

# The Forest Republican.

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### Some Day.

Two little souls, a boy and a girl,  
Wandering on to the foot of the hill,  
Bushes of green and blossoms of pearl,  
Laughing at themselves in the roadside rill.  
Crossing the lane a gorgeous jay,  
Bathed in the light of a flattering ray,  
Jauntily chatters, "Some day, some day!"

Two sweet souls, a man and a maid  
(Beechen branches twisted above),  
Picking the daisies which sprinkles a glade,  
And trying their luck at a game of love:  
"This year!" "Next year!" "What do they  
say?"

And out of the beeches the curious jay  
Peeps and chuckles, "Some day, some day!"

Two old souls, and the end of the day  
Follows them home to the foot of the hill,  
One late gleam which has wandered astray,  
Breaks from a coupe and dipsles the rill,  
Autumn leaves are strewing the way,  
And hoarse from the jar the hungry jay  
Shouts out to the night, "Some day, some  
day!"

Two poor souls in the dead of the night,  
Side by side, lie stiffened and still;  
And the winter's moon just softens her light,  
As it solemnly rots at the foot of the hill.  
Remembering the bees and the buds and the  
May,  
The summer gold and the autumn gray,  
And the warm green lanes where the beetles  
play,  
In the crisp cold night the shivering jay  
Creaks out of his dream, "Some day, some  
day!"

### MISS MINT'S FRIEND.

"Frank, do you know anything about  
the queer little person who sits opposite  
to us at the dinner table? Miss Mint,  
they call her. Is she a teacher, or  
what?"

Frank Hastings—a young man who  
for six months had enjoyed "all the  
comforts and conveniences of a private  
home" at Mrs. Starkweather's "select"  
boarding-house, No. 16 — street—  
lighted a fresh cigar before he answered,  
rather languidly:

"No; she's something ten times worse  
—a sort of reporter. She goes round  
to churches and lecture-rooms, trying  
to pick up the few stray crumbs the  
other reporters leave behind 'em.  
There's only one paper employs her  
regularly, and that at a starvation price.  
She wears one dress all the year round,  
sports a bonnet handed down to her by  
her great-grandmother, and rooms in  
the attic, for which precious privilege  
and her dinner she pays Mrs. Stark-  
weather three dollars a week. Bah!"

"Poor soul! She's to be pitied, I'm  
sure," said Caleb Darley, who, being a  
hard-working reporter himself, and a  
tender-hearted man besides, felt some  
sympathy for the little creature they  
were discussing.

"Nonsense!" said Frank, sharply.  
"Why don't she try her hand at some-  
thing else?—dramatic or teaching, or  
some other work fit for a woman?"

"Perhaps she hasn't the chance or  
the talent to do either," Darley re-  
plied.

"Then let her stay at home and help  
about the house. Come to think of it,  
though, I believe she has no home.  
She's an 'orphan.' S'pose 'is rather  
rough for the poor thing," said Frank,  
with a slight tinge of compunction in  
his voice. "But come, Darley, let's  
drop Miss Mint as a seedy subject.  
Have another cigar?"

"Thank you, no; I must be off. I've  
got to report —'s sermon to-night."  
"Poor fellow! Glad I'm not in your  
line of business!" said Frank, who was  
clerk in a large wholesale store. "Won-  
der if little Mint's going? You might  
escort her home Darley. It would be  
quite a new sensation for her, and just  
think how all the fellows on the street  
would envy you!"

"Oh, leave poor little Miss Mint  
alone!" said Darley, as he walked to-  
wards the door. "Remember she's  
'swimming against a stiff stream,' like  
the most of us, and finds it hard work  
to keep her head above water. Don't throw  
stones at her."

"Pon my word, you're developing a  
poetical vein. This is really getting  
dangerous. Well, good-bye for the  
present, old chap; look in again after  
church, will you?"

"No; I must go to the office," said  
Caleb, as he went out.

In her little room, two stories higher  
up, Miss Mint was putting on her bon-  
net, quite unconscious of how she was  
being discussed below.

