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Small Beginnings.

A traveler through a dusty road strewed
nooks on the lee;
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew
into a tree.
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to
breathe its early vows;
And ere was pleasure, in heats of noon, to
bask beneath its boughs;
The drowsy loved its dangling twigs, the
birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing ever-
more.
A little sprig had lost its way amid the grass
and fern,
Assing stranger scooped a well, where
weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a lode in
the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged
that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lot the well by summers
never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
and saved a life beside.
A dreamer, dropped a random thought; 'twas
old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in
being true,
It chose upon a genial mind, and lot its light
become.
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a montory
flame,
This thought was small; its issue great; a
watchfire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance far and wide, and cheers
the valley still.
A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged
the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied,
from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—a transitory
breath—
It roused a brother from the dust; it saved a
soul from death.
Oh goal! Oh lout! Oh word of love! Oh
thought at random cast!
Ye were but a little at the first, but mighty at
the last.
—Charles Magkey.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

Grace Thornley had been married a year when the civil war began, and lived in a pleasant cottage with her husband, who was a fine-looking, tawny-whiskered young fellow of twenty-five, as fond as a man could be of his wife, and as well liked by everybody as he was wholesome and available.
Grace was nineteen a pretty, blue-eyed, yellow-haired little creature, whose only fault was a growing tendency to be inordinately jealous of her husband, if he so much as glanced at a lady who, to the charms of youth, added the captivating spell of beauty.
She loved Will Thornley dearly, but at the same time Will's smiles must all be for her and nobody else, and he must think her just perfection in everything, whether she really was so or not, and never must he by any possible chance hint that any woman living was ever half so lovely, good, or wise, as her own exacting, impulsive little self.
Will, being a young husband and very much in love with his wife, was quite willing to admit, and for a time sincerely believe, that Grace was an angel, and they were as happy as two turtles, doves, or a pair of newly-mated swans, until Rose Woodward came to pay them a visit.
Before Grace's marriage, Rose had been her most intimate friend, and she naturally looked forward to her coming with no little pleasure, quite forgetful that her old schoolmate had been thought very attractive when they were girls together at Madam Delacour's seminary.
A very great oversight on the part of Grace; for Miss Woodward had large, laughing eyes, glossy dark hair and wine-red lips, which Will, of course, could not help seeing, and, having seen, could not help admiring.
It is unreasonable for one to insist that a man must be both blind and dumb simply because he happens to be married.
And then, too, Rose was so tall and elegant, while Grace was such a little childlike, baby-faced thing.
It was not Will who made this discontented comparison. It was Grace herself. She was sure Will thought her silly and insignificant, for she had heard him say that he thought Miss Woodward a remarkably handsome woman.
To be sure, she had asked him the question blank, one day, when they were walking alone in the garden, and he could not have answered otherwise and spoken truthfully.
And Rose was so clever and sensible, besides being handsome. Grace felt keenly her own inferiority, and wished from the bottom of her foolish young heart that she was not such a blue-eyed, amber-haired little stupid.
It was a very undignified thing to do, but, almost before she knew it, Grace found herself watching mistrustfully both friend and husband, and suspecting deceit where there was none.
She was half-ashamed of herself and wholly unhappy for so doing, but jealousy is ever a self-mortifying and misery-breeding tyrant, which, once having gotten a foothold in one's thoughts, hangs on like grim death, and is not to make a ruin of the tenderest and truest love.
It was not long before Rose guessed what was passing in Mrs. Thornley's mind, and shaped her conduct accordingly. It was a trifle em-arrassing, certainly, but she was a woman of admirable tact, and managed to adopt a safe middle course, privately vowing, however, to make her visit as short as

