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The Two Villages.

Over the river on the hill
Lies a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow;
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill
Another village lies still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light;
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door;
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;
Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut;
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh—
Silent and idle, and low, they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And hither, praying, this answer fall:
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all!"

A MIDNIGHT MYSTERY.

There was a wild storm on the Baltic. The raging billows lashed the shore, thunder crashed amid the vivid flashes of lightning, and the rain fell at times in torrents; but the quiet villagers of Biornborg were securely sleeping in their beds, for it was eleven o'clock at night, and they were not wont to wander from their homes after darkness fell upon their habitations.

They were a hardy, simple race of people, having very little knowledge of the outside world. The men were mostly fishermen and the women spinners of flax.

I have said the good villagers were securely sleeping in their beds, but I must at least except the village priest, who sat in his solitary room reading a large book beside his well-trimmed lamp, and occasionally pausing and raising his head as a blast more fierce than the rest shook his little house to the very foundation.

At the period of which we write, the village of Biornborg numbered scarcely three hundred souls, and the church where the priest officiated stood at the extreme end of the settlement, and within a hundred feet of the wave-washed shore.

As the venerable old man closed the book he fell into a deep meditation. His lamp began to burn dimly and the solemn silence of his chamber was only broken by the noise of the rushing sea and the howling of the gale. The hands of the clock that stood in an angle of the room had just met at twelve, and the priest was in the act of seeking his couch, when there came a loud knocking at the door.

"Some of my people are ill, I fear," murmured the good man as he unbarred the door.

When he had done so, two masked men covered by long cloaks, pushed their way hastily into the apartment, one of them abruptly informing him that he must accompany them immediately to the church, as he was required to celebrate a marriage.

"Here!" exclaimed the man, flinging a purse upon the table, "this will compensate you for the trouble we are about to give you."

As quickly as the priest could collect his thoughts he mildly remonstrated, explaining that he was not permitted to perform such a solemn rite without those preparatory formalities which the law required.

"Cease that nonsense," cried the man, drawing a pistol and putting the muzzle against the old man's head. "Do our bidding without murmur, for unless you obey, I swear that I will shoot you."

The poor priest trembled and turned pale. "I shall be ready in a moment," he replied, and caught up his hat and stick.

"Come along," exclaimed the men as they stepped forth, followed by the unwilling clergyman.

The rain had ceased falling and a big rift in the clouds occasionally showed a gleam of the moon.

"I thought the gale would abate about midnight," remarked one of the men to his fellow.

A simple "humph!" was the only response.

"We must be off before daylight," he continued, "but we shall have a terrible sea for the boats. Hear how the surf beats on the shore."

"Humph!" came again from his companion's lips, and then they relapsed into silence.

As they emerged from behind one of the sand hills which surrounded the village, the priest started with surprise to behold his church illuminated. He gazed at the men as they strode by his side, and they appeared like specters to his heated imagination. Matters seemed to him like a dream. A few moments more and they were at the church portals.

"Stand!" commanded one of the

men. The priest obeyed, and quickly found a bandage placed over his eyes. "Take my hand," said the man. Again the priest obeyed, and was led rapidly through the door. A number of voices as if disputing met his ear, but almost immediately the sounds ceased and all became quiet.

Arriving in front of the altar, the covering over his eyes was removed, and he could observe about a dozen persons masked and keeping close in the shadow of the walls. The large candles on the altar were burning brightly; still there were portions of the church over which indistinct shadows flitted. In one of these arches the old priest strained his eyes, as he thought he beheld the garments of a woman. Nor was he mistaken. But that which suddenly caused his heart to shrink with dread, was to behold the slab which covered the vault of Francis Krynszloft removed from its place and standing on its end against one of the pillars that supported the roof.

Krynszloft, a rich old land owner who had been dead nearly a century, had built the church, being careful to stipulate that his body should rest in the tomb which was built in the middle aisle of the edifice.

