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The Conduct of Life.

Do it good that we do, let us do it. Giving soul and our strength to the deed; Let us pierce the hard rock and pass through it, And compass the thing that we need. Does Fate, as a dark cloud, hang over, And cover our heads from the light? Does hate mark the heart of the lover? Must wrong be the victor of right? Yet in Fate there is freedom for each one To make or to mar as he will; And 'tis bolts of ill fortune that reach one May main, but they never shall kill. Ever onward and upward pursuing The aim that is thine for the day, Adding strength to thy strength by thy doing, Thou shalt gain it, no faint by the way. And though thou art busiest with small things, Though mental thy labor may be, Do thy utmost in that and in all things, Thou shalt be noble and free. Dost thou love? let it be with full measure; Nor mingle with coldness or hate Of others the joy of thy pleasure, The passion that crowns thy estate. Be to every man just; and to woman Be gentle, and tender and true; For thy own do thy best; but for no man Do less than a brother should do. So living thy days fall to number, In peace thou shalt pass to the grave; Thou shalt lie down and rest thee, and slumber, Beloved by the good and the brave.

LOUIE'S SUCCESS.

"I can't see whatever we will do with her. She's a delicate, sickly little thing, and hasn't either the strength or the desire to earn her living as the rest of us do—eh, Louie?" Motherly old Mrs. Simmonds smiled half approvingly, half indulgently down in the pale, wistful face of the girl who sat so quietly beside her, listening to the conversation going on between Mr. Simmonds and her guest—Farmer Alwyn's wife, who had just run over with her knitting for an afternoon's visit and to "stay to tea." They were the very ideals of comfortable, contented, well-to-do farmer's wives; they were portly, rosy and bright-eyed—such a contrast, physically, to the slim, hollow, hollow-eyed girl who spoke never a word unless specially addressed. Her name was Louie Harland, and she had been a member of the thrifty Simmonds family for years—ever since a bitter cold December day, thirteen years ago, when a forlorn, half-clothed baby of three years, she had come to the kitchen door crying, shivering, and in barely intelligible words told them she had lost "father," and was so cold and hungry. Mrs. Simmonds' big, warm heart had been stirred to the very depths by the sight of the forlorn little wretch, and in mingled indignation against the cruel wretch who would permit such a baby to become so ragged, suffering and neglected, and great, tender pity, took the little one in, resolving to keep it in warmth and plenty until "father" should search for it, and it had now been fourteen years, and Louie Harland had come to be almost regarded as a genuine Simmonds by father and mother and the half-dozen rosy, plump children who loved Louie so dearly. For she was lovable, and although, as Mrs. Simmonds tenderly declared, the child was fit for nothing—not even competent to earn her salt, yet she was a favorite with them all for her sweet, gentle ways, and her patience and willingness to do what little she could. Only Louie could not work. It seemed to her that of all terrible things the routine of housework was the most terrible, and yet she never hesitated an instant to obediently perform whatever lay within her power, however distasteful the task was. But—there was one thing Louie loved to do, one thing that made the Simmonds girls and boys sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry, and sometimes feel awestruck; that made farmer Simmonds often lay down his pipe in rapt amazed interest, that made Mrs. Simmonds wipe her eyes and sob audibly—and that was when Louie would read aloud of winter evenings, or recite some exquisite poem she had memorized, or render some side-splitting morceau from some humorist. Then Louie would seem to lose her identity. She would flush with excitement, and her fresh, sweetly-toned young voice would fairly vibrate with the intensity of the enthusiasm; her fragile form would seem to dilate with intense interest; her dark, intelligent eyes would shine with inspiration, or melt with pathos or glow with humor, and from farmer Simmonds down to little Nell they all considered Louie's reading a genuine treat. Only that they never dreamed of appreciating it as they ought—none of them except William Dayton, Mrs. Simmonds' younger brother, who would hang on Louie's enraptured words with interest scarcely less intense than her own. He came gradually to care very much

