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The Watermill.

Listen to the watermill through the livelong day— How the clinking of its wheel wears the hours away. Languidly the autumn wind stirs the green-wood leaves, From the fields the reapers sing, binding up the sheaves; And a proverb haunts my mind, as a spell is cast, The mill will never grind with the water that is past. Autumn winds revive no more leaves that once are shed, And the sickle cannot reap corn once gathered; And the rippling stream flows tranquil, deep and still, Never gliding back again to the watermill. Truly speaks the proverb old, with a meaning vast, The mill will never grind with the water that is past. Take the lesson to thyself, loving heart and true, Golden years are fleeting by, youth is passing too; Learn to make the most of life; lose no happy day; Time will never bring thee back chances swept away. Leave no tender word unsaid, love while love shall last; The mill will never grind with the water that is past. Work while yet the daylight shines, man of strength and will, Never does the streamlet glide useless by the mill; Wait not till to-morrow's sun shines upon thy way, All that thou canst call thine own lies in thy day; Power, intellect and health may not always last; The mill will never grind with the water that is past. Oh, the wasted hours of life that have drifted by! O, the good we might have done, gone without a sigh; Love, that we might once have saved by a single word; Thoughts conceived, but never penned, perishing unheard; Take this lesson to thine heart, take and hold it fast— The mill will never grind with the water that is past. —Gen. D. C. McCallum.

JOE'S WIFE.

I write, my dear old chum, for the purpose of inviting you to visit us. Don't refuse. My wife heartily seconds the invitation. Ah, Tom, she's a jewel—my wife. I know if you could meet such a one you would succumb to her charms. She is the dearest, sweetest, best tempered, loveliest—the English language fails me here, but as you were always better than I at the "Unabridged," I beseech you to look therein for some endearing adjectives and complete the sentence. You, who sing about the felicity of a "Bachelor Hall," when you have seen my happy home, will change your tune. You must come, Tom. I won't take a refusal. Yours, etc. JOE HALL. I answered his letter thus: "MY DEAR JOE—I thought when I last saw you I never could be tempted to jeopardize my peace of mind or my bones by again placing myself at the mercy of your practical jokes. But I have no other recourse now than to accept your invitation. You must promise me, my dear fellow, you will not play any of your jokes. A married man ought to be more dignified, and if you do play any of your tricks on me I warn you I shall board the first train for home. Yours, etc. TOM THURSTON. I went. I was met at the train by Joe's servant, a man who had a long body, dressed in a long coat, a long waistcoat, a long necktie, a long hat, long boots and whose name was Long. I instinctively hated this man. He scrutinized me closely; I returned the scrutiny. He watched me every movement like a detective would a supposed criminal's. I watched his movement as a timid man would a vicious canine's. We at length reached Joe's house. I anticipated Joe's welcome, but in his place came the loveliest woman I ever saw. It is true, as Joe said, I was always fluent in language, but to this day I cannot find words to satisfy me in describing her surpassing beauty. "Joe, Joe," thought I, "it is well for you that you met her first." "You are Mr. Thurston," she asked, timidly approaching me, and, shyly glancing at me from under her drooping eyelids. I informed her that I was the personage, and inquired for Joe. For answer that gentleman himself, who was on horseback, sprang from the saddle, grasped my hand, and, like the irrepressible Joe of old, cried: "Glad to see you, old boy! We'll have glorious old times, as of old. We'll hunt, fish, smoke, etc., till you grow so fat, hale and hearty that your most intimate city friends won't know you. Come, let's go in, tea is waiting. Pardon me for not introducing you, but I suppose you introduced yourself in my absence. Apropos, it was hospitable in me to absent myself on your arrival, but business called me away." So rattling on Joe ushered us into the coziest little parlor that ever a poor bachelor was called upon to envy. But the cozy little wife? What was the envy of the room, with its adornments, to the envy of such a wife? Must I admit it?—I might as well own right here as at any further period of my re-

