

Forest Republican.

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Forest Republican.

BY SAMUEL SHAW.

Publication Office, Crandon, Wis.

M. L. S. & W. R. Y. TIME TABLE.

PELICAN STATION.	
GOING NORTH AND WEST.	
Passenger.	10 54 A. M.
Fast Train.	2 55 P. M.
GOING SOUTH AND EAST.	
Passenger.	5 35 P. M.
Fast Train.	1 34 A. M.
C. C. DeLong, Agent.	

DISSEMINATING CHURCH.

to be held on Sabbath at 10 A. M. in the new school building. The church is now in the process of being erected. The service will be held at 7:00 o'clock.

LEGISLATIVE.

GOSSIP FROM MADISON.

Notes Gathered at the State House, and Elsewhere.

Forest County is Kept Plainly Before the Mind's Eye of the People.

The hotels at Madison are crowded to overflowing.

Senator Seafeld has not been well for a week or so. Threatened with pneumonia.

Solicitor Baker of the "Son" line is in Madison, looking after the interests of that railway.

Questions about Forest County are the order of the day. Forest is getting to the front.

It now looks as if the Legislature could not adjourn much before May 1st.

It looks as if an extra number of blue books would be provided this winter.

Oneida County, like the people down south, wants to be let alone.

Bookkeeper J. T. Huntington of the Assembly after a service of many years, says this year beats everything for new business.

Monico has in 3 bills to help her out; one to legalize acts of town of Gagen; one to legalize act of County Board in creating same, and one to vote on County seat in Spring. Ha! Ha! He! He!!

Hon. Charles Hall has in a bill to cut off the 8 Oconto towns; so has Hon. J. L. Murphey of Marinette.

Everybody wants a slice of Forest this winter; pass the platter around as long as the slices last; but no, Oneida wants none.

Heaps of fun soon at Madison; pulp barkers and hugglers (lawyers) at work; we want to start a splinter to help Monico out of her trouble over Gagen town. "Put her head under her wing, poor thing."

On the last night to introduce new bills, 320 were introduced in the Lower House. There are 882 in the Assembly this year against 620 in 1885.

Speaker Mills is a splendid man in the chair to push forward the work. He wants the Assembly to get through before the 4th of July.

Milray, the pulp attorney, was pulverized by Rock Flint before the Committee. Rock's modesty makes him say it was Shaw; but we deny it.

Antigo is by the ears about a charter amendment. Delegations for both sides have been here.

Milray's flaming speech before the Judiciary Committee resulted in a report for indefinite postponement of

his bill. Cheap eloquence does not count for much with a committee having upon it men who can speak like Miner, Taylor, Feld, Hammel, Brigham, Wiggins and Humphrey. Such men want naked facts and can put in the gash of eloquence for themselves.

Postmaster Barker is in receipt of a letter from a gentleman at Beaver Dam, making inquiries concerning the country, condition of soil, etc. This letter is but one of many which are received. Forest is certainly getting to the front, and Crandon in particular. Why? Because there is the finest of farming land, and the best of timber surrounding the county seat. These in search of a home cannot do better than to invest in lands about Crandon and vicinity. We hope all who are thinking of coming will do so at once as now is the time to make purchases cheap and secure for themselves fine chances early.

Funny Monico.

Monico has in 5 bills to help her out of the swamp mess and muck of her surroundings.

407 A. on county seat. 610 A. to legalize action of County board in creating Gagen town. 611 A. to legalize actions of Gagen town board. 818 A. to make 5 towns in Forest. 822 A. to amend Section 6 Chapter 136 of 1885.

She has hired Lawyer Milray of Wausau to stay at Madison till end of session to help her pass all of these bills. The last 2 are "dead heads", so offensive of yore to pulp men with sulphite nostrils. Oh! Gorrie!

ABBOTSFORD EXTENSION.

An Interview with President Reitbrock of that Road.

Special to the Forestian.

President Reitbrock was at Madison this week. He is President of the Abbotsford-Merrill Ry. The Republican interviewed him. "Well! Mr. Reitbrock, will your Railway be built?"

