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Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description and Price. Includes One Square (1 inch), one insertion - \$1.00; One Square, one month - \$3.00; One Square, three months - \$8.00; One Square, one year - \$25.00; Two Squares, one year - \$50.00; Quarter Col. - \$30.00; Half - \$50.00; One - \$100.00.

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Items of Interest.

Language—The dress of thought. The feathered tribes—the Indians. A fast walking-stick—A hurri-cane. Real estate conveyances—Dirt carts. There are 100 volcanoes in South America.

It is not fair to strike an average when it is down. The forerunners of a plague—A mosquito's legs. Soldiers have to be mustered before they are peppered.

The color, indigo-blue, is now produced from coal oil. It is said that no yellow fever epidemic has ever prevailed in China.

A kind of timber for which there is no further call—summer board. Postmaster Key has thirteen children. The biggest bunch of keys we know of.

A man's character is like a fence—You cannot strengthen it by whitewash. We may joke when we please, if we are always careful to please when we joke.

A steel is what makes a blade sharp, but a blade that makes a sharper is a stealer. One asked why B stood before C. Be cause said another, a man must B before he can C.

A Paris cafe strikes Americans with awe by displaying among its edibles, "Pouken pish." A joker challenged a sick man's vote at a city election on the ground that he was an ill legal voter.

Patience and gentleness are potent and powerful, but they can not turn a mill-wheel nor break up a setting hen. You may talk about the "lean and hungry Cassius," but did you ever take a side view of the man who has run a store ten years without advertising?

When a dealer tells you the stiff, uncomfortable looking boots he wants to sell you are calfskin, remember that a full-grown cow, or bull, is a calf's kin. At a great shoe manufactory in Lynn, Mass., recently, a pair of kid side-laced woman's boots was made from the stock in just eleven minutes, in sight of visitors.

"How is it, Miss, you gave your age to the census taker as only twenty-five, when you were born the same year I was, and I am thirty-nine?" "Ah! you have lived much faster than I, sir."

"This country," remarked a traveler in northwestern Iowa, "settles up very rapidly." "Ya-as," replied the native, nervously watching the movements of a constable, dodging along the other side of the field, "country settles up a blame sight faster than the people do." And before the traveler could ask him to explain, he was making a mile a minute across the trackless prairie with the constable a bad second.—Burlington Hawk-eye.

People have different notions of time. A landlord, who is his own rent collector, recently called on an old tenant, who, with pale, trembling lips, faltered: "I am very sorry, but times are so bad, and—and—I am not quite ready. If you could only give me a little time." "Well, well, you have always been a good payer," said the landlord. "A little time—oh? Certainly. I am going upstairs, and—I will look in as I come down."

A Yellow Fever Pen Picture. The following communication, addressed to the chairman of the New York Chamber of Commerce by the president of the Howard Association and the acting mayor of Vicksburg, Miss., is a vivid pen picture of the terrors of yellow fever, as experienced in that city: "Our entire force, as well as the physicians, nurses and midwives, are solely occupied in this fearful struggle with death. Doctors do not pause for necessary sleep, and continue their endless rounds even when the dread destroyer is in their own households, and we therefore fail to have reports from them of the number of cases under treatment. They have tried to report in person, but we have always to request their immediate departure to see other and later cases. Most of us on duty at our rooms and elsewhere have fever in our families, but we are trying to supply the calls for doctors, nurses, medicines and food, and to do so under such rules and regulations as will protect us from impostors and enable us to meet the wants of all the needy."

"There is, however, but little danger of charity going astray or being wronged when the entire city and its suburbs is a vast hospital, with every chamber occupied and no outlet save to the grave. The struggle is now so desperate that we can scarcely realize other wants than the immediate necessities of the sick, dying and dead, and this takes over \$2,000 daily of our funds and fully as much from outside organizations. But as the fever lessens we then shall have distress in another form. The children will beg for bread. Death's horrors are reduced for want of subjects. Nature will assist itself, and the survivors of the wreck will be helpless mariners afloat, without rudder, sail or motive power."