possible, and take good care not to repeat it until such time as Mrs. Will Thornley had learned to temper her wily affection with some small share of common sense.
But the prudent middle course had its drawback, for Will fancied his wife's guest treated him with marked coldness, and as was very natural, wanted to know the meaning of it.
He did not understand it at all, and chancing to meet Rose alone one morning in the drawing-room, he said:
"I fear I have in some way offended you, Miss Woodward; you seem so bent upon keeping me at a distance."
"Not at all," she smiled. "Pray don't think me so ungracious. It would ill become me to treat the husband of my friend and hostess with indifference; and if my manner so impressed you, it was unintentionally done on my part, I assure you."
"A man married is not a man banished forevermore from the good graces of all womankind, is he?" laughed Will.
"If so, I take it as being very hard lines fallen in the hardest sort of places."
"And would treasonably wish yourself a bachelor again," rejoined Rose.
"Yes and no," he replied, still laughing, with something of a serious look in his dark gray eyes.
Neither saw Grace standing pale and still, in the doorway. She had only heard Rose say, in her lowest and musical tones, "wish yourself a bachelor again!" and his evasive reply, "yes and no!" but it was enough.
Grace was quite satisfied now that she was an unloved wife. Will should be free, Rose was better suited to him. It were folly for her to suppose that he ever really loved her. Men were so fickle and false-hearted! She had seen how it would be from the first, and all that was left her to do was to die as soon as she could, and find rest and forgetfulness in the grave.
Having come to this wise conclusion, Grace went up to her room, locked herself in, and cried comfortably for a whole hour.
Will came whistling upstairs, and was surprised to find the door locked. Still more was he surprised when Grace, in a smothered voice, denied him admittance, saying she had a headache and did not wish to be disturbed.
Puzzled and somewhat angry withal, as he had reason to be, Will went away to his office, feeling as if the angel was fast disappearing, and his wife, after all, was but a pretty, perverse, provoking child, whom time and experience alone could ever teach to be a woman.
An hour after her husband's departure, Grace, in a plain gray traveling dress, and with a thick veil tied closely over her tear-stained face, stealthily left the house; and before Rose, who, from her window, saw her hurrying along the road to the railway station, could clearly divine her purpose, she was gone.
This was a nice predicament for one to be placed in, truly! Miss Woodward's indignation, for the moment, got the better of her pity, and she could have shaken Grace well for her senseless absurdity.
There was but one thing for her to do, and that was to pack her trunks with all possible dispatch and leave on the next train, which she did, to the infinite amazement of Biddy, who did not know what in the world to make of her sudden departure, not dreaming that her mistress traveled many miles from home.
When Will came home to dinner at six o'clock, and learned the true state of things, he grew as pale as death and staggered to a chair as quickly as if a shot had struck him in the heart.
Grace had left a note on the bureau in her room, in which she stated, in a kind of hysterical Enoch Arden-like manner, that she was going back to her mother, and he might be assured that neither himself nor Rose would ever be troubled by seeing or even hearing from her again. It was her earnest wish, she said, and over her early grave, perhaps, some gentle thought of her might stir his cold, forgetful heart into a passing throbbing tenderness.
With the note crumpled convulsively in his hand, Will Thornley seized his hat and rushed from the house. It mattered not where he went, or what he did now, and ere the next day's sun had set, he made one of the many thousands of soldiers marching bravely to the front, to fall, maybe in the battle, with face turned unflinchingly toward the foe, or die miserably in some prison, like a caged beast, his heart broken, and death a welcome release from pain, and grief, and hopeless wretchedness.
The setting sun was rapidly sinking to his crimsoned-curtained couch in the west, when Grace walked up the grassy path to the little white gate, where she and Will had often stood in the old, happy days of their courting, and watched the fading light steal dusky down among the softly-whispering leaves of the maples.
"A letter for you, Mrs. Thornley," said Mr. Parkhurst, a near neighbor.
"I happened to be passing this way, and I thought you might like to have it."
"Oh, yes, thank you!" she replied, in a trembling voice. "You are very kind."
Mr. Parkhurst gave her the letter, and went on.
Grace recognized the handwriting in a moment, and with a glad "Oh, it's from Will, and he has forgiven me!" she tore open the envelope, and hastily ran her eyes over its contents. The smile faded; the glad look left her eyes, and with a low, piteous cry, she fell on her knees—aye, to the very earth, and sobbed out the bitter, remorseful anguish of her stricken soul:
"Gone—Will gone? Oh, no, no! I cannot be! And yet this cruel, cruel letter—only four little lines!"
"You have chosen your way and I have chosen mine. All I desire in this world is a speedy and brave death, and I go to meet it as joyously as ever bridegroom went to meet his bride."
That was all. No names, no dates, but she knew only too well its meaning.

