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\$1 50 PER ANNUM

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1 00; One Square, one inch, one month... 3 00; One Square, one inch, one year... 30 00; Two Squares, one year... 50 00; Quarter Column, one year... 30 00; Half Column, one year... 50 00; One Column, one year... 100 00.

There is one convict to every thousand inhabitants in this country, and one convict laborer to every fifty persons in the country engaged in mechanical pursuits.

The average age of those who enter college is now seventeen. One hundred years ago it was fourteen, and it will be doubtless nineteen ere long.

A silk colony has been established in Florida under the auspices of the Women's Silk Culture Association, which is said to promise good results.

The California Legislature has appropriated \$15,000 for the improvement of the Yosemite Valley. New trails will be opened, and the mountain streams will be stocked with fish.

The United States Supreme Court has handed down a decision that an insane person who takes his own life does not "commit suicide," and that life insurance may be recovered even though the policy may provide that it shall be void if the insured person shall die by suicide.

In speaking of the "anæsthetic bullet," which is said to have been invented recently by a German, and which will render wounded men unconscious for twelve hours, the Portland Press says that "but one thing is lacking to complete the usefulness of this original principle in the art of war."

President Chauncey M. Depew is testing the various methods for heating and lighting the cars of the New York Central Railroad's lines without danger from fire in the event of accidents.

"The most expensive human hair is silver gray in color and is worth \$100 an ounce," says a New York dealer. "Most of the human hair used in our trade," he adds, "is imported from Bohemia and France."

Patti says that she is called the "Queen of Song," not because she is the greatest singer, but because she has many gifts. She enumerates them as follows: "I pass for pretty, that's one; I am tolerably graceful, that's two; I am a good dresser, that's three; I have a way with me that's piquant, that's four; I like my public, that's five; I have a good voice, that's six; I know how to sing, that's seven; I always know my music, that's eight; I act fairly well the roles given me, that's nine. What more do you want in a singer?"

Grave doubts have recently been cast on M. Pasteur's success in curing hydrophobia. The weight of English scientific opinion is now adverse to his treatment for anthrax in cattle.

A FRIEND'S HAND IN MINE, LADS.

Sometimes 'tis May, lads, She sky soft and bright; We sing on our way, lads, With brave hearts and light. But May cannot last, lads; With great clouds rolled, The skies are overcast, lads, The world turns cold.

THE BOX IN THE CORNER.

It is some years since I was station-master, baggage-agent, telegraph-operator and ticket-seller at a little village near some valuable oil wells. The station-house was quite a distance from the unpretentious thoroughfare that had grown up in a day, and my duties were so arduous that I had scarcely leisure for a weekly fitting to a certain mansion on the hill where dwelt Ellen Morris, my promised wife.

dimensions could contain only one kind of freight, to wit, the remains of a human being.

Carefully placing this box in a remote corner of the room, near other boxes awaiting transportation, the driver and his man returned to their wagon, while the two strangers approached the desk to enter their ghastly freight.

Only one hour till the train was due, after which I could turn in for the night. A louder peal of thunder shook the house, and fiercer flashed the lightning.

Peering more closely into the dingy corner I saw only the ordinary pine box, with what seemed to be a square paper, or placard, on the side facing me.

Then minutes had crept by, and a muffled noise in the dark corner distinctly sounded above the pelting rain drops, while, as if to mock at my quickened fears, the wires continued their monotonous warning: "Watch the box! Watch the box! Watch the box!"

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"The man in the box is a burglar. Be ready for an attack."

"Oh! that's the game!" he said, aloud, and instantly strode across the room, as Cato sprang up and barked furiously at the box.

"Your keys!" yelled the other men; "or by heavens you'll drop!"

"Seize that scoundrel!" shouted Frank, breathlessly, indicating the man in the box. "Here, Cato!" and the obedient animal unwillingly retired, but continued his savage growls.

