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Husband and Wife.

MY HUSBAND. Who in my youth said, "Dearest, come, Forsake your precious childhood's home, And with me o'er the wide world roam?" My husband. Who gently led me in the way, And caused my heart to bless the day That took me from my home away? My husband. Who at first sounding of alarm, Would fold round me his loving arm, To shield me from impending harm? My husband. Who at first token of distress, Exhibited by restlessness, Oft soothes me by his fond caress? My husband. Who, if long, watchful nights there be, When sleep—sweet sleep—won't come to me, Will keep awake for company? My husband. Who, when I, with each nerve unstrung, Next morn' move round my cares among, If I should fret, would "hold his tongue?" My husband. When, if in haste, to mar our bliss One word is thoughtless said amiss, Who asks forgiveness with a kiss? My husband. Who through all changing scenes of life, The bright, the dark, the peace, the strife, Would call me naught but "precious wife?" My husband. When on the couch of suffering laid, With throbbing pulse and aching head, Who anxious watches round my bed? My husband. Who, when of kindred dear bereft, And my sad heart in twain is cleft, Proves that my dearest friend is left? My husband. When overwhelmed with grief and fears, And through the gloom no star appears, Who cheers my heart and wipes my tears? My husband. Who, when I've done with all below, And death's dark waters round me flow, Would fain with me o'er Jordan go? My husband. MY WIFE. IN RESPONSE TO HER STANZAS, "MY HUSBAND." What maiden, in the days of yore, Smote me with most tremendous power, Inflicting pangs unknown before? My wife. Who pitied me in my distress, And, by one simple little "Yes," Changed all my woe to blessedness? My wife. Who did, with look almost divine, My soul in coils of love entwine, And gave her priceless heart for mine? My wife. Who to the altar went with me, Our hearts aglow with ecstasy, And my angel vowed to be? My wife. Who, since I to the altar led My blushing bride, and vows were said, Has naught but blessings round me shed? My wife. Who in our pilgrimage below Has cheered with smiles the passage through, And ever faithful proved and true? My wife. When pressed with sorrow, toil and cares, Who all my grief and trouble shares, And half at least my burden bears? My wife. When tempests rage and billows roll, And human passions spurn control, Who calms the tumult of my soul? My wife. When storms are hushed and skies are bright, And shadows dark are changed to light, Who joys with me in sweet delight? My wife. Who was in youth th'admired of men; But now, at threescore years and ten, Is far more beautiful than then? My wife. As down life's rugged steep I go, With careful, trembling steps and slow, Who clings to me and helps me through? My wife. Who, when my toilsome days are o'er, Will meet me on blest Canaan's shore, And sing with me for evermore? My wife. —Harper's Magazine.

CHARITY AT HOME.

The Forbes girls had been at a reception, and were just stepping into their carriage when they saw Nelly Bigelow coming up the street. "Drive on home, Thomas; we will walk. Oh, Nelly!—such an age since we saw you! You must go shopping with us!" The three had been school-girls together, and had never forgotten their old friendships, although now they seldom met. Jenny and Dora Forbes were leaders in a fashionable circle of society, while Nelly was a teacher in one of the public schools. The delicate silk-and-velvet costumes of the two first contrasted oddly with Nelly's coarse waterproof suit. But the Forbes girls seemed never to think of that, though Nelly, with all her good sense, thought of it, and struggled bravely not to care. At the corner a wretched deformed lad tried to sell them some papers.