She was very small and slight, this  
poor little heroine of ours, with a face  
that might have been pretty before priv-  
ation and anxiety stole its bloom and  
plumpness away. Her glossy brown  
hair was brushed in smooth waves over  
her forehead; she had large tender gray  
eyes, and a mouth that, for all its resolu-  
tion and character, had a pathetic  
droop at the corners that seemed to have  
become habitual. She was nearly  
twenty-three, but looked at least two  
years older.

and the bed itself, with its tawdry, faded  
counterpane—it was a dreary picture for  
poor little Ellen! Mint's beauty-loving  
eyes to rest on. She had done her best  
to brighten it: two or three pictures she  
had brought with her hung on the walls,  
the little table by the window was  
covered with books, and a delicate glass  
vase she was too poor to fill with the  
flowers she loved stood on the bureau.  
There were a couple of hanging shelves  
on the wall, of which only the upper  
one with her work-basket on it, was vis-  
ible; a green and white calico curtain hid  
the rest. This was her cupboard.

But we return to Miss Mint herself,  
who is down stairs and out of the door  
by this time. She is a quick walker,  
and in a few moments finds herself at  
the entrance to the church, already be-  
sieged by an anxious crowd, who are  
kept in check by the ushers and a couple  
of policemen. Miss Mint does not at-  
tempt to press in here; she slips round  
by a side door, and an usher, who knows  
her by this time, plants a chair for her  
at no great distance from the pulpit.  
She sinks mechanically into it, and sits  
in a sort of stupor for a while—the  
change from her dark, chilly room to  
this warmth and dazzle of light makes her  
head swim and her heart tremble. But  
her nerves are naturally strong and  
steady, and she soon rouses herself, de-  
termined not to give way to a weakness  
she has never felt before, and which for  
a moment filled her with dismay.

The grand voice of the organ echoes  
through the church, and Ellen, who  
loves music, is soon absorbed in listen-  
ing, and feels for a time uplifted above  
the cares and sorrows of this world.  
The music and the prayers are the rich-  
est part of the service to her: in report-  
ing the sermon she has to follow every  
word so closely that it takes away from  
the enjoyment of listening.

Caleb Darley, seated among the other  
reporters, catches a glimpse of her, and  
after that his keen gray eyes wander in  
that direction pretty often. There is a  
mingling of pity and interest in his  
glance—he is a hard-hearted, chivalrous  
sort of a fellow, all the more ready to  
befriend a woman because she is lonely  
and unprotected.

The services were over, and little Miss  
Mint, slipping her note-book and pencil  
into her pocket, threaded her way  
through the crowd to the side door.

"Good-evening, Miss Mint," said a  
voice at her elbow as she stepped out  
into the fresh air.

Ellen started and looked up. "Oh,  
good-evening, Mr. Darley," she said, a  
little confusedly, as she recognized him.

"Will you take my arm?" said Caleb,  
offering it in such a matter-of-fact way  
that Ellen complied at once, though  
feeling more embarrassed than pleased  
by the attention.

"I see you are in my line of business,  
Miss Mint," said Caleb, pleasantly, as  
they left the crowded street for one that  
led to their boarding-house. Ellen  
laughed a little; and he went on, with a  
kindness of manner that made you  
pardon its bluntness; "And how do you  
like the life? Excuse me if I'm rude,  
but I can't help taking an interest in a  
fellow-laborer, you know."

"You are very kind," said Ellen,  
simply. "As for the life, I try to like  
it, because there's nothing else I can do.  
I've tried to find a teacher's place; I've  
tried to find sewing to do; but it was no  
use. I'm sure I'm thankful there is a  
way I can earn my bread. Wasn't the  
music beautiful to-night, Mr. Darley?"  
—anxious to change the subject.

"Yes," said Caleb, rather absently,  
for his heart was full of pity for the  
little creature beside him, and he was  
already debating in his mind various  
plans for her relief.

"What a chill there is in the air to-  
night!" he said, rousing himself. His  
overcoat was hardly a protection, and he  
thought with dismay how his companion  
must be shivering under her thin shawl.

"Well, here we are, Miss Mint. I  
must be off to the office. Sit by the fire  
till you are thoroughly warm, and tell  
our landlady to make you something  
hot and comforting; I see you have a  
cold coming on."

