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The Leap of Roushan Beg.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet, The chestnut steed with four white feet, Roushan Beg, called Kurrogion, Son of the road and bandit chief, Seeking refuge and relief, Up the mountain pathway flew. Such was Kyrat's matchless speed Never yet could any steed Reach the dust-cloud in his course; More than maiden, more than wife, More than gold and next to life, Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

great hall door swung open with a dismal creak, and their footsteps echoed through the dismantled hall. They wandered through dusty corridors and deserted rooms. Here and there patches of decayed drapery or a forgotten picture, stained and blackened, clung to the mouldy wall, and now and then a broken bust or statue showed ghastly in the uncertain light. Owls and bats, disturbed in their nooks and corners, flew about noisily; rats and mice, surprised in their foraging expeditions, scampered hastily to their holes; and huge spiders, suddenly deprived of their cobweb-homes, crawled in all directions. Maud looked with nervous fear into the dim, dusty corners, and started and shivered at every sudden noise. "One flight more," said Paul, as they paused at the foot of the last staircase, "and we shall have a splendid view of the sea to repay us for the ghastly sights and sounds we have had to endure. Why, darling, how pale you look! If you really wish, we will go no further."

across his track, alarmed at his hasty tread; the birds twittered merrily in the leafy branches. All was life and joy, and seemed to jeer and mock his woe. Headless of the cramping pain in his limbs and upheld by the feverish strength born of intense excitement, he strode rapidly out; but when the dilapidated ruins loomed still and sombre in his gaze he checked for a moment his mad speed. A cold chill crept through his veins and his trembling limbs refused to obey his will. But Maud! Ah! His darling Maud! "I'm coming; Maud, I'm coming!" he shouted, rushing frantically up the crumbling steps. The wind so warm without, met him, chill and cold, as he pushed open the great door, and the yellow sunlight paled as it struggled in the semi-darkness. The dash of the sea as it broke against the cold gray rocks smote his ear with a mournful sound; his own footfall echoed like a knell. An incubus of dread and fear seemed to settle upon his heart; he felt stifled, and unable to advance. But, ah! anything rather than this terrible suspense. He rushed hurriedly up the stairs to the door of the fatal room. It was still closed—and all was deathly silent within; with a desperate effort he pushed it open, and gave a horrified, fearful gaze within. Yes; there—there, upon the floor, with staring eyes and pinched, pallid features, lay his beloved—a corpse! For a moment he gazed horrified; then, with a groan sank unconscious to the floor. "Paul—Paul!" murmured a sweet voice, and a lingering kiss was imprinted upon his lips. "Do you know me at last, Paul?" Drowsily opening his eyes, he saw the dear face of Maud above his own, fair and fresh as he had last seen it before that fearful fall upon the rocks. "Where am I? What does it mean? Are you indeed, my own sweet Maud, or only her glorified spirit?" Maud laughed a happy little laugh, although tears shone like pearls in her blue eyes. "It is only the horrid phantom of delirium that still vexes you, Paul. I am no spirit, but a living, breathing reality."

VALLEY FORGE.

