

The Forest Republican.

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Lost Treasures.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS.

If some kind power, when our youth is ended, And life's first freshness lost in languid noon, Should stay awhile the doom by Fate intended, And grant as generously one precious boon-- Saying, "With thwartings, bitterness and trial, Your toilsome days thus far have been oppressed; Choose now some blessing, fearing no denial, To light, and charm, and beautify the rest"-- What should we ask? the prize of young ambition? Fame, power, wealth, and gifts of priceless cost? Ah, no--our souls would utter the petition: "Give us--oh, only give us back our lost!" No visioned bliss, no pleasure new and splendid, No lofty joy by longing never crossed, No new delight undreamed of, heaven-descended, Only our own--the treasures we have lost! For, wearied out with strife, and glare and clamor, Grown wiser with our years, and clearer-eyed, No more beguiled by dreams, nor charmed by glamor, We dread the new, and prize the known, the tried. Ah, what a crowd of joys would gather round us, Could we but have our vanished back again! The heart unspoiled, the strength and hope which crowned us, The bounteous life, the ignorance of pain-- The innocence, the ready faith in others, The sweet spontaneous earnestness and truth, The trust of friends, the tender eyes of mothers, And all the rich inheritance of youth-- The plans for noble lives, that earth thereafter Might be more pure; the touch of love's warm lip And saving hand; the sound of childish laughter, The peace of home, the joy of comradeship-- We had them all; and now that they have left us, We count them carefully, and see their worth, And feel that time and fortune have bereft us Of all the best and dearest things on earth, Ah, yes! when on our hearts the years are pressing: A veil of all our flower-plats are touched with frost, We ask no more some new untasted blessing-- But only sigh, "Oh, give us back our lost!"

More Than Her Match.

Lo, shafts of moonlight were shooting down through what seemed an almost impenetrable wood and quivering on the green mosses. A faint wind dallied with the foliage. Wild flowers decked the ground. Here, in this sylvan retreat sat Miss Barron, and she was very much out of humor, for every now and then she drove the point of her parasol into the unoffending mosses. She looked and was downright disgusted with everything and everybody. The bells of three seasons, during which she had escaped heart-whole, she was now "caught," and all because of a three weeks' sojourn at a country villa. Madge had never been off her guard before. Hitherto she had visited fashionable watering places; but this year she had come to a quieter place, and had met Lindhurst Barrington. She did not yet know, however, she was in thralldom. She only knew she was cross and lonesome; and so she sat punching the little blossoms and pointing. She thought Barrington exceedingly companionable, and that the other four gentlemen stopping at the villa were little better than wooden men. As for downright earnest love, why her intentions for three years had been never to venture her heart at sea, but only to glide about the shore, flirting, safe to disembark any time. Yet she was now thinking of Lindhurst Barrington in a way many would have termed love. But she would not admit this to herself. He was a delightful summer friend, that was all, she said. She liked summer, and flowers, and birds, and hazy atmospheres, and a quiet flirtation; but when these went, the coming season brought new enjoyments and fresh flirtations, and Barrington could go with them. Were there not others, pray, who could read Tennyson and sing tenor? But now, just this moment, it was rather lonesome. If he only would come! He had gone to town the morning previous, promising to return in the evening. She had walked with him through this wood-path, on his way to the station. He had lingered a moment at the stile beyond, to tell her how beautiful she looked--how the fresh morning air had brightened the color on her cheeks. "Come this evening as far as here to meet me," he had said, "won't you? The path will be a horrid labyrinth without you." "You will surely return?" she had asked. "If you don't, I shall find every tree a hobgoblin when I go back alone." "Return, indeed! I shall think of nothing else, I shall do nothing all day but pull out my watch to see if it is time for the train." Then he caught her hand in a quick