laxity—I felt a thrill at my heart. It was a thrill of exquisite pain—a thrill of jealousy of Joe's happiness. "Joe," I mentally cried, "better, far better for me if I had declined your invitation." Presently we had a most refreshing supper, after which Joe and I strolled out for a walk and a smoke. "Joe," I exclaimed, enthusiastically, "your encomiums of your wife were merited. She is indeed a treasure. By Jove if I could find such a jewel I would never rest till I won and married her." Joe was on the point of lighting a cigar when I began, but paused with upraised match till I had finished—and the match burned his fingers. I thought for a time he was angry at my impetuosity, but his face cleared away, and the old wicked twinkle that I feared so much came to his eyes. He grasped my hand, saying, "You're right, my boy; she's the dearest little wife in the universe. I'm glad you like her." After we had finished our cigars and talked for some time of our old college days, we re-entered the house. "Nellie," cried Joe, opening the piano, "favor Tom and me with a tune. He has a passion for music." "Perhaps, Mr. Thurston—" began she, but was interrupted by Joe. "No, Nellie, I protest. No mistering around here! It's plain Tom. Do you hear, Tom? She'll rail you Tom and you'll call her Nellie. Violation of this rule will incur my internal displeasure. Govern yourselves accordingly." "Perhaps he will object," pleaded Nellie. "No, no," I exclaimed, "it will please me very much—and I will feel highly honored to be allowed to address you by your Christian name." "Pshaw, Tom! It'll please her. Won't it, Nellie?" She laughed, and gave me a bewitching look accompanied by a nod. "I was going to say," said Nellie, "that perhaps you could sing with us." "No, no; excuse me, I can't sing—Nellie." The word was uttered with a gasp, and I certainly turned violently red in the face. Joe was looking at me, and I saw he had a desperate struggle to control the muscles of his mouth. I was indeed fond of music, but I was entranced with her magnificent voice. The evening passed on golden wings. Joe ran on in his wild old ways; told his jokes and laughed just as boisterously as he did when we roomed together at college. He did not give us much chance to join in the conversation; for one comic anecdote reminded him of another which he must tell. We both laughed heartily at his stories, and talked volumes to each other with our eyes. That night I dreamed I loved Nellie. (Oh, truthful dream!) I dreamed she reciprocated that love. (Oh, vain dream!) Then I dreamed intrigue began. We determined to elope. My heart bled for poor Joe, but I felt it was death to live without her. Now she has met me under the old elm south of Joe's house. I see her pale, excited face! I feel her nervous hand clasping mine! Now we are fleeing! On, on, and now we are pursued! Joe is on our track! The scene changes, and we are on the river. We glide along smoothly in a light boat. Now we are safe, and she is mine—mine forever! But no, Joe still pursues us. Now he is close to us. Why cannot we glide faster? Joe approaches swiftly. Now he closes in on us! He has caught her in his cruel grasp! Her beautiful pleading eyes are raised to mine! He raises a knife aloft! The I catch his arm, we struggle silently together. I wrest the knife from his grasp and plunge it into his breast, and he drops from the misty boat and sinks beneath the dark waves! How dark the river has grown by the pale light of the moon! The gaunt and ghastly figure of Mr. Long suddenly emerges from the waves! I saw him catch my darling in his long arms, and, before I could interfere, they had both disappeared beneath the turbid waves of the river! This awoke me! I arose and resumed my wearing apparel, bathed my feverish face and went forth into the air to try and exercise the evil spirits with a cigar. By the ensuing morning my dream had ceased to trouble me, but the reality of things did not cease. There was Nellie before me in all her beauty, all her sweetness, to tempt me on to love her. There was Joe, with all his