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The Old, Old Story.

The pastor's little daughter sits smiling in the sun, Beside her on the old stone bench. The story-book just done, And lurking in her wine-brown eyes A story just begun.

AT SIMPSON'S.

"Any letters for F. F. Van Cleef?" in a nervous, anxious voice, was asked by a well-dressed, close-cropped young fellow of the hotel clerk. "Ah! what name?" demanded that elegant functionary, not because he had not heard perfectly well, but to find time to lounge over the ten feet intervening between himself and the letter boxes.

me." On the back of the quaint old locket were the initials, "V. D. V.," and below them, "M. E." There had been a picture in it once, but there was left only the marks of the knife with which it had been pried out. It was growing late, and calling a hack, Frank jumped in and told the driver to take him to the new courthouse. Arrived there, he told the man to wait, passed through the building and out the other door, walked briskly to Simpson's, hesitated a moment, stood in the door, and in a moment bolted in a box at the counter, where a poor woman was pawing some clothing for food. Frank shuddered, drew out the locket and laid it down.

Two little red lips quivered perceptibly, and two big black eyes filled with tears. To be hungry—absolutely, unpoetically and practically hungry—was a novel experience to Bessie Frang. To be hungry in a fashionable lodging-house, with plenty down stairs in a well-filled larder and cool, pleasant dining-room, was absolutely absurd.

Frank looked at the locket when he reached his hotel; it was the same. There was the little bright spot where the pawnbroker's acid had touched the corner of the case, but the rest was the same exactly. No—he rubbed his eyes—whereas when he took the locket to the pawnbroker the initials on the case had read: V. D. V. M. E.

"Mamma," cried Bessie the next day when, her confession made, she had redeemed her precious locket and was examining it. "Mamma, this is not my locket. This is the other one. This is poor grandma's love token to her faithless lover come back to her grandchild; see, see," she rattled on in wild excitement. Mrs. Frayne looked sharply, saw the reversed initials, and was as excited in a moment as Bessie. Cousin Tom was dispatched to the pawnbroker's for information. He learned but little more than Frank, and so the mystery was talked of and speculated upon for the next week. Grandma's love story was told over and over. Briefly it was this: Mary Emerson and Van Dyke Vedder were lovers years before. They exchanged lockets made for them. Vedder went sailing away out into the west and married, leaving grandma, then young and pretty, to soon console herself with another lover and husband. She always kept the locket and a warm spot in her heart, as every woman does for the man whom she once loved. But she never saw or heard of him again in life. Bessie received her blessing, her little fortune and the precious locket from grandma on her death-bed. And now, after fifty years and without a clew, the lockets were changed by some mysterious agency.

Two months later Bessie and Frank met again at the Franklyn's pretty house at Newport. They had both forgotten the lockets, and soon forgot the world in each other. One summer evening Bessie promised to be his wife, and as two little white arms went up around his neck, Frank was guilty of a most unconventional proceeding. He actually was surprised out of taking immediate advantage of his newly-acquired privileges. Among the lace about Bessie's neck rested the other locket. The love-tokens were love-tokens still. Bessie told her grandmother's little romance, and the initials were explained to Frank, who exclaimed, almost with awe: "Van Dyke Vedder, the faithless lover of your grandmother, Mary Emerson, was my grandfather."

man, whom he had never seen before in his life, a blonde, matronly little woman—"that's Marie," he thought—and a charming girl, in white, with great black eyes, and a mass of soft, black hair rolled upon the small, clean-cut head. For a moment the situation was embarrassing. Then Mr. Franklyn stepped forward, and Frank said: "There seems to be some mistake; I must have a namesake somewhere." "Oh, no; we are cousins to your late Aunt Miranda, who has just made you her legatee, and you have just come home at last we mean, now that you are here, to make you accept a cousin's place in our house and our friendship," said Mr. Franklyn.

The letter from "my lawyers" was at the hotel when Frank returned, covered with the postmarks of half the "New Brunswicks" in the country, among which it had traveled while he was waiting for it at the Hotel Brunswick. The last murmur that he made as he dropped off to sleep was, "Found an 'uncle,' two cousins and—and—" and he was dreaming of a black-eyed girl in white in another minute.

The phlegmatic clerk at the pawnbroker's turned over two lockets apparently just alike and examined them curiously, then put them back in their wrappers and was about to put them away when a fellow-clerk approached and also looked at them. They changed them about a little and then placed them in the wrappers and in the safe. The next day both lockets were redeemed. They thought it curious at the moment, but odd things are of daily occurrence in the office of a pawnbroker, the theater of the daily tragedy of woe and want, poverty, hunger and dirt.

