know; I heard it!" "Heard it? O-oh! You heard it?" Ben was comically selecting a large piece of preserved ginger from the jar, which she combined with sponge cake with evident satisfaction, and as her mouth was full, she merely nodded impressively.

The girls were in a flutter of impatient curiosity, but Florence Healey said, in a low voice: "Ben, if you have by accident heard what was not intended for your ears, is it honorable to tell it to any one?"

"That is just what I am thinking about," responded the tricky sprite, gravely. There was a howl of disappointment from ten of the "Mystic Twelve." "It would not be quite right—ordinarily."

Hope began to glimmer again. "But, you see, we are bound by our oath to repose perfect confidence in each other, are we not?" She looked inquiringly around. "Of course we are. Solemnly bound! Indeed we are! Yes!" came an eager rush of voices.

"Still," mused the young lady, "choosing a chocolate cream with scrupulous care, "that may hold only upon matters pertaining strictly to ourselves."

"Ben, you are real mean, if you don't tell us, after all this!" protested Kitty Glazier. Florence Healey said nothing, perhaps because she saw that Ben fully intended to relate her adventure after sufficiently arousing the curiosity of her friends, and possibly because she herself had an interest in the disclosure which overpowered her ideas of honorable reticence upon another's secret.

"But," said Ben, as a rebuttal, "this is something which may seriously affect any one of us—the excitement grew intense—"so I shall waive my scruples and tell it—but under perfect secrecy, mind! Well," began Ben, hoisting herself with some difficulty upon the curved top of a large trunk, "you see, when we came up for prayers, I happened to think that little Sneaky Palmer would go into the fourth recitation room to get her music. So, as I had for some time been intending to punish her for going back on me to Professor Charles, in the philosophy class, one day, I just slid in there in the dark and crept in behind 'Skelly,' who hangs so sweetly by her skull in the small cupboard."

"Well, Lou," he said, "what have you to say to me about our relations to each other? I have felt for some time that you did not love me—that our engagement was becoming irksome to you; but I deemed it best, for the sake of your example to these girls over whom you have so deep an influence, that you should not break it until I had left Bradford."

"Charles," she cried, putting out her hand, "please sit down by me. I like you so, as—as a friend, I—Have you read so much of my mind? Believe me, I have tried to feel as I ought."

"How ought you to feel, Lou?" said the professor, with a smile just curling his lips. "I know I ought to love you better than all the world beside; that I ought to watch and wait and long for your coming, to remember and dream over your every word, to—to love you."

"Instead of which—" said the professor, coolly. "I care no more for you than I do for that skeleton! Lou burst out, in desperation. She pointed straight to my eyes, which were leveled at them from below madame's right elbow joint, for I had begun to get tired, and lop a little. 'You may as well know it all,' she went on; 'the fact that we are tied together by the approval of the older teachers and the directors, who think it a most appropriate arrangement, has made me almost hate you at times. But it is not Professor Charles, as a friend, I dislike; it is as a lover.'"

"The professor had blushed clear to his eyes at Lou's harsh remarks, but, compressing his lips as he does when curbing his temper (for I believe he has a bit of his own), he said, still in the same quiet tone: 'You used not to feel so strongly against me as a lover, Lou. Have I been obnoxious in any way, or has your fancy changed?'"

"If you will believe it, Lou commenced to cry. Professor Charles sat down close by her side, and taking her hands from her eyes, dried her tears with his own handkerchief, and said: 'Lou, I do not mean to be harsh with you, although you have been somewhat emphatic with me. Listen. I am fully content to be your friend—your brother. But I am sure you have difficulties before you greater than the discarding of an uncongenial lover. Is there not one who has taught you to know so well what love is? I knew you never felt it for me, but thought we might be happy in mutual esteem, and that respect might grow into a tender feeling; but I see the fallacy of that now. Is there one for whom you really care? If so, I gladly release you; but I do not ask from mere curiosity. You will need my friendly offices to curb the expressions of displeasure that will assail you; you will meet strong opposition from all your friends who are kind enough to like me. Is it—?'"

"He whispered a name in her ear. Lou blushed crimson, bending down her head for an instant; then raising her eyes, she looked proudly at him. 'Yes; it is George Lee; the grocer man! He is not handsome, not distinguished—plain of speech and devoted to business. The very antipodes of a professor of ancient and modern literature and language! He cannot read a word of Greek, frets not his soul with evolution or questions in theology, but I love him! You and I have literary taste and artistic ambition in common—but I love him. You are handsome, cultured, the beau ideal of all my friends and associates of a husband for me; he is joyous, hopeful, generous, devoted to me, and I love him!'"