As the good priest gazed down the building, a tall man issued from one of the gloomy shadows, leading a lady who was magnificently appareled, and who seemed scarcely able to walk, so uncertain were her steps. Both figures were masked. The man was as splendidly attired as his companion, and his tall form and military carriage induced the belief that he was no common personage. Behind him came the persons who had been grouped by the walls.

It was a strange sight at that lonely hour of the night to see an old gray-headed priest trembling with fear and surrounded by unknown men and women, compelled to celebrate a marriage with an open tomb in view.

The first thought that rushed to the mind of the good man was, that after he had performed the ceremony, they would murder him, cast his body into the vault, replace the slab, and his fate would perhaps never be revealed, for one of the bones of the Krynszloft family, save old Francis, would ever repose there. But he quickly dismissed this thought, as he could conceive no reason for them to kill an inoffensive man living in an obscure part of the empire and scarcely known beyond the confines of Biornborg.

His reflections, however, were cut short by the man beckoning his attendants to close about him, and then in an imperious tone commanding the priest to proceed with his office. Summoning all the courage he could command, the priest inquired the name of the bride and bridegroom.

"Nicholas and Castalie," replied the bridegroom sternly.

At the sound of his voice the poor lads trembled violently, and more than once appeared about to fall. She was evidently suffering great terror. Once or twice the priest was on the point of positively refusing to conduct a marriage under such equivocal circumstances, but the sight of the open tomb shook his momentary resolution, for he was not a courageous person.

"Proceed! proceed!" commanded the man, in an impatient tone.

Not daring any longer to delay, the old priest began the ceremony, but he was so bewildered that he made many mistakes, which, however, were not observed by those present. Perhaps they were ignorant of matters like this. At length he came to the question, "Wilt thou, Nicholas, acknowledge Castalie, who now kneels beside thee, to be thy lawfully wedded wife?"

"I will!" was the reply, in tones that rang through the arches of the building, so sternly were they pronounced.

The reply, for some unknown reason, produced a marked sensation among the maskers, for a low murmur came from their midst.

"And thou, Castalie," continued the priest, "wilt thou acknowledge as thy lawfully wedded husband, Nicholas, who kneels beside thee?"

"I will!" came in a voice that was only just audible, and which quivered with evident fear.

A moment more and the woman sank upon the stone floor with a cry of anguish. Several of the party gathered around her, and one raised her head while the bridegroom poured some drops from a vial on her lips. It was amid this confusion that the priest concluded the ceremony.

Again the bandage was placed over his eyes, and he was led out of the church. Once without he was given the use of his sight, with the injunction to hurry to his home, and upon the peril of his life, never to speak of that night's occurrence. Instantly, then, the men re-entered the church and closed the door, and the priest could hear the bar adjusted to prevent intruders.

But the old man did not immediately proceed on his way. He knelt down upon the ground and applied his ear to the door-sill. He could hear loud and angry tones from within, and suddenly there came a piercing shriek from a man, followed by a pistol-shot. Then all was still. Springing from his crouching position, the old man darted with all the speed left him, toward the houses of the villagers for the purpose of alarming them, as he felt sure a deed of terror and blood had just been enacted. But so violent was his emotion, and so powerful had been the strain upon his nervous system, that, when he reached the door of John Ispranitz, he fell to the earth as he knocked for admittance.

Some hours later the whole village

was startled by the announcement that their pastor was lying at Ispranitz's cottage in a state of unconsciousness. Men, women and children flocked to the spot, and all did what they were able in aid of the priest's recovery. For days he lay delirious, and while the fever was burning up his frame he raved of the open tomb of old Francis Krynszloft, the midnight marriage and the shot which probably sent some poor creature to eternity.

"Alas!" sighed the simple people, "our good pastor has lost his reason, heaven grant it may be restored to him again."