At this juncture my man fell heavily to the floor, wounded in the leg, and uttering groans and imprecations. It was quick work to secure the men, and Jake, who opportunely reappeared, was sent to summon the village police.

"What did you wait so long for?" said one of them glaring at the "dead" man. "What was your hurry?" retorted the other, sarcastically.

It was plain from the quarrel which ensued that the sight of my pistols, and my evident uneasiness, together with the effect of the fearful storm, had unsettled the fellow's plan and robbed him of his presence of mind.

The practical result of the episode was a more commodious station-house, and more men on duty. My salary was raised; but eventually I gave up the situation because my wife could never feel satisfied to have me perform night work after the fearful experience I have related.

As to Frank, he is not backward with explosive English whenever the subject is mentioned, and no amount of persuasion could ever reconcile Cato to the old station-house.—Frank Leslie's.

An Ancient New-Mexican City.

To the eastward of Socorro, New-Mexico, two prospectors a few days ago accidentally stumbled upon indications of ancient ruins projecting above the shifting sands of the plain.

They found the remains of several human beings, several handsome vases carved with geometrical figures in different colors, stone axes, hammers, pieces of cloth apparently manufactured from the fibre of yucca, several strings of beads, seashells, arrow-heads, an abundance of fragments of obsidian quartz, and an incredible quantity of pieces of broken pottery, including several with a blue glazing.

An agricultural exchange informs us at what "time in the moon to plant corn." In this section farmers prefer to plant their corn in the earth.—Philadelphia Call.

A MOUNTAIN OF MARBLE.

THE FAMOUS QUARRIES OF CARRARA IN THE ALPS. Getting Out Immense Masses of Beautiful White Marble—Men Who Work in the Quarries.

The city of Carrara nestles under the protection of its mountains, the Apuan Alps, a corner of the Apennines. Some of these, rising to the height of 7,000 feet, overshadow the north of the town, while to the right and left they are softened down to hills, richly clothed with fir, chestnut, olive trees and vines in a descending scale; to the south is a gap of about a furlong, through which winds the River Avenza, and beyond the six miles of intervening country the blue Mediterranean can be seen.

The quarries are one of the sights of the world, occupying three or four descending ridges, which unite in the lofty Monte Saggio. They have been worked at latest from the time of the Emperor Augustus. From then until now all the best marble has been obtained from them.

The mountains of marble in some places seem to rise almost perpendicularly; high up their sides are the quarries or "caves," as they are locally called, presenting from the town the appearance of patches of snow which refuses to be melted by the sun, while sometimes it seems as though partially dissolved snow had begun to slide down the mountain side.

To see the quarries, and the mode in which the "cave man" works, says a writer in the London Graphic, one must be up with him in the morning, and follow him to his toil as I did.

We were just in time to see a huge corner of marble, weighing about a hundred tons, forced from the mountain. Round it men have driven a chain of holes with crowbars, shaped at the point like a chisel.

The explosive power in this instance had been nicely calculated—the huge mass had been just loosened. Sometimes the moving force of the charge is underestimated, then the whole block topples over, often to pound itself into hundreds of pieces in its headlong course down the ravine.

Being too heavy and large to be moved entire, it is divided in the simplest way, a row of holes bored across it (a line chiseled between them), plugs of dry wood driven into the holes, water poured upon them and in time, the wood having swollen, the block cracks across and through.

The "cave" men are surely almost as primitive and hardy in their habits as their historic namesakes; many of them live in the hamlets among the hills, six or eight miles from their work; they leave their homes at daybreak, each equipped with a pair of thick boots which are never worn at home, a gourd slung by his side, to be filled at the mountain stream he passes, a hunk of coarse bread under his arm, possibly an apple in his pocket.

Of the 20,000 inhabitants living in Carrara and its immediate neighborhood, about 6,000 are "cave" men; the town is entirely devoted to the marble commerce, the walls, roads and paths are made of it, the floors of the houses are paved with it, everything that can be hewn out of marble, from a perfect copy of the Venus to the common "bathing tub," as a local advertisement has it.