love, his endurance of spirit, and his unsuspecting as a child. He seemed to do all in his power to bring us together. He often lured us into interesting conversation, or managed to get us engaged in singing and playing, and then leave us alone for hours. Days passed away and lapsed into weeks; in these weeks I was almost the constant companion of Nellie Hall. We were out riding, boating, and to innumerable concerts and entertainments, all through the suggestion and planning of Joe. I felt and knew well the danger; I was fascinated at first—now I was irrevocably in love. The thought of breaking away from this charming creature caused me pain like unto death. I resolved to leave. No matter what it cost me, the only honorable course for me to pursue was to return to the city and forget—no, not forget, for never could I forget the only woman I ever loved or could love. Joe was absent on the day I arrived at this determination. All the better I thought it; it would be easier to get away. I proceeded to pack up and get ready to go on the evening train. I noticed during the progress of packing, that the long body of Long was over-shadowing me. He seemed determined not to let anything escape his observation. At length, when I had finished my work, he approached me. His long arm was raised to his breast pocket, and from thence he extracted a letter which he handed me. I tore it open; it was from Joe, and read: "Thomas Thurston, you are a traitor! I no longer doubt your perfidy. Long has watched you and Nellie closely. It is useless to deny intention of eloping

with her. I demand satisfaction, and it can only be had from your heart's blood. Meet me on the river bank, and by the light of the moon, and in the presence of Long, we will settle our differences." I looked up. Long had disappeared, and in his place stood Nellie. "Why, Tom, you're not going to leave us, are you?" she asked. "I thought she addressed me in a tone of regret. I looked in her bright eyes—such beautiful loving eyes! How could I pain her? How could I drive the blood from her cheeks and the light from her eyes by showing her Joe's letter and telling her all? She came very near to me and said coaxingly: "Don't go, Tom; I will be so lonely here now." "I cannot stay, Nellie. I regret having to leave you," my words came fast and almost articulate. "I thought to be on my way now, and can only stay long enough to bid you adieu." "But, Tom, what will Joe say? Surely you will stay till he comes!" she cried. "No, no, I cannot, Nellie; indeed I can not. I can never forget the happiness I have had here this summer; but I must leave you now, and fear—it is—forever!" My voice was unsteady, and I clasped both her hands very tightly in mine. "Forever!" she repeated. "Oh, Tom, forever!" "What a world of tenderness, of regret, in her intonations, it died away as a wail of woe. "No, Nellie; never shall I see you again; never shall I clasp these little hands in mine, never hear the music of your sweet voice. I shall never see you again—never!" "Never!" the moan died away and the beautiful eyes were raised to mine in speechless agony that wrung my heart with pain. "Oh, Nellie, do not break my heart! My grief my wretchedness is beyond bearing now. Your beloved eyes looking into mine will haunt me in coming years. You know my secret. Reconfirm me if you will, Nellie, my darling." A light sprung into her eyes—strange, dazzling light that spread over her beautiful face—the light of a measureless love, of a transport of joy. "Farewell, I cried, in a husky voice, not daring to stay longer; "farewell," and I turned to go, when her fingers closed over mine. I turned to her again and she threw her arms about my neck. "You must not go! You shall not go, for I love you!" and the beaming face was hidden on my breast. A chuckling noise from behind startled us. It broke into a laugh, then into loud shouts and frightful roars, intermingled with hideous guffaws and a woman's musical laugh, till the hills echoed and re-echoed the sound. Nellie's face was suffused with blushes and she drew away from me; but I clasped her more closely, a light breaking in on my bewildered brain. "Ha! ha! ha!" roared Joe, while Long emitted a series of strange sounds very like a laugh. "Ho! ho! ho! Long—ha! ha! ha! wife—Tom thought sister Nell was—ha! ha! ha!—was my wife!"

