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The Forest Republican.

VOL. XI. NO. 12. TIONESTA, PA., JUNE 12, 1878. \$2 PER ANNUM.

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The "Rank and File."

O, blow for the Hero a trumpet, Let him lift up his head in the morn; A glory of glories is battle, It is well for the world he was born.

O, grand is the Earth in her progress, In her genius and art and affairs; The glory of glories is progress, Let the great find a joy in their cares.

And when the brief days of this planet Are all ended and numbered and told, And the Lord shall appear in His glory, And shall summon the young and the old,

THE PROPHECY.

"Give me a man who has courage! In my eyes it hides a multitude of sins."

"You are such an enthusiast on that subject, Louise," said Blanche Underwood, as she stood before the mirror in their private parlor and adjusted their ruffles.

"Can't help it if I do. It's my nature to worship that quality—in a man especially—though I admire it in any one. He may be plain looking, but he is glorified forever in my eyes if he displays true courage."

"And you don't think Redmond Clarke has courage?" Blanche said interrogatively, turning to look at the fair, flushed face of her companion.

"No, of course I don't," said the other with renewed animation. "I never saw any of these blonde men show courage—don't believe it's consistent with their natures. If Redmond Clarke ever gains my love he will have to prove himself a man by some unquestionable daring."

"There is moral as well as physical heroism," quietly suggested Blanche. "I don't think my cousin is deficient in the former."

"I want to see them combined," said the impatient beauty. "Physical daring is the outgrowth and seal of moral courage. But we shall have to drop our discussion. Here comes the gentleman himself."

They heard a tread on the stairs, then the door swung open and Redmond Clarke entered. A careless, free-and-easy exterior, a gentlemanly bearing. Undeniably handsome, if one admired the style Louise professed to despise—blonde moustache, indolent-looking eyes, and very brown hair.

"Have you heard the news, ladies?" he asked, as he threw himself, with easy grace into the depths of a comfortable chair, and pushed back his heavy hair from a broad white forehead.

"No, I didn't guess they dealt in such a commodity in this quiet place," said Blanche. "Perhaps it isn't local news," suggested Louise, idly winding some bright worsteds, while Redmond Clarke noticed the contrast between the glowing colors and her snowy fingers.

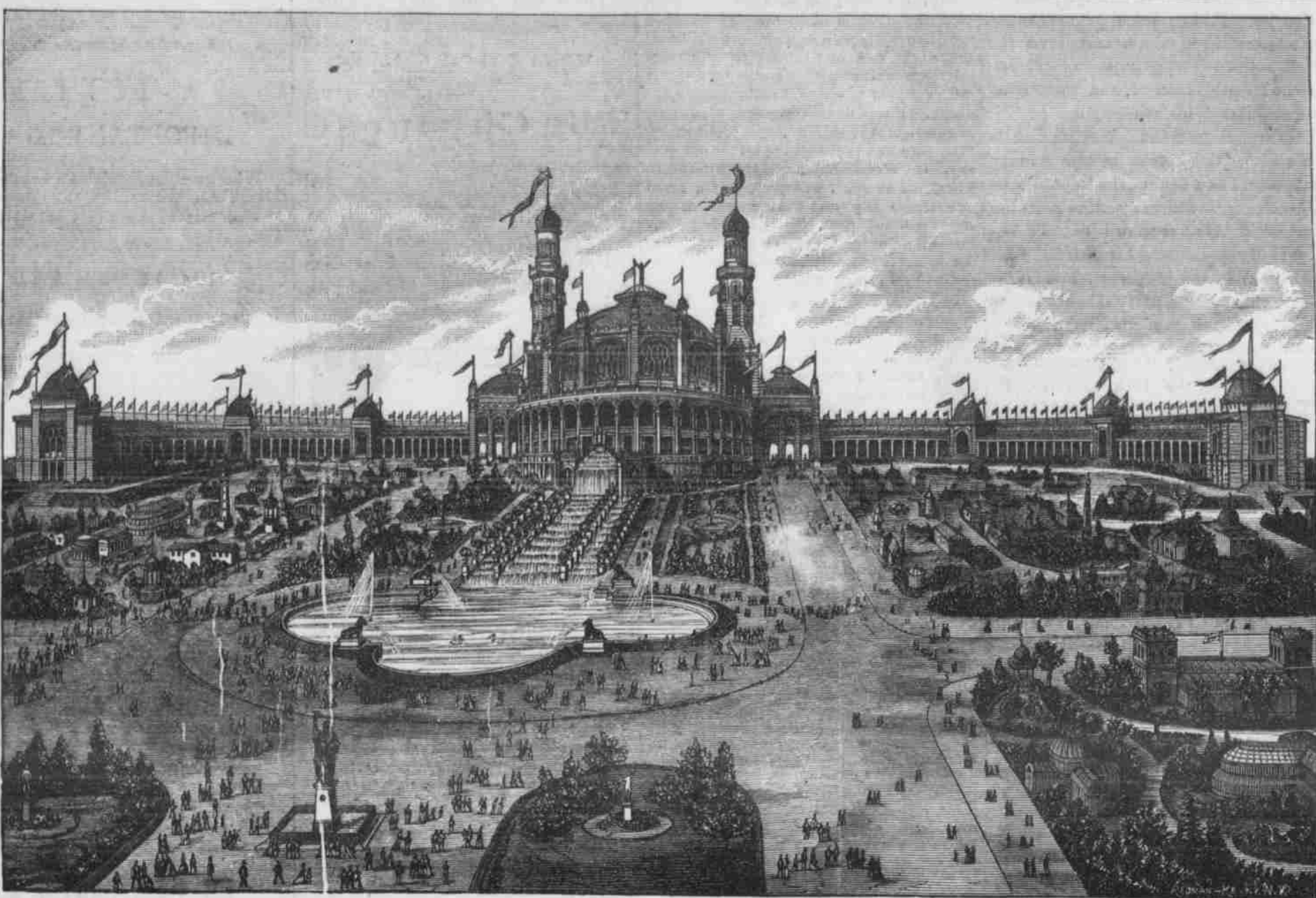
"Yes, it is local news with a vengeance. A prophecy uttered by a seer sixty years ago regarding this town is on the eve of fulfillment."