for her; until, one day, when she went to him with all her heart in her big black eyes, and told him, breathlessly, that Mrs. Lecount, the great lady who was staying at the hotel, had heard her reciting one day when she was driving by, and had instantly come in, and had a long, long talk with her, and the result was she was to go back to London with her—When William Dayton heard that he knew for sure that he cared, very, very much for Louie—that she had completely filled his heart, and that without her life would lose very many, if not all, its charms. And right then and there he told her how he loved her, how he should miss her, and begged her to be true in heart to him when she should be away among people who would no doubt be more congenial to her than her old associates. And Louie had confessed her love and promised to be true to him; and not long after that she went away from the quiet country side with Mrs. Lecount, and although letters frequently came saying she was well and happy, and had found occupation that was easy and delightful to her, still the old farm house seemed lonesome without her, and William found it hard work to do without seeing her thin, intelligent, yellow face that to him was so fair and lovely. The late summer days went on, and winter followed, and another summer came, and in all those weary days Louie never came home, and good old Mrs. Simmonds used to complain and fret that Louie had forgotten them, that Louie had found other friends to take their places; while only William Dayton would not have it that the one woman he loved was not true to her pure instincts of gratitude and principle. But even William, so loyal, loving, and true began to doubt at last when into Louie's letters, dated here and there and everywhere, there began to appear very often Claude Hamilton's name—never in a way that would arouse any jealousy, yet in a way that aroused his wonder, his suspicion that perhaps Louie had discovered she loved this fancy-named fellow better than she did himself. Those were dark days for poor William, lightened only by Louie's letters, which were themselves not the light-some messages it seemed to William they should have been. At least, although they were cheerful, hopeful and kindly affectionate, still, the recurrence of Claude Hamilton's name spoiled all else for William. With that feeling of suspicion against this Mr. Hamilton, the feeling that was so near akin to jealousy of Louie, there came to William another new source of trouble, and that was a dawny, restless discontent that he did not understand the nature of Louie's business. She had kept it secret from them all at the farm, merrily promising to let them know when her future prospects of fame and success were assured beyond the shadow of a doubt. On that brave, loving promise William had heretofore quietly rested until gradually the demon of jealousy crept in among his true love for Louie; until his heart, torn by the never-failing mention, in some way or other, of Claude Hamilton's name, William could no longer endure it, and then upon receipt of a letter from Louie, saying that her next would be from London, where she would remain a fortnight, William made up his mind to be in London for that same fortnight, and devote all his tireless energies to finding the girl he loved, and who so persistently kept herself from him. And so, one stormy night in early Autumn, it happened that William Dayton was led to Stein Hall, where huge placards announced the appearance of some popular dramatic reader, whose name he did not see for the crowds that were passing in with him; and he took his seat with a strangely homesick, lonesome feeling coming over him as he realized with a new keen appreciation the magnitude of the undertaking that had brought him to the city with its thousands and tens of thousands of people who had never as much as heard of Louie Harland's name. Or—Claude Hamilton's either, he thought, with a thrill of fierce jealousy. Claude Hamilton, for whom he feared, Louie was gradually playing him false, whom— And just then the enthusiastic applause of the vast crowd made him look up to see whom they were welcoming with such warm, glad greeting—made him look up to see a slight girlish figure standing in the center of the stage; a stylishly dressed, elegantly-looking lady in trailing black silk, heavy and lustrous, with frills of exquisite lace falling over her white-kid gloves and braided arms, with a ruff of the same flimsy snowiness circling her slender, round throat, where a massive gold pin caught in its rich plainness of elegance. A girl with a rarely intelligent face,

