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RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion..... \$ 1.00

The total capital invested in 1887 in the fourteen Southern States is greater by \$97,574,900 than during 1886.

A movement has been started among leading business men of Buffalo to raise a fund of \$100,000 which will be offered as a prize for the best invention for utilizing the water-power of Niagara River.

The English co-operatives have a bank whose transactions amount to \$80,000,000 a year. They have 1,400 stores and do a business of \$150,000,000 a year.

There is a growing belief among civil engineers of note, who look after the bridges on the railroads of this country, that wherever it is practicable stone bridges should be built and iron and wooden structures dispensed with.

The London Times announces that photography in colors is now an accomplished fact; that after three years of study, experiment and chemical research, a Mr. Mayal, of New Bond street, has produced several colored photographic portraits without the aid of hand-work or brush.

Speaking of the changes in the climate of Nevada, the Virginia City Enterprise says: "About 3,000 head of sheep are now finding abundant pasturage in the vicinity of this city, where twenty years ago a whippoorwill could not fly over the country without carrying a sack of provision."

From 1881 to 1885, inclusive, 148 persons were sentenced to death in France. Of this number only seven were women, and seventeen were between the ages of sixteen and twenty.

Alaska is full of wonders, the half of which have not been brought to light. A great lake has been found at the source of the Korvack River, which is so deep that no fathom line has been found long enough to reach the bottom.

A man near London recently made a bet that he could kill, clean, cook and eat a spring chicken in fifteen minutes. Preparatory to the contest he secured the chicken and provided himself with a pot of boiling water, a bucket of cold water, a hot skillet and a hot flat-iron.

It seems to be a pretty general impression that, in the next war in Europe, dynamite, melinite and other destructive chemical compounds will play an important part in battles and mining and defensive operations.

The original of a long-lost letter, wholly written by Gen. Washington, has recently been found while searching for other documents in the State Paper Department of the Newport (R. I.) City Hall.

THE EAGLE'S SHADOW.

A giant eagle, soaring up on high, With wings outspread beneath the sun, Looks down

A SET OF SAPPHIRES.

"John" by Olive Bell. "John" stood beside her husband's chair with a strange hesitancy of look and manner.

"So, you want a little money. How much, Cecil?" He smiled as the dimples came and went in the smooth pink cheeks.

"Why, you know that lovely set of sapphires in Ruby & Co.'s window—"

"Indeed!" was John's comment, as he coughed slightly, and deliberately seated his wife on an ottoman at his side.

"My extravagance!" cried Mrs. Morgan, with a subdued wail, as she put her handkerchief to her eyes and burst into childish tears—a weak woman's best defense.

"No, Cecil," he said sadly, as he laid his hand on the golden head, "you cannot say that I often reproach you with extravagance. But I am tired of living on fare only fit for a hermit, and the everlasting pinching in everything but dress."

"Then the door closed on him, and Mrs. Morgan burst into a passion of angry tears, for she had set her frivolous heart on the sapphires, and it was not often she did not obtain her heart's desire."

"I never wanted anything so bad in my life," she murmured, as she dried her eyes and looked around the cosy breakfast-room, with its warmth and sunlight, tasteful furniture, chaste pictures and blooming plants in the bay window.

them, somehow, for they would contrast beautifully with the snowy whiteness of my dress."

"Two hundred exactly," she ejaculated. "And John said he could not afford the money. Well, what belongs to my husband belongs to me, and I will have that set of sapphires!"

"Poor, heedless Cecil never thought of the consequences of her foolish act, although she expected John would rebuke her severely for spending the money; but she trusted to his leniency and her own powers of persuasion to soften his wrath."

Half an hour later Mrs. Morgan entered the office with a white, scared face. Her face flushed guiltily, for she knew, or imagined she did, the cause of his agitation.

"John," she cried, in great distress, "don't let the loss of that money kill you. For I found it, and spent it—I didn't know it belonged to the firm—for that set of sapphires."

"You must not be so frightened, wife," he said kindly; "it may turn up in the house. Come, help me to search for it."