"Thank you, Mr. Darley; you are  
quite a doctor," laughed Ellen. "I  
hope it hasn't taken you out of your  
way coming home with me!"

"Oh, it won't take me ten minutes to  
walk to the office," said Caleb.  
"Good-night, Miss Mint;" and he  
walked briskly away.

Caleb Darley was between thirty-seven  
and thirty-eight—a big broad-shoulder-  
ed man, with strongly marked  
features, a profusion of sandy hair, and  
an expression of mingled good-nature  
and determination. He has had to fight  
his own way in life since he was twelve  
years old, but the battle, though a  
tough one, has never made him forget-  
ful of the sufferings of others.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting so for  
your breakfast, Mr. Darley," said Mrs.  
Starkweather, re-entering. She was  
generally very gracious to Caleb—he  
always paid her promptly, never com-  
plained of his meals, and gave her very  
little trouble in any way.

"Do you know if poor little Miss  
Mint has any friends or relatives any-  
where, Mrs. Starkweather?" asked Caleb,  
ignoring her remark.

"No, I don't," said the widow, a little  
snappishly. Then, in a bantering tone  
which ill concealed spiteful feeling; "You  
and she seem to have grown to be  
great friends these last three months,  
Mr. Darley."

"The poor young lady seems to need  
friends," said Caleb, coldly. Then,  
altering his voice a little: "You are the  
most suitable person to befriend her,  
Mrs. Starkweather, and I am sure you  
will."

"Well, sir, I do my best, but you  
must remember—"

"See that she has a comfortable room,  
and a fire, and a doctor, and all the care  
she needs," said Darley, cutting her  
short, and putting a roll of bills into her  
hands. "Say nothing about this to her,  
remember!" with emphasis. "I don't  
wish my name mentioned."

"Well, sir, you're a generous man, I  
must say," said Mrs. Starkweather, as  
she turned away. But her inward com-  
ment was: "The great fool! To throw  
his money away on this miserable little  
Miss Mint, when the overcoat he's  
wearing don't look fit to go out in the  
street with! But it's all one to me!"

smiling to herself, as she reflected that  
the result would certainly be some  
money in her own pocket.

"Well, how is Miss Mint?" she said,  
entering the poor girl's room, an hour  
after. Ellen turned her head feebly,  
too weak to show the surprise she felt.  
"How are you?" repeated Mrs. Stark-  
weather, trying to twist her acid face  
into a gracious smile as she took the  
white hand in hers.

"Pretty weak," whispered Ellen,  
faintly.

"Well, this won't do, I see. We  
must have you down stairs where you'll  
be more comfortable. Is the bed all  
ready, Norah, and have you made the  
fire?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, do you think you can walk,  
with my help and Norah's?" said Mrs.  
Starkweather. "But you must let me  
help you on with this wrapper first."

Ellen looked at her with a strange  
mingling of anxiety, gratitude, and dis-  
trust in her eyes. She scarcely knew  
what to make of this unforeseen kindness,  
but she was faint, sick almost "unto  
death," and could not help welcoming  
it. Yet she managed to gasp out: "You  
know how it is with me; I gave you all  
the money I had last night. You had  
better send me to the hospital—"

"Nonsense of hospitals!" said Mrs.  
Starkweather, as she put back a stray  
lock from Ellen's face. "We're not go-  
ing to serve you that way. Don't  
say another word about it. All you  
must think about now is how to get  
well."

A tear trickled down Ellen's cheek.  
"If I get well, your kindness shall not  
I will sew for you—anything." Her  
voice died away.

The quick thought darted through  
Mrs. Starkweather's mind that here was  
a splendid chance to get her brown  
merino made over free of charge. But  
she said aloud: "Don't say another  
word. You don't s'pose I'm so hard-  
hearted as not to feel for you when  
you're sick, do you? Here, Norah,  
raise her up, and we'll put this wrapper  
on her. We mean to take good care of  
you, and get you well again, my dear."