way, thought a moment, bounded over the stile, and hastened down the path, turning often to look back at the pretty picture she made, listlessly leaning on the stile, with a tinge of regret in her face. At a turn where she would soon be hid from sight he had dared to way her a kiss. Madge was now waiting according to appointment, and she had taken care to concoct a most ravishing toilet. But all her little preparations were wasted. Lindhurst Barrington did not come. Still she waited. It seemed so unreasonable, so... to disappoint her. Perhaps he was only trying to tease her, had got at unseem, and would surprise her directly by his appearance. A dark sigh of wind, coming from the recesses of the wood, a sudden shutting-down of night, made Miss Barron feel something like fear; and she started nervously to return. As it grew darker her dread became terror; her fancied strange noises were about; her feet scarcely touched the ground; she skimmed on, fluttering at heart like some low-flying bird belated from its nest. What wonder that she vowed that night, as she brushed out her hair, never to forgive Mr. Barrington? What wonder that a harmless little bunch of violets which he had gathered for her the day previous and which she had treasured in a vase on her dressing-case, she now found faded, disagreeable and odorless, and that she tossed them pettishly out into the darkness from her window? "I detest him and his violets," she cried. "He may stop in town till doomsday, for aught I care." Miss Barron did not sleep well and rose in the morning with a little dull weight on her feelings. "Perhaps," she thought, "he will not come even today." As she dressed for breakfast he was constantly in her mind. "Perhaps he did it on purpose," she said. "Perhaps he didn't, but lost the train." But he had no business to lose the train, she added crossly. "Perhaps he was ill; perhaps some women had asked him to remain. Well, if so, I don't care," she said. "He shall see I am happy enough, and not even piqued, when he comes." Still, as the day wore on, Madge found the ladies of the company provoking and the gentlemen more uninteresting than ever. Mechanically, towards evening, she donned the same toilet as on the night previous, and took a circuitous route through the garden, that none might be cognizant of her movements. Emerging out of sight, she struck straight for the wood-path; and here we find her again listening for the roar of the train, notwithstanding all her angry vows of the night before. Beautiful, cross, unreasonable girl! "I will not go to the stile," she was saying to herself, "and that will be a disappointment to him." She was somewhat unsettled, however, for fear she might be in just the same predicament as on the previous evening, and have to return through the gloomy wood alone. She had seven-eighths of a mind to go straight back, even yet. But she remained after all, so perverse is woman. At last, with a sudden screech, the engine came steaming along. Miss Barron began to trace figures on the ground with her parasol, and put on a most unexpected air, her features sinking into a repose and unconcern benign enough to befit a saint. She saw Lindhurst Barrington descend from the train and come striding on joyously till he came in sight of the stile; for, though hidden herself, she could observe all his movements. He came on eagerly, looking to the right and left for her, and almost stumbled over Miss Barron. "Oh, Madge!" he cried, as he threw himself at her feet, "you did forgive me, and have come to meet me!" "Forgive you, Mr. Barrington?" "Nothing could be more icy cold. Pray, what has been your fault?" She looked, as she spoke, straight before her, but with an air of surprise which was exceedingly well counterfeited. He looked up eagerly into her face as he answered, "Why, I was buttonholed to death in town yesterday. It seemed as if a conspiracy had been entered into, and that every fellow I knew had left his summer haunt to go up to town to detain me. I transacted but half of my business, and put off Jack Longley with only a nod on my way to the station. I suppose he'll never speak to me again. After all, I was one minute too late. I saw the train sweeping out of the station just as I reached it. I was in despair, thinking you would come to meet me." "I did walk down last evening, but I can hardly say, sir, that I came to meet you. I did not expect you. I thought, if business or illness kept you, you might be gone a week. I never thought of you as hobnobbing with your male friends and sauntering to the station." "Madge!" and a serious look came into his face. "Let us drop bickering, and begin where we left off yesterday." "Very well," she replied. "I believe the point at which you left off was whistling, and I was doing nothing in particular, so if you will strike off a stave of anything, I will demurely, but admiringly, walk by your side." "Madge!" he exclaimed excitedly. "I did no such thing. Do men gaze at stately or paintings and whistle? Faith, my last remembrance is of a prettier picture than an art-room ever held. I saw a beautiful woman, looking regret at my leaving--a woman I want for my wife." Here was a poser! Proposed to! It came like a sweet surprise, nevertheless.

