

The Forest Republican.

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November.

When thistle-blows do lightly float About the pasture-height, And shrills the hawk a parting note, And creeps the frost at night, Then hilly ho! though singing so, And whistle as I may, There comes again the old heart pain Through all the livelong day.

—Atlantic Monthly.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

A GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

About sixty years ago I was in Paris for the first time in my life. Bonaparte still lingered at St. Helena; and the adventurers, good, bad and indifferent in character, who had served in his armies, had not yet lost all hope of the return of their idol, and consequently had not yet thought it worth while to settle down into thorough peace and quietness. Young Paul Ferrand, whom I frequently met at the cafe, and who had served as a captain at Waterloo, was sure that the Little Corporal would come back again soon. "You have not yet beaten him," he would tell me laughing. "You sent him to Elba, but he returned; you have sent him to St. Helena, and he will return again. We shall see."

but during his absence a tall, military-looking man had appropriated it, and had coolly put the glasses on one side. Paul approached the stranger with the utmost politeness, and, I suppose, for naturally I could not hear, requested him to move. The interloper did not deign to answer, but sneeringly looked up at Ferrand, as though to ask him what he meant by his intrusion. Paul pointed to the opera-glasses, but the stranger neither replied nor moved, but continued to appear as though he did not hear. I saw that matters were assuming a dangerous complexion, for in the new-comer I recognized Victor Laroquiere, an ex-Bonapartist officer like Paul, a notorious bully, and one of the most celebrated duellists in France. But what could I do? I could only sit still, much against my will, and witness the inevitable consequences. I thought Alice would faint when Laroquiere in the calmest way rose before the crowded assemblage and struck Paul in the face with his glove; but she recovered herself, and like a statue watched her lover pick up his opera-glasses, bow to his insulter, and, without a word, leave the building. There were some exclamations from the audience; but the duelist again rose, and with a theatrical air gazed round, mockingly imitating Paul's parting bow, and resumed his seat. This was too much for poor Alice. She could not remain any longer; she must go home; and so, with some difficulty, I got her and her mother in my carriage, and the coachman to drive them home, and myself walked quickly to Paul's lodgings.

residence of my own medical man. "I am afraid poor Ferrand is not such a consummate murderer as Laroquiere." After seeing the surgeon, to whom I briefly explained matters, I called upon Mrs. Rae. She was doing her best to comfort her daughter, who was in the greatest possible distress. "Are they going to fight?" she asked me. "My dear Alice," I said, "they are. I have done my best to dissuade Paul, but he says, and I am obliged to agree, that he must fight. Let us hope for the best. He has a sure eye and a steady hand, and he has right on his side. The other man is a rascal. And you must remember that poor Paul is not an Englishman. If I were he, I would not fight; but as it is, the matter cannot be overlooked, and indeed everything is arranged."