"Please explain," said both, with growing interest. "To-morrow night this hotel, known as the Cocassett House, and a space of two miles from it, in all directions included, is to sink, and instead of the inhabited village, the morning sun is to rise over a broad expanse of water, which has covered the doomed inhabitants."

"Pshaw!" said Louise, impatiently. "We were unfortunate in our selection of a spot to rusticate," pursued Redmond, watching Louise closely, without seeming to do so. "We came here to escape being bored by fashionable society. If we are swallowed up by the miniature flood aforesaid, society will be rid of us, which would be a loss on both sides."

"Perhaps we had better pack our trunks and leave on the strength of this threatened danger," said Louise, with quiet sarcasm. "Suppose we make a short visit to Ashdale and return—if the place still stands—when the dangerous period has passed," laughed Blanche.

"There's the dinner bell," and the conversation ended somewhat abruptly. The trio descended to the quiet, cool dining-room, and took their seats at the table.



PARIS EXPOSITION BUILDINGS, 1878. PALACE OF THE TROCADERO—RIGHT SIDE OF THE SEINE.

that during the night it had been unfolded to him that a horrid murder had been perpetrated within the walls of the building a short time past, and that, as a curse, all the children afterwards born here should die in infancy. Further, that a new hotel should be erected on the site of the one then standing, in fifty years, and in sixty years the hotel and part of the town should be engulfed, as a further lenthening out of the curse."

"The middle-aged lady looked much impressed. 'All this happened where we now are.' 'Yes, the Cocassett House now stands on the spot where the dire prophecy was uttered, and we now wait anxiously for the final consummation.' 'Have they made allowance in their reckoning for leap year?' flippantly inquired a youth who sat opposite the serious gentleman."

"You should not jest under the shadow of a great calamity," said the first impressively, regarding the youthful unbeliever severely through his glasses; then to the lady—"the traveler was observed to have jet black hair the night before, in the morning it was snowy white."

Part of the people at the table looked serious; part were amused. Among the latter was Redmond. His eyes twinkled with suppressed amusement, but he concealed it. Blanche and Louise had been interested listeners to the narrative, growing somewhat dignified by the discussion at the dinner-table.

"You see how much foundation lies beneath this apparently idle gossip. I believe discretion is the better part of valor on our part." Louise, from under her long lashes, shot a withering glance at the man who loved her, but did not deign an answer. She could not make out this man. She believed that sometimes she half despised him.

"I believe I shall take the stage for Ashdale," announced Redmond the next afternoon, looking at his watch. "Have a little business there to which I wish to attend."