Words of Courage. A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented their first effort, and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, in order to do anything in this world that is worth doing we must not stand shivering on the brink, and think of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon a publication for one hundred and fifty years and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards, but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother and his uncle, and particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no time left to follow their advice. There is no such thing for over-squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of his life at which man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence to feelings, and to efforts made in defiance to strict and sober calculation.—Sydney Smith. Bucket Shop Gamblers. According to the Chicago Tribune the introduction of "bucket shops," (low agencies where any sum from \$1 upward can be invested on the rise or fall of wheat) has led to wholesale gambling. The Tribune declares that women "not of desperate or questionable condition" come to these shops to gamble under assumed names, as well as men from twelve to sixteen years old "by the hundred," and men, "clerks, salesmen, bookkeepers, men in business, hackmen, teamsters, men on salaries and men employed at day's work, stonecutters, blacksmiths and workmen of all ages and occupation; students and professors of colleges, reverend divines, dealers in theology, members of Christian associations, members of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals and for the suppression of vice, gentlemen who war on saloons which permit minors to play pool, and teachers of Sunday-schools, hard drinkers and temperate men," who stake thousands of dollars in small sums. Accepting the statements of the Tribune as true, the recent fluctuations in the price of wheat have brought the community to a worse pass in Chicago than ever mining speculation did in the worst days of San Francisco. The midnight marauder should not be banished from our dwelling any more quickly than should a cough or cold of any kind be driven from the system. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup quietly yet positively places all colds under its control. Price 25 cents.

THE COMMONNESS OF INEBRIETY AMONG FRENCH CHILDREN IS ASSERTED BY A WRITER IN THE LONDON GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. "Again and again at hotel tables," he says, "I have seen children scarcely more than babies suffering distinctly from alcohol. It is, as travelers in France know, the custom in all districts south of the Loire to supply wine gratis at two meals, breakfast and dinner, at which the residents in a hotel eat in company. Repeatedly, then, in the hotels in French watering places, I have watched children of five years old and upward supplied by their mothers with wine enough visibly to flush and excite them. At Sables d'Olonne one little fellow, whose age could not be more than six, drank at each of two consecutive meals three tumblers of wine slightly diluted with water. The result was on each occasion that he sprawled over the table, and ended by putting his head in his mother's lap and falling asleep." IT APPEARS FROM THE OFFICIAL REPORTS, THAT THE EXPERIENCE OF WHAT ARE CALLED MODEL LODGING HOUSES, SUCH AS THE PEABODY BUILDINGS IN LONDON AND OTHER LARGE TOWNS, COMBINED WITH THAT OF RACKS, WORKHOUSES AND SCHOOLS, FURNISHES ABUNDANT EVIDENCE THAT WHAT IS TERMED DENSITY OF POPULATION IS NOT SO DETRIMENTAL PHYSICALLY AS HAS USUALLY BEEN ASSUMED; BECAUSE IN SUCH BUILDINGS AS ARE REFERRED TO THE RATE OF MORTALITY IS MUCH LESS, WITH A DENSITY OF ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED PERSONS TO THE ACRE, THAN IT IS IN ORDINARY HOUSES, WITH A DENSITY OF ONLY TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY TO THE ACRE. AGAIN, THE HEALTH OF A COMMUNITY IS FOUND TO BE MUCH MORE DEPENDENT UPON FOOD, CLOTHING AND PERSONAL HABITS, THAN UPON THE ARRANGEMENT AND CONSTRUCTION OF DWELLINGS OR WORKSHOPS—FOR, HOWEVER PERFECT THE ARRANGEMENT AND CONSTRUCTION, THESE MAY BE ENTIRELY NEUTRALIZED IF THE FOOD IS BAD, THE CLOTHING DEFICIENT AND THE PERSONAL HABITS FILTHY. WE GET A GREAT DEAL OF WIND ABOUT COMPRESSED AIR STREET CAR MOTORS EVERY NOW AND THEN. THESE AERIAL PROPPELLERS ARE IN USE