FOREST REPUBLICAN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us to the end, dare do our duty as we understand it."--LINCOLN.

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NEW ENGINES. The undersigned have for sale and will receive orders for the above Engine. Messrs. Tifft Sons & Co. are now sending to this market their 12-Horse Power Engine with 14-Horse Power Boiler peculiarly adapted to deep wells.

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Dr. J. L. Acomb,

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27-tf

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Mar. 4, tf.

NOTICE.

DR. J. N. BOLARD, of Tidioute, has returnsd to his practice after an absence of four months, spent in the Hospitals of New York, where he will attend calls in his profession.

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Repairing done in a workmanlike manner and warranted to give satisfaction. 4-1y

ESTRAY.

CAME to the premises of the subscriber, in Green township, six miles southeast of Tionesta, on Monday, Nov. 21st, a DARK BRINDLE BULL about two years old, with a s it in the left ear. The owner is required to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, or he will be disposed of according to law.

PETER YOUNGK,
64-3t. Nebraska, Pa.

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KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Subpœnas, Warrants, Summons, &c., to be sold cheap for cash. tf.

F. Bret Harte, in Overland Monthly.

PENELOPE.

(SIMPSON'S BAR, 1853)

So you've kem 'yer agen,
And one answer won't do?
Well, of all the derned men
That I've struck, it is you.
O Sal! 'yer's that derned fool from Simpson's cavortin' round 'yer in the dew.

Kem in, ef you *will*,
Thar—quit! Take a cheer.
Not that; you can't fill
Them theer cushings this year—
For that cheer was my old man's Joe Simpson, and they don't make such men about 'yer.

He was tall, was my Jack,
And as strong as a tree.
Thar's his gun on the rack—
Jest you heft it, and see.
And *you* come a courtin' his widder. Lord! where can that critter, Sal, be!

You'd fill my Jack's place!
And a man of your size—
With no baird to his face,
Nor a snap to his eyes—
And nary—— Sho! thar! I was foolin—I was, Joe, for sartain—don't rise.

Sit down. Law! why, sho!
I'm as weak as a gal.
Sal! Don't you go, Joe,
Or I'll faint sure, I shall.
Sit down—*anywheer*, where you like, Joe—in that cheer, if you choose—Lord, where's Sal!

QUALITY HILL.

Mrs. Woodstock sat in the middle of the room, with her feet on the round of the chair, and her fingers in her ears.

"I like to hear thunder well enough; I don't know but what I do. I am not any afraid of that. But I be scart of ligtning," said she starting as the heavens blazed over with a sheet of flame in instant glory, with a crash and roar that found its way through her fat fingers, and through two wads of pink cotton, bursting on her ear like the trump of doom.

"Mercy on me!" shrieked Mrs. Woodstock, "that struck. Now you may rely on it, as sure as you're a living creature, that struck."

Mr. Spofford's old sorrel horse, the only living creature in sight, made no reply, but kept on nibbling away at the white clover on the green before the door. He only turned his back to the driving rain, that flew from west to east, so fast and so heavy, it was more like a bank of fog than moving drops of water; and gave a passing shiver when the rain-fall changed to hail, and rattled down in stones as large as bird's eggs.

But Mrs. Woodcock was above the blind trust of the beast; so, pale and trembling, she pressed her hands tighter over her ears, and looked at a spider's web in the darkest corner of the room as steadfastly as if she were sitting for her photograph.

The thunder growled itself to sleep at last, the lightning flashed its life away, and the sun broke out like a sudden smile on a baby's face. Still the unconscious Mrs. Woodcock held on to her ears and gazed at the spider's web until the outer door was flung open, and the chore-boy shuffled in.—He was a hempen-haired, buttermilk-eyed lad of fifteen, who was either half-witted or half-crazed—possibly both.

"Ho! Aunt Prissy," he cried, "what are you keeping Independence for, the day after fourth? It has all come off clear as new cider and you are wasting your time sitting there like a 'statute.' You better be mending my pantaloons.

As he spoke a sudden sunbeam darted through the western window, and flashed athwart the corner.

"If there isn't a cobweb right in my kitchen!" quoth Mrs. Woodcock, deliberatrly putting down her fingers and feet and going for a wing—a gray goose wing that hung by a strip of red calico on a nail behind the door.