"The fever may subside by the middle of October, but no work or traffic or commerce of any kind will come to us until the middle of November gives us assurances of no contagion. We are helpless to set the wheels of our life in motion sooner, and must need the good will and kindly offices of those more happily situated. Till then, if there was not another case of fever to occur, we should still be isolated and struck for no one would come to us nor desire us to come to them."

The Light of Autumn Days.

What summer songs are sweet and fair, And who shall sing them by the lake, With cadence flexible-soft as air And cheery as the summer day? What poet comes with sandals shoon, And clear brown eyes of dreamy gaze— Brown as the wave whose forest gloom Has drunk the light of autumn days— The light of autumn days! Deep, deep within his quiet heart He holds the sunshine of the year, The music of the meadow lark And bells that echo faint and clear; The hare-bell, may be, on the slope, The bubble that the wave has broke, Or the soft, sombre tones that fall In memory of a birthday rhyme Faded in that far lapse of time That comes and goes for all; And thus within his eyes the haze Deepens of autumn days! The sky is blue, the sky is fair, And writ with fleecy clouds in air; And laughs are waving fresh and free, As foam-crest on a summer sea; And birds with wings whose flashing light Makes the worn spirit yearn for flight Are passing on to some bright zone We picture in the heart alone; And nature chimes in undertone Its murmurous anthem bright and clear— Yet he is apart Drinks in with subtle sense and heart The rapture of the year; And with his far-off gaze Turns fit to autumn days! He garners up the perfect time, He stores at will of pain or mirth, For him no season comes nor ebb— He stands alone of all the earth: To him the forest tells its tale, The brooklet pours its plaintive wail, The wild pine rocks, the wild winds moan, To him the torrent speaks alone, The tempest from its mountain throne, The tumult of the angry sea, The murmur of the roving bee, The pale anemone that blows In sunshine or its native snows, The blue-bell or the meadow-pink, Or osier by the streamlet's brink, All tell their tales in murmurs free— The secrets of the land or sea! And in his patient eyes, Awaiting sorrow and surprise Gather like falling leaves or sunset rays: A dreamy wistful gloom— A light too far! too soon! The light of autumn days! —William H. Briggs.

MY LOST POCKET-BOOK.

My name is Edney—Philip Clement Edney. That was my father's name before he died. Twenty odd years ago he had a small but comfortable dry goods business in Utica. But in the panic of '57 he met with severe losses; and he had hardly weathered the financial storm when he was taken down with a disease from which he never recovered. In his last illness he was deeply concerned for the future of his family. I was the eldest son, and he frequently expressed the hope to my mother and to me that in some way we should be able to find Harringtonford. Thomas Harringtonford was a generous-hearted but rather unprincipled young man who had been in my father's employ several years before. He had got into bad company, and was guilty of some irregularity, as the modern genteel phrase is, having helped himself to my father's cash to the amount of several hundred dollars, before his dishonesty—I mean his irregularity—was discovered. He was penitent, and confessed everything, but it was impossible for him to make restitution. He had been a favorite of both my father and mother, and they could not bear to have him sent to prison. So, on his promising to reform, lead an honest life in future, and repay my father when he was able the sums he had stolen—I mean misappropriated—he was let off. He went to Paris where he was unknown, and only vague rumors concerning him had reached us since. One of these rumors was that he had been seen in Buffalo and Detroit, and that he was doing a prosperous business. On settling up my father's estate, my mother found that she and her little family were left in straitened circumstances. Then we remembered what he had said about Harringtonford. I wrote him letters addressed Buffalo and Detroit, but failed to receive answers. At last we were so much in need that I said: "Mother, if you can spare the money for me to make the journey, I believe I can find him, and get at least a part payment of what he owes us." It was a long time before she would listen to this proposal. She could ill afford the expense. Though we held Harringtonford's note to my father, it was outlawed, and she had not much faith in my being able to get any money of him, even if he could be found in either of the two cities named. At last, however, thinking the journey might do me some good, at any rate, she consented to it, and in July I set out. I went first to Buffalo, where I began with the post-office and directory, but without being able to find the man I was searching for there, I proceeded to Detroit. No luck there either. I returned to Buffalo, stopping at Cleveland by the way and finally gave up the search, concluding that Harringtonford must have gone elsewhere, and that the world was too large a haystack for me to hunt in for such a needle.

