

The Forest Republican.

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A school has entered
Rates of Advertis. The two
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A Summer Song.

Roly-poly honey-bee,
 Humming in the clover,
 With the green leaves under you,
 And the blue sky over,
 Why are you so busy, pray?
 Never still a minute,
 Hovering now above a flower,
 Now half-buried in it!

Jaunty robin red-breast,
 Singing loud and cheerily,
 From the pink-white apple tree
 In the morning early,
 Tell me, is your merry song
 Just for your own pleasure,
 Poured from such a tiny throat,
 Without stint or measure?

Little yellow buttercup,
 By the wayside smiling,
 Lifting up your happy face,
 With such sweet beguiling,
 Why are you so gaily clad—
 Cloth of gold your raiment?
 Do the sunshine and the dew
 Look to you for payment?

Roses in the garden beds,
 Lilies, cool and saintly,
 Darling blue-eyed violets,
 Pansies, bloomed quaintly,
 Sweet peas that, like butterflies,
 Dance the bright skies under,
 Bloom ye for your own delight,
 Or for ours, I wonder!

—Julia C. R. Door, in St. Nicholas.

STELLA'S LOVER.

"Who is he?" asked Stella. She and Felicia Martin were idly looking out upon the driveway of Mr. Martin's country seat through the narrow lattice windows.

"That is Colonel Audenreid," answered Felicia, adjusting her eyeglasses. "Papa is bringing him here to dine. He is a widower; he's lived abroad for years. Seems to me I've heard that his course of true love didn't run smooth. He has the most bewitching melancholy eyes, and such a manner! You can't help wishing he was in love with you."

"That night, while the girls combed out their braids and curls, in the low wickered chamber, Felicia suddenly remarked: "I believe there will be a second Mrs. Audenreid."

Stella gave a start, and returned from an excursion into the past.

"Do you know," continued Felicia, "I caught him looking at your reflection in the mirror, with his heart in his eyes. I wonder the first Mrs. Audenreid didn't turn in her grave."

"Felicia, don't you make me shudder," cried Stella. "Your imagination is better than your eyesight; you are always seeing somebody devouring somebody else with their glances. I'm sure I thought Colonel Audenreid was as indifferent as a star in heaven."

"Modest creature! He had ears for nobody out yourself, as well as eyes. It is Kismet. Why was not I born under some lucky planet?"

From that date Colonel Audenreid became a frequent guest at Mr. Martin's suburban retreat. He rode with Stella and Felicia over the hills; he picnicked with them at the edge of the pine woods; he drifted on the lake at sunset by their side, and filled the boat with water lilies and spicy branches of the wild azalea; he amused them with glimpses of his continental life; with stories of the war, in which he had led a forlorn hope; of camp and hospital regimen. Sometimes they took the train to the city, and laughed together over some comedy, or Lung entranced upon some famous singer's tones; or they joined a pleasure party to the lakes of Swallow, or down the harbor, returning, in the dewy evening, with the stars leaning out of heaven, and the whip-will making the night melancholy. Once they paused at the gate to listen to his plaintive voice. Felicia had passed on to the piazza; the pines stood out tall and dusky against the heavens; the roses shook out an odoriferous breath whenever the wind touched them.

"You should have the nightingales fluting about my home in Surrey, when the night falls; it is like the refrain of some sad poem," said Colonel Audenreid.

"You must have been very happy there in that beautiful country," returned Stella.

Colonel Audenreid opened the gate for her to pass on, without replying, with a distraught air, as if he were already miles away from the subject.

"I think he did not like me to speak of that time," she confessed to Felicia.

"Fiddsticks!" returned that young person.

"Perhaps it was too sacred," she said.

"Pshaw! Are you blind, Stella? None so blind as those who won't see, I've heard. I hastened into the house on purpose to give him a chance to speak to you. I saw it in his eyes."

"I never knew such sight as yours, though I've always understood near-sighted people could see in the dark. He has nothing special to say to me."

"Then he is the greatest humbug extant. He leaves us next month. If he says nothing before then, I shall never believe in signs and omens again."

"Nor in your own eyesight? Poor Felicia, I'm afraid you're doomed to disappointment."

"I've set my heart upon the match."

