

**The Forest Republican.**  
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**W. R. DUNN.**  
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# The Forest Republican.

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 All bills for yearly advertisements col-  
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 ments must be paid for in advance.  
 Job work, Cash on Delivery.

**BUSINESS DIRECTORY.**

**TIONESTA LODGE**  
 No. 369,  
**I. O. O. F.**  
 MEETS every Friday evening, at 7  
 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied  
 by the Good Templars.  
 J. T. DALE, N. G.  
 G. T. LATIMER, Sec'y.

**TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342,**  
**O. U. A. M.**  
 MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room,  
 every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock.  
 J. E. BLAINE, C.  
 J. H. FONES, R. S.

Dr. J. E. Blaine,  
 OFFICE and residence opposite the  
 Lawrence House. Office days Wednes-  
 days and Saturdays. 36-17.

**MILES W. TATE,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
 Elm Street, TIONESTA, PA.

W. P. Mercillott,  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,** cor. Elm and  
 Walnut Sts., Tionesta, Pa. I have  
 associated myself with Hon. A. B. Rich-  
 mond, of Meadville, Pa., in the practice of  
 law in Forest County. 10-17

F. W. Hays,  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,** and NOTARY  
 Public, Reynolds Hukill & Co.'s  
 Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 20-17

**KINNEAR & SMILEY,**  
 Attorneys at Law, - - - Franklin, Pa.

**PRACTICE** in the several Courts of Va-  
 rango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoin-  
 ing counties. 29-17.

**CENTRAL HOUSE,**  
**BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK.** L.  
 A. Agnew, Proprietor. This is a new  
 house, and has just been fitted up for  
 the accommodation of the public. A portion  
 of the patronage of the public is solicited.  
 45-17

Lawrence House,  
**TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAW-  
 RENGE, PROPRIETOR.** This house  
 is centrally located. Everything new and  
 well furnished. Superior accommodations  
 and strict attention given to guests.  
 Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds served  
 in their season. Sample room for Com-  
 mercial Agents.

**FOREST HOUSE,**  
**S. A. VARNER PROPRIETOR.** Opposite  
 Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just  
 opened. Everything new and clean and  
 fresh. The best of liquors kept constantly  
 on hand. A portion of the public patron-  
 age is respectfully solicited. 4-17-17

Tionesta House,  
**G. T. LATIMER Lessee,** Elm St. Tele-  
 phone, Pa., at the mouth of the creek.  
 Mr. L. has thoroughly renovated the  
 Tionesta House, and re-furnished it com-  
 pletely. All who patronize him will be  
 well entertained at reasonable rates. 37-17

Empire Hotel,  
**TIDOUTE, PA. H. EWALD, PROPRIETOR.**  
 This house is centrally located,  
 has been thoroughly refitted and now  
 boasts as good a table and beds as any Ho-  
 tel in the oil regions. Transient only \$2.00  
 per day. 23-30

C. B. Weber's Hotel,  
**TYLERSBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER,**  
 has possession of the new brick hotel  
 and will be happy to entertain all his  
 old customers, and any number of new ones.  
 Good accommodations for guests, and  
 excellent stabling. 10-3m.

Dr. J. L. Acomb,  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,** who has  
 had fifteen years' experience in a large  
 and successful practice, will attend all  
 Professional Calls. Office in his Drug and  
 Grocery Store, located in Tidouite, near  
 Tidouite House.

**IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND**  
 A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors  
 Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints,  
 Oils, Cutlery, all of the best quality, and  
 will be sold at reasonable rates.  
**DR. CHAS. O. DAY,** an experienced  
 Physician and Drugist from New York,  
 has charge of the Store. All prescriptions  
 put up accurately.

**MAY, PARK & CO.,**  
**BANKERS**  
 Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts., Tionesta.  
 Bank of Discount and Deposit.  
 Interest allowed on Time Deposits.  
 Collections made on all the Principal points  
 of the U. S.  
 Collections solicited. 15-17.