But my mother had told me to be sure to visit Niagara before my return; so one afternoon I went down by a late train to the Falls, which I saw by moonlight for the first time. I was of course too poor to go to a first-class hotel, but put up at one both small and obscure. The next morning was fine. I was in good spirits, in spite of the failure of my undertaking, for I had youth and health. I passed the day at the Falls, but, for economy's sake, I felt that I ought to leave on the night train for Utica. So I prepared to take leave of the great cataract. "But I am going to drink out of it first, anyway," I said to a young man whose acquaintance I had made that afternoon. The American shore of the river was not fenced in from the public in those days, as I found it when I was there a year ago. We stood at the very brink, near the edge of the fall. The wild, tumbling rapids shot past us, seemed to pause an instant on the verge, broke into curves of marvelous green water, then crumbled into masses of foam, and fell thundering into the abyss. With that view before me, boy-like, I got down on my hands and knees for my drink. My lips touched the swift water. I had my drink, and was about to rise, when something dropped out of the inner breast-pocket of my coat, and shot away from my reach and sank from sight before I could put out my hand. In my astonishment, I was near making a leap after it, but the sight of the steaming gulf below brought me to my senses. "Gone!" I exclaimed, flinging up my hands in despair. "Did you see it?" "See what?" said my companion. "My pocket-book," I replied, full of consternation. "It dropped from your coat pocket into the water, and is lost. I came within one of going after it!" He had seen nothing. I explained how it happened. I had always carried my pocket-book in that way, and never dropped it before. But in stooping far forward to bring my lips to the water, I had emptied my pocket, and lost in an instant all my money, together with that poor outlawed note of Harringtonford's among other more or less valuable papers. My chance acquaintance expressed his sympathy in well-sounding words, but all at once he appeared to have grown cold toward me. Perhaps he expected I should want to borrow money of him; for money I should certainly need in getting away from the Falls. I still had my hotel bill to pay, and I could not very well travel by rail for nothing. We had already exchanged cards, and I had ascertained that his name was Eastmore—that he was a reporter, or something of the sort, for a Buffalo paper. I thought a young man of his experience ought to be able to give me good advice, if nothing else, and I begged him to tell me what to do. "Have you any friend in town that you can call on for assistance?" he asked. "Not one," I said; and added, without thinking how he would take it, "You are the only acquaintance I have here except the hotel folks." He laughed and looked embarrassed. "That's bad!" he said. "I would be glad to lend you a little if I had any to spare, but I haven't. Perhaps the hotel folks will help you, if you can convince them of the truth of your story." A horrible suspicion flashed across my mind. "I might pass for an impostor." "The truth of it?" I exclaimed. "Why, I had my pocket-book right here, with twenty dollars in it! And what motive could I have?" In my bewilderment I could not finish my question. "Of course you had your pocket-book," he answered, with a smile; "and mind, I don't say you have any motive for making a false pretension. But the world is full of impostors, who are always inventing excuses for borrowing money or for omitting to pay their bills. Hotel keepers have to deal with such characters pretty often, and we can't blame them for being a trifle suspicious of men who have lost their pocket-books!" He must have been impressed by the horrified look I gave him, for he immediately went on: "Of course I am as much convinced that you lost your pocket-book in the way you say as if I had seen it go over the falls. But even if I had seen it, I never saw the money in it—though don't understand me to say that I have any doubt of that either. I am only stating the case as it might look to other people, if you didn't carry such an honest face about with you." "Thank you for so much!" I said, bitterly; for now I perceived by something in his look and tone which he could not hide, that in his own mind, my story stood sadly in need of confirmation. I couldn't blame him, however. Impostors are in the majority among smooth-tongued people in want of assistance; and the worst of their sin is that they throw discredit upon honest people who have been really unfortunate. I was destined to find that out to my sorrow. I felt that the first thing to be done was to make my case known to my landlord, and I went back to the house. I told him, in as cool and business-like way as I could, what had happened, and asked him to trust me for the amount of my bill. Eastmore went with me, and I hoped he would say something to corroborate my story; but he was very cautious. He stood at my elbow, a little behind, and I suspect there was something in his face which did not help my cause. The landlord, a short, stocky, red-visaged, wall-eyed Irishman glanced over his shoulder with the one good eye he