"How her eyes shone as she spoke! Professor Charles regarded her with a quizzical expression, and added, as she paused: 'And Lou, the fact that he has made a small fortune in his wholesale store, on account of which you call him a grocer, and that he owns a cozy home and drives a pretty turnout, does not hurt him a bit, and may in time stand off with your friends against my distinguished appearance and supposable culture.' Professor Charles actually laughed—Lou seemed surprised at him, as I am sure I was. 'You know I have received the appointment to Harvard I was so desirous of,' he continued: 'and—Lou, I believe I ought to make a confession to you. I should never have allowed the thought to come into being but for your refusal of me for a husband. I am beginning to feel a stronger affection for a young girl than my engagement to you would have in honor permitted. It is no more than fair to tell you this, Lou; but it is so unlikely that I shall ever win the heart of a capricious girl when a reasonable woman sees nothing in me to love—Lou started to interrupt him, but he put his fingers lightly upon her lips and shook his head—"that I shall reserve her name."

"Lou," she exclaimed, Lou, jumping up, "let me kiss you! I was never so near loving you as at this moment! You are just as bad as I. We will defend each other in mutual untruth as lovers, and be always faithful as friends."

"We shall keep each other's confidence, Lou," he said, as they arose; "and you must go to rest. Good-night."

"The instant it was safe, you may believe, I came out of the horrible closet, and staggered to your door. Honestly, I was never so tired in my life. But," said Ben, looking around the room upon her earnest listeners, "who do you suppose it is? I hope it is not me, for, much as I admire the professor, I really couldn't reciprocate his feeling, and it would be awful to have him jilted again. But Florence, dear, what is the matter?"

Florence Healey arose, very pale, and was hastily making her way out of the room. "You will have to excuse me, girls. That ginger—or something—has made me ill. I should not have eaten it. I will go to my room."

the long hall, to know she was safe in her own chamber, when she saw a tall form approaching from the other way. Florence held out her hands as if about to fall, and murmured: "Charles!"

The professor caught her to his breast and kissed her sweet face as she clung to him, and cried, joyously: "My darling! I am free at last to tell you! My own!"

Ben came back into "44" nearly paralyzed with this last shock. She soon recovered, however, sufficiently to tell the astonishing sequel to her romance, and we girls drank the health of both couples enthusiastically in mugs of cold coffee, so that we scarcely slept a wink the whole night before the Summer vacation at the old Bradford Female Seminary.—Frank Leslie's.

The Food of Snakes.

"Snakes are very particular as to their diet," said Head Keeper Byrne of the Zoological Garden. "They will not touch any food that is smeared or has any odor, and they will not eat anything unless allowed to kill it themselves. They are often very irregular in their eating, and under such circumstances they will eat only the most tempting food, if indeed they can be induced to take anything. Now, there is our big anaconda. He came here last July and has not eaten anything since. When eating regularly he ought to feed every day. He has just shed his skin, and will probably eat before long. We are trying him now with different kinds of food to see if he cannot be induced to eat. Every night we put before him a spring chicken, a guinea pig, or some other small animal, but thus far he has shown no inclination to partake of any of them. Difficult as it is to induce them to eat live food, it would be utterly impossible to get them to touch dead meat, or to mix up any food which they would take. If we should be prohibited from giving live food to our snakes we would be obliged to give up keeping them. I cannot see anything cruel about giving live food to the snakes. It is their natural way of living, and I see no reason why they should not live in the same way in confinement. Most people have an idea that we feed the snakes before the visitors, but it is not so. We never feed them until after the last visitor has left the grounds at night, and then no one is present but the keeper.—Philadelphia Record.

Succeeded in Their Object.

Many years ago, in this city, (relates an old chronicler) ten young dry goods counter-jumpers formed a society to marry rich girls. They swore to protect and aid each other, and all succeeded. This society of young clerks boarded generally at twenty-shilling boarding houses, curled each other's hair on Saturday night, went to Sunday-school as teachers, and became members of the church that had the richest members and the prettiest daughters. They went steadily and systematically to work in the accomplishment of their object, conferring with and assisting each other in every case that required assistance. Their piety game was the card that won in every instance. Some of the old names which figure in high society in New York are the direct descendants of these ten worthy young gentlemen.—New York Dry Goods Chronicle.

Proverbs.

For a coquette—Flames too soon acquire strength if disregarded. For an old beau—A bow long bent waxeth weak. For a glazier—No gains without panes. For a man with gray hair—Never say die. For a cribbage board—Two can play at that game. For an umbrella—Lay by for a rainy day. For a modern novel—Bad beginning, bad ending. For a statue of liberty—By the hands of many a great work is made light.—Life.

Chinese Sailors' Superstitions.

Chinese sailors leaving port attract the attention of their divinity by the loud beating of a gong, the burning of fire-crackers and incense sticks and casting food offerings in the water. All this is to ward off evil influences. When starting on a voyage they consider it unlucky and the forerunner of foul weather to expectorate over the bow of their vessel. They have a strange custom of painting eyes on the bows of their craft, large and small, which are supposed to have the gift of sight by the superstitious; and when asked to explain the utility of the practice they stop further inquiry by responding: "Suppose no have eye, how can see?"

Appropriate Links.