and dark, intense eyes; with a pure, pale complexion to which all the storm of applause brought no flush of gratified vanity, with a grave, expressive mouth that made William Dayton, almost unable to resist the temptation he felt, to rush to her and ask her if Claude Hamilton had defiled it with his love kisses. For it was Louie Harland—Louie, who had risen like a star in her profession of dramatic reading—Louie, who had crowded houses when she appeared, and who was coining a fortune as fast as a pair of woman's hands had ever done. Then she commenced—one of the very ballads she had many a time rendered for them at the old farm-house, when Mrs. Simmonds would wipe her eyes, and old farmer Simmonds forget to draw on his pipe until it went out. And William listened, and the vast audience listened, spellbound, to the sweet, pathetic voice, round and full, as a silver bell. Then followed an uproarious encore; then other recitations and other applause, and then—it was over, and William saw her retire off the stage, and it seemed to him that he had suddenly gone into a dark place. It was easy enough to obtain Miss Harland's address—everybody knew it, and so the next morning he was shown to Miss Harland's parlor, where Louie herself sat, alone, with her little writing desk before her, at which she was busy when he was shown in, taking her so completely by surprise. She arose instantly to greet him, her face flushing warmly enough at sight of him, and even as she came across the floor and he saw the glow on her cheeks, he found himself asking himself if it were joy at seeing him or consciousness of disloyalty to him that occasioned it. At all events her words were kind and eager. "Will! Is it possible? Dear, old Will, how glad I am to see you!" And in spite of all his fear and doubt William took her in his arms and kissed her. "I was starving to see you, my darling. I could not live without you any longer. Louie! so this is the mysterious secret you have been keeping from us, from me!" She looked bravely, proudly in his face. "You speak almost reproachfully, Will! Can you find it in your heart to censure me because I wanted to wait until I could come, an honor and a help to you all? Will, don't look at me so—what is the harm in it?" "There is no harm in it, Louie. No one is prouder of you and your grand success than I—if it hasn't turned your heart from me. Louie! Louie! if you knew how your letters have stabbed me, if you only knew the anguish, the fear, and the tormenting doubts that have driven me to you—not able to endure them." Louie's eyes were perfect revelations of amazement. "Will! My letters! Your doubt and fear!—Will, your doubt and fear of me?" "Of you, Louie! I could not bear your frequent, yes, continual, ceaseless mention of Claude Hamilton's name; Louie, I feared you were learning to love him, and that I would be forgotten." His voice was an honest index of his feelings. It was intense, earnest, so eagerly anguished that it touched Louie very tenderly. "Will, how could you? Oh, Will!" Then half smiling, with a suspicion of tears in her eyes, and a look that was equally reproachful and amused, Louie rang her bell, and gave a message in an undertone to the servant that answered. Then she turned to William again. "So you have been jealous of Mr. Hamilton, Will? Wait a moment, for I want to tell you something. Mr. Hamilton is one of the dearest friends I ever had. He has been good to me, Will, oh, so good! Always he will come first on the list of my friends; always—" She was interrupted by some one rapping on the door, then entering unsummoned. A little flash of mischievous excitement, accompanied by that same look of reproof, was in her eyes as a little old gentleman, with a pleasant placid face came in, with spectacles on his eyes, and a head bald and shiny, a little old gentleman as ugly as well could be imagined, but such a courteous, high-bred gentleman, for all that, it was a feast at a glance. "I sent to have you meet Mr. Dayton, Mr. Hamilton. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you—Mr. Hamilton, my dear adviser and business agent and kindest of friends; Mr. Dayton, my lover—is it, Will?" William was so perfectly happy, and when he and Louie ran down to the farm for a brief visit, there occurred a hasty, happy wedding-time, and Mr. Dayton constituted himself adviser and agent of his lovely, talented, popular wife. "Because there's no telling how the

land Hamilton jealousy might have ended if he had happened to be young, handsome, fascinating, and unmarried." Louie laughingly made answer— "Will, you are the most jealous man in existence." She lifted her sweet face to her husband's, and as he kissed her, he said: "Because I am the most loving. There can be no love without jealousy—but I'll never doubt you again, dearest." "The Admirable Crichton." James Crichton was a human prodigy. Before reaching his twentieth year, he had run through the whole circle of the sciences, and was a master of ten languages, which, from his vast memory, were as familiar to him as his mother-tongue. Nor was his fame confined merely to literary excellence; he seemed to combine the most discordant qualities, and was without a rival in all corporeal exercises. It is reported of him, that in fencing, he could spring at one bound the length of twenty feet on his antagonist, and could use the sword in both hands with equal dexterity. He had also a fine voice, and great skill in playing on musical instruments. His person and countenance were alike eminently beautiful, which served to set off his accomplishments; for even virtue never fails to be still more acceptable in a graceful form. For the victory he gained on the 4th of February, 1879, over the learned men of the University of Paris, he had conferred upon him the title of "Admirable." The very next day he attended a tilting match at the Louvre, where, in the presence of the Court of France, he bore away the ring fifteen times successively. The last adventure in which he was engaged, displayed his extraordinary spirit and skill in feats of arms. Roving about the streets of Mantua one night during the carnival, and playing on the guitar, he was attacked by six men in masks. His courage did not desert him on this critical occasion; he opposed them so stoutly that they were glad to fly; and their leader being disarmed, threw off his mask, and begged for his life. How must it have wounded the sensibility of Crichton to discover in the suppliant Vincentio di Gonzaga, the son of the Duke of Mantua, whose preceptor he had been chosen. Instead of merely granting the forfeited life, which was all that ought to have been required, he fell on his knees, apologized for his mistake, and presenting his sword to the prince, told him that his highness was always master of his poor existence, and needed not to have sought his death by treachery. The brutal prince, either irritated by the affront which he had received, or stung with jealousy, grasped the proffered instrument of destruction and plunged it into his tutor's heart. Remarkable Lakes. On the top of a ridge of mountains in Portugal, called Estralia, are two lakes of great extent and depth, especially one of them, which is said to be unfathomable. What is chiefly remarkable in them is that they are calm when the sea is so, and rough when that is stormy. It is therefore probable that they have a subterranean communication with the ocean; and this seems to be confirmed by the pieces of ships that they throw up, though almost forty miles distant from the sea. There is another extraordinary lake in this country, which, before a storm, is said to make a frightful rumbling noise, that may be heard at a distance of several miles. And we are also told of a pool or fountain, called "Perencias," and twenty miles from Coimbra, that absorbs not only wood, but the lightest bodies thrown into it, such as cork, straw, feathers, etc., which sink to the bottom and are never seen more. To these we add a remarkable spring near Estremoz, which petrifies wood, or rather encrusts it with a case of stone; but the most remarkable circumstance is, that in summer it throws up water enough to turn several mills, and in winter it is perfectly dry. Fooled by a Bottle. The other night, says the Santa Barbara (Cal.) Press, a house near the beach was entered by a burglar, long after the inmates had gone to sleep. The only occupants were a woman and two little girls. The man obtained an entrance through the window of the room in which the children slept, and in getting in woke one of the girls, who called out to her mother that a man was in the room. The mother soon realized the fact that something was wrong, and called out to her little girl that she would get a pistol and come in. She accordingly came in with a small bottle in her hand (she not owning a pistol), and was just in time to see a man crawl from under the bed and make a hurried exit through the window. The woman displayed an amount of presence of mind and courage not often exhibited in an emergency like that, even among the sterner sex.

