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Table with 2 columns: Advertisement rates and terms. Includes 'Rates of Advertising', 'One Square (1 inch, one insertion)', 'Marriage and death notices, gratis', 'All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly', 'Job work, Cash on Delivery.'

Two Ways of Putting It. The Sultan awoke with a stifled scream; His nerves were shocked by a fearful dream: An omen of terrible import and doubt— His teeth in one moment all fell out. His wisemen assembled at break of day, And stood by the throne in solemn array. And when the terrible dream was told, Each felt a shudder, his blood ran cold, And all stood silent, in fear and dread, And wondering what was best to be said. At length an old soothsayer, wrinkled and gray, Cried, "Pardon, my lord, what I have to say; 'Tis an omen of sorrow sent from on high: Thou shalt see all thy kindred die."

ADELINA.

It was a cold, clear morning—that I disconsolately wended my way to school wishing that holidays came oftener and staid longer, and regretting that out of the fifty-two there was only one week of uninterrupted pleasure. The old red school house stood at the junction of three roads, and, as I raised the little hill just before reaching it, I saw, coming from the opposite direction, a little black-clad figure that looked like a moving blot on the unbroken whiteness of the snow covered landscape. I never could tell what actuated me to linger on her movements as I did, or why she so strongly attracted me, but from the first I think I must have loved the child, even before I was old enough to rightly understand the meaning of the word. We reached the worn old door-stone together, and, being a boy not at all afraid to speak to any one, much less a timid little girl, I very coolly asked her if this was her first day at school. "Yes; and I dread it so much." It was the sweetest voice I had ever heard, or have ever heard since. The peculiar rising inflection on the last word was like the short, clear low notes of a bird, and as purely natural. "Do you come every day?" "Haven't missed a day this winter." "O, I'm so glad!" "Why are you so glad?" "Because you are a good boy. Won't you please tell me your name?" "Edward Durand."