He puzzled over it for some time. Then he went down in a cab and demanded of the pawnbroker an explanation. The young man told him of the two lockets, exactly alike, left within an hour of each other on the preceding day, each pledged for \$10, each redeemed in the morning, and explanations how they must have been changed. The young man hoped that there was no harm done; remembered that the other locket was left by a "young woman" really didn't remember what she looked like, and then went back to his work. Frank returned home puzzled. It really didn't matter; it was only a chance purchase of a unique trifle in jewelry; he hadn't the remotest idea whose the initials were, but he was superstitious about it, and it troubled him. That the locket had a double in New York there could be no doubt, and so Frank resolved not to tell the story, but to wear the locket on his watch-chain, in the hope that it would some time attract the attention of some one who could solve the mystery.

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TIMELY TOPICS.

It may be interesting for some people to know that it costs twenty-five dollars to take a dog across the Atlantic, and that the animal is taken at the owner's risk, unless special contract to the contrary is made with the steamship company. One company will not take them on any terms, neither will it take corpses.

Goldie, the naturalist, has found in New Guinea a tribe who suggested to him the origin of the rumors always current of a race of tailed men in some corner of the globe. These natives wear artificial tails. They are entirely nude, except for the caudal ornament, which is a plait of grass fastened around their bodies by a fine string, and depending behind to about half way down their legs.

New Orleans is determined that its fifth shall not invite yellow fever to its midst this summer. A sanitary association of citizens is backing up the board of health, and by their joint efforts the canals and gutters are being flushed, garbage removed, and the cemeteries, into which the city poor have been crowded until the neighbors could hardly endure the stench, covered two feet deep under cover. Quarantine regulations will be more strictly enforced than ever before.

A correspondent at Harrodsburg, the oldest town in Kentucky—the first cabin was built there in 1774, by Capt. James Harrod, after whom it was named—has been inquiring into the murderous record of the immediate vicinity during the last seventeen years, and has found that forty-three homicides have been committed there, and only two persons sent to prison for their crimes. Some of the tragedies have been barbarous in the extreme. Mrs. Tilford, a widow with seven children, having inherited her husband's estate, married again, one Scott, a younger person than herself. He deliberately provided himself with a small arsenal, and set about exterminating his wife's offspring. He killed three outright, and wounded others. The motive was plainly to enjoy the property alone with his wife; but the jury found him insane. It was held that an act so diabolical could not be done by a man in sound mind. Scott afterward went to Texas and married again. One Davenport, in several instances, where men of no social position, exercised the privilege of the commonwealth by shooting somebody, the shooters were hanged by mobs.

The First Piano.

The name first given the new instrument was the hammer-harpichord; next, its power of giving both a loud and a soft note procured it the name of forte-piano—i. e., loud-soft; this next changed to piano-forte. In 1762 Mozart played upon the piano, at the age of six; and his letters in 1777 record his great delight in the pianos of Stein, a maker of that day. In 1767 the piano seems to have been introduced to the public in England, for a play-bill of "The Beggar's Opera" at the Covent Garden Theatre, May 16, announced that "at the end of Act I. Miss Brickler will sing a favorite song from 'Judith,' accompanied by Mr. Dibdin on a new instrument called the piano-forte." "The use of this kind of instrument," said Thalberg, "led to its peculiar capabilities being thoroughly studied and appreciated, and the composer repaid their obligation to the instrument by writing for it many of the finest productions of music, and by practicing the execution of these productions to such an extent as to be able to bring them before the public with the greatest possible effect." Mozart, Haydn, Handel and Beethoven wrote especially for it; and yet, although the note of the virginal-spinet-harpichord was called by Dr. Burney "a scratch with a sound at the end of it," the early piano was not much better. The one on which Gluck composed his "Armida," which was probably as good as any of the great composers of the last century ever saw, was made in 1773. It was exhibited as a suggestive curiosity in the London Exposition of 1862, and was thus described: "It was one foot and a half in length and two feet in width, with a small square sounding-board at the end; the wires were little more than threads, and the hammers consisted of a few piles of leather over the head of a horizontal jack working on a bridge."

In his early life an important part of John Jacob Astor's business was the importation of London pianos to New York. In 1800, Thomas Jefferson, in writing to his daughter Martha, mentioned that a Philadelphia had invented one of the Philadelphia improvements in the forte-pianos I have ever seen. He bought one for his Monticello house. It was an upright, and Mr. Jefferson said that "he contrives to give his strings the same length as in the grand forte-piano, and fixes his three unisons of the same screw, which screw is in the direction of the strings, and therefore never yields; it scarcely gets out of tune at all, and then for the most part the three unisons are tuned at once."—Julius Wilcox, in Harper's Magazine.

A Curiously Told Tiger Story.

