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William Francis Bartlett. Oh well may Essex sit forlorn Beside her sea-blown shore; Her well-beloved, her noblest born Is hers in life no more. If early from the mother's side Her favorite child went forth, Her pride so amply justified Is in a hero's birth. No lapse of years can render less Her memory's sacred claim; No fountain of forgetfulness Can wet the lips of fame. A grief alike to wound and heal, A thought to soothe and pain, The sad sweet pride that mothers feel To her must still remain. Good men and true she has not lacked, And brave men yet shall be; The perfect flower, the crowning fact, Of all her years was he! As Galahad pure, as Merlin sage, What worthier knight was found To grace in Arthur's golden age The fabled Table Round? A voice, the battle's trumpet-note, To welcome and restore; A hand, that all unwilling smote, To heal and build once more! A soul of fire, a tender heart, Too warm for hate, he knew The generous victor's grateful part, To sheathe the sword he drew. The more than Sidney of our day, Above the sin and wrong Of evil strife, he heard away The angel's Advent song! When Earth, as if on evil dreams, Looks back upon her wars, And the white light of Christ outstreams From the red disk of Mars, His fame, who led the stormy van Of battle well may cease, But never that which crowns the man Whose victory was Peace. Mourn, Essex, on thy sea-blown shore Thy beautiful and brave, Whose falling hand the olive bore, Whose dying lips forgave! Let age lament the youthful chief, And tender eyes be dim; The tears are more of joy than grief That fall for one so kind! —J. G. Whittier in Atlantic Monthly.

Maud Pennyfeather's Ambition.

It was an exhilarating spectacle that the people of Chepachet beheld one January afternoon; the picture of a grown man pulling and tugging a small boy along Main street. The man was Mr. John Denike; the boy, Terry McGuire. Of the ludicrousness of the scene Mr. Denike was not unconscious. His face was red, and wore an expression of mingled vindictiveness and shame. To add to his discomfiture, a young lady, coming in an opposite direction, checked her steps as she observed his plight, and then stopped in his way. The boy promptly began to howl. "Oh, Miss Pennyfeather!" he piteously cried, "he's taking me to the jug." "Why, Terry!" she exclaimed in a tone of reproach, "what is the matter?" Denike had stopped, but still held the boy, who was crying with all his might and main. The lady looked inquiringly from Terry to the gentleman. The latter bowed, acknowledging the implied question. "The boy has been trying to pick my pockets," he said; "and I'm going to make an example of him." Then he added, "Are you particularly interested in him?" "He is one of my Sunday school scholars," she said, quietly. John Denike shrugged his shoulders, and the girl saw and resented the motion. "You mean he doesn't do credit to my teaching," she said, hotly; "I don't suppose he does. I have him just one hour in the week. You expect that I should offset that against the one hundred and sixty-seven, when he is under other influences." John felt uncomfortable. This emphatic young person was certainly not afraid to speak her mind. He looked down at the boy. "Will you ever steal anything again?" he asked. The child could hardly speak through his tears. "No, I won't," he cried, "if you'll let me go." John loosed his hold, and the boy did not wait for permission. In a breath he was around the corner and out of sight. The young lady bowed gravely. "Thank you very much," she said. John stepped aside, raised his hat, and in a moment she too was gone. He half smiled to himself as he went on his way. Indeed he was rather relieved. It had been an episode, and the girl was certainly bright and pretty. He put his hand in his pocket and drew it out with an air of satisfaction. The handkerchief was there. It occurred to him that he might also confirm the safety of his pocket-book. He felt in the opposite pocket—and felt in vain. The pocket-book was gone. He stopped short in the street and ground his teeth. I am afraid his thoughts were not strictly evangelical. "The little beast!" he exclaimed with angry emphasis. "There was at least thirty dollars in it—and Nellie's picture, beside!" and then regretting his folly in letting the boy go, and wondering if it would be any use to seek the police, he turned slowly toward his home.

