The Forest Republican.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
W. R. DUNN.
OFFICE IN ROBINSON & BONNER'S BUILDING, ELM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.
TERMS, $2.00 A YEAR.
No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.
Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

The Forest Republican.

VOL. V. NO. 45. TIONESTA, PA., FEBRUARY 19, 1873. $2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (1 inch,) one insertion	-	$ [illegible]
One Square " one month	-	[illegible]
One Square " three months	-	[illegible]
One Square " one year	-	[illegible]
Two Squares, one year	-	[illegible]
Quarter Col. "	-	[illegible]
Half " "	-	[illegible]
One " "	-	[illegible]

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.

SCHOOL MASTER OF RUSSIAN BAR.

"When is he expected?"

"They said he was coming in to-night's stage."

"Yes, I guess he was in the department."

The doctor's wife was an authority on all matters in Russian Bar, and on this last sensation—the coming of a schoolmaster—she freely enlightened her neighbor, Mrs. Blunt, a plump widow, whose miner husband had died a few months before. There was not much to gossip about in that quiet village. The arrival and departure of the stage brought the people to their doors three times a week, and if a stranger was noticed, envoys were immediately despatched to the hotel to learn his name and business and the probable length of his stay. But now Russian Bar was to have a new schoolmaster, and the folks wondered much if he would have any trouble with Sam Seymour, the butcher's boy; or Ike Walker, and unruly spirit, who had knocked down and pummelled the last preceptor who undertook to teach him school discipline. The trustees were powerless in these matters, and declared that if a schoolmaster was not able to "get away" with the boys in the square, stand up fight, he might as well pack his traps and leave Russian Bar.

On the evening of the expected arrival, Seymour and Walker, the leading spirits of the mutinous school boys, met at a pool, from which they were both trying to coax a few speckled trout for supper.

"Have you heard what the new chap is like, Sam?" said Ike, as he impaled a wriggle worm on his hook.

"No; have you?"

"Father told Jake, the barkeeper, that he was very young."

"And small?"

"Yes."

"Guess he won't stay long in town, Ike."

"I guess not, Sam. School ain't good for us, such fine weather as this."

The worthies sat and fished in silence for some time and then Ike produced a bunch of cigarettes and passed them to his friend. At last finding that the fish would not bite, they shouldered their poles and straggled up towards the village, pausing for a moment to stone a Chinaman's rooster which had strayed too far from the protecting wash house.

Philip Houghton was a schoolmaster from necessity, and not taste. Like many who have been educated as gentlemen in one sense of the word, that is without the acquaintance with any special pursuit that might be turned to good account of the struggle for bread, he found himself adrift in California, with nothing to fall back on. Seeing an advertisement in a paper for a competent teacher to take charge of the school at Russian Bar, he answered it and was accepted at a venture. Putting his few movables together—a pair of old foils and set of well-worn boxing gloves, Houghton was an accomplished boxer and fencer—he bought his ticket for Russian Bar.

He found the stage driver a communicative, pleasant fellow, who, at his request, described the characteristics of his future home. Indeed, his description of the class of boys whom Houghton was to take charge of was not very encouraging. "You'll find them a hard lot," said he, "and they're all on the muscle, too."

"What is about the weight of my oldest?" asked Houghton, good humoredly. "You see, if I have got to exercise something more than moral suasion, I want to get posted on the physique of my men."

"Well, Sam Seymour is about the strongest."

"And what is about the size of the redoubtable Ike?"

"Well, I guess he tops you by half a head."

"O, I expect we'll get along well enough together," said Houghton; "and I suppose this is the first glimpse of Russian Bar," he added, as a turn in the road brought them in view of that picturesque village.

The stage bowled along the smooth road and past the great white oak under whose friendly branches the teamsters were accustomed to make their noon time halt.

"I'll set you down at the hotel," said the driver.

"There's Perkins, the proprietor; that fat man smoking on the stoop."

Houghton confessed to himself that the prospect before him was anything but a prepossessing one. He was not of a very combative nature, though he liked a little danger for the excitement; but a game of fisticuff with a dirty, mutinous boy had neither glory nor humor for a man that had been one of the hardest hitters in his college.

The folks were all at their doors when the stage clattered up the single street, and the slender good-looking young man by the driver was measured and canvassed before the worthy had passed the mail to the doctor, who, with his medical avocations, also found time to "run" the postoffice.

The doctor's wife was at her window, and after a long survey of the schoolmaster, hastened to communicate her opinions to Mrs. Blunt. Meanwhile Houghton washed off the red dust of the road, and took his seat at the supper table. The driver had introduced him to about a dozen of the leading citizens during the few minutes that intervened between their arrival and the evening meal.

"How do you like our town, Mr. Houghton?" asked the landlord, graciously, as he helped his new guest to a cut of steak.

"Well, it seems a pretty place."

"When you get acquainted you'll find yourself pleasantly situated, but you'll have a hard time with the boys."

"So they all tell me. Anyhow, I am not unprepared," said Houghton cheerfully.

After supper the landlord remarked confidentially to the Doctor "that the young man had grit in him, and he thought he'd be able to 'make the riffle' with the boys."