It was nearly a month ere the priest was able to leave his couch. Among the first things he did when he was able to converse, was to tell the story of the midnight marriage. But his hearers gazed at each other with incredulous glances, believing the old man was bereft of his wits. After awhile, however, he was able to leave John Ispranitz's cottage, and then he assembled the people, and they proceeded to the church in a body. A careful inspection of the slab of the vault, showed that it had been recently displaced.

Suddenly a new purpose seized the minds of the villagers. Spades and crowbars were at once at hand, and the vault was quickly uncovered.

The first object that met their gaze was a crumbling mound of earth which held the ashes of Krynszloft. To raise the lid was only the work of a few moments, and then they beheld, still with perfect features, the body of a beautiful woman with a wound directly in the region of the heart.

Never had such a cry of terror and anguish echoed within those walls. The clothing on the body was of the finest and most expensive description, but it exhibited no mark by which a clue could be formed to unravel the dreadful deed that had been committed.

The priest, however, considered it his duty to make the whole affair known to his bishop, who resided at Helsingfors, and he in turn communicated the attested facts to the government authorities.

In due time came back a message not to revive the matter again, coupled with a warning that the inhabitants of Biornborg would do well to interest themselves no further in the strange affair.

Some years later, a naval vessel appeared off the coast and landed a party of armed men, who proceeded to the church, keeping all the people at a distance by placing guards in the vicinity.

When night fell they were heard at work, and ere morning dawned they had embarked, carrying with them a burden covered by a pall.

The few people who were curious enough to get a glimpse of the departure of the party, stated that the persons employed showed the most profound respect and reverence to the object they bore away to their grave.

As soon as the ship was well in the offing, the excited villagers again opened the tomb, but they only beheld the accustomed remains of old Francis Krynszloft.

That midnight marriage forever remained a mystery.—National Standard.

A Very Exact Denial.

The nephew was the typical nephew of the comedies and novels; the uncle, the typical uncle. The former got himself into debt; the latter had to help him out of debt.

But the most long-suffering of men must at last lose patience, and one fine day the uncle writes to his dear nephew that all is over between them. Not another penny.

The nephew flies down to his uncle's country seat and falls at his venerable relative's gony feet.

"Uncle Peter, dear Uncle Peter, just this once. Aid me to straighten out this snarl in my finances and I will never, never come to you again."

"Oh, Roland, I know you too well. My sister's son—my only sister's son," says the old man, wiping away a furtive tear.

"Ah, your heart is touched; you will assist me once more?" says the young man.

"Listen," said his aged relative "have you a rule?"

"A which?"

"A rule—a foot-rule?"

"Why should I have one? I ain't a carpenter."

"Go and find one immediately."

The young man, puzzled but hopeful, goes, and at the end of half an hour returns and says;

"Uncle, dear, here is the foot-rule."

"Very well; measure this room, length, breadth and height, so as to ascertain its dimensions."

The young man, more puzzled than ever, sets about his task, and at last makes his report.

"Uncle, the room contains 3,040 cubic feet."

"You are sure of that?"

"Absolutely."

"Very well," says the old gentleman, rising to his feet and speaking in a tone of thunder; "and now, sir, if this room, which contains 3,040 cubic feet, were filled with double eagles packed so tightly that you couldn't ram, jam or cram a three-cent piece into it I wouldn't give you a penny. Git!"

A fisherman near Sioux City, Iowa, saw a box floating on the surface of the water. He secured it, and it proved to be water tight, and contained an infant several weeks old, provided with a bottle of milk and sufficient clothing to keep it warm.

Curious Companionship.

A gentleman in Sussex, Eng., had a cat which showed the greatest affection for a young blackbird, which was given to her by a stable-boy for food a day or two after she had been deprived of her kittens. She tended it with the greatest care; they became inseparable companions, and no mother could show a greater fondness for her offspring than she did for the bird.

Lemmy shut up a cat and several mice together in a cage. The mice in time got to be very friendly, and plucked and nibbled at their feline friend. When any of them grew troublesome, she would gently box their ears.