Miss Pennyfeather, as she went on her way, was scarcely less disgusted than Denike himself, without knowing as yet the depth of Terry's turpitude. She could not deny that his conduct was the saddest kind of commentary on her teaching. Fancy her added annoyance, when on going to Sunday school the next day, she detected Terry McGuire exhibiting to the other boys a pocket-book which she knew could not be his, and which, under compulsion, he tearfully confessed to have stolen from the gentleman the day before. Miss Pennyfeather appropriated the pocket-book. There were papers in it, a photograph of a wonderfully pretty girl, but not a cent of money. "Where is the money, Terry?" she asked, imperatively. The boy blubbered. He knew Miss Pennyfeather too well to attempt any denial. "I took it out," he cried. "How much was it?" "Do no," sullenly. "Yes you do, Terry," emphatically. There was a minute's silence. "Come, Terry, you might as well tell me." Another pause. "Terry McGuire!" The boy fairly jumped. "There was five dollars," he stammered. "Any more?" "There was ten dollars in another place." "How much more, Terry?" The boy looked up at Miss Pennyfeather and learned from her expression the uselessness of deceit. "There was a place inside," he growled, in a barely audible tone, "as had seventeen dollars and a half in it." Miss Pennyfeather went over the items in her mind. "That makes thirty-two dollars and a half," she said. "Now, Terry McGuire, give that money to me." And Terry, with another side look at his determined teacher, extracted it from his pocket and did as he was told. The sun was correct. Miss Pennyfeather restored it to the pocket-book, and looked Terry severely in the eyes. "For next Sunday's lesson," she said, "you will learn the eighth commandment." "I know it already," growled Terry; "I've taught it to us last Sunday." "So she had." And Miss Pennyfeather felt all the more discouraged. For two days John Denike carried resentment in his heart. He went so far, indeed, as to hold the girl altogether responsible for his misfortune. "If she had taught the boy not to steal"—this was his argument—"I shouldn't have lost Nellie's picture." So on Monday afternoon, when he met her again at almost the same spot, he looked across the street, and would have passed on, but that she put herself again directly in his way. "Excuse me," she began, her face all aglow with a sense of her disagreeable position; "but I came this way on purpose to meet you." John bowed. "Frank," he thought, "perhaps the girl interpreted his reflection, for the color deepened on her face as she continued: "I was very much grieved, yesterday, to find that you had lost your pocket-book. I am glad to be able to restore it to you," and with the words she placed the article in his hand. "Will you please see if the contents are right," she added. He opened it mechanically, glanced at the picture, and seemed to draw a satisfied breath. "I dare say it's all right," he said. "Will you please count the money?" Here was certainly a very positive young lady. John did as he was required. "Is it right?" she asked. "Oh yes," he hurriedly said, "quite right," and then, after a second's pause—"quite right. I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you. It didn't make so much difference about the money, but I should have hated to lose the picture." What did Miss Pennyfeather care about the picture? "Oh certainly," she said in an indifferent way, and moved a little apart as though on the point of leaving him. "Are you walking up Main street?" he asked. Miss Pennyfeather bowed. "And I may accompany you?" "If you want to." "Perhaps I ought to introduce myself. My name is Denike—John Denike." Miss Pennyfeather bowed again. She had heard of Mr. Denike, and knew him to be a member of the General Assembly, but of course, she did not say so. "Probably Mr. Denike was now on his way from the State House," she remarked, in a quiet way. John Denike was now entirely reconciled. "You will pardon me," he said, after a moment, while they walked along together, "for any implied reflection in my manner on Saturday." "Of course I will," she said, calmly. "It was the most natural thing in the world. There isn't a man in Chepachet who wouldn't have expressed the same thought, and if the boy, Mr. Denike, grows up to be hung, some one will write his obituary and say: 'In early life he went to Sunday school and enjoyed religious instructions of Miss Maud Pennyfeather. If Miss Pennyfeather had done her duty by her scholar, would Terry McGuire now be in a felon's grave?'" The girl's cheeks were flushed and her voice had a severe tone. "Excuse me, Miss Pennyfeather,"