Louise flashed a quick glance from her large dark eyes. "What! going to leave us to take care of ourselves?" said Blanche. "We want you to help buoy us up when the water rises."

"O! I shall return to-night. I have no idea of being absent from such an interesting adventure," he replied. "That is, if I can positively see the gentleman I am seeking just five minutes. Good-afternoon, ladies," and he bowed himself out of the room grace fully.

"There! I am not surprised at this action on the part of Redmond Clarke," said Louise. "He will not come back here to-night. I say, as I have said before, he is a coward."

"Why, Louise, this move of his has nothing to do with the superstitious tale we have just heard. 'I believe it has.' The secret desire to think and believe high and lofty things of his name, drove her to sudden anger at any suspicion of the opposite. 'Whoever knew one of these blue-eyed, blonde-mustached men who had a spark of true courage,' and she looked anything but a feeble character herself as she paced the floor rapidly, her eyes flashing indignantly with the intensity of passion to which she had wrought herself.

his own. He was none of your heroic-looking men." "You will find that Redmond Clarke is not a second Hamilton Belmont. If I could know for a certainty that he ran away from any danger, threatened or real, I should never again allow him to touch even my finger tips. I should feel so humiliated that such a man had ever dared to ask for my love."

"Don't judge too harshly—too hastily," said her friend, gently. "You know that Redmond Clarke and Louise Rand were fitted to make each other happy could the latter have the mists of doubt cleared from her wilful eyes."

Clarke had really intended to return to the Cocassett House as he promised, but the gentleman whom he sought was absent, and the last stage left before his return. Ashdale was a primitive, unambitious town. Its only connection with the great world was the regular stage. Its hills and valleys had never yet echoed with the shrill whistle of the locomotive.

He paced backward and forward on the piazza of the quiet little hotel where he was to pass the night, under the poetic skies of a fine evening, thinking of Louise Rand. Her haughty imperiousness had a charm for him. He smiled to himself as he thought, "She will thoroughly believe now what she suspected when I left her, that I should not return to-night." He was prouder than she. There was a depth beneath that indolent exterior she had not sounded; and because she had doubted him—she whom he loved—he would not deign to inconvenience himself to gain her approval. A man with less inherent haughtiness would have acted differently.

He retired early and was soon in a deep slumber. It did not prove refreshing. A feverish, restless dream wreathed in and out of his brain. He saw Louise suspended over a waste of waters clinging to something that threatened every moment to snap with her weight, and she he engulfed forever. Then the scene shifted, and he saw as plainly as if it were reality the building where he had left her enveloped in flame, and amid the cries of frantic men and women, Louise in her white night robe at a window where the flames were rapidly closing round her, reaching out to him with wild shrieks for help. He woke with the agony of the scene. Perspiration was starting from every pore. He sprang out of the bed and threw up a window. The night was sweet and fair as when he retired, with the added glory of the full moon, in the fuller light of which the stars were paling their modest brightness. Over the fair landscape were flung lengthening, sleeping shadows of tall trees, shrubbery, and homelike cottages in their inclosure.

The scene calmed, sobered him, but did not dissolve the hurried impression of danger. Was his dream a warning? He tried to smile and put it away as the offspring of a diseased imagination. But the vivid horror of the scene stood before his vision with too much of reality, and he turned to dress with quick, nervous haste. The moon shone directly into his room and its light was all-sufficient. He was only four miles from Woodville. He could walk that distance. He could not rest with this horrible impression upon him—something might be even now happening. He let himself out noiselessly at the front door, and commenced a rapid walk. The church clock tolled the hour—twelve. He would reach there in less than an hour.

What if he should find his dream realized? He was a good walker, and the distance between him and Woodville rapidly lessened. As he drew near he began to feel a reaction—indeed, almost inclined to turn back. He came suddenly upon the village, lying serene and lovely under the moonlight. The Cocassett House, to which his gaze was directed, loomed up large and tall among the quiet cottages around, and some stately elms threw their protecting shadows over its white walls.

"Ah! what is that? The horror of the dream is repeated? A broad, angry sheet of flame suddenly bursts from the windows of the east side of the building! It is not far from the room occupied by the two girls."

"Merciful heaven!" burst from his lips. "The fire must have made terrible headway inside!" He rushed up the steps and rang the bell violently, while his voice sounded on the stillness with the most horribly ominous words one can hear in the dead of night, "Fire! Fire!"