cently widowed—at least the length and newness of her veil indicated to observing feminine eyes that the bereavement was recent, and that all the gossips knew about her. The summer term brought Adeline again to the old red school-house, but so changed outwardly that we hardly knew her from the somber "black bird" of the previous winter. She fluttered in one morning dressed in white, with sash and shoulder-knots of cherry ribbons—the loveliest creature I ever saw. At noon she came to me, and said, very gravely: "After to-day I am not coming any more." "Why?" "I am going to the city to live; but you were kind to me the first day I came, and I tell you for that reason, and because you didn't mind untying my hood for me." I felt her going so keenly that I could not study, try as I would, and in consequence my grammar lesson was a decided failure. I went home from school her way that day, taking care that the other scholars should not suspect my motives. When I came in sight of her she was standing motionless by the roadside, attentively watching a yellow-jacket buzzing for sweets in the downy heart of a white Canada thistle. Years after, when miles and miles away from that spot, I could shut my eyes, and a lazy October afternoon, with five o'clock sun dipping toward the tree tops, and see a little girl, lovely as the blush of the sunset, gazing pensively at a bee upon a common roadside flower. "Did it sting you?" I asked, assuming a very sympathetic air. "No; bees never sting me, and I've watched them dance on the thistle heads all summer." "I did not know that you loved them. Most girls are afraid of bees." "Yes; but I am not." She turned from the rank patch of thistles, and slowly resumed her walk homeward. When we came to the lane where our paths separated, she put up her little arms to be taken and kissed, before leaving me, as she said, "to come back no more." "Be good to yourself, Eddie; and next winter, if any little lonely Adeline comes cold and frightened to the old red school-house yard, be kind to them as you were to me." Something choked in my throat, and I could not say a word; but I kissed her more than once; and after she had slipped from my arms and was twenty rods away, I sat down and cried like a baby, because I was never to see Adeline again. It was not long before the rumor was rife in the neighborhood that Mrs. Lagrange had married a middle-aged city millionaire, and that the young widow and her child had found a new protector in place of the one death had taken from them. Years flitted by—I was twenty-four; I had fought through the war—entered the army a private and came out of it a captain, shattered in health and utterly depleted in pocket, to find myself at home again, ill and altogether distrustful of fortune's smile. My frequent walks to the village postoffice I often passed by the old red schoolhouse, and never without a sigh of regret for the many happy, care-free days spent within its battered walls. Among the letters handed to me one morning was one postmarked New York, which informed me of the agreement of a friend of mine, whom he was anxious to serve, the undersigned, Mr. Maxwell, had been induced to extend to me a commercial opening at the liberal salary of two thousand a year, to be increased if needed. There was for me in the offer, and I accepted it with alacrity. Mr. Maxwell, a rich New York merchant, from the first took a lively interest in my advancement. The unknown friend I could not account for in any other way than by supposing it to be some soldier comrade whom I had befriended in the past. Within a month I was fairly established at my new post of duty, and succeeded in pleasing Mr. Maxwell so well that at the beginning of my second year he sent me to Europe in the interest of the house. When I returned, I was given a weeks vacation, which I spent among the breezy hills of my old country home, passing the pleasant September days in tramping through the woods and fields and by-ways that were the chosen haunts of my boyhood. I was just turning the curve in the road where the Canada thistles grew, and so lost in my walking reverie, that I was almost opposite a lady standing in their midst before I was aware of her presence. "I am glad you still love the old scenes, Mr. Durand," she said, without expressing the least surprise. I was astonished. Here was a lady who, to the best of my knowledge, I had never seen before, addressing me as familiarly as if we had known each other all our lives. "Names are treacherous things, and if I were ever so fortunate as to have known yours, I am guilty of having forgotten it," I replied. "Men forget easily, I am told; but I had hoped to find you an exception to the rule." A very awkward silence on my part ensued. She took pity on my evident embarrassment, and continued: "Has your battle with the world entirely driven from your recollection all the old school faces?" Her voice dropped to its old sweet, clear, winning cadence, thrilling my whole being with delight. "Adeline!" I caught her hand, and, before I knew what I was doing, had carried it to my lips and kissed it. "Excuse me," I stammered; "but I am so glad to see you, and you seem just the same little girl I kissed here years ago—not a bit older—only Adeline, always lovely and always loved." "Then I told her all about myself, how prosperous I was, and the strange manner in which I had been brought to the

notice of my kind employer. When I had finished, she merely said, in her simple manner: "I know it." "You appear to know everything. Do you know Mr. Maxwell?" "He is my father." "Adeline!" I staggered back, in my soul ashamed that I should owe every good in life—everything—to a woman who owed me nothing but the poor favor of once having untied for her a wretched black and white wadded hood. I turned away, cut to the heart, but she put out a detaining hand. "Don't go, Mr. Durand—that is, don't go feeling hurt; for it would make me very unhappy if you were to go away angry with me." "Unhappy? What am I, that a pain to me should render you unhappy?" I answered, bitterly. "I knew of no other way to express my gratitude." "The question was rudely abrupt, but she took no notice of my ungracious speech. "Gratitude for the kindness given me long ago, and which I have missed ever since the day we parted here by the roadside." "Are you conscious of what it is you are saying, Adeline?" "Perfectly." "How am I to understand your words?" "That I leave to your good judgment, she smiled, lowering her eyes. She had an instant illustration of my "good judgment" in the way I imprisoned her two little hands in both of mine, and kissed the sweet mouth for its shyly-whispered promise. I walked home with Adeline—oh, so happy! and when I asked her hand of Mr. Maxwell, he said: "I have anticipated your request by keeping you under my eye for more than two years. Adeline is the best and truest girl in the world, but I believe you to be as worthy of her as any man living, and give me the perfect confidence that you know how to prize the treasure you have won." And so, not long thereafter, I married Adeline, the love of my boyhood, and the crowning glory of my later years.