FARM GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

BAKED MACARONI.—Use about half a pound of macaroni, break up in pieces, put it in-boiling water and stew gently for twenty minutes; salt it a little; drain well; have ready a buttered pudding dish; place a layer of the macaroni in the bottom, then cover with grated cheese and a few lumps of butter; then another layer of macaroni and more cheese and butter until all is used up; add a wineglass of cream or milk; bake covered for half an hour; then remove the cover and brown nicely; serve it in the bako-dish. TO BOIL A TURKEY.—A delicate hen turkey should always be selected for boiling. Pick and draw it, taking great care not to break the gall-bladder; when it is singed, cut through the skin round the first joint of the legs, and draw them out by fastening the feet to a strong hook and then pulling the bird away from it; take off the head and neck, wash it clean, and wipe it dry; fill the breast with veal stuffing; in trussing it, draw the legs with the body, break the breastbone, and give the turkey as plump an appearance as you can; put it into plenty of hot water and boil it very gently for about two hours; served either with celery sauce or a good white sauce. DRIED APPLE CAKE.—Soak three cupsful dried apples over night, then draw off the water through a sieve; chop the apples slightly, then simmer them in three cupsful of molasses for two hours; after that add two eggs, one cupful sugar, one cupful sweet milk or water, three-quarters cupful butter or lard, one teaspoonful baking powder, flour enough to make pretty stiff batter; add cinnamon, cloves to taste. GRAHAM BREAD.—Three pints of graham flour, one and a half pints of white flour, one-half pint of molasses, a little salt, one cupful yeast; mix rather wet with a spoon. Indications of a Good Butter Cow. It is said that the color of the inside of the cow's ear affords an infallible guide to the selection of a good butter cow. If the skin on the inside of the ear is of a rich yellow or orange color and the lining of the ear is covered with an oily secretion, the cow will be sure to give a good quality of milk, rich in butter. Cows that produce a high-colored butter have a large amount of the secretion, the inside of the ear being of an orange tint. On the other hand, light-colored butter makers present a scanty, thin, pale yellow secretion, in some cases found only at the bottom of the ear, while the inside lining is of a correspondingly pale, undefined color. Every male of the bovine family has the power of secreting a certain amount of this oily matter. If the quantity be normally large, secretion will take place freely in the mammary glands, the ear and the skin. As the test is simple and costs nothing, it cannot fail to prove a useful auxiliary to the dairyman and farmer in their selection of rich milkers.—Indiana Farmer. An American in Distress. One rarely sees a fellow-countryman in distress in Paris, writes Edward King in the Boston Journal, but I did meet one day before yesterday. He came up to me on the Rue Serbe, where if you are not an American you are supposed to be, as nearly every office on it is in some way connected with Yankee trade, and observing me sharply, he said: "Are you an American?" I promptly acknowledged that I was a citizen of the republic. "Wal," he said, "can you tell me where I can get some chewin' tobacco?" I said no, of course; no one chews in France—didn't know personally any American resident who "chewed." "Wal," he said, sadly, "it's all very well for them that don't chew; but I've got to have some; can't live without it." And he stepped out with determined air, looking for another American to whom he could put his despairing question. "News as is News." American people must go to the other side of the Atlantic to hear news of home. Here, for instance, is the Independence Belye informing a puzzled World that Mr. Randall has renounced the speakership "and the President will probably be re-elected." If for "has renounced," we read "has been renominated," and then read that it is likely that the Speaker will be re-elected, we shall perhaps get at the sense of the paragraph. Then about two weeks ago all Paris was agitated with the news of an "enormous conflagration in the United States, the New York Opera House having been burned." In point of fact we have not had the fire, nor have we indeed, when we come to think of it, the opera house.—New York World.