ON ONE STREET CAR LINE IN THE UNITED STATES AND SEEM TO GIVE GOOD SATISFACTION. IT COSTS SIX AND ONE-FOURTH CENTS A MILE TO DRAW A CAR BY HORSE POWER. THE COMPRESSED AIR SYSTEM IS SAID TO COST BUT ONE AND ONE-FOURTH CENTS A MILE. THE SPEED CAN BE REGULATED UP TO TWENTY MILES AN HOUR. THE CAR CAN BE STOPPED AT ITS HIGHEST RATE OF SPEED WITHIN ITS OWN LENGTH; AT LEAST SO IT IS REPORTED, ALTHOUGH THIS WOULD BE RATHER ROUGH ON THE PASSENGERS IF THE CAR WAS GOING AT ITS TWENTY-MILE RATE. THE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OVER ANY OTHER MOTOR IS THAT ALL THE HEAVY MACHINERY IS LEFT BEHIND AT THE DEPOT, WHERE THE COMPRESSING IS DONE, AND THE CARS START OUT WITH CONCEALED CYLINDERS CONTAINING THE AIR COMPRESSED TO TWENTY-FIVE ATMOSPHERES. THUS WE MAY HAVE WINDMILLS TO DRIVE THE STREET CARS. PERSONS PRESENTING CLAIMS TO THE UNITED STATES TREASURY ON ACCOUNT OF BONDS WHICH HAVE BEEN DESTROYED WHOLLY OR IN PART, OR ON ACCOUNT OF REGISTERED BONDS WHICH HAVE BEEN LOST, WILL BE REQUIRED TO PRESENT EVIDENCE SHOWING—First, the number, denomination, date of authorizing act and series of each bond, whether coupon or registered, and if registered, the name of the payee. In the case of registered bonds, it should also be stated whether they had been assigned or not, and if so, the name of the assignee should be given. Second—The time and place of purchase, of whom purchased, and the consideration paid. Third—The material facts and circumstances connected with the loss. The evidence should be as full and clear as possible. Proofs may be made by affidavit, and by such other competent evidence as may be in the possession of the claimant. Duplicates will not be issued within six months from the loss. The interest on uncollected registered bonds will be paid notwithstanding the loss. These regulations do not apply in any way to coupons lost or destroyed which have been detached from the bonds, as no relief in such cases can be granted. EDUCATING HORSES. Horses can be educated to the extent of their understanding, as well as children can be easily damaged or ruined by bad management. It is believed that the great liability comes more from the different management of men than from variance of natural disposition in the animals. Horses with mettle are more easily educated than those of less or dull spirits, and are more susceptible of ill-training, and consequently may be as good or bad, according to the education they receive. Horses with dull spirits are not by any means proof against bad management, for in any of them may often be found the most provoking characters, vicious habits of different characters that render them almost worthless. Could the coming generation of horses in this country be kept from the days of childhood to the age of five years in the hands of good, careful managers, there would be seen a vast difference in the general character of the noble animals. If a colt is never allowed to get an advantage it will never know that it possesses a power that man cannot control, and if it be made familiar with strange objects it will not be skittish and nervous. If a horse is made accustomed from his early days to have objects hit on his heels, back and hips, he will pay no attention to the giving out of harness or of a wagon running against him at an unexpected moment. A gun can be fired from the back of a horse, an umbrella held over his head, a buffalo robe thrown over his neck, a railroad engine pass close by, his heels bumped with sticks, and the animal take it all as the natural condition of things, if only taught by careful management that he will not be injured thereby. There is a great need of improvement in the management of this noble animal, less beating and more educating. RULES FOR ACQUIRING WEALTH. Be honest. If Satan tempts you to defraud your neighbor, it is only that he may rob you of your ill-gotten gain in the end. Be temperate. Liquor has made more paupers than all other vices combined. Be industrious. Indolence, debt and disease are brothers. Let your word be your bond. Good credit is a fortune to begin with. Limit your expenses by necessity and comfort, leaving a good balance for margin saved. Invest your funds carefully and intelligently. Beware of the brilliant bubbles that are blown up to tempt ingenious speculators. Give your personal attention to your business. To do this, keep brain and body healthy.