She pressed it to her lips, her heart. She covered it with tears, all the while uttering the poor, piteous cry:
"Oh, Will, Will, forgive me! You must forgive me—you must come back to me, or let me go to you!"
But alas, her repentance came too late! Will was hundreds of miles away, and between him and Grace's peaceful home cannon were thundering their dread alarm, and war's heroic victims were falling by the tens of thousands.
They found her lying unconscious and apparently lifeless under the maples, with her still, white face all wet with the night-dew, and her poor cold hands clasping close to her heart Will's short, last letter.
"Three years of bloodshed, turmoil, anxiety and alternate hope and fear passed away—years that had been to Grace one agony of sorrowful regrets and wearisome waiting; for she did wait, and heaven only knows how patiently and prayerfully, some sign from Will that he still cared for her, or at least remembered that she had once been his wife.
She knew that Colonel Thornley was somewhere in Tennessee, but for the rest knew no more than the mercenary stranger who read his name and an account of his brilliant deeds in the daily papers.
The fabled Lethe is a stream never found this side of the grave, search long and far as one may, and those three stirring years, active as was his life and hazardous his march to fame, had by no means brought forgetfulness to Will Thornley's troubled heart.
Grace was so young and impulsive! He should have been more patient, more forbearing, more forgiving. He felt remorseful and self-condemned; but how make the matter up now?
Some such thoughts as these were passing gloomily through his mind, one evening, as he sat alone in his tent, pondering over the subject. What a sad, and ruin the madness of an hour had made of his life!
True, he had now no small share of fame, and it was not altogether egotism, perhaps, to say it was fairly earned; but happiness he had lost, and wife and home, though the old love still remained, and to-night, somehow, seemed very near.
"A lady to see you, colonel," said a tall Irish orderly, entering the tent, and saluting.
"I can't see anybody to-night, sergeant. Some begging refugee, I suppose. Refer her to Major Clinton," testily replied the colonel.
"But she's not a refugee, or anything of that sort, and says she must see you. She's kinder weakly-looking, and as pale as a ghost, with the travelin' and trouble she's had; and, beggin' your pardon, colonel, I'd rather go to the guard-house for a week than take your message to her," stoutly urged the honest orderly.
An impatient frown darkened the colonel's brow, for he had grown stern and irritable during the past three years, and was no more the Will Thornley he had formerly been than the merry-hearted schoolboy is like a grim, iron-handed old field-marshal.
"Show the lady in, then, and be quick about it," he said, shortly.
The orderly promptly obeyed, and soon reappeared, conducting a lady, who trembled visibly, and seemed half afraid to enter, though she had but a moment before begged the orderly or her needs to procure the interview for her.
The sergeant instantly retired; and with a sharp interrogative, "Well, madam?" Colonel Thornley turned to know the pleasure of his strange visitor.
The light from the single tallow candle, burning on the table, was so dim as to barely admit of readily distinguishing the features of one in the corner where the small, shrinking figure stood, as white and nerveless as a statue.
"Well, madam," and this time Colonel Thornley's tones were not quite so sharp, "what is your business with me?"
The woman took a step forward, and in a second down at his feet fell the slight, shivering form—a sob, an imploring out-reaching of two thin, trembling hands, and then from the pale lips came the wild, agonized cry:
"Oh, Will, Will! pity me, forgive me, and let me die here at your feet! It is all, all I ask!"
"Grace! my wife, my darling! is it indeed you?" He caught her to his heart, and covered her cold, death-white face with kisses. "Forgive you, Grace? Alas, it is I who should crave your forgiveness. Look up, my own dear one. Do not tremble so. You are safe with me, and the past shall be both forgiven and forgotten. It was a hasty act—hasty on your part and on mine; but we are wiser now, and shall know better in the future how to guard against anger and jealousy—the two besetting sins of poor, weak, human nature."
"Mine was the greater fault," she sobbed; "and the love that is without jealousy, let them say what they will, is the only true, believing, lasting love. I know it now; but, oh, Will! the learning of the lesson was bitter, bitter indeed! And I must see you—must tell you—"
"Not that you have suffered, for I can see that plainly enough—much too plainly. And Miss Woodward is—"
"Married!" Grace turned away her face that he might not see the sudden blush that crimsoned it like a rose.
"I—I want to see her. I did, really, and she forgave me. Said I was a little goose, and—advised me to go and see you whether you liked it or not.