A German magazine tells of a Mr. Hecart who placed a tame sparrow under the protection of a wild-cat. Another cat attacked the sparrow, which was at the most critical moment rescued by its protector. During the sparrow's subsequent illness its natural foe watched over it with great tenderness. The same authority gives an instance of a cat trained like a watch-dog to keep guard over a yard containing a hare and some sparrows, blackbirds and partridges.

A pair of carriage horses taken to water at a stone trough, then standing at one end of the Manchester exchange, were followed by a dog who was in the habit of lying in the stall of one of them. As he gambled on in front of the creature was suddenly attacked by a mastiff far too strong for his power of resistance, and it would have gone hard with him but for the unlooked-for intervention of his stable companion, which, breaking loose from the man who was leading it, made for the battling dogs, and with one well-delivered kick sent the mastiff into a cooper's cellar, and then quietly returned to the trough and finished his drink. In very sensible fashion, too, did Mrs. Bland's half-Danish dog, Traveler, show his affection for his mistress' pet pony. The latter had been badly hurt, and when well enough to be turned into a field, was visited there by its fair owner and regaled with carrots and other delicacies; Traveler, for his part, never failing to fetch one or two windfall apples from the garden, laying them on the grass before the pony, and halting its enjoyment of them with the liveliest demonstrations of delight.

That such relations should exist between the horse and the dog seems natural enough. But that a horse should be hail-fellow with a hen appears too absurd to be true; yet we have Gilbert White's word for it that a horse, lacking more suitable companions, struck up a friendship with a hen, and displayed immense gratification when she rubbed against his legs and clucked a greeting, while he moved with the greatest caution lest he might trample on his "little, little friend"—Chamber's.

Colorado Ranch Customs.

A correspondent writes as follows from Colorado: Every ranchman is armed with a repeating rifle, a shot-gun and a revolver—although many do not carry their revolvers. I hardly ever carry mine. In the event of a quarrel an unarmed man stands more show for his life, for no matter how great a desperado may be the man, he never shoots an unarmed man. The question is asked: "Are you heeled?" meaning armed. You answering to the contrary, they will immediately put up their weapons. Stealing here is sure death to the one getting caught at it. Two weeks ago a party of us went up into the mountains prospecting for minerals in a new gulch, and on our way found a man hanging to a tree who had been dead some days, with a paper pinned on his shirt simply stating "Horse thief." These things strike terror to the thieves. Three nights ago three desperate-looking men aroused me in the night, and said they were looking for a horse thief and were tired. I invited them to stay all night. They immediately made themselves at home, cooking their own supper. I finally asleep, leaving them playing poker, \$1 a corner. They departed early the next morning, and I learned, came up with their man and shot him. It is remarkable to think that a man may shoot his neighbor and nothing be said, but let him steal anything and he must die. It is one of the peculiar ideas of the men on the borders that every man must protect his life, and not the law. But there is a good class of people now settling up this country; slowly but surely, their ideas will bring law and order.

The Sort of Girl to Get.

The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally she is not rich. But, oh! what a heart she has when you find her! so large and pure and womanly. When you see it you wonder if those showy things outside were women. If you gain her love your two thousand are millions. She'll not ask you for a carriage or a first-class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary, with no vulgar magnificence upon her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought how little happiness depends on money. She'll make you love home (if you don't you're a brute), and teach you how to pity, while you scorn a poor, fashionable society that thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to think itself happy.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Bees swarmed into Shelbyville, Ind., one day recently, in such countless numbers that the merchants had to close their stores.

Dr. Carver, the celebrated marksman, shot himself into a fortune of \$60,000 last year. It is said that after a visit abroad he will give up professional shooting.

The emperor of Brazil has invited eminent doctors from Europe to Rio Janeiro to study on the spot the true character of yellow fever, and discover a remedy for it. Several have accepted the call.