said Denike, gravely; "I think you overrate your own responsibility." She shook her head and looked him earnestly in the face. "But somebody is responsible, Mr. Denike; if not I, who is? There are hundreds of such children in Chepachet. They don't go to school. I'm a public school teacher, and there aren't half a dozen of that sort in the village. They won't come; the principal doesn't want them, if they would. In Sunday school, my class is the only one of the kind, and that wouldn't be there, if I hadn't gone out and picked it up myself. The superintendent doesn't like ragged, barefooted boys. He draws the line of exclusion just beyond shoes and stockings. But these boys have souls, Mr. Denike; and they'll surely go to ruin, unless they are taught, not only for an hour on Sunday, but six days in the week. If the responsibility isn't mine, does it rest on the church? or on the school board? or on the legislature, Mr. Denike? After all, aren't you somewhat responsible yourself?" By this time she had stopped in front of a house, and was resting her hand on the railing of the stoop. "This is your home?" he said, inquiringly, without having answered her last question. "Yes," she replied; "I live here with my mother." "And may I not call to see you, some time?" Miss Pennyfeather hesitated—he was certainly a very recent acquaintance, but he promised to be a pleasant one. To be sure he was interested in another girl, but that need make no difference, except as it might define more clearly their own relations. Miss Pennyfeather began to feel quite a friendly interest in the pretty face which Mr. Denike carried in his pocket. So she only said, with a half smile, in almost the same words she had used before: "Why, yes, if you want to." Denike bowed. "Let me answer your question," he said, "before I go. Of course I share the responsibility with every one else who legislates for the people. But the problem is a difficult one. Maybe you have some proposition," as he noted her more eager expression. The girl gave a little low laugh, perhaps half ashamed of her excitement. "Yes, I have, Mr. Denike," she said; "indeed it's my hobby. Whenever I get hold of people who have influence, I bore them with it until their lives become a burden. My notion is to start here in Chepachet an industrial school, under the school board, where vagrant children can be brought in and taught some useful trade. It's my highest ambition, Mr. Denike, to have the charge of a school like that." Her eye kindled and her face glowed with the words. John Denike, as he looked at her, forgot for a moment the fact in his pocket-book, and thought he had never seen a much prettier picture. "Indeed, Miss Pennyfeather," he said, as though protesting against her suggestion that he was bored, "I am very much interested. And I'd like to talk the matter over with you. Perhaps I can do something in the way of legislation. May I come soon and continue the conversation?" Miss Pennyfeather nodded "Yes," and bade him good-by. Then the door opened and shut, and Denike was left alone. But the thought of Miss Pennyfeather's bright expression and the echo of her fresh, ringing voice lingered with him all the way home. Three months after that, the school board of Chepachet found itself in a great quandary. It was seriously proposed—indeed it had become a law—that in Chepachet, education should be made compulsory. More than this, for the vagrant class and for children of poor parents an industrial school was to be provided. The question that concerned the board was not so much who had engineered the innovation, as whom they should appoint as principal. "Properly," said old Mr. Gallup, who was the senior member of the board and very slow of speech, "the place belongs to Miss Williams." "But Miss Fairfield is very highly recommended," put in Deacon Orwig. "She is very young," remarked Mr. Bishnell, who was himself verging on eighty. "Well, after all," declared Elder Knox, "it amounts to about this: Denike has more interest in this thing than anybody else. He wants Miss Pennyfeather, and she ought to be appointed." And that settled it. In all her life Maud Pennyfeather had never passed a happier time than those three months. Never, indeed, had months passed so quickly. In her relations with Mr. Denike the industrial school had, from the very first, been a topic of absorbing interest. The legislation affecting it was drawn in Mrs. Pennyfeather's neat little parlor, and all the details were there arranged from evening to evening between the two conspirators. Having a secret of this profound and important character, their friendship became peculiarly intimate and informal. Had it not been for the picture in Mr. Denike's pocket-book, Maud might have imagined there was some purpose in his attentions. But of course the fact of the picture left Maud no reason to infer anything of the kind. And, strange to say, while she fancied she was glad of this, she more than once found herself entertaining a feeling of positive resentment against the pretty original, and a vindictive desire to abstract the picture and tear it up. It is only fair, though, to say that Maud, when she recognized these improper sentiments, would blush with shame and vexation and crowd them down in the heart. It used to annoy the girl; in-