How the American Army Endured the Winter of 1777-8—A Camp of Huts at Valley Forge—Suffering from Lack of Food and Clothing. Hardly any name is more familiar to the student, young or old, of American history than that of Valley Forge. One still reads with pain of the sufferings undergone there by the sturdy Continental soldiers, and with pride of the Spartan firmness with which those dreary vicissitudes were encountered. Of all the anniversaries which have so numerous distinguished these centennial years, none is more worthy of at least a quiet commemoration than that of the establishment of Washington's forlorn winter quarters in 1777. None of the early years of the young Republic, struggling for life against the greatest odds, were darker than this. The slightest glance at the situation will show that it was indeed deplorable. The battle of Brandywine had been fought gallantly, and it had been lost. Congress had fled from Philadelphia to Lancaster. A series of reverses had opened a way to that city for Sir William Howe, and Washington was too weak to risk a battle which might have saved it, nor with more than 10,000 of his men barefoot, could he undertake those rapid and masterly operations which had been so brilliantly executed at Trenton and at Princeton. Meanwhile all efforts of an impotent Congress and of rash generals to clamor and importune him into military imprudence were vain. Washington, that he might restrict the enemy within the narrowest possible limits, established his winter quarters, on the 19th of December, at Valley Forge, about twenty miles from Philadelphia, on the south side of the Schuylkill. Here he would be able to keep a vigilant eye on the city and also protect a large extent of country. He had 11,000 troops, but they were in a very wretched condition. Provisions were scant, clothing worn out, and such was the want of shoes, that all the late marches had been tracked in blood. There was a like want of blankets, so that many of the soldiers were forced to sit up all night by the camp fires. Washington offered a premium for the best pattern of shoes made of hides untanned. One-quarter of the troops were unfit for duty. The commissariat was miserably managed, for at this very time (says Gordon) "hogheads of shoes, stockings and clothing were lying at different places on the roads and in the woods, perishing for want of teams or of money to pay the teamsters." Washington had determined to hut the troops, and he took particular pains to make the dwellings as comfortable as possible. Among other expedients, he offered a reward of \$12 to the party in each which finished its hut in the most workmanlike and quickest manner. The little town, with its regular streets and avenues, was soon built. Each hut was fourteen feet by sixteen, with walls of logs filled in with clay, and a chimney of clay or wood rising a foot or two above the roof, which was a single sharp slope, constructed to shed easily the coming snow. To each hut was assigned twelve non-commissioned officers and men. Each general officer had a hut to himself, with two windows. The huts of the same State were lodged in the same street or quarter. In shape, the whole was like a triangle, with Valley creek forming its base, and the Schuylkill for its left side. It had abutts, redoubts, and pickets at different points. Washington's quarters were in the house of a Quaker, Isaac Potts, which is still standing. But with all the sufferings of Valley Forge, there was some social comfort there. Lafayette wrote home that the general officers were sending for their wives: "and I envy them," he said, naively—"not their wives, but the happiness of being where they can see them." Mrs. Washington was with her husband to cheer and encourage him. There was no dancing, for the quarters were too narrow; cards were prohibited because they led to gambling; but there were tea parties and coffee parties, conversation and music. There were gallant gentlemen, too—Morris and Reed, and Charles Carroll, when the Congress delegation came down—and Hamilton and Laurens. The ensuing May found Washington still in his contentments, with an effective force of about twelve thousand men. It was impossible by any reinforcements to carry this number beyond twenty thousand. But rumors came of the evacuation of Philadelphia, since the Delaware would be in danger of being blocked up by a French fleet. Washington busied himself in the formation of a new system for the army, and had asked Congress to send a committee of arrangements, five in number, to the camp. They remained with him three months, and the recommendations resolved upon were generally adopted. On the 18th of June, the preparations for the evacuation of Philadelphia having been completed, the British army took up its line of march through the Jerseys. As soon as he had information of this, Washington broke camp with his whole army, marching in pursuit. And so ended the memorable season at Valley Forge. There was still to be a short period of defeat and disappointment, but brighter days were close at hand.—New York Tribune.

TALL AND SHORT MEN.