So I came, and now I am here; you don't mind, do you? And we will begin all over again, and be as happy as we were at first."
"Yes; as happy as we were at first, and as I ever hope to be hereafter."
"And you don't care to be a bachelor again, even if I am silly?"
"Yes and no," he answered, smiling.
She laid her head contentedly on his breast, and smiled, too, though a little sadly, for she had learned, through bitter experience, that
"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary!"
Salt and Its Value.
All our readers know the value of that familiar and useful substance, salt, which enters so largely into our daily wants, and is so essential to our existence. Formerly prisoners in Holland were kept from the use of salt; but this deprivation produced such terrible diseases that this practice was abolished. The Mexicans, in old times, in cases of rebellion, deprived entire provinces of this indispensable commodity, and thus left innocent and guilty alike to rot to death.
This mineral is frequently mentioned in the Bible. The sacrifices of the Jews were all seasoned with salt, and we read of a covenant of salt. Salt was procured by the Hebrews from the hills of salt which lie about the southern extremity of the Dead sea, which overflow the banks yearly and leave a deposit of salt both abundant and good.
Among ancient nations salt was a symbol of friendship and fidelity, as it is present among the Arabs and other Oriental people. In some eastern countries, if a guest has tasted salt with his host, he is safe from all enemies, even although the person receiving the salt may have committed an injury against his entertainer himself.
Among the common people all over Scotland, a new house, or one which a new tenant was about to enter, was always sprinkled with salt, by way of inducing "good luck." Another custom of a curious nature once prevailed in England and other countries in reference to salt. Men of rank formerly dined at the same table with their dependents and servants. The master of the house and his relations sat at the upper end, where the floor was a little raised. The person of greatest consequence sat next, and all along down the sides, toward the bottom of the table; the servants were placed according to their situations. At a certain part of the table was placed a large salt vat, which divided the superior from the inferior classes. Sitting above the salt was the mark of a gentleman or man of good connections, while to sit beneath it showed a humble station in society.
Salt is found in greater or less quantities in almost every substance on earth, but the waters of the sea appear to have been its first great magazine. It is found there dissolved in certain proportions, and two purposes are thus served, namely, the preservation of that vast body of waters, which otherwise, from the innumerable objects of animal and vegetable life within it, would become an insupportable mass of corruption, and the supplying of a large proportion of the salt we require in our food, and for other purposes. The quantity of salt contained in the sea (according to the best authorities) amounts to four hundred thousand billion cubic feet, which, if piled up, would form a mass one hundred and forty miles long, as many broad, and as many high, or otherwise disposed, would cover the whole of Europe, islands, seas and all, to the height of the summit of Mount Blanc, which is about sixteen thousand feet in height.
It salt, however, were only to be obtained from the sea, the people who live on immense continents would have great difficulty in supplying themselves with it. Nature has provided that the sea, on leaving those continents, all of which were once overspread with it, should deposit vast quantities of salt, sufficient to provide for the necessities of the inhabitants of those parts. In some places the salt is exposed on the surface of the ground in a glittering crust several inches thick; in others, thicker layers have been covered over with other substances, so that salt now requires to be dug for like coal or any other mineral. Salt is found in this last shape in almost every part of the world; though in the vast empire of China it is so scarce that it is smuggled into that country in large quantities.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Finest Set of Pearls in the World.