When Houghton arose next morning, and opened his window to the fresh breeze, odorous with the perfume of the climbing honeysuckles, he felt that, after all, a residence in a remote village, even with a parcel of rough boys to take care of, was preferable to the dusty, unfamiliar streets of San Francisco. He smiled as he unpacked his foils and boxing-gloves, a little, sadly, too, for they were linked with many pleasing associations of his under-graduate days.

"Well," he soliloquised, as he straightened his arm and looked at the firmly developed muscles, "I ought to be able to hold my own in a stand up fight with these troublesome pupils of mine. This is my day of trial, however, and before noon we shall probably have had our battle out."

The school house, a raw, unfinished looking frame building, stood hard by the river at about half a mile from town. When Houghton opened the rickety wooden gate that led into the school lot, he found a group of some twenty boys already assembled. Among them were Ike Walker and Sam Seymour. The latter's sister a pretty girl of sixteen, was leaning against the fence with a half dozen of her friends, for the Russian Bar school house was arranged for the accommodation of both sexes.

Houghton handed the key to the nearest boy, and asked him to open the door. With a look at the others, and a half grin he obeyed.

"Now, boys, muster in," said Houghton, cheerfully, to the boys.

They all passed in—Seymour and Walker last. The latter took a good look at the schoolmaster as he went by. When they were seated, Houghton stood at his desk and laid a heavy ruler on the books before him.

"Now, boys," he said, "I hope we shall get along pleasantly together. You treat me fairly and you shall have no reason to complain, I promise you. Silence and obedience is what I require, and a strict attention to the matter of our instruction."

Giving them a portion of the grammer to prepare for recitation, he walked up and down the room, occasionally standing at the windows, but appearing to keep no surveilance on the boys. Suddenly the crack of a match was heard, followed by a general titter.

Houghton turned quietly from the window, and saw a blue smoke from a cigarette arrising from where Seymour sat.

"What is your name, boy?" he asked in a stern tone.

"My name is Seymour," replied the mutineer, insolently.

"And you are smoking?"

"I guess so."

"Leave the room."

"I guess not."

There was a dead silence in the school-room now, and Houghton felt that the hour of trial was at hand."

"Seymour," he said very quietly.

"What?"

"Come here."

Seymour, putting his hands in his pockets, sauntered from his desk, stood within a yard of the schoolmaster, and looked sneeringly in his face.

"Leave the room," said Houghton again in a lower voice.

"No."

The little arm straightened like a flash of lightning, and the rebel measured his length on the floor whilst the blood gushed from his nostrils. In a moment he sprang to his feet and rushed furiously at the schoolmaster, but went down again like a reed before that well-aimed blow. The second time he fell, Houghton stooped down and lifted him up as if he had been a child, fairly flung him outside the door. Seymour confused and amazed, staggered down to the brook to wash his face and reflect on the wonderful force of that slight arm. And Houghton, turning to his school without a word of comment on the scene, commenced the recitations. Walker was mum. Seymour's fate had appalled him, and in fact the entire mutinous spirit of the scholars of Russian Bar was in a fair way of being totally subdued.

When the trustees heard of the affair, they unanimously commended the schoolmaster's pluck.

"I tell you what, boys," said Perkins to a crowd who were earnestly engaged at a game of old sledge in his bar-room, "that Houghton knows a thing or two about managing boys. He'll fix 'em off, or my name's not Perkins."

Houghton was hospitally treated by the folks at Russian Bar. They felt him to be a man of refinement brought down in the world, but showing no offensive superiority in his intercourse with them. The Doctor's wife pronounced him to be the best New Yorker she had ever met, and the gossips insinuated that Mrs. Blunt, the widow, was setting her cap for him.

Gipsy Lane, the daughter of a leading man in Russian Bar, and made wealthy by a saw mill, which all day long groaned and screamed some distance down the river, did not express her opinions as to Houghton's merits, but in the summer evenings, when the schoolmaster, rod in hand, wandering along the stream, and throwing his line across the mill-dam Gipsy was seldom far away. Lane, a bluff, hearty old fellow frequently asked Houghton to spend the evening with him, and told his adventures in early California to a patient listener, while Gipsy dutifully mended her father's socks, on the verandah.

Mrs. Lane, when Gipsy was a baby, was laid to rest in Lone Mountain, long before the thought of settling at Russian Bar. Seymour and Walker were the best and most industrous pupils the young master had, and were happy when accompanying him on his excursions. In fact, all agreed in declaring that the educational department in the village was a thriving success.

One pleasant evening in June, Gipsy Lane, twirling her straw hat thoughtfully picked her way across the broad fields that lay between her house and the mill. The stream was a winding one, and as she placed her tiny foot on the first stepping stone, she saw a straw hat on the grass which she knew well.

"How is Miss Lane this evening?" asked Houghton, lazily, from beneath a manzanita bush, where he had been enjoying a book and a pipe.

"Well, thank you. How is Mr. Houghton?" replied Gipsy, shyly.

"Warm, but not uncomfortable. Are you going to the mill?"

"Yes, have a letter that has just come for father."