Countless copies of the antique are sent out from the 400 studios and find their way to the various art markets of Europe and America. Occasionally a good original statue or bust is executed, but the greater number of sculptors devote themselves to reproducing copies either of the old masters, popular modern examples or chiseling sepulchral monuments.

An Eye to Business.

A good story is told of an Omaha doctor. Some years ago he became engaged in a fight with another man, whom he finally knocked down with a heavy china pitcher. The man received an ugly scalp wound, which the doctor sewed up.

When the barber had finished the man arose from the chair, approached the artist and gave him a violent kick. "Look out! you are kicking me!" growled the barber. "You didn't tell me not to kick you," said the customer.

WINGS FOR HOME.

My heart hath taken wings for home; Away! away! it cannot stay. My heart hath taken wings for home, Nor all that's best of Greece or Rome Can stop its way.

My heart hath taken wings for home, Oh, swallow, swallow, lead the way! Oh, little bird, fly north with me, I have a home beside the sea Where then canst sing and play— My heart hath taken wings for home, Away!

My heart hath taken wings for home, But thou, Oh little bird, wilt stay; Thou hast thy little ones with thee here, Thy mate floats with thee through the clear Italian depths of day; My heart hath taken wings for home, Away!

My heart hath taken wings for home, Away! away! it cannot stay. One spring from Brunelleschi's dome, To Venice by the Adrian foam, Then westward be my way, My heart hath taken wings for home, Away!

—Dennis F. McCarthy.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

One acre enough—Especially if it be a tender corn.—Sittings. An exchange says that when one is caught in a burning hotel he should keep cool. It is a great truth.—Judge.

"Say, do you think it's true that red-headed girls are quick-tempered?" "Um—ah—suppose you ask one of them about it!"—Pittsburg Dispatch. "Do you rectify mistakes here?" asked a gentleman as he stepped into a drug store. "Yes, sir, we do, if the patient is still alive," replied the urbane clerk.

"Another terrible washout," remarked Semaphore. "Where?" asked the superintendent. "Down at the Chinese laundry." And the superintendent said he did hate a fool.—Burdette. The biggest woman in the world is in a Philadelphia dime museum. She weighs 747 pounds. This lady had a husband once, but she sat on him and the neighbors were obliged to bury him between two sheets of paper.—Burlington Free Press.

A Chicago man swallowed a \$1,000 United States bond to save it from a burglar, and the comptroller has refused to issue a duplicate to him. We don't see why the comptroller could be expected to do otherwise. The Chicago man is in \$1,000.—Boston Post.

A Washington paper says the President has not altered any in his manner since his marriage; that when he is introduced to any one he simply shakes hands, bows, smiles, speaks a few words, and passes on. There was a rumor going round that he twisted his friend's arm, threw a back somerset, and yelled defiantly.—Life.

Cosmopolitan San Francisco.

San Francisco has many admirers and but few haters, writes Edward Roberts in the New York Post. In some respects it is the most interesting city in America to visit, whatever it may be to live in. The interesting features are varied and many, and all visitors are impressed with the unlikeness of the place to any other American city. Every nationality seems to be represented: China in one quarter, Italy in another, Germany here, France there. You can dine in the restaurant of any country as inclination prompts, served by an almond-eyed Celestial or by a courteous Frenchman; and if tired of wandering in quarters that apparently are not in America at all, you have but to turn the corner and walk a block to find everything as American as heart could wish.

"Look out!" exclaimed a man over whose face a barber was moving his razor; "you are cutting off my mustache." "You didn't tell me not to cut it," the barber replied. "With me a man must always specify." "All right," said the customer. When the barber had finished the man arose from the chair, approached the artist and gave him a violent kick. "Look out! you are kicking me!" growled the barber. "You didn't tell me not to kick you," said the customer.