A paper published in India says: The following sensational story of an encounter with a tiger is supplied by Babu Doman Chunder Chowdry, Zemindar of Maidah: "On the morning, 6th Bhadr, Kishen Lal and myself went with five elephants to the Kadubang jungle, four miles to the north of Rohanpore. My howda was on Makhna—Kishen Lal had his on Dantal. At 9 A. M. we encountered a tiger, and bang went two bullets from my rifle, hitting stripes. I suppose, on the loin and the belly, and Kishen Lal hit him on the thigh. Most probably the bullets did not break the bones and the 'spotted foe' took shelter at some distance in the water of a hollow overhung with long grassy jungles and was, of course, not visible. I at once followed the game with a couple of elephants, one being only a beater. Poor Makhna, on which I which I was mounted, unfortunately fell into the hollow, and, quick as lightning, the tiger was on his back, biting him. I lost no time in giving stripes two bullets in his body, and yet the fight between the elephant and tiger continued. The moment was critical. The feat of remaining in the howda became extremely difficult. With his trunk Makhna dragged stripes down four or five times and the latter made the bulky body of the former shake right and left some fourteen or fifteen times. During this struggle the mahut fell on the ground from the elephant's neck but had the dexterity to mount his back again and then to lodge himself on the back of the howda, which shook so fearfully at times it would come swinging to the ground. Of course, now, the combat was 'hand-to-hand,' and lasted for nearly an hour. The four remaining elephants followed me at first, but what with the struggle between their comrade and stripes, and the roaring of the one and the cries of the other, they became uncontrollable, beat a hasty retreat and took their stand more than sixty yards off. Dear Kishen Lal tried his best to come up to me, but the Dantal was too much frightened to obey the mahut. Chand Tare, poor creature, did afterwards come toward me, but she was only a beater and took her stand some fifteen feet behind. Poor Makhna was much the worse for this singular combat and fell prostrate on his right side, and stripes, too, fell on the ground. The tiger lay some four or five feet from me. Not seeing me, my followers were unarmed. They kicked up a row. Kishen Lal crying out 'uncle killed by tiger.' To see me was impossible. Lying on the ground I thought of God, pressed against the howda, handled the rifle and gave stripes a bullet. It told upon his neck, but yet he did not let go his hold of the elephant, which was still lying on his side. The contents of the other barrel I emptied into the tiger's back. He then left Makhna and all was over with stripes in an instant. The elephant was on his legs. The mahut got upon his neck and I mounted the howda. Makhna, poor creature, had been hurt in his trunk in ten or twelve places. The tiger measured thirteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of the tail. This is but a faint outline of what actually took place. Many a tiger has fallen by my rifle, but never in my life did I witness such a larai."

The Powder-Play.

Several times during the year in Morocco, the Arab inhabitants of a town hold certain half-religious festivals called the Feasts of the Alousia, which, in many ways, are as revivings as the orgies of the lowest savages. Though the Arabs are shy of foreign eyes at their rites, the tourist may get an invitation to these performances, if he happens to have a friend among the natives. Following his guide through a maze of tortuous streets, and up a great many flights of stone steps, he will finally be conducted to a small hall of Moorish architecture, with the characteristic horseshoe arches supported upon marble pillars, and no roof except, perhaps, a fragment of striped awning. Around the inside runs a gallery occupied by veiled Moorish ladies, and ornamented with a few flags, which alone relieve the glare of whitewash on all sides of this queer building. The floor is laid with octagonal tiles of red and white, and upon red mats, around a small "altar" in the center, sit the musicians and performers, while the spectators find places behind. The chosen performers will dance bare-footed upon red-hot plates of iron and on beds of living coals; will lick rods of red-hot iron; will take burning torches between their teeth and hold flaming oil-wicks until the blaze has burned straight into the palms of their hands; will swallow nails and stones; will even snatch up a living scorpion and crunch it between the teeth, with as keen relish as that with which a newsboy eats a shrimp. All this is done through with (for money) to the harsh tumult of half a dozen rude drums and horns, which make a fit accompaniment to these horrid remnants of pagan worship. A much more interesting, though no less noisy, recreation, is the powder-play, a game that may take place on foot or on horseback, for these Moors, as everybody knows, are nearly as much at home in the saddle as afoot. The horsemen engaged in the game ride at an extraordinary rapid pace, carrying loaded guns which they discharge as they dash about in all kinds of positions—above, below, on either side and straight forward. The noble horses seem to enter into the wild ruck and noise of the fun as much as their masters, and the celerity with which the various movements are executed is wonderful. Not only do the younger men take part in the sport, but old gray-headed men enjoy it with keen interest and equal spirit. Another kind of powder-play is performed on foot. The band strikes up a fearful din under the name of music, and in the midst of the distracting melody two lines of men, that have formed opposite one another, rush together, and, throwing their bodies into wonderful attitudes, fire their guns, and shout and yell as though in actual battle. The Arabs call this powder-play Lab-el-buroda.—Ernest Ingersoll in St. Nicholas.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is easy enough to make a short ox-stall. There are more short young men than tall ones. To make your collar last—Make your shirts first. The fuschia is sometimes called the lady's eardrop. A rod, a line, and a poor worm at each end, typify patience. Wood is often found at a depth of forty feet at Oscaloosa, Ind. It is said about 1,000 settlers per day "boom into Nebraska." The army Bill—William Tecumseh Sherman.—Buffalo Express. Eight hundred thousand base balls are made in this country each year. Two chunks of lead, weighing half a ton, have been mined at Washington, Mo. Henry Clay's voice was called a band of music; Webster's a trumpet; Chauncy's a harp. New Haven turns out 3,000,000 corsets annually, half of the country's supply coming from there. According to the French newspapers there is general distress in the provincial manufacturing districts.