deed, she could only hardly account for it, that when she first knew Mr. Denike she was quite unembarrassed in his presence, but that now, when she went down stairs to meet him, it would be with a flush upon her cheek, and tremor in her voice. Try as she might, she could not regain the composure of their earlier acquaintance. She hoped it escaped his attention. Perhaps it did. That she was being urged for the position of principal of the new enterprise, she was quite unaware. The evening of the committee's decision, Denike found her in her parlor. "You remember you told me once," he said, when both were seated, "that it was your highest ambition to have charge of such a school as ours." Maud nodded, and looked at him—with a question in the look. "The opportunity isn't fallen to me," he went on gravely, "of gratifying your ambition." The color went away all at once from her face. She did not say a word. "The School Board, Miss Pennyfeather, have concluded to offer you the appointment as principal of the new school. This letter," and he handed her the envelope, "contains the official announcement." The girl took it mechanically, holding it unopened in her hand. "I have great pleasure in congratulating you," he continued. "To attain one's ambition, Miss Pennyfeather, ought to be an occasion for congratulation—ought it not?" She looked up at his question—then dropped her eyes nervously. "Thank you," she said. It was all she could say. This, then, was the end of it all. To be sure, it was the end Maud had wished. Three months ago, she had no dearer desire. Had anything taken its place? Was Maud deceived about herself after all, and did she have no ambition dearer than that? And so Maud woke up—to find the thing that had seemed best to her now within her reach, but stale and unprofitable; the thing for which she hadn't cared out of her reach, but of all things in the world the most to be desired. And yet she could not complain. Mr. Denike had only taken her at her word, and interested himself in a friendly way, to her to realize her aspirations. Now he would go off and marry the girl in the picture, whom, by this time, Maud absolutely hated; and she would be left to teach an industrial school to the end of her days. But she never would let Mr. Denike know how it pained her—never. So she forced back the tears, and steadied her voice, and said, in a low, quiet tone: "Thank you very much, Mr. Denike; you have been very kind." His own voice seemed to tremble a little when he spoke. "But I'm going to offer you an alternative," he said. Maud looked up. She was quite indifferent now to what he might say. "I want to know," he continued, "if that still remains your highest ambition—or, if, as people sometimes do, you may have changed it." Maud gazed at him with open eyes, quite uncertain what he meant. Was he going to offer her some other position? It was all one to her which she took. "I may be asking you to give up a good deal," he went on, without waiting for her reply; "indeed, it strikes me as rather impertinent on my part, knowing how strongly you've set your heart on this thing, but I must take my chance. I want to ask you, Miss Maud, before you conclude to settle down in life as a teacher, if you won't consider the idea of becoming my wife." Mr. Denike did not get any further than that. If he intended to, he was summarily cut short. For Maud making a vain effort to control herself, at length gave way, and, leaning back against the sofa, cried as though her heart would break. Happily, Mrs. Pennyfeather was out, and there was no risk of interruption. John waited until the tears were checked, very well persuaded as to their meaning, and hardly certain what to say. "I didn't mean to grieve you"—he began. But she put up her hand deprecatingly. "I know—I know," she said in a broken voice. "Of course it was impertinent in me," he went on, now saying with himself, "I ought to have known your character better. You are not the kind of girl to change." She covered her face with her hands. "Oh, I am!" she cried. "I am! You do not know what my character is. There isn't a more vacillating girl in the world. And I've lost every bit of interest in the school." He grasped her hands and drew them away from the crimson, tear-stained face. "Have you transferred it to me?" he demanded. But Maud did not speak, and he was contented to take her silence for an answer. After a while, when she had regained her composure to a tolerable degree, a thought came to her that sent the blood all out of her cheeks. How could she have forgotten it? She drew away from him and looked up into his face with a frightened glance. "But the picture"—she stammered. "What picture?" in a perplexed tone. "Why, the picture in your pocket-book." John Denike leaned back and laughed. "You poor child," said he, "how you been making a big mistake of that? Well, it's only my sister Nellie's! She's