The African Paris.

In ancient times Egypt was the center of art and science. It contained the finest library in the world. France, Germany and Italy are now visited by those who wish to perfect themselves in the learning and arts of the age, as students now seek France and Germany. For a long time Egypt has lain in almost a state of barbarism. The late viceroy has, however, by his intelligence, genius and energy, so stimulated progress throughout his dominions that Egypt bids fair to once more take her rank among the most civilized portions of the world. Cairo may in time become a rival to Paris. In Cairo gas pipes have been laid down in the principal streets, and it is stated on reliable authority that these streets are better lighted than those of many European capitals. The principal thoroughfares are supplied with water mains, and good water is distributed throughout the city. New streets have been opened and narrow ones widened; a beautiful artificial lake has been formed and surrounded with iron railings in a fashionable part of the city which was formerly traversed by an offensive ditch, and which was a depository of garbage and rubbish. About the lake and within the railing have been placed graveled walks, flower beds, stands for musicians, canopies for theatrical representations, and other amusements. Outside of this inclosure handsome houses are erected, with arcades and shops in the basements, after the modern fashion. Carriage drives have been constructed and projected. The German inhabitants have been allowed to build a Protestant church, and a piece of land has been granted to the English for the same purpose. There is an opera house for Italian opera, a theater for French plays and a hippodrome for equestrian and acrobatic displays. A carriage road has been constructed to the pyramids and another to Heliopolis. These roads are shaded by acacia and sycamore trees. A well conducted printing house has been established at Boulac for the publication of books in the Arabic language, and it is stated that many valuable publications have been already issued. In the vicinity of this printing house has been erected a large paper mill, said to have cost about \$500,000 in American currency. What is Peat? Immense stratum of peat underlies the city of Boston. Everybody ought to know what peat is, but some don't know. It is a spongy mass of vegetable matter, the out-growth of swampy soils, and is composed of matted roots, leaves and stems of plants, the forms of which are distinctly preserved, and sometimes lost in the spongy substance produced by their composition. It originates in places naturally moist, where an abundance of vegetation flourishes and decays, and where the new growth above leaves the lower portion dead and burned. In time, encroaching upon some former pond bed, it usurps the domain of the water, and accumulates to a depth of from twelve to forty feet. Workmen came across the peat beds the other day while making a sewer in Boston. At a recent wedding the bridegroom, being an officer, wore his side arms at the nuptials. A little wide awake brother of the bride was attracted by the display of weapons, and as he had another sister, whose true love was a carpenter, he boldly inquired: "May, when Jenkins comes to marry Milly, will he wear his saw by his side?" Tickling induces laughter, except tickling in the throat, which causes coughing—at once removed by Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup. 25 cents a bottle.

A VISION OF DEATH.