aspect. I had to break the sad news to Alice and her mother, and the two ladies were so terribly overcome that I feared the shock would have some permanent effect upon their health. For my part I was obliged to hurry to England as soon as possible; and Laroquiere, I heard, also got away, and remained out of France until the affair had blown over. I kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Rae, and was glad after a time to hear from her that Alice, though still terribly upset, had learned to look with a certain amount of philosophy upon her misfortune, and had to some extent recovered her usual health, if not her usual spirits. Meantime I settled down in London, and unable to forget my Parisian habits, usually dined at one of the then much-frequented taverns in Fleet street. The Cheshire Cheese, which was then in much the same state as it is now, was my favorite haunt; and there as months passed by, I gradually picked up a few pleasant acquaintances, chief among whom was an extremely well-mannered young gentleman named Barton, a man of independent means, good family and first-rate education. One day after he had been dining with me the conversation turned upon Continental manners and particularly upon duelling. As an illustration of my abhorrence of the system I told my companion about Paul's death, a matter in which Barton appeared much interested. He asked me a good many questions about the parties concerned, and after expressing a remarkably strong opinion to the effect that Laroquiere was a blackguard, bid me good-night. I went home to my rooms in the Temple; and next day, on visiting the Cheshire Cheese, found no Barton. He had left word with one of the waiters that urgent business had called him away, but that he hoped to see me on his return. Weeks passed, and then months, and still Barton did not come back; and I confess that I had begun to forget him altogether, when one evening he dropped into dinner as though he had not been absent for more than a day or two. "Where have you been?" I asked, after I had heartily shaken hands with him. "I have been to Paris," he said. "On arriving there I found out a little more than you told me about Laroquiere, and when I had thoroughly convinced myself that he was the blackguard you painted him I arranged for a series of lessons at a pistol gallery. Every day for a month I went and shot for an hour or two, until I was so perfect as to hit a small coin every time at a distance of twenty paces. After satisfying myself as to my proficiency I took a box at the opera. It may have been the same box that you used to have. Laroquiere was pointed out to me. He sat in the stalls, and between the acts he left his seat in order to speak to a lady in another part of the house. I descended as quickly as possible and took his place. He returned, and asked me in an overbearing tone to move. I refused. He persisted. I struck him. He sent me a challenge, and we met upon the same spot, curiously enough, where he had killed your friend Ferrand. Before the signal was given, I said: 'M. Laroquiere, listen to me. I am not here to trifle with you; but I am as generous as you were with Paul Ferrand. I will shoot you only were you wish.' He turned deadly pale. 'We will see,' he said, 'whether I shall not make you a second Ferrand!' 'Then I will shoot you,' I returned, 'as you shot him—through the heart. It will teach other bullies not to challenge me.' Whether he was so upset as to be incapable of aiming or not, I cannot say; but, my dear fellow, I shot him as dead as a dog, right through the heart, and avenged your friend, at the same time ridding Paris of its biggest villain. 'That was a case of diamond cut diamond.' 'Well done, Barton!' I exclaimed. 'Wait,' he said, 'and let me finish the drama. We managed to keep the matter very quiet, and before leaving France I was able to call on Mrs. Rae, who is now at Boulogne, for I had a letter of introduction to her from a Parisian acquaintance. When I saw her first she knew nothing of the affair, but at last I broke the intelligence to her and to her daughter. I found Alice to be a pretty girl, somewhat spoiled by her long mourning and not very much inclined to listen to me; but, my dear fellow, after three weeks of hard persuasion she gave in, and now she and her mother are coming over next week. I believe you were to give Alice away. When she arrives you shall have a capital opportunity."

A MIDNIGHT MURDER.

An Old Couple Shot Dead in Their Humble Home—Narrow Escape of a Little Girl. [From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

A recent letter from Circleville, Ohio, tells the following terrible story: One of the most brutal and pitiless murders ever perpetrated in this vicinity was committed near the county line of Pickaway and Ross counties, between Circleville and Chillicothe, about midnight. The victims were an aged couple, named Edward and Ann McVey. The object of the murder was money, and the amount procured was \$2. The couple were aged respectively seventy-eight and seventy-two years. For some years they have had charge of the toll-gate on the old Columbus, Circleville and Chillicothe pike, about twelve miles below this place. They had saved some money, and it was known in the neighborhood that the old man, who was afraid to trust the banks, had his small earnings hidden about the house. He had for a long time had a presentiment that he would be murdered for his money. Recently he called in Jack Briggs, a rich farmer on the Pickaway plains, and told him that something might happen along the road, and he would show him where he kept his money, so that if he were killed he would know where to look for it. There was living with the aged couple a grandchild named Alice Dean, aged fourteen years. The place where the tragedy occurred is an humble house, with barely rooms enough to answer the needs of the little family. The south end of the house was used as a kitchen, and the middle was divided into two bed rooms, the old folks sleeping in the front room and the girl in the back room. A door opened from the kitchen into the old folks' bed chamber on one side and another into the grocery on the other side. The nearest house, occupied by a man named Cryder, was a quarter of a mile away. The story of the murder, as gleaned from the young girl who escaped, and from the surrounding circumstances, is as follows: Two men forced an entrance to the house through the kitchen window. They passed through the bed-chamber of the old folks into the grocery without disturbing the slumbers of the occupants. Here they lighted a candle on the counter, and began a search for money. While thus engaged, the old man was aroused and went to the grocery room to see what was the matter. As he passed through the door he was met by one of the robbers and shot through the heart. He fell dead, with his feet toward the outside door and his head by the stove. The shot awoke the wife, who did not comprehend the situation, but, half asleep and bewildered, she left her bed and followed her husband to the grocery and to death. As she passed through the door the murderer coolly put his pistol to her head and fired. He aimed too low, however. The ball entered the face near the right cheek bone, passed through and came out on the left side under the temple. The shot was not fatal, and the girl heard her grandmother cry: "Save me, for God's sake! Save me!" The venerable victim was seized by the ruffians and forced into a chair near the stove. Placing the pistol about the right breast the fatal shot was fired, the ball passing through a vital part and silence ensued. The fiends then deliberately continued their search for money. The poor girl, awakened and alarmed by the shots and screams, jumped up and crawled under the bed. In a moment after her concealment she saw a tall man, wearing a long coat and blue-jeans pantafoons, enter the room with a candle and begin a search for money. He opened and ransacked the bureau drawers, and, failing to find what he sought, he pulled the bed-clothes from the bed, set fire to the bed, piled the clothes against the door, set them on fire, and left the room, closing the door behind him. In this juncture the girl left her place of concealment, and, escaping from her chamber, fled on the wings of fear to Cryder's house and told her story. There were six men at Cryder's house who immediately hastened to the scene of the murder. On the way one of them fired a shot-gun, and this alarmed the villains, who hurried to the woods. The door was on fire and the bed was nearly burned. Among the bedclothes was found a watch and a pocketbook containing \$38.60, which escaped the notice of the thieves. The alarm was given throughout the neighborhood, and men started in pursuit in every direction. About daylight this morning two men were seen passing down the road toward Kingston. They were overtaken by a pursuing party from the scene of the murder, arrested and placed in confinement. Examination showed that some tramps had been camping in the vicinity.