"Oh! You come, Orson? Where did it strike?" she continued, appearing to discover the grinning boy.

"The hail struck everywhere, particularly on Dr. Seacrest's grape vines. I haven't heard as the thunder struck at all, not even on some folk's ears," returned Orsons who was mainly composed of a pair of overgrown bare feet, blue cotton frock and overalls, a set of broad white teeth, and a weather-beaten hat with wide slouching brim.

"You don't mean to say the doctor's grape vines are hurt essentially, do you?" queried Mrs. Woodcock, deaf to the impertinence as she had been to the thunder.

"Don't know nothing about no essences," replied Orson, who was fond of long words, but not clear as to their use. "But I can tell you one thing, though. You ought just to see the doctor's new grape vines he set so much by. The tendons and young grapes are fairly chewed to bits. Yes'm. I don't expect five hundred dollars in gold would put it back to where it was an hour ago."

"How you talk!" gasped Mrs. Woodcock, who liked to have things happen, and the worse they happened the better she liked it. She was a kind-hearted soul, but something to talk over was worth as much as her dinner.

"But it is so?" she continued doubtfully, "Really and truly, Orson? Now speak the truth, just exactly as it is."

Orson had as much idea of truth as he had of geology.

"Yes'm," said he, getting bolder, "The doctor said to me, Orson Larely," said he, "I wouldn't have this damagement done to my vintonage, not if you had offered me a five hundred dollar bill right in my hand." And then he looked as sober as anything, and walked straight into the house. I saw Mrs. Seacrest through the open window, and she was crying like fury.—You ought to take a look at it yourself, Aunt Prissy, if you don't believe me," he continued, in an aggrieved tone.

Mrs. Woodcock did not believe him entirely, to be sure, but there might be something worth seeing; so, after a little reflection, she decided that it would be handy to have a dose of salts and senna in the house, and she might as well step up to the doctor's, and get it then as any time.

There was no need for the grass to dry, for Mrs. Woodcock's chocolate and the white calico, guiltless of a panier and innocent of a trail, did not even brush the broad plantain leaves and the fairy speed-well blossoms bordering the well-trodden foot-path that led from her door-step right into the world; and her heavy calf-skin shoes squeaked to scorn the idea of "wetting through."

So she tied on her log cabin sunbonnet that had a pert calico bow prospecting from the top, took her crooked handle umbrella, to act the double part of supporter and protector, and set out—not to seek her fortune, but to seek somebody's misfortune.

The way to Dr. Seacrest's was across the green, away from the black cotton mills, down by the river; away from the street of stiff white cottages, where the mill operators lived; away from the common place, two story dwellings clustering around the church, the store, the blacksmith's shop, and the post office; to a bit of level slightly removed from "The Hollow" by a sloping hill. Here were scattered a group of houses where the doctor, the mill owner, the minister, and two or three prosperous farmers lived. Lived, so the Hollow people said, "stuck up" and apart from their neighbors.

But this aristocratic isolation was all the work of the Hollow, for as Mrs. Woodcock often said:

"Folks can choose their own place in the world. If they have a mind to hold up their heads and be something and somebody they can be, or they can be nobody and nothing. Either one."

Accoadingly she held up her head and made nerself somebody, equally in the kitchen of Mary Duffy, the Irish laundress, in Speck Lane, at the lowest dip of the Hollow, and in the parlor of the spactous mansion that crowned the brow of the "Quality Hill."

So now she went up the wide, flower-bordered walk leading to Dr. Seacrest's stately doorway, with the assurance of a welcome guest; and rapping confidently on the open door, stepped in with a little nod and courtesy, as much of respect to herself as of deference to Mrs. Seacrest and her daughter Miriam, sitting sewing and looking tranquil as though no storm had ever passed over either vineyard or spirit.

"Dear me! Is it you, Mrs. Woodcock? How you startled me! Come in. We were speaking of you not a half an hour ago," cried Mrs. Seacrest, who was a lively cordial woman, as round and flushed as a poppy; and always sitting in the sunshine, no matter what clouds there might be in the sky.

Mrs. Woodcock came in. "Quite a shower we have had," said she, dropping upon a velvet sofa with an air of being very much at home on velvet.—"I notice, as I came along, Mr. Hulbert's oats are beaten flat, and I shouldn't wonder if a good deal of injury had been done by the hail."