**D. W. CLARK,**  
 (COMMISSIONER'S CLERK, FOREST CO., PA.)  
**REAL ESTATE AGENT.**  
 HOUSES and Lots for Sale and RENT.  
 Wild Lands for Sale.

I have superior facilities for ascertaining  
 the condition of taxes and tax deeds, &c.,  
 and am therefore qualified to act intelli-  
 gently as agent of those living at a dis-  
 tance, owning lands in the County.  
 Office in Commissioners Room, Court  
 House, Tionesta, Pa.  
 4-41-17. D. W. CLARK.

**NEW BILLIARD ROOMS!**  
 ADJOINING the Tionesta House, at the  
 mouth of Tionesta Creek. The tables  
 and room are new, and everything kept in  
 order. To lovers of the game a cordial  
 invitation is extended to come and play  
 in the new room.  
 6-37-17 G. T. LATIMER, Lessee.

**WM. F. BLUM,**  
**BLACKSMITH**  
 AND  
**WAGON-MAKER.**  
 Corner of Church and Elm Streets,  
**TIONESTA, PA.**

This firm is prepared to do all work in  
 its line, and will warrant everything done  
 at their shops to give satisfaction. Partic-  
 ular attention given to

**HORSE-SHOEING,**  
 Give them a trial, and you will not re-  
 gret it. 13-17.

**BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP.**  
 THE undersigned have opened a first-  
 class Blacksmith and Wagon Shop, in the  
 Roberts shop, opposite the Rural  
 House. All work in either line promptly  
 attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**Horseshoeing a Specialty**  
 22-17 L. SPEARS & H. W. ROBERTS.

**NEW HARNESS SHOP.**  
 JUST opened in the Roberts Building op-  
 posite the Rural House. The undersig-  
 ned is prepared to do all kinds of work  
 in his line in the best style and on short  
 notice.

**NEW HARNESS**  
 A Specialty. Keep on hand a fine assort-  
 ment of Curry Combs, Brushes, Harness  
 Oil, Whips and Saddles. Harness of all  
 kinds made to order and cheap as the  
 cheapest. Remember the name and place  
 W. WEST, Roberts' Building,  
 22-17 Opposite Rural House, Tionesta.

**H. C. HARLIN,**  
**Merchant Tailor,**  
 IN The Lawrence Building, over Super-  
 ior Lumber Co. Store. The best stock  
 kept constantly on hand, and made up in  
 the best manner and newest styles. 19-17

**MRS. C. M. HEATH,**  
**DRESSMAKER,** Tionesta, Pa.

MRS. HEATH has recently moved to  
 this place for the purpose of meeting a  
 want which the ladies of the town and  
 county have for a long time known, that  
 of having a dressmaker of experience  
 among them. I am prepared to make all  
 kinds of dresses in the latest styles, and  
 guarantee satisfaction. Stamping for braid-  
 ing and embroidery done in the best  
 manner, with the newest patterns. All I ask  
 is a fair trial. Residence on Water Street,  
 in the house formerly occupied by Jacob  
 Shriver. 14-17

**Frank Robbins,**  
**PHOTOGRAPHER,**  
 (SUCCESSOR TO DREING.)  
 Pictures in every style of the art. Views  
 of the oil regions for sale or taken to or-  
 der.  
 CENTRE STREET, near R. R. crossing.  
 SYCAMORE STREET, near Union De-  
 pot, Oil City, Pa. 20-17

**PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.**  
 ELM STREET,  
 SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S  
 STORE.

**Tionesta, Pa.,**  
**M. CARPENTER, - - - Proprietor.**

Pictures taken in all the latest styles  
 of the art. 26-17

**NEW JEWELRY STORE**  
 In Tionesta,  
**M. SMITH,**  
**WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,**  
 At SUPERIOR STORE.