Saved by a Workman's Presence of Mind. The infernal (yet very useful) compound is so swift and terrible in its work, and so annihilatory in its effects that many persons experience a singular feeling if even in the presence of the harmless-looking fluid. They know that a slight concussion would send them into eternity with the rapidity of the lightning's flash, and hardly a trace of their bodies be found. Men who are accustomed to nitro-glycerine are supposed to have none of these feelings, and nerve is a necessary requisite. Nevertheless, the presence of appalling danger sometimes frustrates the best of them, as will be seen by the following incident: At a certain factory not a hundred miles from Bradford were gathered the members of the firm and some workmen. The gentlemen were intently watching the process of manufacturing the explosive, when one of them incautiously dropped his cigar stub on the floor, which was covered with running water bearing on the surface small parcels of nitro-glycerine. The latter caught fire and burned brilliantly with a sputtering noise. To say that the spectators were alarmed would be to put it very mildly. They were simply paralyzed with terror, and watched the spreading of the fiery stream with the helpless fascination with which a victim is said to look in the glittering eyes of a rattlesnake. All around them were cans filled with nitro-glycerine, enough to annihilate an army, and every man felt as though he was the victim of a hideous nightmare which held him powerless. Flight was impossible; their limbs refused to perform their office, and an awful death seemed inevitable. The apparently doomed man saw the little lake of fire spread slowly but surely on the floor, and the flames hissed though in triumph at the certain death that seemed to await their victims. None of the spectators will soon forget this thrilling episode in their lives, and money could not hire them to repeat the experiment. When the fire had almost reached a can filled with glycerine one of the workmen roused from his lethargy, and taking off his coat spread it on the floor and extinguished the flames, when of course all danger ceased. One of the gentlemen present, when describing his experience, said: "I never knew before what it was to be sick from fear. When I saw the infernal stuff burning, and felt that every man of us would be blown to atoms in five seconds, every muscle of my body seemed palsied. I gasped for breath, my head swam, and I only felt a deathly sensation of nausea in my stomach. All present turned an ashy paleness of the face. Then I vainly wondered whether there would be any pain in the deathstroke. The remembrance of a nitro-glycerine horror, where the still palpitating heart of one of its victims was picked up a minute after the explosion, came to my mind and I surmised whether my heart would undergo that strange experience after being torn from my body. The thought of my family caused me the most poignant anguish, and tears coursed down my cheeks. Then several incidents of my life, of which I cannot speak with pride, were vividly presented to my mind's eye and induced vague reflections on the subject of future punishment. Sometimes in my dreams I have felt myself in the presence of frightful peril, such as lying in the path of an express train or tottering on the brink of a vast abyss, but was utterly incapable of moving hand or foot for my preservation. So it seemed in this case. I could not lift a finger though evidently making up my mind to recover it. He had every appearance of a drunken man. Keeping his eye on the stub, he straightened himself up, pulled his tall hat down over his eyes, and stooped to reach the cigar, smiling complacently as he extended his hand toward the but. In the meantime many persons had halted, and when the wind caused the cigar to roll away just as he was putting his fingers on it, the knot of observers laughed. The man again straightened up, and he frowned indignantly on those who were around him. He looked at the staff on the cover of the Western Union building and up and down Broadway, as though in doubt whether he would again recover the cigar. Then he pulled his hat over his eyes once more, and renewed his effort. He fell on his knees, pitched over on his face, arose to his knees again and poised his hand over the coveted butt. The knot of observers had been increased tenfold, and bets were offered that the cigar would again elude him. Suddenly the interest of the throng was turned in another direction. A man shouted, "Stop thief! I've lost my watch, and a woman cried out that her pocketbook was missing. About this time the man who had been an object of so much interest, was also missing. "Go on, go on," said a policeman to the crowd; "that's the latest trick."

TIMELY TOPICS.