"Very likely," repled Mrs. Seacrest, serenely. "The hailstones were very large. But it has come off beautifully now, and the air seems so much purer for the storm."

Some people might have felt put aside at this but not Mrs. Woodcock. She perceived that something lay under this placid surface, and never being troubled by excess of delicacy, proceeded at once to send out her blood-hounds.

"How was it here?" said she, boldly. "Anything damaged about your grounds."

"The dahlias, some of them are broken off—didn't father say?" responded Mrs. Seacrest, appealing to her daughter. "And, I think, some glass was broken in the hot house. The doctor has just ordered a different style of sash, so these are out the way just in time."

Everything was always fish that came to Mrs. Seabrest's net.

"Tisn't that," said Mrs. Woodcock to herself. "Something heavier than hailstone is on her mind."

So she started another trail.

"Heard from Earnest lately?" she asked.

"Not very long since," replied Mrs. Seacrest, carelessly, but with the faintest shadow of a shade slipping across her sunny face for an instant.

"That is it, said the visitor, inwardly, nodding approvingly to herself. For it is not everybody who would have had the skill to touch upon the sore spot so soon.

But before she had decided on her next question, Mrs. Seacrest spoke again.

"We are expecting him home soon, Mrs. Woodcock with his wife."

"His wife!" cried Mrs. Woodcock. Even with her discerning forethought, she was not prepared for this announcement. Ernest Seacrest being yet a junior in the State University.

Miriam looked steadily upon her work with a flushing look of painful annoyance, but her mother's tone was as blithe as ever.

"Yes said she, "Ernest is young, isn't he? But, after all, he is as old as I was when I married. Our children take us by surprise, coming to be men and women so much sooner than we expect."

"When do you look for him—them?" faltered Mrs. Woodcock, too much bewildered for her usual aptness of questioning.

"Almost any time; I shall not be surprised if they come to-day," answered Mrs. Seacrest, not able to conceal some nervous dread.

Not a dread that the married pair might arrive before Mrs. Woodcock should go away, with her long eyes, deep ears, and broad tongue! Oh, no! Mrs. Woodcock would have scorned herself with contemptuous scorning if such unworthy jealousy had crossed her self-assured mind.

So she sat, and sat, and sat, and sat, while Mrs. Seacrest sewed, and sewed, and sewed, and sewed.

Miriam, evidently unable to bear the slow torture, soon found an errand to her chamber, and found no reason for returning.

"Wasn't your son's marriage a little sudden to you?" asked Mrs. Woodcock, as soon as she had collected her ideas.

"Somewhat. But it is so much better for a young man to settle upon some one young lady rather than fall into a habit of flirting," replied Mrs. Seacrest, with a cheerful satisfaction. "And I have always been in favor of early marriages. Where people want till their habits are crystalized, it is much harder adapting themselves.—"

Mrs. Seacrest's sentence was brought to an untimely end by the stopping of a carriage at the gate—the doctor's carriage, too, with the doctor himself to drive.

"So it seems she knew all the time they were coming this day, though she made it so vague. And there I was, as my good nature would have it, in the midst of the home coming," said Mrs. Woodcock, afterward, in relating the story to Mademoiselle Widger.

Mademoiselle Widger was the milliner who lived only three doors from Woodcock, and said "mon Dieu," to appear like a French woman. She was equally fond of a cup of tea and a dish of gossip, and made all Mrs. Woodcock's bonnets for nothing.

"So there I sat and saw it all," persisted Mrs. Woodcock. "And what do you think Mademoiselle, but Ernest came in with a lady on his arm older than his mother." "My wife," said he, "and you might knocked me over with one of your feather poppies. There was never such a surprise in Throckmorton before."

"Mon dieu!" cried Mademoiselle, with a little foreign scream. "Did you learn how it happened?"

"No more than the dead," replied Mrs. Woodcock, solemnly, "Mrs. Seacrest tried to pass it off with her smooth it away manner, but she couldn't deceive me. I could see she had hard work to keep her feelings in. But there she poured the tea and passed the cake to that old thing as smiling as the moon. She is such a hand to cover up, and make as though everything is just right that happens to her."

"So you staid to lunch?" queried Mademoselle, helping herself to a third cup of that beverage from Mrs. Woodcock's round black pot as she spoke.