Capt. Bundy, a Chicago Methodist, has fitted up a boat to travel as an evangelist. He makes landings at places along the shores of the lakes, holds revival meetings, and is said to be highly successful.

In the republic of Columbia there dwells a man by the name of Miguel Solis. He is said to be the oldest man in the world. Miguel declares that he is only 180, but his neighbors say he is past 200 and lies about his age as persistently as an old maid.

While on his way home from Tallahassee, Fla., a colored man named Andrew Wilson was run over at Bel Air, Md., and killed. Four years ago his father was killed on the same spot in precisely the same manner; one of his brothers broke his neck last year while playing ball, and in 1873 another was killed by a fall.

To rapidly extinguish a fire in a chimney: Put about three ounces of the sulphuret of carbon on the hearth, the sulphur being first turned into one or two broad hollow plates, so that the combustion may be produced on a relatively large surface. In one quarter of Paris firemen have thus extinguished 251 of 319 fires, the extinguishments in many cases being instantaneous, without the necessity of mounting the roof or in any disarranging the apartments.

Russia, during the war of 1769-1774, had nearly 200,000 men in the field, and the medical staff, including apothecaries and dressers, consisted of 156 men. "The loss from fever and plague," reported the director, "was greater than from foes wearing turbans." During the recent war Russia was able for the first time to do without the aid of foreign surgeons. During the Crimean war the military authorities had been imposed upon sadly by scores of quacks with bogus diplomas from Germany and America, some of whom would not touch the sick or wounded with anything but a walking-stick as they strolled through the hospitals.

Philosophy of Newspaper Advertising.

"Hermit," the New York correspondent of the Troy Times, in a late letter, philosophically remarks:

"Trade is now in full activity, and business men are exerting every effort to improve the harvest. One method is the handbill system, by which the hotels are daily inundated. During the business season one boy after another will go the rounds, and in this way an attempt is made to obtain trade. Of these, however, the greater part are wasted, since the waiter generally picks them up and throws them into the street, and the next day a fresh inundation takes place. Experience has clearly demonstrated the most efficient method of advertising is found in the judicious use of the newspaper columns. The ground on which newspaper advertising, as a system, is based, is human confidence, since we cannot avoid believing that which we constantly read. The confidence is sometimes abused, but still it is evident that a good advertisement will, if sufficiently repeated, carry popular opinion. Men who advertise with the greatest persistency eventually reach success. There is a military principal involved in the method, since the article advertised should be pressed on the public by repeated assaults. The correct view, which experience brings to each man, is that advertising should be included in the general estimate of expense, as regularly as store rent, clerk hire and insurance. It is often said a good stand at a high rent is better than a poor one rent free. Well, advertising brings a man before the public in a way that makes any 'stand' good. The best stand you can have is to be in the newspapers."

Rome Sentinel Brevities.

Dry goods—Codfish.
High schools—Seven-story academies.
Poor policy—One that is repudiated by the insurance company.
"One-half of the world don't know how the other half lives," and what is more, it don't care.
The attention of the public, which has been centered on the base ball batter all summer, will now be turned to the contemplation of pancake batter.
When a man is hanging by his toes from the cornice of a high building, and expects momentarily to drop, nothing so completely reassures and so thoroughly satisfies him as the sudden discovery that he is safely home in bed.
"Are fat people healthy?" is a headline that stares us in the face in every other exchange we pick up. Who cares whether they are healthy or not? As long as we are not cannibals, it would be wiser to investigate whether beans are healthy.

Items of Interest.