But it was contrary to Miss Barron's tactics. Were weeks of delightful flirting to be cut off in a moment in this fashion? How could he have believed her in earnest? It was ridiculous. She had meant to play the injured mistress for several days, and make him object in his efforts to reinstatement himself with her. She did not want a climax reached with this man. Her heart had told her that it would leave a regret which she had never known before. To avoid this now, she would begin with railery. "Really, Mr. Barrington," she said, "you must be hungry or over-tired, to make such a statement. A well-spread table, steaming viands, comfort and a wife, must have shot through your brain. I can assure you a delightful supper now awaits you." "Miss Barron," he began, frowning, without apparent notice of her words, and rising to his feet, "three weeks ago I did not know you; but in that time all my life now seems to have become crowded. I never stopped to question your actions. It seemed as if there was no need of asking for vows, they would denote a commencement of love. I wanted it to be as if we had loved forever." "Very well," she said, "let it be so; no vows, no commencement. You see I agree with you perfectly." "No, I will not have it so, he cried, trying to take her hand. "As you please," she laughed, shrugging her shoulders. "I can pick my way through this bog without help." "I hope I am not wanting in gentle behavior, but before I or you stir a step further," he said, stepping in front of her and barring the way, "I want a simple answer to a simple question--plain 'yes' or 'no.' Do you love me, Madge?" "If I cannot say 'yes,' perhaps I cannot say 'no.' I think friendship does not justify an abrupt 'no.' I--" "I don't want equivocation," he broke in. "If you loved, eyes, lips, voice, acts, all would blend into 'yes.' It must be 'yes' or 'no,' I say." Madge had never met any man so masterful. But she answered, nevertheless, "Then, 'no,' since you force me to be un ladylike." "I do not ask you to be un ladylike. I do not say you are. I asked you for your love. It was a straightforward question. My arm, Miss Barron." And thus walking, assisting her over every trifling inequality of ground, they went on to the villa. Miss Barron was exceedingly gay that evening. Lindhurst loved her! Of course, she was not going into any proxy engagement. She could not hedge herself in by marriage. But they could live the delightful life they had lived this last three weeks always. He had nothing in particular to do. Why could he not, when they should return to London, visit her every day? She could, she thought, flirt all the same, when he was not by; and his attentions, therefore, would be just so much gained. Her life was not to be altered an iota. She did not profess to love the man. He must not, however, scatter his attentions. He must concentrate all his admiration on her. But toward the close of the evening, when Madge found he had not sought her once, a shadow of a thought passed through her mind that perhaps he was not a poodle-dog, after all, to be led about in this way by a string. She had sung, thinking to bring him to her side, but he had lounged away--a thing he had never done before--when she was at the piano. She had taken a garden stroll with a rival, Mr. Oakley, and Lindhurst had carelessly drawn up his outstretched legs, as he sat lazily on the veranda steps, to let them pass down, without other notice of their presence. He had, she decided, fairly ill-treated her, a lady, and she would not tolerate rudeness. She would teach him what was due to her. But days passed. A week wore on. She found no possible chance to visit her anger on him. He never joined her. He was always civil and well-bred, but that was all. She was downright perplexed. She scarcely ever met him, even at table, much less of an evening. He went fishing by sunrise, rode on horseback half the day, and at night asked the gentlemen up to his chamber; the ladies, sitting lonely in the parlor, heard through the open windows, laughter ring out and gay songs being sung. It was getting maddening. One evening Madge curled herself up on a sofa and looked at the matter seriously. She must outgeneral him. But how? She had tried hauteur, and it had signally failed. Now she would try a dash of "giving in," even though it hurt her so to do. She would plant herself on the old footing. Just then Lindhurst stepped into the room, cautiously at first, as if fearing her presence. She immediately rose to meet him. He did not start, but looked her over from head to foot without a word. She gayly said: "Don't you think your highness is overdoing things a trifle?" Then she lost control of herself, and showed her vexation. "Sing to me," she cried, "walk with me, talk to me, do anything to obliterate this doleful week." "Well, Miss Barron," he answered coolly, "suppose we talk and walk. I'll say, under the stars, what I said under the oaks; and you shall give me a true answer." She looked at him a moment, then fairly blazed. "I never saw such persistence. Thank Heaven! I go home to-morrow, where gentlemen know what is due to a lady, and take 'no' for 'no' without getting sullen. Good night, Mr. Barrington; and good-by. If you ever