"Yes, they asked me, and I didn't wait to be urged. I thought it would be a good chance to see the bride, how she looked, and how she appeared."

"Well, huw was it?" asked the milliner between her sips of tea.

"She appeared well enough, far as that went, if she hadn't seemed old enough to be his grandmother. You know Ernest's master young looking for his years, and I don't suppose he is a day over twenty."

"Mon dieu! But didn't you have any surmise how it happened to take place!" pursued Mademoiselle.

"Well, I suppose she must have been worth property," return Mrs. Woodcock, who, like a wise general, never acknowledged a defeat. "But for all that, I don't commend it in him, and I had as lief tell him so at his dinner-table."

While thus the hidden affairs of the doctor's family were being discussed and stirred up in the Hollow, as a hen stirs among dead leaves, on the Hill they were being carefully covered over like the lost Babes in the Wood. It was never the Seacrest fashion to parade the family skeletons like family jewels. So they ate, and drank, and tried to look at the elderly bride without shuddering.

But her age was not the worst of it. She was homely. And her homliness was not the worst, she was stiff and unattractive in manner as well as person. And it was hardly the consolation that, perhaps it should have been, to perceive the unlimited fondness that the boy bridegroom had for his aged companion. For it is really a comfort, though a smalll one, to see our friends chafe under degradation. Accepting slavery with contentment makes the captive twice a slave.

However, the less the family felt like saying sweet things, the more they pressed the sugared cake, the ice cream, and the strawberries upon their new member. But all this time there was something in the back-ground waiting to be brought forward, and it was the bride who had the courage first to touch it.

"Ernest," she began, with the dominant air of an elderly aunt, "an explanation is due your father and mother—and sister," she added, glancing sharply at Miriam, who was fairly sea sick with disgust, and sorrow, and mortification.

"Yes, Lily, tell them," answered Ernest, looking at her as though she were sugar candy.

The idea of calling that old, black, greasy thing "Lily!"

"The truth is, then," said Lily, turning her withered face away from Ernest as though it cost her an effort, "by the uncle from whom I had my money, unless I married before a certain date, I lost it all. And a kinsman, who was heir-at-law, was very anxious to inherit it.

"The old cur wanted Lily himself," interposed Ernest, "and he thought, if he got the property, he would be sure to get her. At any rate, he was resolved to have that. This was why we had to be so secret." Mariam fairly groaned; and even fairy-hearted Mrs. Seacrest dropped her napkin-ring on the floor, and came up from stooping for it with wet eyelashes. To think that Ernest had sold himself for this woman's gold! So Mrs. Woodcock down in the Hollow was right after all.

But, as though she suspected the nature of their thoughts, Lily went on:

"I had some trouble in persuading Ernest," said she, looking at him fondly through her blue glasses, while she patted her gray curls and settled her cap. ("I knew you had!" ejaculated Miriam, inaudibly.) "He had a foolish notion it would be more heroic to take me after I had lost my property. But I had a right to it, and I wanted to keep it."

"We had a jolly time, though, dodging old Drymar. He is about discovering now, Lily, that he isn't so sharp as he thought he was," said Ernest, bursting into a joyous laugh that nobody felt the heart to join in.

Then he took from his pocket the marriage certificate, dated that very day. It seemed he had telepraphed to his father to meet him and his wife at the station not more than five minutes after she had become his wife.

"We had to turn pretty sharp corners to keep out of Drymar's way," continued Ernest still chuckling. "He thought he had Lily safely locked in her room while he went for a justice, thinking he could frighten her into a marriage with him, or at any rate, keep her away from any other man till the day had gone by. But Lily was better at picking locks than he thought; and she came to me, poor thing, so out of breath and frightened!"

Ernest's voice grew tender and pitiful at the thought, and he took Lily's hand in his with a caressing gesture.

"I have loved her ever since I have been in college, and she knew it, but we had to keep it to ourselves on old Drymar's account. And I was dying to marry her; but I didn't like the idea of marrying for money exactly. However, there wasn't any help for it then, mother, you see. Drymar was her legal guardian until she married, or was of a certain age. So chum and I fixed her up in a bridal dress, and here we are!"

Upon that, the irrepressible young bridegroom got up and kissed his bride, then led her from the room, saying over his shoulder:

"We will be back directly."