Wayne township, in Ohio, contains a tract known as Big Woods, the inhabitants of which lead a somewhat uncivilized life. A party of masked men from this locality lately whipped two thieves severely and then posted the following: "Resolved, that courts be a useless expense, and hereafter the council of safety is going to punish all scoundrels like they deserve." The hostile Utes of Colorado did something almost unprecedented in Indian warfare in surrendering the women and children captured at the Meeker agency safe and unharmed into the hands of the United States authorities, after having held them captives for nearly three weeks, and a Buffalo paper says that this fact does something to mitigate the barbarity of their revolt, and if the government can induce the Ute chiefs to surrender the Indians guilty of the brutal murder of agent Meeker and his male assistants it will be a triumph for the peace policy not easily over estimated. Five and a half millions of dollars are spent every year by the Russian government upon the military schools. There are twenty sergeants' schools, twenty-two military gymnasiums, two military teachers' seminaries, seven officers' schools, the institute of the imperial pages, the military topographical school, the naval school, the naval academy, the naval artillery school, the naval engineer school, the military general academy, the military artillery academy, the military engineer academy, four military veterinary schools, the military medical academy, the military law school and academy; in short, there is only wanting a military theological academy. Mojada, the new El Dorado, which is attracting thousands of Americans to Mexico, includes parts of the States of Chihuahua, Coahuila and Durango. The district has long been known as rich in gold and silver, but the utter lawlessness which formerly prevailed, and the frequent revolutions and forced loans, deterred capitalists and prospectors from developing it. Things appear to have changed for the better; life and property are reported comparatively safe under the strict rule of President Diaz. The stories told of the richness of the mines seem almost fabulous. It would be well, however, for those who thirst to become millionaires suddenly not to rush too hastily into that foreign and almost unknown region. A murder that for coolness and deliberation is not often surpassed is reported from Breitenbach, Germany. A married couple having quarreled, the wife left the house, and for several days stayed away, sleeping at night in barns or wherever she found it convenient. Meanwhile the husband remained calmly at home. This indifference exasperated the wife to a pitch of diabolical hatred, and about eleven o'clock one night she returned to the house, and while her husband lay asleep in an adjoining room, went into the kitchen, started a fire, filled the kettle with water and put it on the stove, waited patiently until it steamed, and then, taking it to her husband's bedside, poured the contents over him, scalding him so badly that he lived only a few hours. Speaking of mysterious disappearances in London, the correspondent of a provincial paper says: "At the time of the discovery of the remains (and before their identification as those of Miss Hacker) in Euston square, Chief Superintendent Williamson of Scotland Yard received upward of one thousand photographs of females who were missing from various parts of the country, the bulk of whom had been traced to London, where the clue was lost. The theory entertained by the officers is that, in many instances, after the victim has been marked down, advantage is taken of the lax state of the present lunacy laws, a certificate of lunacy, signed by two unscrupulous practitioners, is obtained, and the unfortunate creature is conveyed to one of the so-called private asylums (scores of which exist unsuspected in our large towns), and detained where help or discovery is next to impossible." The Scorpion's Suicidal Impulse. Do animals ever commit suicide? A dog is said to have done so by drowning, perhaps on no stronger evidence than that which authenticated Capt. Marryat's anecdotes. Doubts have been thrown on the sanity of the cat which hanged herself in the fork between two branches. The suicidal character of the scorpion, however, is reasserted by a correspondent of Nature. We have all heard how the scorpion, if surrounded by a circle of fire, runs its sting into its own head, and expires. Probably most of us have classed this scorpion with Benvenuto Cellini's celebrated salamander, or with the barnacles who give birth to wild geese. Mr. Allen Thompson, however, has a friend who has often seen scorpions sting themselves to death at Lucca. When the insect is caught, he is put in a glass tumbler till dark. A light is then exhibited, whereon the scorpion first loses his head with excitement, and then "brings his recurved sting down upon it, and pierces it forcibly." In a moment his sorrows are over and his excitement amounting to despair ceases to vex him. It is odd that this suicidal mania should be hereditary in scorpions, because, of course, the dead ones cannot have reported to the survivors that the experiment is successful, while suicide is far from complying with Darwinian conditions, and favoring the persistence of the species. An article is going the rounds treating on the best methods of putting away potatoes. A family of about eight, including three boys and three girls, can put away potatoes about as successfully as is necessary.—Rome Sentinel.

An Argument.