**ALL WORK WARRANTED.**  
 A Large and Superior Stock of  
**Watches,**  
**Clocks,**  
 and Jewelry,  
 CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

MR. SMITH has fine machinery for  
 making all parts of a watch or clock  
 that may be missing or broken. He war-  
 rants all his work. The patronage of the  
 citizens of Forest County is most respect-  
 fully solicited. All he asks is a fair trial.  
 4-17

**ADVERTISERS** send 25 cents to Geo.  
 P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, N. Y.,  
 for their Eighty-page Pamphlet, showing  
 cost of advertising. 18-47

**AGNES HAVILAND SERIDE.**

Aggie Haviland came walking slowly  
 down the straggling, ill-built prin-  
 cipal street of the new Western vil-  
 lage one warm September day, her  
 hands full of letters and papers. The  
 dry good clerks and the druggists had  
 kept a sharp lookout for the flutter of  
 her blue muslin, and came casually to  
 the door in time for a bow and a smile.  
 The editor of the *Waneta News*, who  
 did more than the brain work of his  
 journal, on the contrary, kept carefully  
 out of sight, lest he should be seen  
 in his shirt sleeves, while he got a  
 passing vision of a fair face and sun-  
 ny brown curls, under a broad hat.

Young Dr. Hadden made minute  
 inquiries concerning Mrs. Haviland's  
 health since her last attack, in the  
 vain hope of eliciting some symptom  
 that would justify his immediate at-  
 tention to, and satisfaction guaranteed.

It might have been very well for his  
 suit if he had; but mamma was "much  
 better than usual, thank you," and he  
 was obliged to let her pass on home-  
 ward alone.

The sun was still high in the west-  
 ern sky behind her, gilding the waters  
 of a beautiful broad river. Aggie  
 lingered on the long bridge, looking  
 at the sky and water, the shaded banks  
 and fair meadows beyond, but quick-  
 ened her steps when she perceived that  
 Melissa Briggs was making signals to  
 her from the front gate.

"Aggie, your ma is just in a peck of  
 half bushels!" said Miss Briggs as  
 Agnes drew near. "She's got a gal-  
 vanic dispatch for your pa, and he's  
 up to the fruit farm."

Agnes ran up to the flower-bordered  
 walk, and hurried into the sitting-  
 room, where her mother, a nervous in-  
 valid, sat, excited and troubled, with  
 the telegram in her hand.

"Agnes, how can we get word right  
 away to your father? Here is a mes-  
 sage from Mr. Smith for him to be in  
 New York by Friday, without fail.  
 Aggie, the whole suit depends upon his  
 being there."

"Don't be troubled, mamma; we  
 can find plenty of ways," said Aggie,  
 smiling brightly, taking the dispatch,  
 while her mother leaned back with an  
 air of relief, as if she had handed over  
 all responsibility with the paper, for  
 Agnes had learned self-reliance as her  
 mother lost it.

"Let me see; papa went up with  
 Martin and the peach boxes and ex-  
 pects to come back by the Jones Set-  
 tlement stage."

"And that doesn't come down until  
 Thursday night," said Mrs. Haviland,  
 worrying again. "Agnes, your father  
 is full of notions. The loss of that  
 suit would be more than twenty farms  
 in the Sand Ridge!"

"The fruit farm is a pretty good no-  
 tion, though," said Agnes, brightly.  
 "I'll tell you what I think, mamma;  
 it will be better to go after him my-  
 self—then there will be no mistake."

"It is twelve miles through the woods,"  
 objected Mrs. Haviland.  
 "Only three or four miles of forest,  
 mamma; and I shall be there before  
 night."

"But I shall be uneasy about you.  
 Haven't I heard something bad about  
 the people up that way?"

"I guess not," laughed Aggie. "Now,  
 mother, don't worry about me! As if  
 I couldn't ride up to the farm and  
 back with papa, in time for the train  
 in the morning!"

So it was settled, and Aggie ran out  
 to the stables to have the horses sad-  
 dled, Melissa Briggs following.  
 "What's up, Aggie?" queried the  
 damsel.

"I am going after father," replied  
 she.

"Who's going along?"  
 "No one."  
 "I wouldn't do it for nothin' in this  
 livin' world!" cried Melissa. "The  
 horse thieves'll ketch you!"