a missionary's wife, and lives in the Feejee Islands. I was anxious about it, because it would be hard for me to get another one." And so that cloud drifted away. And if it had not been for Terry McGuire I believe Maud would have been supremely happy. Somehow or other the boy learned the news, and took upon himself the task of reproaching his teacher. "I introduced you to 'im," he complained, "and now yer've went back on me." Whether she had or not, Maud could not satisfactorily settle with herself. In the contentment of her new experience, this was almost the only disquieting element. "You must have a dreadful poor opinion of me," she said, plaintively, one day, to Mr. Denike. "Why?" he asked, with unaffected surprise. "Because I've let my ambition be so easily upset." John smiled indulgently. "Not upset, dear," said he, "only diverted." And to this view of the case Maud not unwillingly consented. Fashion Notes. New grenadines are varied in design. The new shade hat is called the "Harvest." "Czar" green is a new shade of this fashionable color. Spanish colors—old gold, yellow and black—are in fashion. Rose color is worn by the first bridesmaid when several attend. Chenille embroidery is much used at present, and is very pretty. A new ribbon is called metal ribbon, and is seemingly woven of metal. Satin may be truly called the favorite trimming for hats and bonnets. With the spring hats are shown the ever pretty Derby and the English walking-hat. The old-time fashion of slashing dresses and inserting material of another color is revived. New silks are in stripes and checks and all the beautiful combination of colors so much in vogue this season. Transparent sleeves are so fashionable that grenadine sleeves will be made this summer without lining. Rustic pocket-books are new and odd; the sides are formed of sprigs of wood, and the clasp is of silver. Card-receivers of Russia leather, with bouquets of flowers painted in the center, are new and pretty. A whim of fashion just at present requires that you must possess your own likeness on fans, bracelets and lockets. The squarer the neck the higher the shoulder strap, and the shorter the sleeves, the more fashionable is the ball-dress. Evening dresses are given an antique appearance by using the Medici frills in the arm-holes and around the neck. Rich Indian colors are seen in all the new spring gowns; in percales and cambrics as well as in the more expensive materials. A new style of note paper is in the shape of a card, in the left corner of which is an open fan, each stick having a letter on, which together spell the day of the week. Fashionable ladies are reviving the old custom of piecing quilts. But instead of calico and delaine, which their grandmothers used, they employ silk and velvet. A Disastrous Cloud Burst. A cloud burst struck the town of Camanche, California, one Sunday afternoon not long ago, causing the death of ten Chinese. A correspondent of the Stockton Independent says: Four funnel-shaped clouds, dark as night, apparently about 500 yards apart, with their apex trailing the ground, were observed passing in a northeasterly direction, and it was apparent that there was a very heavy precipitation of rain. Soon the slopes of the hills were covered with torrents of water, which carried with it brush fences, and even rocks, to the gulches below. In a few minutes Camanche creek, already carrying its maximum of water, was vastly increased in volume, so as to overspread the flats on either side, and fences, hen-coops and the litter about the houses in Chinatown began to move. While I was speculating upon the area of water-way it would require to pass this amount of water beneath the aqueduct to be constructed across Camanche creek by the Mokelumne Ditch and Irrigation Company, we were startled by a horseman, who rapidly rode into town shouting that the reservoir had broken. Almost at the same time a bank of murky water several feet in height, bearing brush, fences, debris of all kinds, cattle, horse and pigs, was hurled forward with fearful momentum. As it struck Chinatown, built on the creek, the low, shabby tenements gave way with a crash. A Chinaman, with his wife and child, who had mounted the roof, were borne past, vainly appealing for aid it was impossible to give. In a few minutes another house yielded to the mad torrent. As it fell and parted, I had a momentary glimpse of its half dozen inmates, including a woman and her new-born babe, when the roof closed down, burying all beneath the flood; only one man arose to clamber upon the roof, where he retained his position until out of sight. He was finally rescued by seizing a bush and dragging himself out.