Autumn Leaves. Autumn leaves are falling, falling, falling Slowly to the ground; Angels sad are calling, calling, calling To the weary hearts with mournful sound; Solemn sound. Autumn leaves are sailing, sailing, sailing Softly through the air; Loving hearts are falling, falling, falling; Arrial hovers, beak'ning everywhere Everywhere. Autumn leaves are dying, dying, dying Sadly, one by one; Broken hearts are lying, lying, lying In their rest where dark despair is done; Grief is done. Autumn leaves are speaking, speaking, speaking To the thoughtless souls Who, but pleasure seeking, seeking, seeking, Heed not as life ever onward rolls; Swifly rolls. Autumn leaves are pleading, pleading, pleading In prophetic tone, With the thousands speeding, speeding, speeding To appear before their Maker's throne; A wail throne! —Emile Pickhardt. ITEMS OF INTEREST. A handsome thing in dress goods: A pretty girl.—Ottawa Republican. Scotland has produced another peasant bard named Anderson, a railroad laborer. When the night is pitch dark, it does by no means follow that it's s-tarry.—Wham Whams. Some one who believes that "brevity is the soul of wit" writes, "Don't eat stale Q-cumbers. They'll W up." No matter how a young lady's hat is lost it is almost certain to turn up—either behind or at the side.—Sandy Stone. We presume the axletrees of railroad car wheels are called journals because of their rapid circulation.—Boston Transcript. There are thirty thousand deaf mutes in the United States, and fifty places of worship where services are conducted in the sign language. "It is more disgraceful, my sort," said a fond parent, "to wear a black eye than it is to wear shabby clothes." "Ya-as," replied the boy, "but the clothes are hardest to get rid of." And the old man sat silent for a long time, thinking what to say, and by the time he thought of it his boy had been over in the neighbor's yard fifteen minutes, and had "licked" the neighbor's son and won a white alley, two crystals and a boly.—Hawkeye. A terror remembered is sometimes more dangerous than the same terror actually experienced. One Sunday, not long ago, as a young woman was crossing the Rue St. Honor, Paris, she was suddenly knocked down by a high-wheeled cart, known as a spider. Her peril was imminent, but she retained her self-possession and relieved the anxiety of the spectators by regaining her feet and rearing the sidewalk very little the worse for her mishap. As soon as she reached home she began to relate the incident to her friends, and while doing so was seized with a violent attack of nervous agitation, and sank fainting on the floor. She never spoke again. A LAY. Oh, these memories all flow inward, On my tired heart to-day, And I almost smell the clover, While I list, the robins lay. —Lilla N. Cushman. LATE. Sweet the summer breezes gently Sweep along the cottage thatch, And I almost smell the clover, While I list, the robins hatch. —Stemville Herald. LATEST. And while autumn winds are sighing, Echoing my heart's sad throbbin's, Yesterday we shot and made a Bully pot-pie of the robins. —Burlington Hawkeye. How the Sparrow was Introduced. One of the most interesting papers in Harper's relates to a little bird that has been the subject of praise and of denunciation also. There is much dispute as to the merits or the shortcomings of the sparrow, and we are not certain the American people will gratefully remember the person who first introduced the foreigner to our country. This attempt was made we are told by a gentleman named Desbriols, in Portland, Maine, during the autumn of 1858; he brought over a few birds from the continent, and liberated them in a large garden which was situated within the central part of the city. They remained there sheltered and secure under the eaves of a neighboring church throughout the winter, and in the following spring settled down happily enough to the labor of nest-building and rearing their young. Two years later the first pair of these finches were set at liberty near Madison Square, New York city; the importation was steadily repeated, the birds being released in the Central Park and at Jersey City. They were first introduced to Boston in 1862 by the city government, and to Philadelphia by the municipal authorities in 1869, and from small beginnings the house-sparrow has been spread all over this northern country wherever we have a city east of the Rocky mountains, and the fluttering flocks of the robust, noisy little foreigner enliven the streets thereof in every direction. Their numbers are near countless.—Buffalo Commercial.