Dora's cheeks flushed and her eyes filled. "You poor child!" she said, handing him some money. "See, girls! this is certainly no impostor." Jenny also gave him some money, but Nelly stood motionless. "Do you think we were deceived? Perhaps you don't approve of giving alms on the street?" they said, eagerly, appealing to her for advice just as when they were at school. "I have no right to an opinion," said Nelly. The sisters exchanged significant glances. "They think it is meanness in me," thought Nelly, bitterly. They went into Sharpless's. Well bought some flannel, taking out a well-filled purse to pay for it. While she still held it, a white-haired old lady, a friend of the Forbeses, approached them. "Ah, girls, just in time to help in a good work! Those poor people burned out last night,—forty families. I have a subscription-paper here; how much will you give?" "Don't put our names down. Just say 'Cash,'" said Jenny; and the warm-hearted, generous girls emptied their purses. "And—your young friend?" said the motherly old lady, glancing at Nelly's full pocket-book. "I cannot make a contribution," she said stiffly. "Not a large one,—we don't ask everybody to give like these dear girls,—but a trifle." "I cannot give anything to-day," said Nelly, turning away. As she walked to the door, she heard Dora say in an indignant whisper,— "Nonsense! nobody is so poor that they can't give something if they choose." There was an embarrassed silence for a few minutes as they walked up the street together. But Dora and Jenny soon forgot the incident, and were as gay and affectionate as before. "What are you going to do to-morrow, Nelly?" said Dora. "It is a legal holiday, and of course your school must be closed. I wish you would come and spend the day with us. We are going to drive out on the Wissahickon in the afternoon, and have tea and a dance in the Sybil boat-house in the evening. The boys are members of the club, you know, and it is their plan. They have been busy decorating the boat-house all the week. Augustine is to furnish the upper, and mamma is to chaperone us. You positively must come, Nell." "There will not be more than a dozen," began Jenny, eagerly, "and no—no dressing," hesitating; "just plain walking-dresses. Say you will come, Nelly." Nelly was only eighteen. And a drive all the afternoon in the park, with a dance, and perhaps Dora's handsome cadet brother as a partner! It was long since she had had any glimpse of pleasure. And then—it would not cost anything. How could she resist? "I think I can go," she said, her eyes sparkling. "I will determine this evening, and send you a note by mail." As the girls left her, she noticed how people glanced at them with a smile of pleasure. With their airy dresses, sweet, innocent faces and light-hearted voices, the dull street brightened as they passed. Nelly was young and pretty as they, yet nobody looked after her with pleasure. "I give nothing away—not even smiles," she thought, as she walked wearily home. In her purse was her quarter's salary. There was not a penny of it which was not appropriated—so much for groceries, so much for the boys' clothes and shoes, not a penny left to give away. The Bigelows were wholly dependent on Nelly's earnings and her father's salary as book-keeper, and the supply was scant. She saw many a poor creature in need of help, and it galled her intolerably that she had nothing to give. "What was it that Dora had said?" she mused, as she walked along. "Nobody so poor that they cannot give something if they choose." The words rung in her ears as she went into the bare little dining-room where the family were seated a supper. It was not a hilarious assemblage. Mr. Bigelow was a thin old man, who talked in monosyllables to his children. His shabby coat was buttoned with an air of impregnable dignity. Nelly remembered as in a dream, that when her mother was alive she had seen him joke and laugh heartily. But since her mother had gone, he had grown lifeless, silent and old. His children, even Nelly, shrank from his cold blue eye. When her mother lived the tea-table had been bright and merry—no matter how poor the fare. Now Thad and Joe were squabbling in whispers over the dry bread and stewed apples, while Alice grumbled outright. "You got your pay to-day, Nell. We might have something better than starvation diet." Nelly winced as if she had been struck. How hopelessly rough and vulgar Alice and the boys were growing! Surely it was not her fault. She worked hard for them all day, and when she came home in the evening with her nervous headache, they betook themselves to the street for companions. "Where are you going to-morrow, boys?" she said, gently. "It is a holiday, you know." "You bet we know!" They nudged each other and giggled. "Big going on to-morrow. Never you mind." "What will you do, Alice?" "Follow the parades, I reckon," tossing her head. Her mother's daughter tramping about the streets in a crowd of half drunken

men! Nelly looked at the boys with a searching gaze. They had honest, manly faces, but hard and defiant lines were already coming into them. She sat silent a long time. The drive on the Wissahickon and the dance! It was not easy to shut the door on that dream of delight. At last she looked up cheerfully. "What do you say, children, to a picnic? Early start, big basket, boat to Rockland, fishing,—all kinds of fun." "Nelly!" "Do you mean it?" The children started up. "We never did such a thing!" cried Alice. "I never was farther out of town than the water-works in my life!" "Oh, Ally, that cannot be true!" "Yes, it is true. You don't take any care of me, or you would know. Nobody does—since mamma died." The child's lips trembled. "I will take care of you now, little sister," said Nelly, putting her arm around her. "Well, what do you say, boys?" Thad and Joe looked at each other. "We made a sort of engagement," said Thad; "but we'd rather go with you, and—we will go," he added, resolutely. Mr. Bigelow had left the table and wandered aimlessly to the window. Nelly ran after him and caught his hand. It was like caressing a wooden statue. "Papa,—you will go with us?" "I, Nelly, on a party of pleasure!" He stared down at her. The color actually rose into his withered cheek. "You don't think I could, my child? You do not want a poor old man