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Endeavor. A moaning cry, as the world rolls by Through gloom of clouds and glory of sky, Rings in my ears forever; And I know not what it profits a man To plough and sow, to study and plan, And reap the harvest never. 'Abide in truth, abide,' Spoke a low voice at my side, 'Abide thou and endeavor.'

THAT GATE.

'Confound that gate!' said Sam Blackman, as he pushed and pounded at the dooryard gate, one bitter November night. The gate was like the kid of old nursery rhymes it 'wouldn't go; and no beating would make it. At last Sam flung his whole weight on the upper bar, and with a wrench, and a squeak, and a thud, it flew backwards, and Sam with it. His wife heard the noise, and came to the 'keepin'-room' door with the lamp just as he had picked himself up. 'Confound that gate, I say!' he uttered, with deep emphasis. 'Well, why don't ye fix it?' dryly remarked his better half. 'I'm goin' to to-morrow, sure's ye're born, Semantha!'

and he never stopped. Indeed, he grew worse. His wife could not help knowing that he had begun to drink, for eggs, butter, pork, potatoes, all went to the store, and very little came back in their place. One May night she woke up suddenly to hear somebody pushing and swearing at 'that gate.' She had fallen asleep, conscious that Sam was not at home. It was early, but the children had been out after greens, and she had washed. They were all tired, and nobody was afraid of burglars in Scranton, so mother went to bed. When she heard the fumbling and tugging, and angry oaths, she woke up fully, in a woman's instinctive way, and at that instant the clock struck two. She was on her feet directly, and finding herself alone, threw up the window, and called out— 'Who's there, an' what ye want?' The voice was the voice of Sam that answered her, but the speech was a mixture of folly and profanity that demonstrated his condition. Quickly as she could she got to the back door and fastened it. Then she put her head out again, and exhorted Sam. 'You no need to come in here, and you sha'n't! The barn's good enough for beasts, and that's the hull on't.'

'Confound that gate!' was all she said, repeating unconsciously her husband's anathema; for the gate stood in her thought for the bitter facts it had been the means of exposing. But Mother Blackman was judicious. She said nothing at all to Katy. Breathing upon a spark will often kindle it to fire, and she knew it. For many weeks she craftily managed to call Katy in and send her to bed whenever that gate squeaked after dark; being quite unaware how often Jabez met the girl;—no longer shy, though always blushing—on her way to school; how he carried that heavy algebra and ponderous treatise on logic even to the academy door! 'You are never at home, Katy, when I come to see you,' Jabez said one day. Katy laughed a little, and colored a great deal. 'Yes, I am; but mother always calls me in and sends me up stairs when the gate squeaks.' 'O ho!' said Jabez. 'That night a splendid August moon beheld Katy, I am very sorry to say, sitting quietly on the steps of the never-opened front door, breathing in the soft sultry air, while her mother dozed in the old rocker by the back door, the usual port of entrance. There was also a young man, who was carefully dropping oil into the hinges of that gate. Then he lifted it up and out, setting it upright against the fence till such time as he chose to replace it. After that he quietly sat down by Katy on the step. When poor Mother Blackman awoke, the night was far spent. Katy had gone to bed, and Sam slumbered the sleep of the laboring man, having come back from the store a few minutes after Jabez Crane had dropped the gate back into its hinges and had walked off. The gate opened easily, Sam thought, but in his delight at finding his wife tongue-tied with sleep, he slipped silently into the bedroom; and when mother awoke there was nobody to blame but herself. I am sorry to be obliged to record that that gate came off its hinges a good many nights unknown to her; and by fall, when Katy's term at the academy was finished, instead of applying at once for the school at Scranton Corners, she informed mother with great trepidation, that she had concluded to keep a private school for life, and the solitary scholar was to be Jabez Crane! 'Sakes alive!' said the astounded woman. 'I should like to know where in all natur' you've kep' company with that feller!' 'Out on the steps,' said the trembling Katy. 