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Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description (e.g., One Square, One Column) and Rate (e.g., \$1.00, \$2.00).

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

Never Mind What "They" Say.

Don't worry and fret. About what people think. Of your ways or your means. Of your food or your drink. If you know you are doing your best every day. With the right on your side. Never mind what "they" say.

Aunt Keeley's Money.

It was no great pleasure to any of the Goldburys when Aunt Keeley wrote from her home in a distant State that she was coming to pay them a brief visit. She was only the half-sister of their grandpa, and had never manifested any interest in or affection for her relatives.

"Why, of course, I shall write at once and invite her; and I think, Harry, that at present we had not better say anything at present to your brother and Lucy about young Keeley's death. They might think that we were acting from interested motives; and, besides, Lucy might be beforehand with me. She is so grasping."

Emma's indignation upon learning that Lucy had purchased a pony and a basket-carrage in order to afford Aunt Keeley the luxury of a daily airing. And so the rivalry and the jealousy went on, its effects extending even to the children of the two families, until, as Henry Goldsburys observed, his home and his relatives scarcely appeared the same to him; and the pleasure of his life was nearly destroyed.

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Emma returned home more than ever irritated against her husband; and the meeting between the two was unlike any that had ever before taken place—full of mutual reproach and recrimination. "You've ruined your children's prospects," Emma said, bitterly; "disgraced yourself and driven Aunt Keeley away from your roof!"

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Two Journeys.

"I go on a journey far away," He said—and he stooped and kissed me then— "Over the ocean for many a day— Good-bye," and he kissed me once again. But only a few short months had fled When again I answered my husband's kiss: "I could not tarry away," he said; "There is never a land so fair as this."

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Old as the hills—The valleys between them. After some jocular remarks the Senate adjourned.—New Haven Register. The editor of the Oil City Derrick claims to have a country seat. It is a stump. Miss Annie L. got married, and now they speak of her as an Annie-mated young lady. Soldiers are always the most adept lovers, because they learn to present arms and salute. It is peculiar how sound a man sleeps when his wife crawls over him on her way to the kitchen to make a fire. The maple sugar days have come, the sweetest of the year; when sugar is down cellar made, and sold so dreadful dear. Since 1866 9,000 divorces have been granted in Italy, Milan being set apart for no less than 3,000. Since 1870 Rome has had 600. When a Canadian farmer sheathes a lump of lard within a half-inch coating of "creamery" he calls it galvanized butter.—New Haven Register. It is a noticeable fact that a hog has to be killed before he is cured. This is true of two-legged hogs as well as of quadrupeds.—Boston Post. The New York Sun says that a man with mutton-chop whiskers need have no fears of the future. He can always strike a job as coachman. The New York Advertiser believes that men would have more luck fishing if they bought live trout and put 'em in a bathtub and fished with a sieve. The first man to try to fast forty days was a heretic, the second an imitator, and of subsequent ones the public simply remark: "The poor deluded fools." No man ought to complain if the world measures him as he measures others. To measure one with his own yard-stick may be hard, but is fair. "There is no disgrace in being poor," we are told. And we're howling glad of it, for there are enough other disadvantages about it without that one. Adirondack Murray has been sold out of his last personal property by the sheriff, and hasn't even a clothes-line left to tie him to any neighborhood. "The harp that once through Tara's hall The soul of music shed," Upon the street now caterwauls, To earn a padrone's bread. —Indianapolis Herald. Births, marriages and deaths are reported by an Illinois paper under the head of "Hatched, Matched, Satched." But it could save type and expense by using the words "Bed, Wed, Dead," instead. Dampening! Old Triggs—"Hello, Jones, got your feet sopping wet, haven't you? Why don't you wear rubbers, as I do? I haven't wet my feet for six months." Jones—"Well, I should think you'd be ashamed to say so." The New York Graphic has about banished the nuisance of tall hats at the theaters. It remarked that homely women looked best in high hats, and now all the ladies are trying to show that they are not dependent on tall hats for their beauty. A Rapid Exit from China. The Chinese, said Professor Draper to a New York reporter, paid great attention to astronomy in ante-historical times, and they have always linked their knowledge of astronomy with astrology. Historical events were noted by their writers as taking place while the stars held certain relations to each other. Speaking of astrology in China, I am reminded of the unceremonious way in which the late lamented Professor Watson, of Ann Arbor university, Michigan, was compelled to quit the Chinese empire about the time of the transit of Venus a few years ago. Professor Watson, with another well-known astronomer, was at the Chinese capital. The emperor of China was taken sick with the smallpox, and he died after a short illness. The event was looked upon, as all great events are in China, as influenced by the stars, and it became noised abroad that the two distinguished astronomers had so influenced the stars as to cause the emperor's death. The viceroy, who did not share the popular belief, quietly informed the astronomers that they might lose their lives if they did not go away. They departed in the night. Barren mountains are not worth ascent.