like me?" Something in his look revealed to Nelly the truth,—the utter loneliness of the old man's life, the hungry craving for love and companionship, which she had never given him. She held his hand in hers a moment, stroking it, and then kissed it. She could not speak. "I will go, my child." Her father's voice was strangely altered. He went into his own room, and did not come out again. Nelly was busy until late in the night. There was a tongue to boil, and a certain kind of cookies to bake. The boys hovered over her, happy, meddling at every turn, but singularly gentle and affectionate. "Mother used to make this kind of cakes. Arn't they nice?" Alice had her sleeves rolled up and her apron on. Never was anybody more busy or more important. Nelly joked and laughed, and made more fun out of the packing of a basket than was ever made since time began. But her heart was sore within her. What a trifle was needed to make these children happy, and to bind them to home! How solitary and cheerless her father's life had been these many years! A little out-spoken love, a little cheerfulness, was all that was needed, and she had been blind to it all these years! The picnic was a very simple matter. People who can afford pleasure every day would have laughed at it. They went out to the park in the horse cars. Then they sailed up the broad, bright river to Rockland. Then Mr. Bigelow found a dark pool, and rigged his old rods, and taught the boys how to fish. They found out he had been a famous fisherman in his day. He told wonderful stories of old exploits, brought up old jokes, and was not a little vain of the boys' shouts of applause. The children actually never had heard their father talk before. They felt they knew him for the first time. Thad was moved to confide his scrapes with the Latin teacher to him, and little Joe fell asleep with his head on his knee. "Don't take him away, Nelly," said the old man, when she would have removed him. "If only my children would come closer to me in this way! Perhaps they will." Nelly left Alice to preside over the dinner. She spread it on a big rock. Her father and the boys kindled a fire, and Mr. Bigelow cooked the three fish they had caught. You never heard such jokes and laughing—you never saw people with such ravenous appetites! After dinner Thad, who had a very sweet little pipe of a voice, sang some songs; and then Mr. Bigelow asked them if they knew "The Bay of Biscay, oh!" and sang it. It was moonlight when they came home, floating down the river between the dark, wooded banks. Nelly sat with Alice clinging to her. "You are the best sister in the world!" said the child. Her father took her hand in his. "It has been one of the happiest days of my life, Nelly. I thought my children cared nothing for me, but I shall never be alone again." Years had passed since that day. Thad and Joe are now sturdy young fellows, and engaged in business. Alice is a gentle, bright-faced girl. Nelly is a happy wife and mother. Her old father sits by her fireside, and her children are his pets and darlings. There has not been an hour in which she has not striven in little ways to make others happy. But she never forgets that first day when she learned the lesson of self-sacrifice, nor the tone of her father's voice as he said, "I shall never be alone again." —Youth's Companion.

TIMELY TOPICS. Pure silver clocks from Peru are featured at the Paris show. A New York photographer has sold 340,000 likenesses of actors and actresses in three years. According to the Pekin (China) Gazette, the telephone was invented by Kung Fo Whing, who flourished in the tenth century. General Pleasanton has not given up his blue glass theory, but lectured recently on the subject at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. There is a terrible famine in the southern part of Morocco, caused by drought. The inhabitants are said to be so reduced that they resemble living skeletons. The heat in the lower levels of the Nevada silver mines is intense. At a depth of 1,300 feet, where the temperature was 135 degrees, three men died recently from exhaustion. In the obituary columns of a single Philadelphia paper appeared in one week recently the names of sixteen persons who had lived to or beyond the advanced age of eighty years, among them being Madame Heloise Ferti, one hundred years; Lydia Sanders, ninety-seven, and Hester Colfesh, ninety-three, the average of the sixteen being eighty-nine years and nine months. A young girl in Cleveland, O., went to bed recently with strong eyes and in excellent health. During the night she felt "a sort of pricking" for a second or two about her eyes, and then a snap, as if something had broken. These sensations were accompanied by no pain, and after they had passed away there was no uncomfortable feeling about the eyes. In the morning she was stone blind. A moderate amount of fat is generally considered evidence of good health. About one-twentieth part of the weight of a man and the sixteenth of a woman is considered the normal proportion. Its office, aside from its value in giving symmetry to the figure, is to prevent the rapid escape of animal heat, and also to supply the waste of tissue from sickness, unusual exertion and temporary deprivation of food. Mrs. Nancy E. Clem, notorious through a murder trial and acquittal in Indianapolis, is again under arrest. After her escape from the gallows she turned her attention very successfully to swindling. Her mode was to make rich people believe that she was engaged in some secret but exceedingly profitable business, and offer, purely as a favor, to invest some of their money in the mythical enterprise. She thus obtained from six dupes an aggregate of about \$20,000. Two men the other day drove up to the door of Henry Hanshell, a merchant in Edwardsville, Ill., and requested the privilege of depositing a box they had with them in the house for the night, which was refused, but they were allowed to place it in the store. The next morning the men called for the box, but the storekeeper had missed a piece of cloth from his counter, and on further examination he found that he had been robbed of \$500, and consequently refused to let them have the box. The storekeeper obtained assistance, secured the two men and opened the box, when lo! out jumped a