"May I accompany you?"

"Certainly, if you choose."

Houghton put on his hat and helped Gipsy across the brook.

"I had a letter from New York a few days ago," said he, after they had left the first bend of the river behind.

"A pleasant one?"

"Well, although in one sense it brought good news, still I can hardly call it a pleasant letter."

They talked on, and Gipsy swung her hat pensively, longing with a woman's curiosity, to hear more about the New York letter.

"I'm going to leave Russian Bar," said Houghton abruptly.

"Indeed, how soon?"

"I don't know, yet; possibly within a week."

The hat was swayed from side to side with increased energy.

"Do you care much, Miss Lane?" This was said with earnest look into the hazel eyes that were kept steadily bent on the brown parched grass betwen their feet.

"Yes, of course, we shall all be sorry to loose you," returned Gipsy evasively.

"If I come back in a few months with something for my future wife, shall I see this ring on her finger?" whispered Houghton capturing the little hand that held the hat, and slipping a pearl ring on the delicate little finger.

Gipsy said nothing; but her eyes turned for a moment on the schoolmaster's earest face, and in the next moment her soft cheek was resting on his shoulder.

Russian Bar, to a man turned out to wish Philip Houghton god speed on the morning he took his place by the driver who one year before had set down at Perkin's Hotel. They knew he was on his way to New York, and that he had been left some money, and the gossips more than he suspected that there was something between Gipsy Lane and their favorite. At all events her eyes were red for a week after his departure.

Winter had come and the river was swollen and rapid, and many a lofty tree from the pine forest had found its way to the Russian Bar. One delicious morning, crisp and cold, after a rain the stage passed by the large white oak and splashed with mud, halted before Perkin's Hotel. It had been all night on the way, for the roads were very heavy.

The worthy of that excellent house was in the act of tossing his first cocktail, when a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and Philip Houghton shouted:

"Perkins, old boy, how are you?"

The landlord returned the shake of the hand, dived behind the bar and had a second cocktail mixed in a moment. "And now," said he, as he pledged the ex-schoolmaster, "when will the wedding take place?"

Six weeks afterwards the old mill was hung with evergreen wreaths, and a grand festival was held at Russian Bar. Gipsy Lane was a lovely bride, and when Houghton took charge of the mill and invested all his New York money in the village and was admitted to practice in the courts—everything seemed to take a fresh start. Through all, his warmest and most devoted friend was Sam Seymour, once the terror of Russian Bar school-masters, and now the holder of that important position.

A resident of Denison, Texas, writes as follows: "This is the liveliest town in these parts. Only six months old, it has been built up by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway, which has its terminus here. The Houston and Texas Central will be along soon, and then there will be rail communication from St. Louis to Galveston. We have 5,000 inhabitants, and we have hotels, stores, churches, grog shops, two parsonages, one gambling house, and a town hall. We have been wanting a graveyard. Yesterday a man died, and this afternoon everybody will turn out to inaugurate the new cemetery. We thought we should have to import a corpse to start it, but this fellow happened to die and save us the expense. Another one is sick of a disease he brought from Missouri, and the doctor says we had better hold the other chap a day or so, and make one job of it. Don't think we'll do it though, as we want the graveyard started anyhow."

When Dickens wrote his *American Notes*, just thirty years ago, he alluded to the melancholy condition of the convicts of the Philadelphia penitentiary, where the punishment is solitary confinement. He alluded particularly to the case of Charles Langheimer, who was never permitted to see anything but the stone walls of his dungeon; and he believed that he could not exist in the cell more than five or six years, and entered a prediction to that effect in the *Notes*. Dickens is dead, and Charles Langheimer still inhabits the cell in which Dickens left him. He is seventy years old, well and hearty, has spent more than half his life in solitary confinement, and says he prefers that mode of life to any other.

A Scotch builder was at work not long ago on a high chimney. When he decided to decend, he found that his rope had fallen to the ground, and was a hundred feet below him. Friends did what they could to help him, but could not get a rope near him, and he was in a fair way to die of his superiority when a brillant idea struck him. He took off a stocking that his wife had knitted for him, unraveled it, and lowered the yarn to the ground; then he drew up a string, then a rope, and in a few minutes he was rejoicing to be on a level with his fellow men.

—The futility of attempting to thwart the designs of Providence by passing laws against the careless handling of firearms has been impressibly illustrated in Michigan in the case of an old lady who was shot through the head last week by a gun which fell of its own accord from the wall of an adjoining room.

An enterprising citizen of New York, offers for the absurdly low price of one million dollars cash, to tear down one of the pyramids, bring it to New York, and set it up again.

Napoleon-Eugene-Louis-Jean-Joseph Bonaparte, now nearly seventeen years of age, is now heir to the phantom Bonaparte throne.

Bob says he can't drink liquour, it goes right to his head. A wag suggests that it is sociable stuff and won't stay there long all alone.

A boy writing a composition on "Extremes," remarked that "we should endeavor to avoid extremes, especially those of wasps and bees."

What is the difference between a stock broker and a critic? None; because, neither having anything of their own, they live on the property of those who have.