consent to be less boorish, persistent, I shall be pleased to see you in town." He watched her out of the room and then sat down to the piano. Miss Barron's first impulse was to seek out the party on the lawn; but, somehow, every face on earth, but one, seemed lame. Then she resolved to go into the library and read; but books were so wearying. "I would play," she said pettishly, "if that pig-headed masculine was not monopolizing the piano." Just at this point she burst into tears. Crying, usually, to Miss Barron, consisted of a couple of tears mopped up by a bit of lace. She had never before thrown herself down, in such limp shape and got into such a thorough tempest of weeping, as now. She was an hour at it. Gradually she got calmer; she sat up, and began to consider what was next best to do. She tried to think of going home as a pleasure soon at hand. Home! What had she there? Only an old aunt, who dozed in a lace cap, with a cup of chocolate at her elbow half the time. The memory of the pleasant days spent here would drive her wild, in that gloomy house. Then she acknowledged that it would be terrible anywhere without--without-- She jumped to her feet. "He will drive me wild," she said, "banging in that way on the piano." "She passed into the hall and looked into the drawing-room, where he sat placidly playing. "Poor fellow!" she thought, "how can I call it obstinacy; it looks like misery written all over his features. And isn't he superb-looking? Why, no one else has ever approached him; and he will be mine if I say it." Suddenly--can you comprehend it?--she walked straight into the parlor and stole up behind him, put her arms about his neck and pressed her cheeks against his. Not a word was said for some moments; but his fingers fell from the keys, his arms dropped listlessly at his sides, his head sunk lower and lower on his breast, and Madge felt a mist gathering in her eyes, a mist of happy tears. "Come out under the stars," she whispered. "I want to say 'yes' to you." "I am answered, Madge," he said, drawing one of her hands over his shoulder and talking with it against his lips. "Let us not mar this moment of surprise and joy by a single word." "Lindhurst, you are provoking as ever. When I would not, I must; now I will, I shall not. I shall have to practice humility, I see, and study my lord's moods. You've played the high hand long enough, and I insist on saying 'yes' in my own way. There, now, if you don't want to speak again in an hour I will rest my face here and dream." "I don't think you will find me a tyrant," he said, kissing her. "But come out, Madge, and let's compare our mutual miseries during the past week." He led her through the open window, holding back the swaying vines for her to pass. There, arm and arm, under the stars, let us leave them.

CRASHING THROUGH A BRIDGE.

A Railroad Train in Connection, Breaking Through a Bridge--Many Killed and Wounded.

The recent railroad accident near Hartford, Conn., by which over thirteen persons were killed and fifty wounded, is described as follows: The special which left Hartford at nine o'clock p. m., had two heavy engines and eleven cars, containing about six hundred passengers. It passed through Tariffville at ten o'clock, and two minutes later a terrific crash was heard in the direction of the Farmington river. But one explanation was probable--the train had gone through the bridge. White-faced men, hurrying back into the town a few minutes later, announced the catastrophe and aroused the citizens to hasten to the rescue. "Both engines and four cars filled with passengers are in the river," they cried, "and strong and willing arms are wanted." The news was telegraphed to Hartford and Winsted, with calls for wrecking trains and surgical aid, and the people hastily dressed and hurried in the piercingly cold wind to the bridge. The entire western span was a wreck, together with four passenger cars, the other seven remaining safe upon the other span. The leading engine was upside down upon the river bank; its companion upon its side, half buried in shattered beams and twisted iron work. The baggage car (which had been occupied by passengers) was a dismantled wreck, and having broken through the ice had nearly filled with water. Next to it was the first passenger car, also sunk and shattered to pieces, while the second and third rested their forward ends against it with bodies tilted to a sharp angle and the rear ends resting against the center pier. The remaining cars, striking against these, had kept upon the track. The passengers in the second and third cars had been tumbled rudely together in the lower ends, and bruised and jammed by their fellows, were struggling to gain the open air, fearing the firing of the cars from lamps and stoves. Another and a greater danger presented itself to the occupants of the first passenger and baggage cars, which, sinking to the bottom of the river gradually, let in a flood of icy water waist deep. Assistance arrived none too soon. The passengers were rescued, many uninjured, more badly bruised or cut. From the torn front of the first passenger car, and through the broken roof of the baggage-car, one after another was taken out, many of them wet through and suffering intensely in the wind, the thermometer being far below the freezing point. These unfortunates were wrapped in overcoats stripped from the shoulders of their rescuers and carried to the uninjured cars. The wounded, numbering thirty or more, were taken to the same comfortable quarters, drawn upon rude sleds devised for the occasion. Two hours of hard work sufficed for the saving of all who were living. Then search was begun for the dead, reported in the excitement of the moment to be fifty or more, for it did not seem possible that many of the occupants of the baggage and first passenger cars could have escaped. Yet these apprehensions, happily, were ill-founded. The corpses found were placed in a car, and the train was then pushed into the village, car by car, by the men at the work. Medical attendance was obtained, the people of Tariffville threw open their houses to the sufferers, and soon afterwards relief trains arrived from Hartford and Winsted with physicians and men to help the villagers. After the badly wounded had received attention, the excursionists resumed their homeward journey via Hartford, Plainville and the Canal road to its junction with the Connecticut Western line, beyond the broken bridge.