"I guess not," said Agnes, with in-  
 difference.  
 "Why, Aggie, you sha'n't do it.  
 They killed a peddler up there once  
 for his money."  
 "Melissa, isn't that what you call a  
 'bogle story'?"

"No, sir-ee!" chimed in Billy, the  
 stable-boy; "the stage driver always  
 carries pistols."  
 "Well, I've got to go, at any rate,"  
 she, said, turning toward the house;  
 "and don't either of you tell these  
 stories to mother for anything."

Mr. Haviland was engaged in liti-  
 gation which might leave him a mil-  
 lionaire or the possessor of very mod-  
 erate means. In anticipation of the  
 latter result, he prudently resolved to  
 lay the foundation for another fortune,  
 bought western lands and engaged in  
 various enterprises.

The Sand Ridge region extends over  
 miles of country, consisting of wooded,  
 sandy ridges, with intervening marshes  
 and occasional openings. Game of all  
 sorts was plentiful, but the soil was sup-  
 posed to be worthless and the inhab-  
 itants were believed to be there for the

purpose of harboring horse-thieves  
 and sharing their profits.

In one of these sheltered openings  
 Mr. Haviland had built a cottage,  
 planted acres of small fruits and a  
 peach orchard now just coming into  
 bearing, placing all under the charge  
 of a trusty man in his employ.

His western interests demanded long  
 and frequent absences from home, and  
 having fallen in love with western life  
 he had, in the last year, built a pretty  
 house, and brought his family to  
 Waneta.

Had Agnes Haviland understood  
 the character of part of her route, she  
 would have looked long for a messen-  
 ger before she would have undertaken  
 the ride; but she gave very little  
 thought to the horse-thief stories, hur-  
 ried on her trim riding habit of navy  
 blue, perched her little plumed cap  
 over the feathery brown curls with  
 her long skirt to hasten down stairs,  
 but, on second thought turned back  
 and took from her drawer a little toy  
 of a pocket-pistol with which she  
 sometimes amused herself in firing at  
 a mark.

In a few moments she was canter-  
 ing down the carriage-way, on her  
 spirited iron-gray, leading her father's  
 glossy chestnut by the bridle, Melissa  
 Briggs protesting to the last.

"Have you stole a hoss? Goin' to  
 run him off into Injanny?" The  
 speaker was old Capt. Billings, and  
 Aggie dashed on, laughing.

For a time the ride was delightful.  
 Over smooth roads, past cultivated  
 farms, the horses dashed on abreast,  
 seeming to grow more spirited and am-  
 bitious for the chase across the green  
 country in the golden autumn air.

But now the dwellings were less and  
 less frequent, and by the time she  
 reached the belts of timber she con-  
 fessed to herself a feeling of nervous-  
 ness. The sun was getting low, and  
 the forest road looked lonely. She  
 traversed about two miles of the woods,  
 when the horses sprang aside, startled  
 by the sudden apparition of two men,  
 muddy and rough looking, with guns.

Aggie's heart gave a great leap, and  
 thoroughly frightened, she urged on  
 the horses at a flying pace; but the  
 men only raised their hats, one of  
 them with easy grace, the other bow-  
 ing with all the grace of a French-  
 man.

"Only hunters," thought Agnes,  
 ashamed of her cowardice.

"By Jove! Fernand! who would  
 have expected such a vision as that  
 in this wilderness? She must be bound  
 for the plantation we came upon this  
 morning."

"No doubt, mon ami."  
 "Those were vicious looking scound-  
 rels we saw stealing through the  
 timber a while ago. Suppose we strike  
 across here and see that she passes the  
 creek safely."

"Wiz all my heart," responded mon-  
 sieur.

Coming to the little stream, Agnes  
 stopped to let the horses drink. It  
 was a pretty place; the shallow water  
 clear and limpid, the banks covered  
 with a close undergrowth of bushes, a  
 blaze of cardinal flowers in the marshy  
 islets.