Words of Wisdom.

Conversation is the ventilation of the mind. Humility makes all other graces amiable. It is easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient. There are some persons on whom their faults sit well, and others who are made ungraceful by their good qualities. Happiness is in taste, and not in things; and it is by having what we love that we are happy, not by having what others find agreeable. The bird of wisdom flies low, and seeks his food under hedges; the eagle himself would be starved if he always soared aloft and against the sun. Pride dries the tears of anger and vexation; humility those of grief. The one is indignant that we should suffer; the other claims us by the reminder that we deserve nothing else. Emulation is a handsome passion; it is enterprising, but just withal. It keeps a man within the terms of honor and makes the contest for glory just and generous. He strives to excel, but it is by raising himself, not by depressing others. We cannot be held to what is beyond our strength and means, for at times the accomplishment and execution may not be in our power; and, indeed, there is nothing really in our power, except the will; on this are necessarily based and founded all the principles that regulate the duty of man. A good character is in all cases the fruit of personal exertion. It is not created by external advantages; it is no necessary appendage to birth, wealth, talents or station; but it is the result of one's own endeavors, the fruit and reward of good principles manifested in a course of virtuous and honorable actions. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each one a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage, they form at last a rich varnish, with the routine of life washed, and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew-drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows. A Way They Have. "How many thumbs?" smilingly asks the sitting-room carpet, looking up at its colleague, the battered stove-pipe. With a wink in its disjointed elbow the stove pipe, riveting its gaze on its friend, replies: "Only three, but I've raked enough skin off the other knuckles to make a pair of boots." Chokingly responds the carpet: "Not so well as you did last year. I got a couple of finger nails, two whole frouzers' knees, started a good crop of hang-nails on every finger in the house, and I think I have a divorce suit pending." "That's a pretty good spread," replies the pipe, and then, turning to an exhausted tack-hammer that was resting itself on the window sill, asked: "How is your score?" "Oh, don't ask me," gasped the tack-hammer. "I've been busier than the master's gavel on a chapter night. I haven't missed but one knuckle since I started in, and then I caught the ball of a thumb plumb centre, and raised a blood blister as big as a walnut." And the graceless trio smiled in silent chorus and an old, rheumatic mop that was standing on the porch listening to the conversation through the keyhole pumped itself against the door in an ecstasy of delight and fell fainting across the wheelbarrow with one leg that was writing on the walk for somebody to come along and fall over it.—Burlington Hawkeye. The Growth of a Dead Man's Hair. Dr. Caldwell, of Iowa, says that in 1862 he was present at the examination of a body which had been buried two years before. The coffin had sprung open at the joints, and the hair protruded through the openings. On opening the coffin the hair of the head was found to measure eighteen inches and the whiskers eight inches. The man had been shaven before being buried. In 1847 a similar circumstance occurred in Mercer county, Pennsylvania. In digging a grave the workmen came across the skeleton of a man that had been buried ten years. The hair was as firm as during life, and had grown to a length of ten or twelve inches. Pre-Historic Animals. It appears that Silver Lake and Summer Lake, in Oregon, are filled with remains of pre-historic animals. Among the fossils recently taken there, the smaller quadrupeds had a representation. Bones answering in size to the fox and wolf were found; also others answering to the sheep goat in size and appearance. Remains of birds were plentiful; some very large, others quite small. Waders, swimmers, scratchers, and probably climbers were recognized. The vertebra or backbones of fish, of some other animal with a backbone like the fish, are found in great plenty.