What is the difference between an old dame at the spinning-wheel and a young urchin chewing tobacco? One sits and spins and the other spins and sits. The boxwood forests of the Caucasus, Armenia, and the shores of the Caspian Sea are rapidly disappearing under the constantly increasing demand for this valuable wood. The construction of underground telegraph wires is going on in Germany, and that country will soon be intersected with a complete network of this invisible and inaccessible means of communication, which no thunder storm can destroy and no roving enemy can readily cut.

FOR WRITERS TO EXPRESS. Write upon pages of a single size. Cross all your y's and neatly dot your i's. On one side only let your lines be seen—Both sides filled up announce a verdant green. Correct—yes, correct all that you write. And let your ink be black, your paper white; For spangly foolscap of a muddy blue Betrays a mind of the same diurnal hue. Punctuate carefully; for on this score Nothing proclaims the practiced writer more. The gallant who, when a young lady stepped on his foot while dancing and asked pardon, said, "Don't mention it; a dainty little foot like that wouldn't hurt a daisy," not only told the truth, but doubtless felt more comfortable than the boor who, when his foot was stepped on, roared out, "That's right; climb all over me with your great, clumsy hoofs."

The cattle plague is becoming more and more formidable in Bohemia. Several hundred places have been attacked by the disease. They are surrounded by a military cordon, and as far as possible prevented from carrying on intercourse beyond its boundaries. The loss to the inhabitants of the district is very considerable, and is not totally represented by that of the cattle slaughtered. Agriculture is in many places at a standstill, the cattle which serve as beasts of burden being locked up wherever the disease appears.

The "Tim Finnegun" Mines. A far-West study in nomenclature is given by the Salt Lake Tribune. A stranger asks a miner why a series of nineteen claims have the name of "Tim Finnegun." The reply, in the vernacular, explains the phenomenon: "Well, stranger, it was at Pressott, an 'me an' Tuscan Jake was playing a game of cursock, jes' for the drinks, you know, when in comes one of them crazy, bloodthirsty bloodhounds that turns loose in mining camps sometimes, ripped out his six-shooter and shot the barkeeper dead; then, turning on me an' Tuscan Jake said: 'Now, either you move an inch an' I'll blow the top of your heads off.' We knowed he'd do it. There was the barkeeper dead, an' thar was the pistol pointed right at us. It was fearful; we darstn't take a full breath. Jake's feelin's worked on him so powerful that he couldn't keep still; he pitched round a little. Quick as lightning a bullet laid him at my feet. The sweat stood on my face like cobblestones. I even wished he would shoot me an' have it over with. Then, when a pistol flashed behind the wild beast, an' he fell dead in his boots, Tim Finnegun had got too much whisky early in the evenin', an' stretched out on some barrels in the corner an' went to sleep. The shots that killed the barkeeper an' Jake waked him; an' bein' sobered by his nap, he, unbeknownst to me an' the murderer, easily an' gradually drew his pistol an' sent the bloodhound to kingdom come. I hugged an' kissed Tim, an' I've named the claims after him; an' if I die before my wife—Tim's a bachelor—I want her to be named Mrs. Tim Finnegun."

Words of Wisdom.

Surely half the world must be blind—they can see nothing unless it glitters. He who gives up the smallest part of a secret has the rest no longer in his power. It is not what you have in your chest, but what you have in your heart, that makes you rich. The word knowledge, strictly employed, implies three things, viz., truth, proof and conviction. There is nothing lower than hypocrisy. To profess friendship and act enmity is a sure proof of total depravity. The best kind of revenge is that which is taken by him who is so generous that he refuses to take any revenge at all. It may serve as a comfort to us in all our calamities and afflictions that he that loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the loss. It is when our budding hopes are nipped beyond recovery by some rough wind that we are the most disposed to picture to ourselves what flowers they might have borne if they had flourished.