'An' me keepin' such a harkin' to that gate! I don't see it no ways.' 'Oh, he lied the gate, and took it off before he came in!' Mother glared at Katy and then at the gate, then throwing her apron over her head, retreated into the bedroom, and slammed the door behind her. Katy never knew what an hour of pain and disappointment wrung her poor rough mother's heart then and there. Nevertheless, she and Jabez stepped into the minister's on Thanksgiving morning, were married, and went to housekeeping in two rooms over the carpenter's shop. Katy certainly was not to blame for marrying the man she liked; but who will say that her wrong in deceiving her mother was dutiful and right? But a sad catastrophe happened. Sam thought it only right to celebrate the first wedding in the family by a carouse at the corner grocery. His wife sat up for him this time. She could not sleep, for it had been anything but a Thanksgiving day to her, and she felt additionally bitter to think Sam should transgress. The first storm of the season had set in at noon, sleet and snow together, then rain. Then the wind chopped round, and about eight o'clock everything was a glare of ice, rain freezing as it fell. Towards one o'clock, Sam plashed through the mud and ice, up to that gate. Of course it stuck, even more than usual. His wife heard him, and with an unusual softening of heart, resolved to let him into the house, the weather was so very bad. How glad she was of it a moment after! for Sam got desperate, flung his whole weight on it as once before, and as the gate opened, his feet flew from under him on the wet ice, where the pickets had dripped and the water frozen for hours. His head struck the brick wall, and his skull was fatally fractured. 'Mantley was roused to help her mother, but the neighbors had to be called in before the dying man could be brought on to his bed. Before daybreak, all was over. How much his wife—or anybody else—mourned Sam Blackman, let us not inquire. Perhaps a wife always keeps some lingering tenderness laid away, like grave-clothes for a funeral occasion. But if this wife had any, her only expression of it was to say to Jabez Crane, as they all came back after the funeral and gathered round the kitchen fire— 'I wish't you'd do somethin' for me right off. I want ye should take that gate right into the wood-shed and chop it up for kindlin's. It's nothin' but a nuisance, and I want it out o' the way, and that's the hull on't!' It is reported that while Jabez was trying to split the poor hemlock boards, he also was heard to say, 'Confound that gate!'—Youth's Companion.

A COLOSSAL DIAMOND SCHEME. Its Promoter Severely Wounded in Kentucky—Diamonds Strewing the Ground by the Bushel—Lending Capitalists Duped—The Exposure. Noting a street brawl in Elizabeth, Ky., during which a banker named Arnold was severely wounded by another banker, a New York Sun correspondent gives the history of a remarkable diamond swindle with which the wounded man was identified. The correspondent says: Philip Arnold, the man who engineered the great diamond scheme of 1871-2 to success, lies in his beautiful home at Elizabethtown, this State, with a load of buckshot in his right breast and shoulder. Arnold had been out of the public eye since Lent and Ralston compromised their suit against him for \$150,000 cash, yet he has made himself a prominent man among his neighbors, and his bank is the most flourishing in that section of Kentucky. He entertains largely, his stable is noted for its fast stock, and his fruit farm is the boast of Hardin county. Though he got his wound in the course of a promiscuous street fight, and though another citizen, a passive bystander, was perhaps mortally wounded by a shot from Arnold's pistol, I fancy that no very vigorous prosecution will be made against him. It is hard to say just why the man has come to be in such fair repute among a people who are not apt to condone crime of the Arnold sort. They forgive too easily violence, but they abhor dishonesty or the suspicion of dishonesty. Perhaps it was the very daring of it that found favor in the Kentucky heart. And it was the most daring swindle since George Law's South Sea scheme. Besides Arnold was a Kentucky boy, and his neighbors at Elizabethtown, who knew his respectable father before him, fancy that Arnold's scheme may not have been so black as it was painted, and they gave him the benefit of the doubt. He was a hatter's apprentice in Elizabethtown, but