The house was aroused in a moment. Partly dressed persons of both sexes rushed wildly along through the halls, while they were filled with suffocating smoke. The fire had the upper hand. There was little time to save aught but precious lives.

Redmond, who had at once opened the door with his latch key, rushed up stairs to the room which his friends occupied, but was horrified to find the passage in flames. "Good God," he groaned, "how shall I rescue them?" He rushed out again and joined the crowd who had collected under Louise's window. No sound issued from the room. Perhaps they were already suffocated. Redmond shouted; no answer. Two men went hastily for a ladder; it would be an eternity before they returned. Meanwhile they were in the very jaws of death! A tall tree rose firm and grand near the window. Redmond flung his coat on the dewy grass and ascended it quickly. How, he could not tell, but he gained a projecting branch, threw up the windows and vaulted into the room. He was a clever gymnast, but in his hours of amusement he never dreamed of this terrible need. The room was full of thick smoke that almost stopped his breath. The girls lay unconscious in a sleep that in a few moments more would be eternal. He caught the first one, and supporting her light form in one arm, with the other he aided his downward descent, and placed the unconscious form in the hands outstretched below. The lurid light showed the still face of Louise. Till then he had not known which one he had rescued, for he had purposed to save both, or die in the attempt. This had been the work of a moment. It was only that of another to reascend, perform again the brave deed, and give to trembling arms the other unconscious form.

Redmond Clarke had a large reserve power in his organization; but his real strength, physically, was far from enormous. The need for the exercise of his tremendous will being over, he tottered and fell insensible a few rods from the spot where the two girls lay on some bedding that had been thrown out from the burning house.

Kind neighbors were making preparations for the removal and accommodation of the sufferers. Louise, under the reviving influence of the night air, gasped once or twice, and then slowly unclosed her eyes. She looked around on the burning building and the dis-

ordered scene with a strange, unreal sensation. She rose slowly to a sitting position, and saw Redmond lying still as death on the dewy greensward. The flames leaped and roared, and the harmless silvery moonlight paled before their lurid, wrathful gleam.

"How did I come here?" asked Louise, in a dazed, bewildered manner. "You have been carried out of this burning building, unconscious," said a gentleman standing near. "That person," pointing to Redmond; "saved you both. He has not spoken since."

"Redmond Clarke!" she said, half-dreamily. He was not here last night. He went to Ashland to escape the flood," and again sank back unconscious. The three were carried to the same house, and in a few days the girls recovered their usual health. Redmond's recovery was slower. He had not robust health, and the anxiety and extra exertion of that terrible night, coupled with a cold taken while lying on the damp grass threw him into a fever, from which he recovered slowly. The two girls attended him with thankfulness for the privilege to show their gratitude for the service he had rendered.

Blanche magnanimously refrained from reminding Louise of the thoughts to which she had given expression on that memorable day. There was no need. Louise remembered with sharp regret for the injustice. In Redmond's eye she seemed to have developed into a new character; she was so gentle, so womanly. The elixir of life seemed to emanate from her presence. The undercurrent of her thoughts ran thus: "Can I ever admire enough his noble courage?" She wondered how he came there on that night. He had not returned when she retired at a late hour, but the matter had not been mentioned between them. In his weak state the physician forbade the least excitement.

One day she stood looking at him as he seemed to slumber on a low lounge, to which he had been removed from his bed. "I never thought he would prove such a hero," she said, half aloud. "I see now how utterly false are appearances." She touched his forehead lightly with her soft palm, and then was turning to go, but a clasp of his large white hand detained her.

"I have heard your words," he said, looking into her flushed face and unsteady eyes calmly, steadily. "Will you sit a moment beside me?" She obeyed the request. The inherent power of his nature was rising to the surface, and a stronger individual than her own was making itself felt above mere physical weakness.

"Will you say that you love me, Louise?" The question was low, steady and firm. The answer came lower, and with a slight quiver in the tone—"I love you."

"I am not exacting a debt of gratitude. Do you love me of your own sweet will?" She looked at him. A new atmosphere seemed to surround him. He was not to her the Redmond Clarke of old. She reached her other hand for him to clasp. "I don't love you through gratitude. If you had saved the life of my greatest enemy I should have admired and loved you as well."