man, and in the box were found the money, goods, etc., which had been stolen. The territory of Karategin, which belonged formerly to Kokhand, has been ceded by Russia to Bokhara. Karategin, with the smaller territories of Dorwa, Wachia, and Shugnan, as well as the greater part of Kogistar, adjoin immediately the plateau of Pamir, the highest in the world. Karategin, which is completely isolated in winter, and has intercourse only during summer with the neighboring territories, has never yet been approached by a European. The habits and customs of the inhabitants are described as those of a completely primitive state. They have no conception of measure or weight—no fairs, booths, caravanserais, or any institution of public life. Theft is unknown among them. They carry on the breeding of cattle, have little agriculture, and all is, so to speak, common property. If provisions are wanting in one family, their neighbors help them. A man was sentenced to State Prison for life at Zanesville, O., last week for a murder which was proved against him in peculiar circumstances. In June 1876 a farmer named Brock was found lying dead with a shot-gun wound in one eye and a gun lying by him. A verdict of suicide was rendered, and the body was buried. Suspicious were however aroused against his farm hand, named Moorehead, of whom he had been jealous, and last February the body was taken up and it was found that there had been two wounds in the head; one made by a bullet from a rifle entering from behind, and the other made by a shot-gun discharged into the left eye. A flattened bullet and several shot were found in the brain; the bullet had been pierced with one or more shot, entering from the convex side, which pointed to the fact that it had been first in the head, and lodged in such a position that the shot on entering had perforated it. Moorehead was arrested and tried with the result as given above.

Fashion Notes. Knife plaiting is still much worn. Large gold pins are worn in the hair. Gold braid straw is used for bonnets. Silver back-combs are again fashionable. Parasols are bordered with thick silk cords. Lace mitts are in light colors as well as black. Colored embroidery is worn on white costumes. Golden thistles are used for trimming straw hats. Parasols have round tops and are of medium size. Underwear is now trimmed with colored embroidery. Dress skirts are gradually getting fuller at the back. The leading styles in fans are made entirely of wood. Beads are used even on the flounces of imported dresses. The most stylish slippers are without bows or buckles. The bridegroom now wears a wedding-ring as well as the bride. The furor for embroidering exceeds that of any previous season. Buttons correspond with the beaded trimmings in color and beauty. Lovely bows of narrow satin, in three colors, are worn at the throat. Filigree silver bracelets are shaped like a cuff and nearly as wide. Grenadine dresses for house wear have the sleeves made without linings. Ostrich and willow feathers, tipped with pearl beads, are very popular. White chip bonnets are bordered with pearl beads; black chip ones with jet. Black kid gloves are worn with light-colored toilets for dinner and receptions. Summer-dresses, if worn without overskirts, are made fuller than formerly. Flower bonnets will be worn all summer, but fine flowers will have the preference. New mantelets have long square tabs in front, and reach only to the belt in the back. What will we have next? Square umbrellas are now worn in some parts of London. Belted blouse waists and blouse polonaises take the lead for percale and cambric dresses. Straw hats are dyed to match the dress they are worn with; others are silvered or gilded. Stockings for wearing with slippers are of solid colors, richly embroidered on the instep. A kilt skirt, to hang well and gracefully, must always be short enough to clear the ground. Diamond stars, real or imitation, disposed of here and there among the hair, are very effective. For trimming country hats feathers buttercup, daisy buds and such flowers are very pretty. Half-flowing sleeves with old-fashioned lace underleaves are seen on some of the new costumes. Linen dresses will be trimmed with galleon, in which red, blue, yellow and black are combined. Many black suits are trimmed with small gilt buttons, especially those with which a vest is worn. Coachman's livery is the name of one of the fashionable colors; it is also known as noisette—hazelnut. A novel bonnet is composed entirely of bunches of purple grapes, with green leaves and tendrils intermixed. A band of black velvet an inch wide, with pendant ornament, is one of the favorite necklaces worn by young ladies. The latest device for a lace brooch is in the shape of the point of a peacock feather, the colors being outlined with rubies emeralds and diamonds. Splendid evening toilets are of the fashionable tout viel, or dark gold. This shade is extremely becoming to brunettes, and has taken the place of cream color. Rough straw hats and bonnets look well nicely braided or with pipings of velvet between the braids. Black pearls set in dead gold are the latest style of scarf-pin for gentleman. Curiosity Rewarded. Big red ants are making themselves numerous hereabouts. They carry in their bodies more envenomedness to the square inch than the tiger of the jungle, and are just that conceited with their own prowess that they will confidently attack anything that walks or talks. They are not afraid of a man, and if disturbed will show fight every time. They are not enemies to be despised, either, as a person may know who is bitten by one of them, their bite being poisonous and painful. This morning a Chinaman found a bill of those ants on Sixth street, and proceeded to poke among the insects with his finger, probably with a view of investigating their characteristics in the interests of science. He knows all about red ants now. One of the insects fastened onto his finger, and the way that Chinaman howled would have exploded a double-barreled phonograph. We don't understand the manner in which this Chinaman gave expression to his feelings on the subject of red ants, he probably exhausted all the epithets invented by the late lamented Mr. Confucius, and perhaps added a few of his own invention. —Austin (Nev.) Revueille.