had, and seemed to receive intelligence for my disadvantage. I turned quickly. I don't think Eastmore had made a signal, but he had not concealed his incredulity. I found then that I might better have gone alone to the landlord. "I don't know anything about your losing your pocket-book," said the Irishman, after hearing me out. "If you have no money, you must get some. My business is to keep a hotel, and I can't furnish guests with board and lodging for the fine stories they may tell." The words stung me, but I managed to reply calmly. "I don't ask you to do any such thing. I shall pay you every cent I owe you. But I have lost my money, and can't very well afford to stay here until I receive more." Then it occurred to me that that was just what he would like to have me do. He could hold my value for security, and my bill would be increasing, so I added: "I shall be obliged to leave your house, anyway. If you will let me take my valise, I think I may get passed over the railroad; and I promise to send you the two dollars I owe you as soon as I reach Utica." He smiled. "What time is it?" he asked. I took out my watch and told him. "That's a good-looking turnip," he said. "Leave that, and you may take your baggage." The watch had been my father's. I wouldn't have trusted it in his hands on any account. "No thank you!" I said, and put it back into my pocket. He saw that I distrusted him, and became abusive. "You're a swindler!" he cried. "I've heard of you before. How many pocket-books have you lost this week? I've a cat here that could eat them all, and lick her chops for more. Ah!"—he shook his fist at me angrily—"I'm the wrong man for you to try your little confidence game on. If you come into my house again without the money," he shouted after me as I was turning my back on him indignantly, "I'll have you arrested! I'll have you in the lockup!" I think I was never so angry in my life; but what is the use of arguing with a wild beast? I held my tongue, and walked out of his miserable hotel without my baggage. I had been poorly accommodated there, and his charge, after all, was extortion—almost as much as I should have had to pay in those days at a first-class house. I should have found no fault with that, and would gladly have sent him the money if he would have let me off; but to feel that I had been imposed upon as well as insulted increased my indignation. Eastmore followed me out, and spoke some words intended to appear sympathetic; but I had no patience with the cold, suspicious, non-committal character of the fellow, and gave him but a curt reply. So he went his way, and I mine. I had already resolved what to do. I walked boldly into a first-class hotel, entered my name on the register, and then asked the clerk to be good enough to put my watch in the hotel safe. It was an unusual act. I knew the clerk would wonder why I requested it; but I made no explanation. I then took a room and wrote a letter to my mother, which I thought would reach her the next morning, and serve my purpose as well as a telegram. I got my letter into the mail and took "mine ease in mine inn." I determined to enjoy my stay at the Falls, while waiting for money to get away. The next day, while walking out of the hotel, I met Eastmore walking in. He gave me a curious smile and went to the desk, where he seemed to be looking over the register for names. I didn't have anything more to say to him, but sauntered away, with my head up. I looked eagerly, the next morning, for the expected letter from home. It did not come. But I got an interesting bit of news instead. I took up at the breakfast table a newspaper which a gentleman had laid down, and read with feelings which you can perhaps imagine, this item, under the heading of "Spray from the Falls": "Don't drink out of the Cataract! That is what Philip Clement Edney attempted to do on Tuesday, in the presence of our reporter, and thus parted with a large and well-stuffed pocket-book, which took that occasion to leap out of his breast-pocket and dart over the American Fall like a fish. Philip Clement Edney was hugely disgusted; so likewise was the landlord of the Eagle House, when he found that the said P. C. E. had nothing but fair promises wherewith to settle his bill. Unfortunately our reporter could not swear to the wallet and its contents; and in this age of dead beats and confidence men, P. C. E. naturally fell under some suspicion. "If an impostor, which our reporter did not believe, he is a very young and a very good-looking specimen. If an honest person, as he appears, we can only say that it was an expensive drink, and refer the prudent reader to the MORAL of our story, which, to insure its being read, we have placed at the beginning, and here repeat at the end, Don't drink out of the Cataract!" Hot and cold streaks shot over me as I read this smart paragraph. I burned to get hold of Eastmore's sagacious nose, and be rude to it. My name—the name which the reporter had given in full—was on the hotel register, and already, no doubt, I was an object of suspicion by the clerk. I arose hastily and left the dining hall. I went to cool my head under the cliff below the Falls, and did not return to the hotel until noon. Again I asked the