When they were gone, a sorrowful sigh bubbled out of the mother's soul.

"Poor boy!" she said, "his heart is all right, and I cannot blame him."

"I blame him for falling in love with his grandmother in the first place," said Mariam, severely. "And her having money makes it more horrible. It seems so sordid, even though we may know better."

Almost before she had done speaking they heard Ernest's step on the stairs and his voice in such loving, happy tones, that it sent a fresh pain through the listeners.

Then he appeared with his bright, curling head and his sunny eyes, so like his mother's. But with him came, instead of the wrinkled old bride, a fair-faced, blushing girl with a shower of golden hair, and all the beauty and happiness on her sweet face. A lily truly, beautiful and pure.

"We had to fix her up that way, chum and I, for fear old Drymar would meet us," cried Ernest, with a burst of boyish delight at the astonished and relieved faces of the family; "and it has been such fun to watch Mirriam this evening. Father and mother kept it better."

"Mon dieu! Do you call that little creature old enough to be Ernest's grandmother?" whispered Mademoiselle Widger to Mrs. Woodcock, leaning over the pew, railing on the next Sabbath, as the Seacrests came into church.

Mrs. Woodcock took off her glasses, wiped them, and looked again.

"Mercy on me! And I sat as near her that day as I am to the minister now! How a body's eyes will deceive them!" she cried.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Strange Story.

A Washington special dispatch to a New York paper contains this paragraph:

The Secretary of the Interior has been called upon to decide upon the authority given him by the laws of Congress in regard to the return to Africa of negroes recaptured from slavers by the United States, in a case whose facts are stranger than fiction. In 1859, the Wanderer, a slave-trading vessel was captured by a United States war-vessel cruising among the West Indies. The cargo of captives was found to be in a horrible condition, and on that account the commander of the cruiser took the Wanderer to Savannah, instead of waiting to make a northern port. While lying there the slaver was boarded by a desperate gang, by whom the the captives were retaken and scattered immediately through the South, so that they could not be found again by the Government. Since the war a part of this company of negroes has gathered at Mobile, formed a society by themselves, preserving their native language and living apart from the freedom about them. They are said to be industrious and thrifty. They desire to be sent back to their native country; but Secretary Cox, before whom the question first came, did not see his way clear to provide for their return, under a law that never contemplated such a case, and Secretary Delano is embarrassed in the same way. The circumstances appeal to Congress, if the law as it stands is insufficient. The little band is of a tribe called Yorcubans.—Rev. A. D. Phillips, a returned missionary to Africa, is addressing a congregation of colored people at Mobile two years ago, happened to recite the Lord's Prayer in Yorcuban, in the hearing of some of this company, who, hearing their native tongue, came around him and made known the circumstances of their capture and subsequent history. It seems they were traders of influence and high position in Yorcuba. They were captured by Dahomeys and placed on the Wanderer near Porto Novo. It is also represented that many other freedmen desire to be returned to Africa.

A Sensible Young Man.

The late Col. Colt was himself a practical mechanic. By his will he left to his nephew an immense fortune. At the time of Colt's death the nephew was learning his trade of machinist in his uncle's shop, working diligently in his overhauls by day, subject to the same rules as other apprentices. On his uncle's death he became a millionaire; but choosing a guardian to manage his property, he continued at his labor and served his apprenticeship. Now as he walks the rooms of his fine house, or drives his handsome team he has a consciousness that if his riches take to themselves wings and fly away, he is furnished with the means of getting an honest livelihood, and may make a fortune for himself. He was a greasy mechanic and is not ashamed of it again. Labor and its accompanying dirt are not dishonorable nor degrading; laziness and its almost necessary evils are disgusting and destroying. Dirty hands and a sense of independence are to be preferred to kid gloves and a consciousness of being a mere drone in the human hive. Tools rust from neglect; wear out from use. Neglect is criminal; use is beneficial. So with man's capabilities—better wear them out than let them rust.

—The amount of cash required for the North German army is about one million dollars per day. As the war has lasted not quite four months, so far, about one hundred and fifteen millions of dollars have been expended for pay.

—Olive Logan threatens to "strip off the mystery that surrounds the girls." A cotemporary in an affright exclaims, "For goodness, Olive, don't!"

—A life insurance policy in the Washington costs something—because it is worth a good deal.