Big and Little Men and Women—A Japanese Dwarf—The Average Height of Man. At one of the public halls in this city, says the New York Times, are now on exhibition a couple of the tallest human being in the civilized world. At another public hall, not far from the last mentioned one, are two remarkably little human beings, who are believed to be the smallest couple ever exhibited in any country. Martin Van Buren Bates, who was born in Kentucky, is thirty-two years of age, weighs nearly 500 pounds, and is eight feet one inch in height. His wife was born in Nova Scotia, is twenty-eight years of age, weighs 418 pounds, and is eight feet two inches in height. When but six years old, she was as tall as her mother, who was five feet high. Her father was only five feet four inches in height. This loving couple may be said to represent "linked sweetness, long drawn out." Gen. Mite is turned thirteen years of age, weighs but nine pounds, and is only twenty-two inches in height. His hands are smaller than those of any known living baby. Miss Minnie Obom, who stands beside him on the platform, is in her thirtieth year, and is but twenty-three inches in height. Either of these infinitesimal members of the human race is supposed by most persons who have seen them to be the smallest human being living. This, however, is not true, if we may believe the Tokio (Japan) Times, which says that a dwarf, said to be fifty-one years old and only one foot three inches high, named Sato Yukiichi, is about to be exhibited in that city. This is a depth of diminutiveness truly wonderful. It would hardly be more surprising to read the announcement of a giant one and a quarter years old and fifty-one feet high. The irregularity of proportion for which Mr. Yukiichi is conspicuous is not less remarkable than his condensed compactness. His head is seven inches and a half long, while all the rest of his body measures only seven inches. The height of men, according to Villermé, varies from four feet nine and a quarter inches to five feet ten inches, and thus gives an average of five feet three and three-eighths inches. Taking the extremes of individuals known, being seventeen inches for a dwarf spoken of by Burch and Buffon, and nine feet three inches for a Finlander mentioned by Supply, the medium would be five feet four inches. But these cases may be regarded as quite abnormal. The Esquimaux were long considered the smallest race of men on the face of the globe. Harn de Paw has asserted that the men do not exceed four feet three inches, and the women four feet two inches. Subsequent investigation by Drs. Bellebon and Guernant has, however, proved that those figures are too low, that the average of the lowest tribes is five feet two and a half inches, and that some others attain to five feet six and three-quarter inches. The smallest family of known man is the Boschmans of South Africa, whose medium height is given at four feet seven inches. Some other tribes of that continent rival them, but not quite so short. Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, mentions in one of his letters having come across a race of dwarfs of most minute stature, but the details have not reached us. As for the tallest races, they are the Norwegians in Europe, the Kaffirs in South Africa, some of our North American Indians, the Polynesians, and, finally, the Patagonians, whose average height is given by numerous travelers worthy of credit at five feet ten inches. Taking these last as the highest and the Boschmans as the lowest, we obtain an average of five feet two and a half inches. But the savants who have studied this subject, considering the small proportion of very short races, have decided on fixing the medium height of the human race at five feet four and three-quarter inches. The average of the four persons now on exhibition in this city is probably five feet.

Items of Interest.