Tired by rapid riding, she rested a  
 few minutes, leaning over to watch the  
 tiny fish darting here and there, quite  
 unconscious of the ill-looking figure  
 lurking behind a tree near by, and  
 hidden by the bushes.

"Hain't you stole a hoss, miss?"  
 Aggie started, almost expecting to see  
 Capt. Billings, but beholding a most  
 villainous-looking individual instead.

"Looks powerfully like it," he contin-  
 ued, passing his arm through the  
 chestnut's bridle-rein and grasping the  
 other.

"You are mistaken, sir," said Agnes,  
 quietly. "I am on my way to my father's  
 farm."

"Can't believe you, my beauty.  
 Reckon I'll have to set you down yer  
 and take the hosses."

"You will do no such thing!" cried  
 Agnes, roused and fearless now, in the  
 face of real danger. "Let go my  
 bridle or I'll fire on you!" drawing  
 her little revolver.

"Law!" said the man, with a grin,  
 confident that she would not fire with-  
 out further warning.

"I shall not hesitate if you don't  
 drop that bridle!" she said, taking  
 aim. But the words were scarcely  
 spoken when her arm was seized with  
 an iron grip, and another wicked face  
 leered up at her.

"Let go, you coward!" cried she.  
 "Pritty good grit," said he. "Bill,  
 I reckon we'll take the gal along with  
 the beast."

Then a chill like death came over  
 her.

There was a sudden rush through  
 the underbrush, and Agnes' captor  
 felt a pistol barrel pressed to his temple.

"Let go your hold, this instant, you  
 villain!" commanded its owner; and  
 let go he did, not daring to stir; the  
 other turned to flee, but found him-

self covered by Paul Fernand's rifle.  
 "Stop my pleasant friend," said  
 monsieur, and he complied.

Then Agnes disengaged the halter  
 straps, and the fellows were secured to  
 the neighboring trees, in spite of their  
 protestations that it was only a little  
 joke—they didn't mean nothing. The  
 Frenchman remained to guard the  
 prisoners, and the handsome young  
 hunter galloped on with Agnes to the  
 farm-house. Mr. Haviland and a  
 posse of farm hands hurried back  
 to the scene of adventure, only to find  
 poor Monsieur Fernand overwhelmed  
 with chagrin, the prisoners gone, and  
 the unfortunate naturalist securely  
 bound in their stead. A paper was  
 left fastened to a tree, bearing the  
 classic inscription, "Ketch a weazel  
 asleep!"

"Dey did vistle, two, three, times,"  
 said monsieur. "Dey sey dey had one  
 dog someveres, but while I keep eye  
 one on dem, and one to this woudair-  
 ful creature, like a dry twig wiz legs  
 I was seize from behind, and two fellows  
 tie me and take my gun, and dey all  
 go everyveres—dis vey and dat vey.  
 He! he!" mourned monsieur; "dey vas  
 so easy to be tie. I am one idiot. I  
 should know dey have friends here."

"My dear child!" Mr. Haviland  
 said, anxiously, when he returned to  
 the cottage, "have you quite recovered  
 from your fright?"

"I don't think I was very much  
 frightened," said Agnes. "Papa, I  
 thought you would surely bring the  
 gentlemen back with you!"

"This is all my fault, Agnes? I never  
 thought of your coming up here  
 alone! I took every precaution to keep  
 these things from you so that you  
 would not borrow trouble about me  
 when I am up here."

"Papa, they may have saved my  
 life, and I did not even thank them!"

"My dear, I said everything," said  
 her father, "but they were far from  
 their camp, and their party is going to  
 move farther on early in the morning;  
 they will call on us, my dear, when  
 they pass through Waneta, on their  
 way home."

But Agnes' thoughts often reverted,  
 that evening, to a handsome face, lithe,  
 graceful figure, a trick of voice and  
 manner which would render the luck-  
 less beau of Waneta insipid forever.