"It is as natural to a child to be happy as it is to a fish to swim. But for this they need a certain amount of 'letting alone.' It is a great mistake for parents to hamper their children with foolish restrictions. We pity the little Bessie, our next-door neighbor's children, from the bottom of our hearts. There is a picket fence in front of the house and they are scarcely allowed to go near it, lest they should climb and hurt themselves."

"Don't fancy your boy is made of glass. Grant a reasonable request, and let him feel that when you refuse it is for his own good, and not for his parents' sake."

"A North Side physician states that ice water does not quench thirst but increases it. 'I remember a little story,' said he, 'which, I think, might do much good if published during this hot weather, that I heard from an old sailor. He said that he and six shipwrecked companions lived four days on three pints of water, and were not a bit thirsty. When I asked him to explain, he said that instead of gulping the water down, they carried it in their mouths, and gulged it well in their mouths. If any one will try the experiment, no matter how thirsty he is, by thoroughly rinsing his mouth with not over a tablespoon of water, he will find that it will quench his thirst as effectually as a quart of water hastily swallowed, and will not hurt him any. I believe that fully one-third of the deaths during the heated season are, if the truth were known, directly or indirectly due to heavy drinking of ice water.'—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

"In a lecture once delivered by the celebrated Dr. Brown-Séquard he gave the following directions which may prove serviceable to persons troubled with a nervous cough: 'Coughing can be stopped by pressing on the nerves of the lips in the neighborhood of the nose. A pressure there may prevent a cough when it is beginning. Sneezing may be stopped by the same mechanism. Pressing also in the neighborhood of the ear may stop coughing. Pressing very hard on the top of the mouth inside is also a means of stopping coughing. And I may say the will has immense power, too. There was a French surgeon who used to say, whenever he entered the wards of the hospital: 'The first patient who coughs will be deprived of food to-day.' It was exceedingly rare that a patient coughed then."

"You did not find it, John?" quickly interrupted Mr. Macray, with a curious smile. "No, sir, I did not; and I cannot account for its loss."

A MILE IN ONE MINUTE.

THE FEARFUL RIDE OF A MINER DOWN A LOG CRUTE.

He sticks to his horse and shoots like lightning down the mountain side for two miles.

"I have made a mile a minute on horseback in the saddle."

As a grizzled stranger with a quartzite pin made this remark a silence fell upon the little group of turfmen who sat in the corridor of the Windsor Hotel, at Denver, the other evening, says the Chicago Herald.

"Right here let me stop to explain a little circumstance that will enable you to understand the situation. Down in the valley, at the base of Gold Mountain, was a saw-mill, and extending up from its side almost to timber line was what is called a log chute."

"It takes a moment for the coolest head to clear itself in times of unlooked-for peril, and long before that moment had the needles as I were on our way to the valley, going faster at every breath, nothing to stop us, death ahead, and the devil's own railroad underneath."

"I could see black specks grow suddenly into big pines and then shoot past me. I could even see the snow caught in the needles as they came whizzing by. Every instant through some clearing, I could see the valley, in a flash, and over it all was a sickening feeling, as though the mountain was sinking away from me and I was plunging into an immeasurable space."

"When the moon was well up I came to myself. I was lying in a snowdrift, rubbing at my head and moaning. After a long time I crawled a little way and then fell down and cried for my very helplessness."

"The bronch had the worst of it even there, for he kept on going until he struck solid earth. I broke three ribs and this arm in so many different places that the doctor wanted to cut it off and he done with it. What puzzled the mill men most was that my legs escaped, but the saddle flaps were worn to fringes and that explains it. From the point where I started to the break over were two miles, and the old hands there said I was in it in less than two minutes. I had no stop-watch, but I'll back myself against any log that ever made the trip."

Lewis P. Hathaway, while fishing at Clear Creek some time since, captured six or seven large bull-frogs, which he brought home and placed in a pond. Mr. Hathaway has a turkey with a dozen young ones. Some of the latter, it appears, have been disappearing mysteriously.

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Spinach. The New York Post tells how they cook spinach in France.

Drinks for the Sick. ORANGE WHEY—The juice of one orange to one pint of sweet milk.