Pancakes should neither be blonde nor brunette, but medium. Strictly religious people should be careful to select only upright pianos for their houses. A Hartford, Conn., newspaper proposes a bachelor show, the prizes to be awarded by ladies. The losses of the Scotch farmers this year through floods and bad weather are estimated at \$40,000,000. This is the season when a man who wants to remember the poor can sit down and think of himself the whole day long. Thirty Texas papers have died within the last twelve months, and sixty new ones sprang into existence during the same time. It is a wonder of the day—and yet a fact—true. The heavy banks are washed away by too much falling due. Horne Tooke being asked by George III, whether he played at cards, replied, "No, your Majesty; the fact is, I can not tell a king from a knave." "That's what I call a monkey wretch." The silly showman said, "When the big gorilla grabbed his hair and twisted back his head. The Philadelphia baby show broke up in a hand-to-hand fight by the mothers over the prizes. The police cleared the hall of exhibits and spectators. Among the attractions at the Paris exhibition will be performances by the Imperial Orchestra from Vienna, in the month of July. The Viennese artists will give several concerts during their fortnight's stay in Paris. A gentleman who is a sculptor in a feeble way, was calling on a lady the other evening. "How do you manage to get the right facial expression?" she asked, referring to his statues. "Very simple," he said. "I read a poem expressing the passion I desire to portray; then, as my face expresses rage or love, I plunge head foremost into a mass of putty I have at hand. This retains the impression, and there you are." The old gentleman went into the parlor the other night, at the witching hour of 11:45, and found the room unlighted and his daughter and a dear friend occupying a tete-a-tete in the corner by a window. "Evangeline," the old man said sternly, "this is scandalous." "Yes, papa," she answered sweetly, "it is scandalous because times are so hard and lights cost so much that Ferdinand and I said we should try and get along with the starlight." And papa turned about in speechless amazement, and tried to walk out of the room through a panel in the wall. Power of the Hand. It may be going too far to say that man may judge the character of his fellow man by the manner in which he "shakes hands." But there is certainly a significance in those busy members of the body which "he who runs may read." The creator of Urial Heep has taught us not to trust the owners of limp, moist hands which close cordially on nothing save their own possessions. Says a commentator on this subject: "It is the touch of a hand at a greeting which warms or chills my heart, and makes me know to a certainty how much or how little I shall like the person before me. If the fingers close about my own with a short, quick, convulsive grasp, I know that he will snarl, snarl, and finally quarrel, and that the least that I have to do with the owner of those wily digits, the better off I shall be. If a nervous, cold hand glides into my own, and seems disposed to lie there, without life, I know that my happiness would be nothing in that awful palm. But if the hand grasps yours and holds it firmly, in strong, warm fingers, you are safe in cultivating the friendship of the owner. These human hands! From the beginning of life they play an important part." All the greatness of earth has laid in the hollow of the hand. The books, the music, the pictures, the wonders of architecture, the intricacies of mechanism, the mysteries of science and the government of the countries, with all their godlike beauties of color, sound, symmetry, usefulness, progression and wisdom, have lain within a human hand. The highest aspirations and realizations of the brain are brought to light through the hand, and the tenderest love and charity of the heart make the hand their dispenser. They can be tender ministers of comfort and peace, yet as cruel and full of venom as the bite of an asp. And with all their power, with all their charities, their tender touches, their mischief—they are folded at last, and those who speak of us tell of the closing of the eye and the folding of hands as a part of our going away.—North American. Brigham's Amelia. Brigham Young's favorite wife, Amelia, has been dethroned since the prophet's death, and report says that she has gone back to Peoria, Ill., with the intention of remaining. It appears that Amelia was never a Mormon at all; that her connection with Brigham was based upon a contract which included a handsomely furnished home, carriages and horses, and full liberty to provide such home comforts as she might desire. This wife absolutely ruled Brigham, and was the only wife whose unauthorized orders on storekeepers were fully honored. She was very fond of expensive attire, was entirely independent as to the wishes or desires of the saints, and led a gay, worldly life. It is also stated that when she met Brigham she was already affianced to a young man of Peoria, but surrendered to the rich Mormon.

THE FALL.

"Are those the ruins?" asked Maud Chalmers, pointing with her riding whip. "I can see the glimpse of gray walls now and then through the trees." "Yes," answered Paul Trevor; "and we shall have to dismount here and walk the rest of the distance, for the avenue to the house is now so overgrown with underbrush as to be almost impassable." They alighted, and arm-in-arm forced their way with some difficulty toward the house. It was a gloomy-looking building of stone, erected upon a ledge of rocks, which rose about twenty feet above the sea. Long deserted, it had fallen into gradual decay; the walls were green with moss; long, dark weeds filled the paths, and the crumbling fountains and broken statues were covered with mould. Far from all human habitations, surrounded by a dense wood upon the one side, and upon the other by the sea, it stood in solitary desolation. Maud shuddered at the gloomy aspect before her as she and Paul halted before the crumbling steps. "Oh, what a dismal place! Don't enter, Paul. I am not superstitious, but somehow a thrill of fear and dread creeps over me." "Oh, you are only depressed with the melancholy aspect of decay, and the solitary loneliness of the place. Shake off your nervousness and we will explore the interior. Nothing worse to be found than owls and bats, I'll warrant."