Grate results—Cinders.
There are 5,000,000 plows used in this country.
'Tis the man who is hard o' hearing who has the "Hey" fever.
When Jack Frost comes and slaps your face you can slap-jacks.
English sparrows make a good pot-pie. So does an American housewife.
Brutus was an honorable man, but in the end he contrived to stick poor Cæsar.
Zeitungsnachrichtenennigkeiterfinder is the title of a newspaper in the German language.
Consul to witness—"You're a nice sort of fellow, you are!" Witness—"I'd say the same of you, sir, only I'm on my oath."
Columbus was a cabin boy at the age of fourteen, but his birth is hidden in obscurity. The real name is Christoval Colon, Latinized into the familiar one of Columbus.
Don't be old-fashioned enough to speak of a verbose man as "a gas house." Refer to him as an "electric light generator."
A little Chicago girl, while sitting at the table, a short time ago, held a piece of cake in one hand and a cup of milk in the other. Holding the cup a short distance from her mouth, she looked down at the cake and remarked, "You can't get in."
Mr. John Kiger has unearthed a fine specimen of the seal family sixteen feet long, on his farm in Fulton township, Fountain county, Ind., near the north line of Parke county. Mr. Kiger thinks there is a school of petrified seals in that vicinity.
There is no prettier sight now than a school-girl picking her way abstractedly along the streets, conning her philosophy lesson, and ever and anon stopping to bury her little Grecian nose deep into a mammoth pickle she carries under her apron.—St. Louis Spirit.
A Few Typographic Errors.
"Greely's ire being raised," says the Rochester Express, "at the refusal of the Japanese to enlarge their commercial relations, he editorially declared that 'the only effective arguments with barbarians are those uttered by the mouths of forty-pound Paixhans.' He tore around the next morning when he read in the Tribune that the only arguments 'are those uttered by the mouths of forty proud Parisians.' The London News undertook to call Mr. Bright the 'Gamelial of Birmingham,' but between the compositor and proof-reader it was printed 'the gamebird of Birmingham.' A night editor headed a cable dispatch, 'The British lion shaking his mane. He lost five pounds in weight when the black letters proclaimed, 'The British lion skating in Maine.' A night editor had an important cablegram about the San Stefano treaty, on which he put a flaming head: 'Ultimatum of the czar,' and found it translated into 'Ultimatum of J. Cesar.' Some years ago the English reading public were profoundly impressed by an essay by Carlyle on the 'Liturgy of the Dead sea apes.' All newspapers had something to say about the novel title; but were rather taken back when it was made known that the great writer intended to say 'apples' instead of 'apes.'
"Charged to the account of typographical errors are many that come from the deliberate indulgence of the compositors' love of fun—pure causeness, the irate author calls it. For instance, the New York Leader republished a poem from the Atlantic. In the former these two lines—
"Well, well, I think not on those two,
But the old would break out anew,"
appeared thus wonderfully changed—
"Well, well, I think not on those two,
But the old woman breaks out anew."
Beauties of Nature in Arizona.
Notwithstanding the entire absence of timber or verdure of any kind upon the mountains along the Colorado river, they are ever-changing objects of beauty and interest, and the longer and more studiously you gaze upon them, the more completely are you lost in admiration of them. In the evening, in the interval just before and immediately after the decline of the great orb of day, these earth-giants point up their rugged edges and grotesque columns against a canopy that is a marvel of celestial coloring. At this time of the year the clouds sail majestically over the mountain tops. From sunrise until sunset seems like a great sapphire suspended over the world. Then the eastern mountains and the horizon above assume a most exquisite tint of something between purple and maroon, while the elevations on the west and the horizon above color up in lilac and gold. A few moments after sunset the whole heavens and mountains upon either side assume a lavender hue. So perfect and so delicate are the tracings of these morning outlines against the sky at this part of the evening, that the entranced viewer follows them as readily as if they were just so many artistic pencilings on a major or parchment. Yet all this in comparison with the mirage on some morning, which cuts up these eastern mountains into castles, cathedrales, fortresses, esplanades, gardens, forests, and every other imaginable thing or topology them over, or suspends them in the air at will. One can watch the beautiful effects of mirage in this country with more delightful avidity than any other one thing that can be seen.