went to California when a lad. What he did during the interval is not clearly known, but he suddenly appeared in Elizabethtown six or seven years ago and opened a big account in the local bank; but before that it had been reported that he had discovered a new Golconda somewhere among the Western mountains, and was only in Kentucky to enjoy some part of the millions he had gained. Then after a while came the exposure. J. B. Cooper, the San Francisco bookkeeper, made oath that Arnold had planned the swindle and had persuaded him to help in it. Arnold had sailed for London with some \$40,000 in his pocket. On board the vessel he had bribed two sailors with \$500 apiece to go out among the London jewellers on their arrival there and purchase what they could of diamonds in the rough. In this way he got together \$37,000 worth of cheap stones—something like a bushel of them—and sailed back again for San Francisco. Several months later George D. Roberts, Gen. George S. Dodge, William M. Lent, and William Ralston, all notable among the wealthy speculators of California, were successively let into the tremendous secret that Arnold and one Slack—also from Elizabethtown, and a playfellow of Arnold's when a boy—while prospecting in the mountains, had stumbled upon a valley in which diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and gems of all kinds and values were to be picked up as pebbles along the ocean beach. They had brought back all they could carry, and a bag full of the jewels would be emptied before the astonished beholder. At Robert's house, Gen. Dodge said that they covered one end of the billiard table an inch deep. These California financiers invested a large sum almost at the first sight of the jewels. Then Arnold and Gen. Dodge went on to New York and laid their scheme for forming a stock company with \$10,000,000 capital before certain chosen rich men of the metropolis. These were Mr. B. L. M. Barlow, Mr. Augustus Belmont, and Mr. Charles Tiffany, of the great jewelry firm. Arnold had brought his bushel of gems with him and carried them from the Fifth Avenue Hotel to Mr. Barlow's office and back again wrapped up in brown paper, and that again in a little red bag. They were daily spread out on the office table, and Mr. Tiffany was entrusted with some of them to test. He was incredulous, for, as he said, there was a curious diversity in the jewels to have all come from the same locality. Mr. Belmont also fought shy of investment, but Mr. Barlow, Gen. McClellan, and perhaps others in New York, bought from \$50,000 to \$100,000 of the stock. An expedition, equipped with arms, provisions, and baggage for a sixty days' trip rendezvoused at Denver, Colorado. Henry Janin, the best known and most trusted expert on the California coast, had been engaged to superintend the investigation, and with Gen. Dodge, Harpending, another California capitalist who had a large block of diamond shares; Arnold and a young Englishman named Rubery, started from Denver, May 28, 1872, out into the wilderness. Arnold had positively declined to give even a hint of where his mesa might be, and at the head of the column, led the explorers through a most devious and puzzling course. They travelled nine days, and then Arnold told them they were on the spot. Afterward they learned that they were really but thirty miles or so from the point of departure. But in the valley their wildest hopes seemed fulfilled. Every member of the expedition found jewels for the trouble of picking them out of the hard clay, Arnold and Slack always being at hand

to direct the exact spot to look for them. They spent seven days in the valley, and gathered together about 1,000 carats of diamonds and 6,000 carats of rubies, amethysts and other precious stones. Then they started back for New York, and there Janin's enthusiastic report on the apparently exhaustless value of the "find" was prepared, and made a great sensation among the shareholders both in your city and in San Francisco. Arnold had already been paid \$100,000 on account of only a portion of his share in the original discovery and was promised \$150,000 more in case of a favorable report by Janin. Lent and Ralston, it was understood, had advanced this money. The other \$150,000 was at once paid him, and the stock in the company then stood—Harpending, Dore (another Californian), Roberts and Ralston, one-half of the whole in common; Dodge, Lent, Barlow, McClellan, James McHenry, and Mr. Burt, the English