HEALTH HINTS.

PAINLESS CURE FOR WARTS.—Drop a little vinegar on the wart and cover it immediately with cooking soda or saleratus; put on as much soda as you can pile on, and let it remain ten minutes. Repeat several times a day, and in three days the wart will be gone. A good remedy for corns also. TAKE SEASONABLE REST.—Dr. Hall says the best medicine in the world, more efficient than all the potions of the materia medica, are warmth, rest, cleanliness and pure air. Some persons make it a virtue to brave disease, to "keep up" as long as they can move a foot or wriggle a finger, and it sometimes succeeds; but in others the powers of life are thereby so completely exhausted that the system has lost all ability to recuperate, and slow and typhoid fever sets in and carries the patient to a premature grave. Whenever working or work is an effort, a warm bed and cool room are the very first indispensables to a sure and speedy recovery. Instinct leads all beasts and birds to quietude and rest the very moment disease or wounds assail the system. SLEEP FOR CHILDREN.—If you would preserve your children from wasting disease, do not stint them in their sleep; chlorotic girls, especially, and weakly babies need all the rest they can get. If they are drowsy in the morning, let them sleep; it will do them more good than stimulants and tonic sirups. For school-children in their teens, eight hours of quiet sleep is generally enough, but do not restrict them to fixed hours; in midsummer there should be a siesta corner in every house, a lounge or an old mattress in the coolest nook of the hall, or a hammock in the shade of the porch, where the little ones can pass the sleep-inviting afternoons. Nor is it necessary to send them to bed at the very time when all nature awakens from the torpid influence of the day-star; sleep in the atmosphere of a stifling bedroom would bring no rest and no pleasant dreams. But an hour after sunset there will be a change; the night wind rises and the fainting land revives; cool air is a febrifuge and nature's remedy for the dyspeptic influence of a sultry day. Open every window, and let your children share the luxury of the last evening hour; after breathing the fresh night air for a while they will sleep in peace.—Popular Science Monthly. TO RELIEVE HICCOUGH.—A medical journal gives the following simple means of relieving hiccough: Inflate the lungs as fully as possible, and thus press firmly on the agitated diaphragm. In a few seconds the spasmodic action of the muscle will cease. The Work of Volcanoes. Cotopaxi, in 1735, threw its fiery cone 3,000 feet above its crater, while in 1724 the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard at a distance of more than 600 miles. In 1797 the crater of Tunguragua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud, which dammed up the rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys 1,000 feet wide made deposits 600 feet deep. The stream from Vesuvius, which in 1773 passed through Terro del Greco, contained 33,000,000 cubic feet of solid matter; and in 1793, when Terro del Greco was destroyed a second time, the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1760 Etna poured forth a flood which covered eighty-four square miles of surface. On this occasion the sand and scoria formed the Monte Rosini, near Nicholas, a cone of two miles in circumference, and 400 feet high. The stream thrown out at Etna in 1810 was in motion at the rate of one yard per day for nine months after the eruption, and it is on record that the lava of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, was not thoroughly cool and consolidated for ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, the scoria and ashes vomited forth, far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain; while in 1860 Etna disgorged more than twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has sent its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria and Egypt; it hurled stones eight pounds in weight to Pompeii, a distance of six miles, while similar masses were tossed up 2,000 feet above the summit. Cotopaxi has projected a rock of 100 cubic yards in volume nine miles; and Sumbawa, in 1845, during the most terrible eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java, a distance of 800 miles of surface, and, out of a population of 12,000 souls, only twenty escaped. On the fourth of July next we may expect to pick up a morning paper and read that "The snow-storm in Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota yesterday was the heaviest of the season." The West has had the "heaviest snow-storm of the season" every week since the first of March.—New Haven Herald. Barren mountains are not worth ascent.