The two men, when arrested, were both under the influence of liquor, and told conflicting stories.

Items of Interest.

Spring openings—rat traps. Fall openings—chestnut burrs. Some sixty Indians are still prisoners in the old fort at St. Augustine, Fla. A Chinese baby was refused as a competitor in a San Francisco baby show. "I say, boy, is that the fire?" asked a gentleman of a ragged urchin, and pointing to a dense volume of smoke that was issuing from the windows of a warehouse. "No, sir, that is only the smoke," replied the boy. Prof. J. E. Todd has critically examined the "petrified man" with a stump of a tail, that is said to have been found in Colorado. He says that it is clumsy, hewn out of stone, and that it is probably not more than a few years old. A collegian interested in the subject of civil service reform suggests that all the clerks in the department of the interior are under Schurz, and that they ought to be changed at least once in four years, in the interest of purity in the service. According to the New York Republic, the hard times have given rise to at least a score of restaurants in that city in which the needy classes can obtain, for the small sum of five cents, a meal, consisting of bread and coffee or tea, or bread and soup, or beef steak, etc. The wife of Ah Fat was the belle of Chinatown in Carson, Nevada. Quong Hing coveted her, and to get her he hired five Chinamen to make a pretense of fighting in the street when Ah Fat was close by, and to kill him in a way that would seem merely accidental. The plan was successful, and the husband was fatally wounded by what seemed a stray bullet. Little anecdote of Papa Wrangel, the oldest soldier in Europe: When in 1818 he had to put down the insurgents of Berlin, they sent him word that at his first shot they would hang his wife. For an answer, he opened fire. When he had got the upper hand of the rebels, he remarked to his aid: "My wife, do you know I am curious to see if they did hang her?" A woodpecker bored a hole in the spire of a church in Jackson, Mississippi, last spring, and made his nest within it. In the summer, however, a swarm of bees flew to the spire, drove out the woodpecker, and have since filled the interior with honey. And now man, the sovereign despoiler, has discovered the hoard, and resolved to exhibit the spire, with its novel contents, at the State fair. A singular rumor has gained currency in Limerick, Ireland, to the effect that the late Viscount Fitzgibbon, a gallant cavalry officer who was supposed to have fallen in the celebrated charge of the six hundred, at Balaklava, did not meet that fate, but is at this moment on his way home to claim his estates. It is stated that when last seen he was leaning, apparently wounded, on his horse; that he was taken prisoner by the Russians, and shortly after, for some insult alleged to have been given to a Russian officer, was transported to Siberia, when, his term of exile having expired he is returning to Ireland. A statue of him adorns the Wellesley bridge. From a book recently published in Berlin it appears that not long ago than the middle of the last century no German could leave his country without a permit. If he did his property was confiscated. A little boy, ten years old, being accused, and perhaps justly convicted, of stealing a lantern used for lighting the streets was hanged. If a person displeased the king the king-forthwith might imprison him. If a man drove a horse too fast his sovereign beat him with a stick of white thorn. Princes and princesses were no exception to such treatment. The civil service was conducted by officers who had purchased their appointments. Lieutenants thrashed sergeants, sergeants thrashed privates, masters thrashed servants. A deserter from the army had his nose and ears sliced off. Blackmail in New York. According to a correspondent, blackmail is carried on in New York to an enormous extent. There are persons who may be said to live by it. They watch and wait till they find some one slipping, and then, like that horrible devil-fish at the Aquarium, they pounce upon their prey, fasten their cold, paralyzing tentacles about it, and suck, suck, suck, while a drop of blood remains. Women are the victims nearly as often as men; and there are scores of women in New York to-day who yield to the demands of blackmailers month after month, and even year after year, to live in daily torture through fear of exposure.