lawyer in Erie, one-quarter, and Arnold the other. The interest of the New York parties had cost them about \$100,000. The style of the organization was 'The San Francisco and New York Mining and Commercial Company,' and its trustees were the first men in California. On Janin's report \$400,000 of the stock were sold in San Francisco within a week after the subscription books were thrown open to the general public, and \$300,000 of this was paid to Arnold for the remainder of his interest. The excitement, meanwhile, had reached London, and the Times sounded the first note of warning. The fact that geology taught that the presence of such various jewels in one locality was impossible, was supplemented by the statement that parties from California had attracted attention the year before in London by buying up all the rough diamonds to be found in the city. This came back to California and the managers of the company took the alarm, and induced Mr. Clarence King, United States Geologist, to visit the valley. He made an exhaustive examination, and his report startled the country. The ground had been so plainly "salted" with the jewels that the swindle was patent. Holes had been poked with a common stick into the clay, the jewels dumped into them and then stopped up again. They were in but a limited part of the valley, and only in that exact section of it where Arnold and Slack had directed the Janin party to dig. Moreover, the "salting" had been done within a year or fifteen months, covering the period in which Arnold and Slack had reported their first discovery. After the publication of this report there was a commotion in San Francisco. Diamond stock was bought that same day by one adventurous broker, and by one only, at \$1 a share. Arnold had disappeared—was in Kentucky, in fact; and there he has remained since. In a few weeks after the exposure Lent brought a suit in the Kentucky courts against Arnold and Slack for the recovery of \$350,000—money obtained from the said Lent by fraudulent representations. B. H. Bristow, since Secretary of the Treasury, and John M. Harlan, since appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, were retained by Lent to prosecute the suit. Arnold was away from home—in New Orleans—and a sheriff's officer attached an iron safe in his house, a large deposit in the local bank, and \$10,000 in one of the banks here. On Arnold's return he had published in the Courier-Journal a five column card, affirming his innocence of the alleged fraud, and to a San Francisco paper sent the following: To the Diamond Company: I see by the papers that Arnold and Slack are to be prosecuted, and that eminent counsel has been engaged. I have employed counsel myself—a good Henry rifle—and am likely to open my case any day on California street. There are several scalps I would like to string on a pole. I do not include Janin, your expert. He is of no consequence. Send him to China, where he will find his equals in the expert business. As you all are going into the newspapers, I'll take a fling at it myself some of these days. I'm going to the fields on my own hook in the spring with fifty men, and will hold my hand against all experts you can send along. If I catch any of your kidgloved gentry about there I'll blow the stuffing out of 'em. P. ARNOLD. But, after some months, he compromised the suit by the payment above mentioned, and the matter dropped. I don't think that any criminal action was ever brought against him, and that is one reason why Elizabethtown doesn't take much stock in his guilt. To Clean Cooking Utensils. Musty coffee-pots and tea-pots may be cleaned and sweetened by putting a good quantity of wood ashes into them and filling up with cold water. Set on the stove to heat gradually till the water boils. Let it boil a short time, then set aside to cool, when the inside should be faithfully washed and scrubbed in hot soap suds, using a small brush that every spot may be reached, then scald two or three times, and wipe till well dried. It must be a desperate case if the vessels are not found perfectly sweet and clean if this advice is strictly followed. Pots and pans or plates that have been used for baking and grown rancid may be cleaned in the same way. Put the plates into a pan with wood ashes and cold water, and proceed as above stated. If no wood ashes can be had, take soda. If cooks would clean their pie-plates and baking dishes after their pie after using, they would keep sweet all the time.