Items of Interest. Men who make money—Counterfeiters. Asia contains half the people of the globe. Work for our generals—To review the March past. Oil of cinnamon will cause the disappearance of warts. In early life the Crown Prince of Germany was a printer. History gives Italian merchants the credit of being the first to practice book-keeping with anything like system. The immense amount of 15,000,000 pounds of dynamite is now produced annually in the United States and Europe. There are as many as fifty-seven theaters in London, as well as four hundred and fifteen music halls, of all sizes and classes. In some parts of Algeria the women, even the poorest, are permitted to show only one eye, the other features being entirely concealed. An Icelandic newspaper is published at Gimli, 100 miles north of Winnipeg, in Keewatin, British America. It is called the Frampari, which means progress. Thomas Jefferson signed the commission of venerable William Wertebaker, now eighty, who has been librarian of the University of Virginia for fifty-two years. "What is the name of your cat, sir?" inquired a visitor. "His name was William," said the host, "until he had fits, and since then we have called him Fitz William." Once in a while the young man with the circus poster collar creeps slyly out of his hole; exhibits himself, gazes helplessly around and wonders vaguely what he was made for, and disappears. Gingham owes its name to Guingamp, in Brittany; tulle to a city in the south of France; gauze to Gaza, in Palestine; muslin to Mossoul, in Asia Minor; and mohair is so called because it was originally made in Asia Minor from the hair of a goat called "Mo." The Persian shah is accompanied to Paris by a suite consisting of fifty persons, including servants. He inhabits the apartments used by the Emperor of Brazil and Prince Henry of the Netherlands. Twenty-four rooms and saloons are placed at his disposal, and a special chief employed to undertake the cuisine according to the Mussulman usage. A large ear denotes generosity. A small ear denotes fickleness. A deformed ear denotes a freak of nature. A cropped ear denotes a freak of justice. An ear that has been partially masticated is a sign that a Chicago editor has visited St. Louis. If ears are of unequal size, it is a sure sign that the intellect is not well-balanced. An ear pointed at the top is sharp.—Graphic. Two Englishmen are not shooting; one had a license, the other hadn't. A keeper approached, and the one that had a license ran away. The keeper was a good runner, and an exciting race ensued over about a mile and a half of nice ploughed fields. At last the keeper got up to the runaway. "Now, sir, where's your license?" It was produced. "Then why the deuce did you run away?" "Oh, I'm fond of exercise," answered the man; "but don't you think you'd better ask my friend if he has one?" The editor's is a most fascinating employment, does not require any previous education or preparation, and pays enormously. The principal occupation of leading editors is to receive enormous bribes for leading articles; to attend theaters, concerts and other places of public resort, occupying the best places, of course, and to inform political leaders how they should regulate affairs. Assistant editors and reporters, who are scarce at \$365 a week, generally work four hours a day, when they are not away on vacations, have free passes everywhere, and the pleasure of their company is contended for by the elite of the city.—Boston Bulletin. Words of Wisdom. Denying a fault doubles it. Knavery is the worst trade. Quiet conscience gives sleep. There is no grief like the grief which does not speak. Ignorance has no light; error follows a false one. Some people look at everything, yet really see nothing. Be happy if you can, but do not despise those who are otherwise, for you know not their troubles. One act of beneficence, one act of real usefulness, is worth all the abstract sentiment in the world. The art of exalting lowliness and giving greatness to little things is one of the noblest functions of genius. Often the grand meanings of faces as well as written words, may be chiefly in the impressions of those who look on them. We never know the true value of friends. While they live we are too sensitive to their faults; when we have lost them we only see their virtues. Man's value is in proportion to what he has courageously suffered, as the value of the steel blade is in proportion to the tempering it has undergone. Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow creatures respect. If we strive to be better than, what we strive to appear, we may often be rendered useful by the performance of our duties.