She was noble in her surrender, as she had been conscious in her doubts. "At last, at last," he said, and with her hand in his he glided into a gentle slumber. Afterwards he told her of his dream

and midnight walk. She was puzzled. "Ah, Redmond, we can truly say with Hamlet, that

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

"Well, we had a fire instead of a flood," said Blanche, who had been gladdened by the turn of affairs. "I suppose we shall have to call that the fulfillment. What did the story mean, anyhow?"

"Half fiction, half truth, like hundreds of other things," said Redmond. "I shall never regret the weeks spent at Woodville—they brought me the happiness of my life."

And his eyes met those of Louise in a tender, happy smile.

PALACE OF THE TROCADERO.

A View and Description of This Imposing Building at the Paris Exposition. Through the courtesy of Demorest's Magazine we are enabled to furnish a handsome engraving of the great Trocadero Palace, which is to remain a permanent memorial of the Paris Exposition. The following description of this magnificent structure is given by a correspondent:

It is circular in form, and it has two stages of covered arched galleries on the outside. Its towers are 230 feet high, and as they stand on about the highest hill in Paris, this gives their summits a very great elevation. They burn electric lights during the Exposition, and the north star will have to look to its laurels within all that part of the valley of the Seine. Niagara may feel less apprehension in regard to the Trocadero cascade, though this is very fine. The water raised from the Seine falls first into a great basin at the foot of the building, and on the summit of the hill. Thence it tumbles down the slope, a first one bound of twenty feet, and afterward by shorter leaps from step to step down a broad staircase of stone built on the model of the cascade at St. Cloud. Finally it makes its way into a lower basin of Jura marble, measuring 164 feet by 230, where it finds comparative repose. Some 50,000 cubic yards of water a day are raised for this fountain alone. So much for the outside of the building. Within, it seats 8,000 people in its concert hall, which is said to be the greatest circular structure in the world. It has a diameter of 164 feet, a circumference of about 500, and a height of 105. The orchestra holds 400 musicians, but it may be enlarged so as to seat 1,200. The organ, forty feet high, is supplied with air by steam machinery. The hall is divided, much as an ordinary theatre, into pit, boxes and amphitheatre, and its amphitheatre alone will seat 4,000 persons. The semicircular galleries branching out from this central hall are at present devoted to a retrospective exhibition of the wonders of every epoch and country, from prehistoric times to the date of the French Revolution.

The Trocadero grounds are by far the finest in the whole Exhibition. They slope down to the river from the summit of the hill, are beautifully laid out and planted, and are ornamented with buildings further illustrative of the national styles. The main walks cut them into four great parts, two lying on the river-bank, two above, immediately to the right and left of the Trocadero fountain. In one of the former parts are the outlying buildings of China, Persia, Tunis, Norway, Sweden, Morocco and Japan.

In another section of the garden on the river-bank are the departments of civil engineering, and the administration of waters, forests and meteorology. Here also is the building of Algeria. In the remaining sections of the grounds to the right and left of the cascades are restaurants and an aquarium, the latter another of the curiosities of the Exhibition. It is built on a colossal scale in rock-work, and has a superficies of about 30,000 square feet. Its two entrances lead to a hall of stalactites, having the crystal tanks for the fish at the sides, and this hall in its turn communicates with two galleries similarly fitted up. The entire structure contains about 130 tanks. The aquarium is subterranean, and has a garden on its rocky roof. The approach to the Trocadero building is by way of the Pont de Jena, which had been covered by a broad level viaduct some three times the width of the original bridge. Along this bridge railway lines have been constructed, so that visitors are conveyed from the Champ de Mars to the summit of the Trocadero by the horse-cars.

Continuing the Show.

Everybody has heard the old story of the silent man who, riding over a bridge, asked his servant if he liked eggs, to which the servant answered yes. Nothing more passed till the next year when, riding over the same bridge, he turned to his servant and said: "How?" "Poached, sir," was the immediate answer. This story has just been thrown into the shade in Italy. When Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, A. D. 79, a theatrical representation, as everybody knows, was going on in the Amphitheater. A certain Langini having got permission to open a theater on the ruins of the ancient city announced the opening night in the following advertisement:

"After a lapse of more than eighteen hundred years the theater of this city will be reopened with 'La Figlia del Reggimento.' I solicit a continuance of the favor bestowed on my predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius, and I assure the public that I shall make every effort to equal the rare qualities played during his management."

Afterwards he told her of his dream