Items of Interest. The hind legs of frogs make very good spring food. How to get ahead—Steal into a cabbage-patch. 'I've just dropped in,' as the fly said to the coffee. There are eight newspapers in Arizona—two dailies and six weeklies. Speaking of rude remarks, any remark is rude that gets you into trouble. The girl with "speaking eyes" has the advantage of the girl with a luminous mouth. Many a man bears his own faults patiently, and those of his neighbor impatiently. The Chinese have a sure way of removing dandruff. They do it with a jack-plane. 'I'm a yard wide and all wool,' is a Kentucky way of describing a high state of hilarity. Before the "o" let there appear Twice twenty-five and five in rear; One-fifth of eight anjona, and then You'll find what 'tis that conquers m'n.—L. V. A full font of Japanese type comprises 60,000 characters, and when a compositor gets twenty-five or thirty wrong letters in a word, and the proof-reader overlooks them, they are scarcely ever noticed by the reader. The printer's case is distributed all around a big room, and when he is at work, running from one box to another, he looks like an American base-ball player making a home run.—Norristown Herald. It is written in a fine female hand. It's a poem, and asks: 'What was the dream of your life?' It was signed 'Elfrida.' We haven't room for the poem, but just to quiet Elfrida we will answer her conundrum. The dream of our life has been to be rich enough to put on a clean shirt every day, and to have two suits of clothes, with a pair of suspenders to each pair of pants. But it has never been realized, Elfrida. Castles in the air.—Keokuk Constitution. 'Stop that car!' cried old Mr. Nosen-gale, chasing a flying car up Division street, the car fresh as a daisy and Mr. Nosen-gale badly blown, and the distance pole not a minute away. 'Stop that car!' he shouted to a distant but fleet-footed boy. 'Certainly,' shrieked back the obliging boy, 'what shall I stop it with?' 'Tell it to hold on,' shouted the abandoned passenger. 'Hold on to what?' yelled the boy. 'Make it wait for me!' puffed Mr. Nosen-gale. 'You've got too much weight now,' said the boy, 'that's what is the trouble with you.' 'Call the driver!' gasped the perspiring citizen, and as the car rounded the corner and passed out of sight, the mocking echoes of the obliging answer came floating cheerily back. 'All right! what shall I call her?'—Burlington Hawkeye. A Fish Story that is Hard to Beat. The pleasing picture of the Iowa heroine, who had two pickered under harness and was drawn by them up and down a pond in a beautiful little boat, was the sweetest fish story ever clipped with an exchange editor's shears. But who shall say that the ingenuity of the local chronicler has got to the end of its tether and devised the sweetest possible fish story? Here is The Whitehall Times, for instance, with a romance of the queen of the speckled beauties. A man has an artificial trout pond with at least 3,000 fish, each weighing from half a pound to two pounds, more or less. He also has a little girl, five years old, who has succeeded in training the fish so that she can go to the edge of the pond and with a handful of crumbs feed them from her chubby hand. They have learned to jump out of the water and snatch worms from her fingers, and they are extremely fond of their little mistress. One day she lost her balance and pitched headlong into the water where it was deep. She says that when she went 'way down' she called lustily for help. Her cries quickly attracted her parents, and they were horrified at seeing the little girl floating upon the surface of the pond. The father rushed to the water's edge and reached out for his pet, and as he raised her from the water a perfect solid mass of trout was found beneath her. These faithful subjects of the little queen, as she fell, quickly gathered beneath her and thus showed their love for their mistress by bearing up her body until aid arrived, thus preventing her from meeting a watery grave. 'Tis a beautiful tale, but the next file from the Far West may have another still lovelier.—New York Tribune. Detroit's Fish Story. While all the world has been revealing in fish stories of all grades, Detroit has modestly held back, but now it steps forward with its fish story which, according to the Free Press, has the advantage over many other fish stories by being true. Three Detroiters sat upon the upper Walkerville wharf, opposite Detroit. One caught a perch and strung it on a string, letting it remain in its native element. On hauling up the string to attach a second perch it was found that a large pike had swallowed the first perch and was doing what little it could to swallow the rest of the string and get away on pressing business. By careful work the pike, with the perch inside, was landed and the fishers came to Detroit with their prize. The pike proved to be three feet long and weighed nine pounds. This is Detroit's fish story and it can be proven true.