The rising moon cast a soft, uncer-  
 tain light over the hunters' camp, on a  
 green ridge across the marshes. A  
 grand bonfire was blazing; there was  
 laughing and jesting among the dark  
 figures busied around it, and a savory  
 smell of camp cookery pervading the  
 air. Is there any pleasure in the  
 world like camping out in the autumn  
 woods? Can anything compare with  
 the stews and roasts prepared over the  
 camp fire? Is any sleep so sweet as  
 that under the little tent, with the  
 wide tree tops, the hooting owls and  
 distant yelping of prairie wolves for  
 music? The Indian's happy hunting-  
 ground is no mean anticipation of fu-  
 ture bliss. It was a scene for an art  
 ist, and Ray Fielding had often stud-  
 ied it with an artist's eye; but to-night  
 a different picture occupied his mind,  
 and his cigar went out, forgotten in a  
 pleasant reverie.

The two friends had spared them-  
 selves from unmerciful rivalry, but, as  
 they lay resting on their blankets,  
 spread on the soft ground, the  
 Frenchman became goggle with  
 whimsical regrets over his misadven-  
 ture.

"A pretty tale to relate to our  
 friends—very pretty."

Engineering skill two thousand  
 years ago was not less remarkable  
 than that of to-day, if our belief in  
 the comparative lack of knowledge of  
 the mechanic arts in those days is well  
 founded. Excavations made a short  
 distance from Rome, near the ancient  
 city of Alatri, by Father Secchi, have  
 disclosed the ruins of an immense  
 aqueduct built two thousand years  
 ago, for the purpose of supplying  
 Alatri with water from a neighboring  
 mountain. The aqueduct was 240 feet  
 high, supported upon arches, and pro-  
 vided with stroug pipes. The total  
 length of the pipe was between four  
 and five miles. No remains of the  
 pipe have been found, but it is sup-  
 posed that they were made of fire clay  
 and supported by masonry, as pipes  
 of fire clay used for drainage have  
 been found in a field near Alatri.

Slender paid his boy a dime that he  
 had borrowed a long time previously.  
 "Thank you," responded the boy, after  
 a few moments delay. "It seems to  
 me," said the father, "that it does not  
 belong to you to thank me." "Well,"  
 said Charley, in his honest, dry way,  
 "I thought somebody ought to say it,  
 and as you didn't, I thought I would."

It takes thirty-five men in Will  
 amport to get a safe up a pair of stairs.  
 One man in the same city will take  
 a cask of liquor alone.

How to pronounce a Polish name,  
 sneeze three times and say ski.

**THE DISHONEST PEASANT.**  
 In the year 1794 a poor French im-  
 migrant was passing the winter in  
 a village of Westphalia, in Germany.  
 He was obliged to live with the great-  
 est economy in order not to go beyond  
 his means. One cold morning he had  
 occasion to buy a load of wood. He  
 found a peasant who had one to sell,  
 and asked the price of it. The peas-  
 ant, who perceived by his broken Ger-  
 man that he was a foreigner, and that  
 his ignorance might be taken advantage  
 of, answered that the price was three  
 louis d'ors.

The Frenchman endeavored to beat  
 him down, but in vain. The peasant  
 would abate nothing of his first de-  
 mand. The immigrant, finding it use-  
 less to waste words with him, and be-  
 ing in pressing need of the fuel, at  
 last took it, and paid the money that  
 he was asked for it.

The peasant, delighted to have so  
 good a bargain, drove with his empty  
 cart to the village inn, which was not  
 far distant, and ordered breakfast.  
 While it was getting ready he enter-  
 tained the landlord with an account of  
 the way in which he had cheated the  
 Frenchman and made him pay three  
 louis d'ors for a load of wood, which  
 at the utmost was not worth more than  
 \$2—talking as if he had done a clever  
 thing.

But the landlord was a good man,  
 and feeling justly indignant at the  
 peasant's conduct, told him that he  
 ought to be ashamed of himself thus  
 to have taken advantage of the igno-  
 rance of a poor foreigner.

"Well," said the peasant, with a  
 scornful laugh, "the wood was mine.  
 I had a right to ask just what I pleased  
 for it, and nobody has a right to