"Yes sir, and very soon; we hope to build this year."

"Is the Wisconsin Central backing your project?"

Mr. Reitbrock eyed us keenly and said "We can now say it is; I have a communication from President Colby of the Central who is now in the East to the effect that this fact may be made public." "Will your Railway be extended beyond Merrill?"

"That is being considered and a conclusion will be reached ere long. We have looked over two lines into Merrill with a view to getting out of Merrill again to the north-east. We do not want to run into a pocket at Merrill." What course would you pursue beyond Merrill?"

"Florence has been pretty freely canvassed, with an occasional mention of Hermansville." "Would you build with a view to strike pine bunches and belts?"

Not at all, if the pine is on streams that can be driven. Our road is after hardwood timber and agricultural lands. Those are the surest things to build for. I tell you, sir, hardwood is coming to the front. Today it is spot cash in Milwaukee and Chicago. That cannot be said of pine. We shall probably go up the north side of Prairie river beyond Merrill where is a fine hardwood belt."

This closed the interview. Like the Arab, we quietly folded our tent, then noisily toddled away.

LAKELAND.

Metonga the First of the Series.

An Afternoon's Cruise Around the Lake.

Sand Lake, Lake Metonga, or according to the translation of the Indian name, the "Lake with a Sandy beach," is situated in the western part of Townships 35 and 36 of Range 13 East.

This beautiful sheet of water is about 3 1/2 miles long by 1 1/2 miles wide, and its fame as a summer resort is fast becoming known. At the Northern end of the lake is the young village of Crandon, the county-seat of Forest County.

Coming through on the county road from the Railway station, the first view the traveler has of this gem of New Wisconsin is from its northern shore. One has been riding through a forest for several miles. There is forest to right of you, forest to left of you etc. not a forest of Poplar, or Jack Pine, or Spruce, or Tamarac with a road bed of corduroy; but a forest of towering maple, splendid birch, elm and basswood. A forest that is restful to the eye and pleasing to the ear of the lover of nature, for miriads of birds belong to the woodland choir, and fill the forest with melody.

An opening in the forest, to the right, what is that, a clearing? Yes, a clearing, one of the most beautiful clearings you ever saw, whose undulating waves are not yellow grain, or sweet-scented clover, but transparent crystal; stay, let us gaze a moment on its beauty; charming Metonga.

At the north end of Metonga the banks are high, in most places being about 20 feet above the lake level. The beach is broad and sandy about half way around and the remainder is composed of small stones and gravel; a splendid place for bath-houses and boat-houses. The soil beyond the beach line is a light clay loam, good for gardens, and grows heavier as you go back from the lake. This is not a worthless sandy country, but a fine farming country, with a luxuriant growth of splendid hardwood timber.

From Echo Bay, Lake Metonga is apparently of an oblong shape; on the western side the smooth curve of the shore-line is broken by numerous promontories or points, some 4 or 5 of which can be plainly seen, and there are others that are hidden behind some of the larger ones.

Let us step into this boat, coast around the lake, and note and admire its beautiful banks.

See how the sand sparkles under the water. We shall go down the west shore and come up the east in time to see one of Metonga's grand sunsets.

This first point is commonly called Round Head, not a very nice name for this pretty headland we must confess. It rises about 30 feet and is covered with timber. This bay beyond Round Head is Cranberry Bay, and that small stream that comes bubbling and gurgling over its many small cataracts, is Cranberry Creek, a sparkling spring brook that first comes to the light of day from under the roots of an old birch tree way back at the foot of yonder bluff that you see towering in the distance.

We will swing around this small point, yet waiting for a name, and make for yonder promontory. Why, yes, that is a brook, Webb Creek by name, which will soon be famous for its speckled trout. Any there? Oh,

yes, the Colonization Society had 10,000 beauties planted there in the Spring of 1886.