Countess Henkel, one of the richest women in Europe, is now the owner of the famous pearl necklace—formerly possessed by the Empress Eugenie. It was sold for \$72,000. The countess had some of the pearls less beautiful than the others removed and added two other rows—one which came from the jewels sold by the Queen of Naples, the other from the necklace of the Virgin of Atocha, sold by a great Spanish personage. At present the suite of pearls belonging to the countess, earrings and brooch, included, is worth about \$180,000 and is said by connoisseurs to be the finest set of pearls in the world.

The Fashion in Dressing the Hair.

A New York paper says: It is exceedingly difficult to keep in fashion in respect of the style of dressing one's hair. The coiffure must be suited to the general character of the face and form of the head, and whatever the style may be, there are always many persons who cannot adopt it. The fashion at present is to have the hair flat over the temples and taken back to form torsades, which are fastened so that they are quite flat and small and do not show from the front. For this way of dressing the hair to be becoming the face should be oval, or at least the head should be small and round. This style is not to be adopted if the forehead is either too high or too low. For balls and evening dress but few flowers are used, fancy ornaments are preferred—such as gold pins, daggers, stars and arrows. These articles are made in gold or imitation. Birds and insects made of precious stones are also used for the same purpose. Young ladies wear mostly ornaments of gold, silver, or filigree work, or pins. For dressing hair, large pins in light shell or real jet, matching the combs, are placed in different parts of the hair. A very simple way of arranging the hair is to crimp it slightly in front, taking it back "a l'antique," with a golden band to divide it. On one side of the back hair is dressed with a "cache-peigne" of flowers. A short curl hangs over the shoulder.

Fashion Facts.

Woolen handkerchiefs gowns are substituted for the gingham gowns of last year. They are made up in rather subdued styles, but nothing can make them pretty.
Linen with bright figures are cooler than calicoes or any cotton goods, and although more costly are far more desirable. They are made up in combination with plain linen.
Many of the French dressmakers use and plait for the center forms in the back of basques and gather them into fine shirrings at the waist. This style is becoming to thin women.
Ten rows of elastic are placed in some new ribbed thread gloves, and in consequence the wearers' hands will look as if thickened with apoplexy, and their eyes look like zebra skins.
White pique comes up again this year, but it is usually plaided by small bars. It serves for princess dresses, or for coats to be worn over costumes of thinner goods. Pique braids are also used for trimming.
Mantles with sleeves are worn with half trained skirts this season. The sleeve is formed by a lengthening of the side form, and is lightly caught together at the wrist. The trimming is profuse, as it is on all the mantles.
Favorite materials for summer dresses are batiste, which comes in dress lengths, with party-colored embroidery for trimmings, and Canton and Japanese pongees to be worn over skirts of velvet or silk. French bunnings will also be much worn, made up in combination with challoes out in brie-a-brac designs. French foulards are another popular material for associating with plain goods. Lace, embroidered and plain grenadines will all be much worn.
Mantles and shoulder-capes in black and in colors, trimmed with passementeries and fringe, divide favor with the walking-coats and redingotes as wraps. In millinery rich yellow Leghorn and Tuscan straws prevail, but not to the exclusion of black and white chips, which are furnished for all who require them. The fancy for gold lace, gold shades in ribbons and satins and gilt ornaments has not in the least abated. The bonnets exhibited during Easter week just past expressed the growing tendency to yellow and straw shades and the new heliotrope blue in flowers and other trimmings.
Made-up suits for little people show a liberal employment of cotton moccie cloths, which are reasonable in price and easily laundered. These and other colored slips are designed to be worn over an undershirt, finished with a white embroidered flounce.
Wash dresses of gray-colored cotton goods are some of them very picturesque, as for instance a kilt round skirt of solid colored calico with an overdress of figured cotton moccie cloth, the waist of which may be a double-breasted basque. Scotch gingham in pretty shades are also made up with plaid or striped gingham. The plain color forms the round skirt, which is trimmed with draperies of the figured goods. Seersucker gingham trimmed with open patterns of white Hamburg embroidery and polka-dotted cambrics finished with gathered ruffles edged with Russian Torsion or other lace, are counted among popular wash dresses.