"Th' old crocodile!" said Norah, in-  
dignantly, to Bridget, when she found  
herself in the kitchen again. "To see  
her palaverin' over the poor thing as if  
she was the best friend she'd got. Hos-  
pital, indeed! Only last night she talked  
of sendin' her there herself; and she'd  
be there before the day is out only for  
Mr. Caleb. He's a good young man, and a  
kind-hearted; there's not a many like  
him, I can tell you now."

"Will you please put that stand by  
me, Norah, and give me the pen and  
ink?"

"Now, Miss Ellen, it's not Mr. Caleb  
would want you to be doing that copy-  
ing for him, I'm sure, and you so weak  
you can scarcely raise a finger."

"Oh, I'm much stronger than I was,  
Norah, and I must really get to work  
again. Please do as I ask you, Norah."

"Well, miss, but I tell you you're not  
fit to do it." As Norah spoke she brought  
the little stand to Ellen's side.

During the three months that preced-  
ed Ellen's illness Caleb had given her  
conscientious "copying" to do for him-  
self, and had interested a few others in  
her. What he did with the numerous  
manuscripts she copied for him remains  
a mystery. My opinion is that they were  
stowed away in the bottom of an old  
trunk in his room.

Ellen worked away for some time,  
when she was disturbed again by the en-  
trance of Norah.

"Miss Ellen, Mr. Darley sends his  
regards to you, and would you like to  
take a little ride? He's got a couple of

hours to spare, and you know the doctor  
said it would do you good to go out to-  
day."

"Yes, I would like to very much,"  
said Ellen, her eye lighting up with  
pleasure. "Tell Mr. Darley I'm much  
obliged to him. How soon must I be  
ready?"

Norah returned with the message that  
she must be ready in twenty minutes,  
and made haste to bring Ellen's wrap-  
pings and help her on with them.

"There!" said Ellen, suddenly; "I  
promised to rip Mrs. Starkweather's  
dress to-day."

"Both Mrs. Starkweather's dress!"  
said Norah, indignantly.

"Oh, Norah, think how very kind  
she's been to me! Will you please  
bring it down, and after I get back—"

But Norah could bear this no longer.  
"No, Miss Ellen, I won't. It passes  
my patience—to have that scaly old cre-  
aturer get the credit of everything! It's  
Mr. Caleb, bless him! that's done every-  
thing for you, just as if he was your  
brother."

Ellen turned red and pale alternately.  
"Norah, what do you mean?"—in a trem-  
bling voice.

Then Norah told her everything,  
though begging her not to speak of it  
to "Mr. Caleb." "Gor he'd be fit to  
kill me, ma'am."

But Ellen would make no promises.  
"I am glad you told me, Norah"—in the  
same tremulous voice. "I think I might  
move up stairs again," she added; "I  
am so much better."

"Indeed you won't, and get a collapse,  
perhaps," said Norah, sharply. "There's  
Mr. Caleb!"—as there came a rap at the  
door.

### FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

**The Harvesters.**  
The harvest comes, and all our fields  
Are weighted down with splendor;  
The seasons have been more than fair,  
And nature more than tender.

If other lands have bled in war,  
In labor ours was peaceful;  
And not a harvest yield for years  
Has been more grandly blissful.

And now the harvesters are out  
Before the sun is shining,  
With ready hearts and bare arms strong;  
No rest till its declining.

They sing their songs, and gather in  
The honest earth's profusion,  
And shout to Want and Misery,  
"Here's to you both, confusion!"

Long ere the jovial harvesters  
Come in for supper thirsting,  
Those stalwart arms and hands expert  
Have filled the barn to bursting;

And piled around the teeming barn  
Huge stacks that blush with clover,  
And trimmed their sides and thatched their  
tops  
With straw and "riders" over.

If we can call a blessing down  
For any living creature,  
Be it upon the Harvester,  
The Treasurer of Nature.

—New York Mail.

**Farm and Garden Notes.**  
Destroy tomato worms.  
Mulch newly-planted trees.  
Eradicate weeds by hand picking.  
Cucumbers of slow growth are bitter.  
Provide good pure water for live  
stock.

Sprinkle air-slaked lime on turnips to  
destroy the "turnip flea."  
The temperature of a stable should be  
sixty-five degrees, and free from mois-  
ture.