Useful Hints. Do not put salt into soup until you have done skimming it, as salt will stop the rising of the scum.

Ammonia and whiting will clean nickel plating nicely. Make into a paste and apply; then rub until bright with another cloth.

Much of the ordinary bother of washing lamp chimneys on the inside can be saved by using a stick with a sponge tied to the end.

After having your hands in soapy water, wet them in vinegar and spirits of camphor; it kills the alkali and keeps your hands soft.

Saturate the edges of carpets with a strong solution of alum water to destroy moths; if an unpainted floor, wash the floor with it before putting down the carpet. Do the same to shelves where black ants appear.

Oil stains on carpets, if action is taken at once upon the oil being spilled, may be removed by scattering corn meal upon them. Also the application of a hot iron through a heavy sheet of blotting paper will have a like effect.

Grass stains are troublesome to remove, but soft soap and soda is usually effectual. After having wet the stained parts, rub in the soap and as much baking soda as will adhere; let this stand half an hour and wash in the usual manner. Whiting is also used with soft soap for the same purpose.

To keep things in order, big or little, and prevent the disagreeable creaking, don't oil them. The oil is apt to soil the hands, the garments and the carpet, and the remedy is sometimes worse than the disease. Rub the hinge that creaks on the latch that will not slide with a soft lead pencil. The application works like magic.

Sparrows are being properly appreciated. Hundreds of them are now caught by enterprising people for sale to certain restaurants where red birds are in demand. A German woman on Third avenue has three traps set every day, and she catches probably seventy-five a week. They are cooked and served to her boarders the same as red birds, and are declared quite as great a delicacy. This German woman bastes them, leaving the little wooden skewer in the bird when served. They are cooked with a bit of bacon. She tempts them with oats, and after the catch they are fed a while with boiled oatmeal. She sprinkles oatmeal in the back yard also, and thereby fattens the free birds. The females are the choice meat. The males can be told by the circle of white feathers at the neck. The females are as plain as Quakeresses. So soon as it becomes generally known that the sparrow is a table bird their number will rapidly grow less. People don't like to experiment, but when it is discovered that the sparrow has been declared good by those upon whom they have been tried no boarding house meal will be deemed in good form unless a dish of fat sparrows adorns it. Sparrow pie is a delicacy fit to set before a King.—New York Times.

NEVER ALONE.

Never alone. The power that life creates Ever supports. With hand supreme it guides.

There is a link—ah, yes! the chains that hold The first great cause, to the present given With love infinite, and refined, as gold.

It's great fun to see a young woman play the piano and fight flies at the same time.—Burlington Free Press.

An advertisement reads: "Wanted—A nurse to mind children." It was probably inserted by the children.—Waterbury American.

In Washington Territory there is a ranch where they shear 380 sheep in one day. This threatens to rival the business done in Wall street.—Rochester Post-Express.

Now that a Chinaman has been arrested as a tramp, there is no possible surprise for the public except to hear that an Apache Indian has started a laundry.—Philadelphia Press.

Pueblo Barber (pausing a moment in his reckless pursuit)—Were you going to say something, sir? Customer (faintly)—Y-y-yes; I want to ask you where you bury your dead.—Denver News.

There was a little girl And she had a little curl Which hung in the middle of her forehead; When the weather was cool It crimped according to rule. When the weather was hot It looked horrid.—Songs of the Season.

Compassionate Clara—Isn't it sad! Poor Mr. Littlewit has gone out of his mind. Satirical Sallie—I wonder he stayed there as long as he has. Awfully cramped quarters, you know.—Chicago Tribune.

No man knows how much he really loves a woman until she has presented him with the worked canvas for the sides of a natty traveling bag, and he has paid \$20 or \$25 for having it made up.—Louis Chien.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might in the days when the earth was new; but the man of mite now-a-days is the fellow who puts a three-cent piece in the contribution box and tries to make it out to be a dime.—St. Louis Magazine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

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A fellow who's bred in the bay May never be a brand baker; A man who makes his pees pay May never be a pees-maker. A shaker who works making dies May never be a dice shaker; A quaker who, on the earth, lies May never be an earth-keeper.—Goodall's Sun.