clerk for letters. There were none for me; but there was something else—a card. "H. F. Marston" was the name I read on it; and I was informed that Mr. Marston had inquired for me. "I don't know him," I said. "Who is he?" By way of reply the clerk struck a bell, called a messenger, and sent him off to see if Mr. Marston was in his room, and tell him that "Mr. Edney" had returned. Then he said to me— "You are the young man who left a watch with me, I believe. Do you wish for it?" "I shall wish for it," I said, "when I have money to pay my bill, which I am expecting by every mail." "Then it wasn't simply for safe keeping that you handed it to me?" he said. "Not altogether," I replied. "I had no baggage; and to avoid unpleasant explanations, and perhaps still more unpleasant suspicions, I thought I would place that security in your hands." He smiled as he took the watch from the safe and handed it back to me. "I don't require the security. I believe you are honest, Mr. Edney. The paragraph in this morning's paper has excited interest, and one or two persons have asked about you. Mr. Marston wishes particularly to see you. Walk up stairs." The messenger had in fact just returned for me, and I went with him, wondering all the way what would happen next. I found a tall, well-dressed, fine-looking gentleman waiting for me in his private parlor. "Is this Philip Clement Edney?" he said, with a smile, which brought up a host of recollections. I stared at him, all a-tremble with excitement. I might have passed him twenty times in the hotel without knowing him; but now I was sure of my man at a glance. "That is my name," I said; "and you?" He stopped me with another engaging smile. "I am Henry F. Marston, please remember. If I had another name one, I should be glad to have it forgotten. But I am willing that you should know who I am. When I saw your name in the paper this morning, I knew it must be you. Then I found you were stopping at the same hotel with me. Your father was very, very kind to me, Philip; and when I learned—" The tears actually came into his eyes, as he faltered; and at that moment I forgave him all. "You were a little shaver when I knew you," he went on, with another flashing smile. "I should not have recognized you; but you have your father's name, and your mother's eyes. I don't know why I have neglected to communicate with them. When I found that you were here, my heart yearned towards you. How are your parents, Philip?" He had not heard of my father's death. When I told him, and described the straitened circumstances of our family, he appeared greatly astonished and conscience-stricken. "Why haven't you sent for me?" he asked. "My father, in his last moments, begged us to let you know of our circumstances, and I have gone through three cities in search of you," I replied. "But no Thomas Harringtonford!" He stopped me again. "Of course not," he said. "There is no such man now, and never has been, since I left Utica and began a new life under a new name. I have been much to blame that I never paid your father. Do you know the amount of the debt?" "The face of the note was seven hundred and forty dollars," I answered. "But that, I am sorry to say, went over the falls in my pocketbook. But I have a letter to you from my mother, which I have left in my valise at the Eagle House." "Go and get it," he said. "I can't," I replied, "for I have no money to pay my bill there." He at once opened his pocket-book. "Take that and get your valise." He put a twenty-dollar bank note into my hand. In half an hour I had redeemed my baggage, told the landlord of the Eagle House in plain language what I thought of his conduct, returned to Harringtonford's room—or rather Marston's—with my mother's letter. In reading it he had to hide his face. Tears were still in his eyes, though he was smiling again. Then he turned to me. "That was a lucky paragraph in this morning's paper," he said; "and a lucky accident which detained you here. In your absence I have computed the present value of that note at compound interest; and now it gives me the greatest satisfaction to repay your family in a time of need. I have deducted the twenty dollars I just handed you; and here is the balance." He put a paper into my hands. I couldn't believe my eyes. It was a check for twenty-three hundred and ninety dollars. I did not wait for my mother's letter, but took the next train for home. I found my letter there waiting for her. She was away, and it had not been forwarded. She soon returned, and I had the joy of putting Harringtonford's check into her hands. We felt some anxiety, lest it shouldn't prove good for the very large sum of money it called for; but it did; and it proved also to be the turning point in our fortunes. In my delight at the happy termination of my adventure, I forgave everybody who had wronged me. I forgave the wall-eyed landlord. I even forgave Eastmore.