The Young Widow. She is modest, but not bashful. Free and easy, but not bold; Like an apple, ripe and mellow, Not too young and not too old; Half inviting, half repulsive. Now advancing, and now shy— There is mischief in her dimple, There is danger in her eye. She has studied human nature: She is schooled in all her arts; She has taken her diplomas As the mistress of all hearts. She can tell the very moment When to sigh and when to smile; Oh, a maid is sometimes charming, But a widow all the while. Are you sad? How very serious Will her handsome face become! Are you angry? She is wretched, Lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb! Are you mirthful? How her laughter, Silver sounding, will ring out! She can lure and catch and play you, As the angler does the trout. Ye old bachelors of forty, Who have grown so bold and wise, Young Americans of twenty, With the love-looks in your eyes, You may practice all the lessons Taught by Cupid since the fall, But I know a little widow Who could win and fool you all. Items of Interest. Hens are often set in their ways. New Albany, Ind., has five female barbers. It seems to Turkey like the day after Thanksgiving. The "gum" used on postage stamps is a potato starch. An ably, according to the French, is an angel whose wings decrease as its legs lengthen. A long line of fearful tragedies has led the Kentucky Legislature to pass an act forbidding the carrying of concealed weapons. Come, bilious business men, where'er ye languish, Come to the printer and bring on your ads. Here cure your poverty, here end your anguish, Ink will bring patronage; try it, my ladies. —Rome Sentinel. Mr. Joseph H. Acklin, of Louisiana, is the youngest member of Congress, being only twenty-eight years of age. Some of the Washington correspondents call him the "Apollo Belvidere of the House," and credit him with "one of the most beautiful black curling mustaches ever seen, and a pair of black eyes which are simply indescribable." What a difference it makes in the appearance of things when you come to survey them from a scientific standpoint. Mr. Tyndall says when a man commits murder it is because he hasn't phosphorus enough in his brain. If that's the case, every man who has blood-thirsty feeling should carry matches in his ears. —Cincinnati Breakfast Table. Horseflesh eating, far from declining, has so increased in Paris that last year 10,169 horses, asses and mules were cut up for food. In the capital there are upward of sixty horsemeat shops, besides many in provincial French cities. A comparison of the 10,169 equine animals eaten in 1877, with the 2,192 of 1871, illustrates the steady progress of hippophagy. A stranger who applied at a house in the vicinity of Quebec for some slight favor the other day, was met by an old gentleman eighty-five years of age, who hesitated a moment and then said: "I'll go and ask father." Presently he returned with his father, Paul Leonard, who is asserted to be 107 years old. The latter owns all the property, looks after it, and gives his son orders as to what he is to do, and the son obeys as a dutiful child should. Words of Wisdom. Sow good thoughts and you will reap good actions. Envy is a malady for which the only remedy is work; pleasure is only a palliative. He who has no desire to improve upon his present condition, is usually one who most needs improvement. Adverse criticism is cheaper than noble attempts to improve upon existing models. We could not endure solitude were it not for the powerful companionship of hope or of some unseen one. The great blessings of mankind are within us and within our reach, but we shut our eyes and, like people in the dark, we fall foul upon the very thing we search for without finding it. Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travelers upon their road; they both appear great as a distance, but when we approach them we find that they are far less insurmountable than when we had conceived them. It is resignation and contentment that are best calculated to lead us safely through life. Whoever has not sufficient power to endure privations and even suffering can never feel that he is armor proof against painful emotion—nay, he must attribute to himself, or at least to the morbid sensitiveness of his nature, every disagreeable feeling he may suffer. Among the many arguments, while others have been refuted, this alone remains unshaken, that we ought to be aware of committing injustice rather than of being injured, and that, above all, man ought to study not to appear, but to be so, both privately and publicly.