It was a strange sensation, the gradual awakening to consciousness, and Paul Trevor opened his eyes languidly, and dreamily wondered at his condition. He was lying in an humble cottage; and through the half-open door he could hear a murmur of voices. At first the effort to remember bewildered him; but gradually his mind became clear, and—ah, yes!—he recollected his fall, the rocks, the sea, and with a feeling of acute pain it flashed across him that Maud was left a prisoner in that fatal house. He strove to rise, but the sharp pain caused by the sudden movement pressed a groan of agony from his lips. He sank back upon his pillow. The mental shock, together with the physical, so prostrated him that he was powerless; but his brain seemed on fire. Terrible visions of Maud alone and helpless in that solitary chamber floated vividly before his mental sight. He pictured to himself her terror as she beheld his mad plunge into the sea, her agony when the terrors of her situation flashed across her, her frantic attempts to open the door, her wild, appealing gaze out at the mooning sea, her despair as the daylight crept slowly but surely out of the shadowy room, the darkness gathering like a presence; the deathly stillness unbroken save by the dash of the sea or the ghostly sounds of the house. And a more terrible thought still crept in upon his harrowed mind, chilling his very heart's blood. He rose from the bed and gazed frantically around. How long had he been lying senseless and inanimate here—how long? and Maud, his beautiful betrothed, was starving—lying in that awful house! The thought brought back strength to his bruised limbs—his blood coursed like fire through his veins. He would go to her! Dead or alive he would bear her from that fatal house of haunting shadows and fearful sounds. He rushed from the house and fled to the woods; he sunlight crept through the trees and all with broad bars of golden light on he greenward; the rabbits sprang

A Girl's Horrible Death.

The Pittsburgh (Penn.) Commercial says: An accident occurred on Saturday at the Valley Paper Mill, at Verona, on the Allegheny Valley railroad. A young woman named Mary Ann Collins, who had been employed in the mill three or four years, had been assigned to a new position in the second story, in which there is a large trap-door immediately over a vat on the ground floor. Miss Collins had been called from another part of the room to assist in dumping a box of rags. She started to answer the call, and walked into the hatchway, which was obscured by steam arising from the vat of boiling water and vitrol. She was precipitated directly into the vat, and must have died very speedily. In three minutes after she fell her body was taken out scalded white. She was sixteen years of age.

Stalking a Tiger.

An exceedingly clever stalk of a tiger was made some time back by a native hunter of India. The shikari saw the beast asleep under the shade of a large tree on the side of a tank, and found no prospect of getting a shot from the land side. So he had recourse to the following expedient: He waded from the opposite bank, gun in hand above the water, which was breast high, with a long cord fastened to his waist, the other end of which remained in the hands of a confederate on the bank confronting the tiger. When he had got noiselessly within twenty paces of the sleeping beast, he delivered his shot, and was immediately jerked violently back under water by his partner. It turned out that there was no need of this excessive caution, for one bullet had done the business.

Words of Wisdom.

There is a department which suits the figure and talents of each person. It is always lost when we quit it to assume that of another. He who has not known adversity is but half acquainted with others or himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world. We all dread a bodily paralysis and make use of every contrivance to avoid it, but none of us are troubled about a paralysis of the soul. There is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence; so much is there in the way of doing things. A heart-memory is better than a mere head-memory. It is better to carry away a little of the life of God in our souls than to be able to repeat every word of every sermon we have heard. He that waits for repentance waits for that which cannot be had as long as it is waited for. It is absurd for a man to wait for that which he himself has to do. Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force itself into that tender part of the soul and dwell there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities. Do not be discouraged under any circumstances. Go steadily forward; rather consult your own conscience than the opinions of men, though the last are not to be disregarded. Be industrious, be frugal, be honest; deal in perfect kindness with all who come in your way, exercising a neighborly and obliging spirit in your own intercourse.