Items of Interest.

"I'm getting fat," as the thief said when he was stealinglard. The country population of California is only equal to the population of San Francisco. The mayor of Jackson, Miss., gives tramps situations on the chain gang cleaning the streets. 'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour We've seen our fondest hopes decay-- The fire went out, the batter's sour-- We can't have buckwheat cakes to-day. The figure of Liberty was first introduced on dimes and half dimes in 1836, but the circle of stars did not appear till 1838. A man in Ohio is having a house hewn out of solid rock, the material being cut away so as to leave the walls, roof and floor all of the one piece. Captain James B. Eades is the most successful dentist in the business. He has received half a million dollars for clearing the mouth of the Mississippi. Last year a Chicago dealer failed, among his assets being \$600 worth of ice. The marshal kept watch over the estate till it melted away and then brought in a bill for \$674 for doing so. There is some foundation for the vampire legends after all. Crooks, an English engineer, while surveying the Isthmus of Darien, had his blood sucked during sleep by a vampire bat, and died from the consequent exhaustion. In a store at Mendota, Ill., a town of six thousand inhabitants, there met by accident the other day six men over six feet four inches high, the average height being within a hardly appreciable fraction of six feet five and the average weight 235 pounds. It is noted that probably the oldest settler in California is Peter Storm, who arrived in the Golden State in '33. He was the maker of the famous "bear flag" of Sonoma, when 1844, the citizens of that place declared that California should be an independent State. A man was recently convicted in southern Germany of murdering one of a family and attempting to poison four others. The judge naturally thought that such a heinous crime should be punished with more than usual severity, and so sentenced the murderer to death and fifteen years' imprisonment. Mr. Marshall, the first discoverer of gold in California, still lives in Coloma, in that State. In this place he made his great discovery thirty years ago, and has remained there ever since. He made a fortune in mining, but has spent nearly all of it, and is now a comfortable cultivator of grapes. "I'll bet I make him break in a week," said a Troy (N. Y.) youth when a companion, urged by his betrothed, took the place at a public temperance meeting. The effort was successful, and when the young man came to his senses he was so much mortified that he went upon a spree which ended with his death in a few days. LAUGHTER. Laughter 'tis the poor man's plaster, Covering up each sad disaster. Laughing, he frowns 'tis troubles, Which though long hid, seem to bubble. Laughter 'tis a seal of nature, Stamped upon the human creature. Laughter, who her loud or mute, Tells the human kind from brute. Laughter 'tis Hope's ev'ning voice Bidding us to make our choice, And to call for us th'airy lewes, Leaving th'us and taking flowers. Captain L'Angiers, of the Danish vessel L'nterfeld, communicates to a Copenhagen paper an interesting account of a novel experience which occurred on December 10, 1876, while on a voyage to Valparaiso. The vessel was at this time in the neighborhood of Terra del Fuego, about 140 miles from Magellan's straits, when early in the morning it narrowly escaped collision with an island where no trace of land appeared on the charts. The vessel hove to until daylight, when the cap-proceeded with a boat's crew to the new island, which had gradually diminished in size since the first observation. Around the conical rocky mass the water was hissing, and although no smoke appeared, it was found to be too highly heated to permit of landing. The sinking continued slowly, until at eight o'clock the island was completely submerged, and an hour later the vessel passed over the spot where it had disappeared. This volcanic island is probably due to the same causes which have produced the recent severe earthquakes on the west coast of South America. Injuriousness of High-Heeled Shoes. Dr. Carbally says: "In descending stairs or deep declivities while wearing high-heeled shoes, which throw the weight of the body upon the front part of the foot, the extra effort made for the purpose of retaining the body within the centre of gravity produces a direct strain upon these tendons, causing rupture or stretching of the annular ligament sufficient to allow them to be displaced. It is no wonder, then, that fashionable women waddle in a most ungraceful manner when they attempt to walk. They destroy their comfort to follow a ridiculous fashion, and acquire an ambling and undignified movement. People do things to follow fashion that their good sense would cause them to be ashamed of under any other circumstances. Ladies wearing such shoes are often obliged for safety, to go down stairs backward; and they can be seen every day descending the steps of fashionable residences in this manner, making pretence of talking to imaginary persons in the front of the house, to excuse to their admirers their gait."