And this is Strawberry Bluff. Let us land and mount to its summit. No timber here to speak of, save a few small birch and pine. What a view of the lake; what a place for a summer hotel, with a chance for beautiful grounds, a tennis court, splendid anchorage for boats, and to make it more attractive, the small brook at the foot of the bluff.

We now take boat again and cross the bay to this large point known as Long Point, Wigwam Point etc.

Here we see Indian camps, and mark what is that, a kettle-drum? Yes, the Indians are having a dance. This is an interesting point and several years ago was noted for the ruins of an old log house that is said to have been used for a trading post many years ago.

Now we come to Como Bay, a pretty place noted for its bubbling springs and the many perch which swarm its waters.

Here is the south end of the lake. What a splendid beach; a beach where 8 teams can be driven abreast; and this, is the outlet, Sand Creek, a stream used by lumbermen during the log drive.

It is getting toward sundown, and we will put for that deep bay on the east side of the lake, and view the bluffs as we pass. Bluffs did we say, yes, mountains. See, how they rise step by step, heavenward, till they culminate in that last and highest each crowned by a luxuriant mass of green broken here and there by some giant pine that restless swings its arms aloft above its fellows seeming impatient to wait its slow progress as year by year it stretches upward.

We now enter Bass Bay, the best of fishing ground, filled with splendid black bass. Passing several points we arrive at the Cove, deep, cool, shady; the retreat of pleasure seekers during the heat of the day. Here at certain seasons can be caught the famous grayling. Here is another fine site for a summer hotel. The banks are higher here than at any other point on the lake, being about 30 or 40 feet above the lake, then a narrow plateau, and back of that making another steep ascent of 350 or 400 ft.

Look at that sunset! See how the bluffs at the west are flooded with golden light, and the last faint glimmer is caught and reflected by those in the east; beautiful beyond description. But we must hasten as it nears tea time.

And now we land; here boatman, here's your quarter and it is well invested. Ah, what a lake, and what a beach, and best of all, what a country to back all this beauty. Charming Metonga; soon to be famous Metonga. V. Mac Jr.

And Still They Come; The Farmers.

John Nelson writes us that he expects to be up soon and is going to move his family here this spring. Good for John. That is just the talk we want. John shows his good sense by strating his farm. Farmers are what we want; not speculative farmers, not farmers who will buy a piece of land and let it lie an unbroken waste, of no use to himself nor any one else except to use his surplus cash to keep up taxes. Such farmers are not what we want. Such farmers do not open up a farming country very rapidly. But we do want genuine old fashion, honor-bright farmers. Farmers who are interested in the speedy development of the country.

Dispatch from Madison.

Feb. 25 1887.

Committee report against Monico County Seat bill. We are gaining. Merrill and Rhinelander compromised Oneida keeps her territory.

DRIFT-WOOD.

C. C. DeLong is right at his post; quite busy.

Mrs. Stephen Gifford is entertaining friends from Clintonville.

J. Beauregard bears a very happy countenance of late; suppose his road job is prospering.

Thomas Leslie was at Crandon last week on tax business for F. A. Delaglise.

And still more snow; a regular blizzard Saturday. We hope to have some sleighing by and bye.

Report comes that William Potter is dangerously ill at Antigo. His son Henry was sent for last Saturday.

We are told that I. G. Champion expects his father and sister from England in the spring to make him a visit.

D. McLeod of Merrill made Crandon a short visit this week; he was looking after the Bray and Choate tract which he has purchased.

John Masbaum offers his place for sale at cost. This is a good chance for some one as it is a good location for business, being situated on Lake Avenue.

Bro. Barnes of the New North says Oneida doesn't want Monico, and does not seem to appreciate the generosity of Forest Co. Well, that is the way of the world; but Bro. Barnes doesn't know what he is missing.

Harry Poppy contracted to cut out by open bid 340 rods of road north from the 1/2 post back of Masbaum's for 22 cts. per rod. To be cut out 16 feet wide and 12 feet of that grubbed and graded.

Everyone who visits Crandon and is a judge of timber is surprised at the display of black birch in the forests about the county-seat. The black birch often grows here to a diameter of from 3 to 4 feet.

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