It is asserted that tomatoes as food  
for cows improve both the quantity and  
quality of the milk, and give the cream  
and butter a rich golden color.

It is said in the *N. E. Farmer*, that  
water may be drawn on a stoneboat or  
cart with very little if any sloping over,  
by simply laying on the water a round  
board, about two inches less in diameter  
than the inside of the vessel.

Top dressing mowing fields as soon as  
possible after the hay is removed is at-  
tended with excellent results. The stub-  
ble and roots are protected from exces-  
sive drying by the hot sun, and the  
grass is stimulated to a vigorous growth.

For some sorts of vegetables, as let-  
tuce, cress, radishes and onions, the  
Chinese system of keeping the soil con-  
tinuously wet is the best that can be  
adopted. It produces a crispness in  
the vegetables that is obtained only  
when there has been no check in the  
growth.

Professor Lazenby, "after numerous  
experiments and very careful trials,"  
commends the following as "safe, cheap  
and effective applications" for the cab-  
bage worm—using either two or three  
times during the season: 1. A pound of  
whale-oil soap in about six gallons of  
water. 2. A few quarts of tar in a barrel  
of water.

It is a foreign journal which makes  
the novel announcement that if a live  
crab is placed in a heap of infested  
grain so that it can't get out, the vermin  
will enter its shell; and if removed  
twenty-four hours later it will be found  
to contain worms instead of crab-flesh.  
Throw it in the fire and enter another  
animated trap, and another, till the  
grain is cleared.

**Household Hints.**  
To RENOVATE BLACK MERINO.—Rip  
the dress apart; then soak the goods in  
warm sassafras two hours; dissolve one  
ounce of extract of logwood in a bowl of  
warm water; add sufficient warm water  
to cover the goods, which is to be taken  
from the suds without wringing; let the  
dress stand in the logwood water all  
night; in the morning rinse in several  
waters without wringing in the last  
water; add one pint of sweet milk; iron  
while damp; it will look like new.

To BLOW OUT A KEROSENE LAMP.—  
Raise the flame until it just does not  
smoke, and then blow sharply across the  
top of the chimney. The light will be  
instantly extinguished. The philosophy  
of the action is simple and interesting.  
Blowing over the top of the lamp causes  
a rarefaction of the air which the air of  
the chimney rushes up to fill, thus being  
lifted, as it were, away from the flame,  
which of course must cease to burn.  
Blowing down into the chimney is thus  
avoided.

POLISH FOR FLOORS.—One pound of  
beeswax, one quart of benzine—the  
beeswax melted soft, to which add the  
benzine; put them over a range or stove,  
the fire closely covered, as benzine is  
highly inflammable; stir together till  
well mixed. These are the proportions,  
the quantity must depend upon the  
space to be covered. Apply to the floor,  
first making it clean, and rub in  
thoroughly. It shows the grain of the  
wood, and makes a permanent polish,  
growing better by use and rubbing in.  
It is free of dust, and clean, and is not  
laborious to take care of, twice a year  
rubbing, and sweeping, so to say, with  
broom in a flannel cover.

An old woman, on being examined  
before a magistrate as to her place of  
legal settlement, was asked what reason  
she had for supposing her husband had  
a legal settlement in that town. The  
old lady said, "He was born and mar-  
ried there, and they buried him there,  
and if that isn't settling him there, I  
don't know what is."

### Items of Interest.

A cannibal—one who loves his fellow-  
men.  
A volume that always brings tears to  
your eyes—A volume of smoke.

Sweetening one's coffee is generally  
the first stirring event of the day.  
Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part and then go advertise.

How should a wife speak to a grumb-  
ling husband? "My dear, I love you  
still."

The potato crop for the United States  
for the past five years has averaged 145,-  
000,000 bushels.

Swinging is said by the doctors to be  
good exercise for the health, but many  
a poor wretch has come to his life by it.

They say thine eyes, like sunny skies,  
The chief attraction focus,  
I see no sunshine in those eyes,  
They take me all by storm.

A farmer found a potato-bug on his  
dinner-table, the other day, and thus to  
the bug he ejaculated: "Good heavens!  
have you got to have your potatoes  
cooked this year?"