As, one by one, along life's flinty way, The hopes of youth fade in the heat and die, And of our prime the aspirations high Remorseless circumstances crush and slay, Then, "Courage," to our fainting hearts we say, "Beyond this life the sunny uplands lie Where these shall all be ours, again to try. The bright ascent toward the perfect day." Oh, land of the hereafter! can it be, When to thy sacred keeping we commit All our best treasures so confidently, Our dead, our hopes, our aspirations lit With quenchless fire, that immortality And thy fair plains are all a myth, a cheat? —H. E. Starratt, in Good Company. ITEMS OF INTEREST. A leader of fashion—the letter F. It is said that you can keep a pumpkin for ten years by varnishing it several times over. Since Napoleon the Great became Emperor of France, 3,319 titles of hereditary nobility have been conferred on Frenchmen. The individual who wrote, "Oh, solitude, where are thy charms?" was a business man who didn't advertise.—Saturday Night. If Kaiser William isn't careful, his son, the crown prince, will soon be as old as he is, the boy having reached his forty-ninth year. "Where is the West?" asks the Presbyterian. Oh, it's in the clothes closet. Now, will you tell us where are the trousers?—Hawkeye. When a man so far forgets himself as to go a fishing on Sunday, we lose all respect for him—unless he divides.—Cedar Rapids Republican. Scarce do we bid adieu to ill, Then smack the reign of summer, Then premonitions bid us grieve, The stove man and the plumber. —Lowell St. A. The Boston Journal says that Walter Hastings, recently deceased, left the bulk of his fortune after the death of his wife, to Harvard college. It is estimated at \$500,000, the largest donation ever made to the college. A rather eccentric man always says, when he sees a farmer going to town with a load of produce with a woman sitting on top of it: "That load's got a mortgage on it." Meaning the woman will trade it out.—McGregor News. Simon Burlingame has taken a fifth wife to his home at Ripon, Wis. Three of her predecessors died at yearly intervals and were buried side by side, with tombstones to match. The fourth died, affrighted by the first attack of illness, and would not return, thus giving her husband legal ground for divorce. The fifth is as yet undismissed. ON THE TRAIN. From the car window he looked to see The landscape rushing by; It came along, he picked it up, He caught it with his eye, Writhefully jerking in his head, To dig for the stinging sting— We dare not list the words he said, When his hat flew out the window! —Hawkeye. Some of our exchanges are boasting about pumpkins. We think they will "cheese their racket" when we tell them of a pumpkin, raised in this county, which measured seven feet in circumference, and weighs 157 pounds. On the same vine grew sixty-eight pumpkins nearly as large as the one described. The vine measured 165 feet in length, and its branches covered nearly an acre of ground.—Fulton (Ky.) Times. Horse cars in Philadelphia are now comfortably warmed. Each car is provided with two small portable furnaces, arranged on either side beneath the body of the car and between the two wheels. By means of flues the heat is directed beneath the cano-covered seats, from which it becomes diffused throughout the car. The smoke is conducted to the front platform, and thence, by means of pipes, to the roof of the car. The consumption of fuel is small, a shovel of coal, and a few sticks of wood sufficing for the entire trip. How a Girl Killed a Deer. A letter from Shohola, Pa., says: Four or five miles back of this place, in an old log cabin, lives Thomas Hendershot. He has a pretty daughter about eighteen years of age. Clara Hendershot can row a boat, shoot a gun or trap a bear as well as any man in the county. A few days ago she started across the lake—the Great Walker pond—to visit a friend. She used a light boat belonging to her father, and carried, as was her custom, a small rifle slung across her shoulder by a leather strap. When nearly in the center of the lake she discovered a object in the water, a short distance off, and upon approaching nearer found that it was a large five-pronged buck, which had been driven in by dogs. She immediately unslung her gun and, after taking aim, fired. The ball passed through the deer's neck, leaving a painful wound. The animal enraged, struck at the boat with its front foot, completely shattering one side of the fragile bark, which sunk, leaving Miss Hendershot in the water with the infuriated buck. She was plucky and could swim well, and as the deer came toward her she caught it by the horns and plunged her hunting-knife into its neck, killing it instantly. She then called for help, and as none arrived she swam to the shore, about a quarter of a mile, and hurried home. She put on dry clothes, and procuring another boat rowed out to where the dead buck was floating and towed it ashore. When dressed the animal weighed 280 pounds. This is the seventh deer Miss Hendershot has killed and she feels quite proud of her last adventure, which is the most thrilling she ever had. A gentleman at this place intends having the deer's head stuffed, and Miss Hendershot will keep it as memento of her struggle for life in the water.