Good-Night Wishes.

A blessing on my babes to-night,
A blessing on their mother;
A blessing on my kinsmen light,
Each loving friend and brother.
A blessing on the toiler's rest;
The over-worn and weary;
The desolate and comfortless,
To whom the earth is dreary.
A blessing on the glad to-night;
A blessing on the hoary;
The maiden clad in beauty bright,
The young man in his glory.
A blessing on my fellow-race,
Of every clime and nation;
May they partake His saving grace
Who died for our salvation.
If any man hath wrought me wrong,
Still blessings be upon him;
May I in love to him be strong,
Till charity have won him.
Thy blessings on me, from of old,
My God! I cannot number;
I wrap me up in their ample fold
And sink in trustful slumber.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Dr. Stemens, the well-known scientist, has discovered that the electric light has the same influence over vegetation as sunlight.
A man who uses the floor of a railway car as a spittoon should be put in the baggage car as a spit dog.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*
It now costs some of the large American grain houses and other wholesale dealers \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year for cable messages.
The bones of a mastodon have been found in excavating a well at Dallas, Texas. The width of one shoulder was over seven feet.
Fifty tons of specimens of American fish, alive and dead, were shipped to Berlin for exhibition at the international fishery fair held in that city.
One man asked another why his beard was so brown and his hair so white. "Because," he replied, "one is twenty years younger than the other."
The Boston Post doesn't believe that Edison's boy teased his dad to invent some way for a lad to crawl under a circus tent without getting kicked.
Gold and silver mines are being developed with startling success in the vicinity of Ashland, Wisconsin. They are being worked as secretly as possible, principally by Chicago parties.
An advertisement of a tonorial establishment, in an exchange, says: "The boss hair cuts." Well, suppose he does, it can't be expected that he is to have the exclusive monopoly of slicing up his customers' physiognomy.—*Lockport Union.*
Some centuries ago the cost of a Bible in England varied (according to different accounts) from \$150 to \$220. A London publisher now advertises the New Testament with copies notes, references and introductions, three maps and twenty-four illustrations, for one penny.
An Echo.
Some years ago a very fine echo was discovered on an Englishman's estate. He was proud of it, of course, and excited considerable envy by its exhibition. A neighbor, who owned an adjoining estate, felt especially jealous, but was greatly encouraged by an Irishman who went over the lands with the hope of finding one elsewhere. He declared himself successful in finding the most wonderful echo ever heard, and he stood ready to unfold his secret for a very large sum of money. The nobleman listened to the echo, and, although there was something peculiar about the echo, he paid his money. An afternoon was set for his friends to come and listen to the marvelous discovery.
"Hullo!" cried in stentorian tones the Hibernian who had promised to find an echo.
"Hullo!" came back from the hill-side yonder.
"How are you?" yelled one of the company, and an echo answered, in a suspiciously different key.
"How are you?"
"All went well, until just before retiring one of the company, putting his hands to his mouth, cried:
"Will you have some whisky?"
Such a question would discover the character of any reasonable echo. It was certainly too much for the one which had been discovered on that estate. Judge of the surprise of the party when the answer came back in clear, affirmative tones:
"Thank you, surr, I will, if you please."
The poor fellow who had been stationed at a distance to supply the place of an echo, simply succumbed to too great a temptation.
Raccoon Oysters.
The banks of the rivers, creeks and sounds which form the inside route between Charleston and Savannah, and in other southern localities are lined with large ridges of small, bitter oysters, known to the people of those sections as raccoon oysters. They accumulate with wonderful rapidity, and not infrequently form reefs in the channels whereon the small steamers plying in those waters get aground. At low tide the tops of these ridges are out of water, and the oysters have taken their name from the fact that at such times raccoons come down from the woods to eat them. They are a wily bivalve, and much better than a steel trap for capturing raccoons. In rowing from Wappoo Cut, James Island, opposite Charleston, to Edisto Island, a distance of about fifty miles, the writer has seen as many as four raccoons upon whose claws the oysters had fastened, to hold firmly until the rising tide drowned the enemy.