Railroads carry 3,000,000 passengers  
safely where they kill one, but the  
trouble is to know when the 3,000,000  
have been counted out and the killing is  
to begin.—*Detroit Free Press.*

In England when the corn and wheat  
used to be threshed by means of the  
flail, and the grains were consequently  
subjected to the ravages of mice, a tame  
owl was as common in the barn as a cat  
in the house.

Josh Billings, in a zoological moment,  
writes: "The peculiarity of the fly is  
that he returns to the same spot; but it  
is the character of the mosquito that he  
returns to another spot. Thus he differs  
from the leopard, which does not change  
his spots."

**Breaking the News Gently.**  
A cross-eyed man in a long linen  
ulster and a tall hat rang the bell, and  
when the woman of the house opened  
the door she was satisfied he had an  
eye to the spoons (the straight eye), so  
she snapped:

"Well, what do you want?"  
"Madam, be calm," said the cross-  
eyed man, "have you a child?"  
"Yes, I have," replied the woman;  
"what of it?"

"A little girl?" queried the cross-eyed  
man.  
"No; a boy," returned the woman.  
"Of course—a boy," repeated the  
cross-eyed man; "a young boy—not very  
old?"

"About that age," said the woman;  
"what about him?"  
"Madam, do not get excited," per-  
sued the cross-eyed man, "be brave and  
calm."

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed the  
woman, in surprise; "what's the mat-  
ter?"

"Gently, gently," said the cross-eyed  
man, in a soothing manner; "restrain  
yourself. Did not that little boy go out  
to play this morning?"

"Yes, yes," said the woman, excitedly;  
"what—why—is there anything the  
matter?"

"Is there not a railroad track crosses  
the next street?" queried the cross-  
eyed man in a solemn voice.  
"Yes, oh, yes," ejaculated the woman,  
in great fear; "oh, tell me what has  
happened, what—"

"Be calm," interrupted the cross-  
eyed man, soothingly; "be brave—keep  
cool, for your child's sake."  
"Oh, what is it? what is it?" wailed  
the woman, wildly; "I knew it—I feared  
it. Tell me the worst, quick! Is my  
child—where is my darling boy?"

"Madam," replied the cross-eyed  
man, gently, "I but this moment saw  
a little boy playing upon the railroad  
track; as I looked upon him he seemed to  
be—"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" screamed the  
woman wringing her hands, "tell me  
the worst. Is he—"  
"He seemed to be dabbling himself  
with oil," continued the cross-eyed man,  
quickly drawing a bottle from his pocket.  
"and I've got here the best thing in the  
world—Lightning Grease Eradicator—  
only twenty-five cents a bottle, war-  
ranted—"

There was a broom standing behind  
the door, and with one blow she knocked  
his tall hat over his eyes, and with an-  
other she waved him off the steps and  
through the gate. And as the cross-  
eyed man moved swiftly up the street  
she took the broom at him, looking for  
all the world like an ancient god of  
mythology with a passion-distorted face  
and highly-excited red arms.—*Rockland  
(Me.) Courier.*

**New York Newspaper Expenses.**  
A correspondent in the Philadelphia  
*Times* has been giving some interesting  
statistics about the *Tribune*, and says,  
among other things, that its composition  
bills were reduced \$35,000 in one year,  
or over \$600 a week. He might have  
added that economy practiced in other  
departments of the same paper had re-  
duced its running expenses from July,  
1877, to July, 1878, just \$1,250 per week,  
compared with the expenses of the pre-  
vious year. My informant, who is curi-  
ous in such matters, says that his  
inquiry made preparatory to this reduc-  
tion shows what it costs to run the city  
departments of the various leading  
papers and the average amount of loca-  
lities they publish. The figures are as  
follows: *Herald*, City Editor Meigs,  
twelve columns per day, \$1,500 per  
week; *Sun*, City Editor Bogart, nine  
columns per day, \$1,200 per week;  
*Times*, City Editor Pullham, nine col-  
umns per day, \$900 per week; *Tribune*,  
City Editor Shanks, ten columns per  
day, \$700 per week; *World*, City Editor  
Ralph, eight columns per day, \$600  
per week.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*