I have visited Niagara Falls more than once since. But I never again felt any desire to drink out of the cataract.—J. F. Troubridge, in Youth's Companion. TIMELY TOPICS. Dr. Schliemann has found 904 marble objects at Olympia, 3,734 bronzes, 904 terra cottas, 429 inscriptions and 1,270 coins. At the great international German shooting match which recently took place at Dusseldorf, a woman won three prizes. A resident of Sacramento, Cal., has a breadfruit tree in full bearing. The fruit averages a length of four inches, and is pear shaped, with a flavor like that of a cantaloupe. Fifty thousand eucalyptus trees are to be planted about the city of Mexico. These trees grow very rapidly, and in a few years will make a material modification in the rainfall about the Mexican capital. Astronomers find that the average number of meteors which traverse the atmosphere daily, and which are large enough to be visible to the naked eye on a dark clear night, is no less than 7,500,000. A new purse has been invented in London. When you open it it appears simply to be an ordinary portmanteau, but by touching a spring at the side, the trigger of a small revolver drops into your hand; a portion of the end of the purse opens out, discharging the muzzle, and you suddenly find yourself with a most useful protector. The consumption of coal in London is steadily augmenting, both in arithmetical and geometrical ratio. Thus, in 1681, the consumption was within 200,000 tons; in 1851 it increased to 3,500,000 tons; in 1861 to 5,073,275 tons, and in 1877 to 9,000,700 tons. For manufacturing purposes alone 1,800,000 tons are used up annually in that huge city. A peculiar system of weather warnings for the benefit of farmers has been established at Leipzig, under the direction of the observatory at that city. Four different signals are given by means of drums hoisted to different heights. One indicates fine weather, another changeable, a third rain, and a fourth that no trustworthy prediction is possible. These forecasts are already highly esteemed by the agricultural proprietors, for whose guidance they are intended. It is estimated that the amounts of wheat for export from the countries named during the current crop year will be approximately as follows in bushels: North America.....85,000,000 Russia.....40,000,000 Austro-Hungary.....20,000,000 Australasia.....15,000,000 India.....5,000,000 China.....4,000,000 Total.....170,000,000 In the Laccadives a species of rats suddenly appeared, which, living in the crowns of the palm-trees, nibbled off the young nuts and threatened to ruin the colony. The Indian government being appealed to for aid sent over a stock of cats, but as the cats could get fish to eat below, they declined to climb ninety feet up the trees to get rats. Tree snakes were then tried, but the villagers were prejudiced against reptiles and killed them. Then the government sent out a consignment of mongooses, but the mongooses declined to climb trees after rats while they could get chickens on the ground. With cats and mongooses on the ground refusing to ascend to the rats, the officials decided that all that was required was to make the rats descend to the cats and mongooses, so they sent the islanders over some owls. But they had overlooked the popular prejudice against these birds, and in committee assembled the people decided that even rats up in the trees were better than these "devil-birds." They accepted the birds in all apparent gratitude, but as soon as the coast was clear, the owls, cats and mongooses were all conveyed in procession to a boat and solemnly deported to an uninhabited reef. Historic Postoffices. Two United States postoffices have been established at places of historic note in Virginia. While there are twenty-three Mount Vernons in the United States that are postoffices, the one from which the name sprung has been without postal facilities. The subject was brought to the attention of Postmaster-General Key a few weeks ago, and it being understood that the lady regents desired a postoffice there as a convenience as well as for the business of the Mount Vernon Association, and of the neighborhood, arrangements were made for an office, which was ordered established. It is thought that the postoffice will derive some special revenue from visitors who will desire to send a letter home direct from Mount Vernon. Another postoffice on the same route is also established at Gunston, Fairfax county, former seat of George Mason, the author of the Bill of Rights of Virginia. Gunston is now owned by a company, and a co-operative farm is established there. It was here that James M. Mason died, several years ago, well known at one period as United States Senator from Virginia, and afterward as Confederate Minister to England.