The following couples were "proclaimed in marriage" in Chicago last year, if County Clerk Wulff's record has been faithfully kept:

Thomas Black and Mary White, Peter Day and Ellen Knight, Solomon Bank and Katharine Vale, James Hill and Susan Dale, Isaac Slater and John Thatcher, John Barber and Mary Butler, Stephen Head and Nancy Hart, William Stately and Jessie Stuart, Joseph Reed and Julia Hay, Thomas Spring and Mary May, Joseph Brown and Kitty Green, John Hobins and Jennie Wrens, William Castle and Nancy Hall, Peter Chatter and Fannie Call, Joseph Mann and Ellen Child, John Meery and Lucy Wild, Thomas Brun and Mary Rare, James Fox and Catharine Hare, Andrew Clay and Lucy Stone, Michael Blood and Lizzie Bone, John Clark and Julia Hood, Edward Coal and Nancy Wood, James Brown and Ellen Birch, Charles Chapel and Ellen Church. —Vetzel's Weekly.

REMEMBERED BELLS.

Chime, chime, O mellow bells, to ring The roundelays of time! Bring back to me the building spring; Now, with her swelling blossoms, bring (Fond, fond the pealing chime!) That full, keen voice, that heart, which own poured Each fiery, melting, kindling word By which my life a bliss became And upward rose in flame!

Bring back the rocking rose, the tender green, The morning passion and the morning sheen, The early grace, the happy mystery, The eager rapture, by a look set free, O'erjoyed that joy to share, Which filled the breathing air.

Lost Youth! Lost Love! O faithful Memory, Thine shall the chimes forever, ever! Thine till the dream, the spell, the magic hour, The potency that sleeps within the flower, A maiden breast, with timid rise and fall, Still yields, and at that time confesses all, Time irks no more; I set my heart toward thee— Ring! hollow bells; ring! bells of memory. —D. H. R. Goodale, in Independent.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A tussle with a boarding-house steak is now called a "bull-fight."—Houston Post.

The author who wrote "There is beauty in extreme old age," probably never tackled an over-nursed egg.—Merchant Traveler.

Little Scholar—Why is "man" called a noun? Elderly Schoolmistress (with acidity)—Because its the name of a thing. —New York Sun.

Why is a watch-dog larger at night than he is in the morning? Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.—Stifings.

A man has hard work to make his wife believe that he doesn't own the earth when she gets him into a bonnet store.—Fall River Advance.

Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O sea, Broke, broke, broke, Is the song that you sing to me. —Louisville Journal.

Johnson—By Jove, Jacksonville, that baby looks the very picture of your father, Jackson—Well, when that baby has a set of false teeth, a red beard and the rheumatism, I'll believe you. In the meantime, excuse me.—Lowell Citizen.

The deacon's wife wanted to jot down the text, and leaning over to her scapegrace nephew, she whispered: "Have you any cards about you?" "You can't play in church," was the solemn, reproving answer, and the good woman was so frustrated that she forgot her text.—Cattaraugus Republican.

A Deadly Arab Dish.

Foremost among the most substantial dishes in which the true Arab epicure delights is a "sikbaj" or stew of sheep's heads. The heads are carefully scraped, the ears are left intact and filled with flavored forcemeat; they are then "braised" and served with a sauce of olive oil and vinegar. More than one good Moslem owes his death to a surfeit of this dainty. Motamid, the fourteenth abbasid khalif, one day ordered such a stew of sheep's heads, of which he was inordinately fond, for himself, the court-fuel, Khalif-el-Mudhek, and the courier, Khuf-el-Mulaqim, the "big glutton," and the trio died so well that Mulaqim died during the night, El-Mudhek at dawn and the Khalif early in the morning.—St. James Budget.

Bacteria In Water.

Another sphere for bacteria is presented by Dr. T. M. Prudden in a lecture upon ice. He says that a glass of ice water may contain 370,000 of these minute organisms, each one of which may be a common carrier of typhoid fever or any other fever. But the answer is—what of it? Suppose it does? Mankind has been drinking it a great while and is here yet. Bacteria have been busy for many thousands of years and have not "got away with us" yet. Perhaps if there were no bacteria we should live to be 500 years old; but think of a world full of such old cripples. Let us avoid it. Success to the bacteria.—Mail and Express.

Remarkable Recovery of a Lost Ring.

Mrs. Laura Joyce Bell lost an opal ring in London five years ago. On Saturday last Digby Bell saw the ring on the finger of a gentleman at the Philadelphia Opera House box office. Mr. Bell introduced himself to the stranger, who turned out to be a well-known London lawyer, told him how the ring was lost, and raising the setting disclosed a miniature portrait of himself, the presence of which the wearer never had known. The lawyer stated that he found the ring in Hyde Park, and at once returned it to Mr. Bell. —New York Sun.

A Good Reason.

A little girl of eight summers, so the story is told by Saunterer, stepped into the store of an Italian fruit vender the other day in order to secure some peanuts. She was going to make a call upon a little friend, and wished to bring something with her to add to the entertainment. Stepping up to the fruit vender she said: "I want five cents' worth of peanuts, and," looking appealingly into the Italian's face, "please give me a lot, for there's nine in the family." —Boston Herald.