The next day Mr. Martin and his family set off to the nearest beach for a week's camping out—"A little taste of gypsy life," he said; and Colonel Audenreid, confessing that a camp was quite home-like and irresistible, followed, bearing his part in pitching the tents, in baking, and hewing, and gathering the drift-wood to boil the kettle. They sat late on the beach at

night, within view of the smoldering drift-wood fire, watching the sails that glimmered in the starlight an instant, like ghosts, and were gone, the revolving lights like great glow-worms, lifting and lowering, repeating all the love and romance of the "melancholy main." Colonel Audenreid's arctic expedition as well as his Indian voyages furnished material for conversation, even had he not been once shipwrecked, and once in peril from mutiny; but he seemed the merest dilettante while he lounged upon the sand, quoting poetry and caroling snatches of ballads to two pretty girls.

"The sea hath its perils,
 The heaven hath its stars;
 But my heart, my heart,
 My heart hath its love,"

he repeated one night, as he gave his hand to Stella to rise.

"Did you notice?" said Felicia, later; "he spoke in the present tense. He ignored the past."

"He was quoting from the German," he repeated one night, as he gave his hand to Stella to rise.

"Did you notice?" said Felicia, later; "he spoke in the present tense. He ignored the past."

"How can you help it? Oh, why doesn't he make love to me that way?"

"Nonsense, Felicia; he makes the same sort of love to every girl he meets, I suppose."

"I don't suppose anything of the kind."

The following day the wind turned east, a drizzling rainy rain set in, blotting out everything, and obliging them to fold their tents and take refuge in the little Sea-shell House at hand; and by night all the powers of the air were abroad; the air seemed to beat and below under their very windows, the wind whipped it into fine feathers of spray, and the darkness was like a garment. There was a gray sickly dawn creeping up the sky, when Stella, looking from her window, saw in the distance the outlines of a wraged wreck painted boldly against the horizon, and the shore swarming with people moving about uneasily.

"Oh, Stella," cried Felicia, "here's a real shipwreck! Let us put on our wraps and creep down to the shore, and hear all about it. I wouldn't miss it for worlds!"

Felicia's teeth were chattering mightily as they took their way to the shore, and mingled among the groups of men and women.

"She'll go to pieces in no time at all," some one was prophesying. "Jim saw folks clinging to the masts and things, with his glass."

"That's a master glass of his'n," said another. "But ain't they going to for to do nothing!"

"They've sent out a life-line; but it ain't no pleasant places that line's fallen into, let me tell you. Jim was a-goin' with it but for me and the children. I'm powerful glad he didn't."

"Girls! girls!" cried Mr. Martin bustling up, "this is no place for you. Better go back to your beds. Trying scene. None of these men would carry the line to save a soul. Audenreid has come out with it himself—a terrible risk. So much brilliancy and cultivation, so much wit and experience, as good as thrown away. They'll have to pull the line in presently, no doubt, and it would be painful for you to be here, my dears, after so much pleasant companionship. Oh, Stella! Stella! my dear girl—"

Stella had fainted away.

It was a stirring morning that followed at the little Sea-shell house, providing for the rescued, listening to their story, and taking over the event. When Stella left her room, about noon, she was met by a fisherman's wife bringing her a sealed note. "I found it in the pocket of Jim's pea-jacket, and I made out how it was for Miss Stella Ames, and they told me you were the lady as fainted on the beach," she explained.

"You see, Jim has gone for the doctor up to town, and he changed his coat just to look ship-shape like."

"Thank you," said Stella. "Who can have written to me here?" as she tore it open and read:

"I am going to carry the life-line out to a shipwrecked crew. I shall probably never return alive, but it is their only chance. While you are dreaming on your pillow I shall, perhaps be tasting the bitterness of death and parting. Verily, death is this—to see you no more till the sea gives up its dead. My darling, my darling, let me have the happiness of repeating I love you, I love you, Stella. Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye."

"JOHN AUDENREID."

Then she turned to the torn envelope addressed to "Miss Stella Ames, Sea-shell house. To be given her only in case I never return." The revelation was premature. Colonel Audenreid had returned, but so spent that the doctor had been summoned from town. Mr. Martin took his family back to Martinvale, but Colonel Audenreid remained at the seaside a fortnight longer under treatment. In the mean time, Stella went home—home for Stella meaning attendance on the whims of a wealthy hypochondriac, with a small stipend, without relaxation. One morning the post brought her a letter from Felicia. Perhaps it contained news of Colonel Audenreid. It did with a vengeance.

"DEAREST STELLA" (it began)—
 "How odd that the very thing I wished should come to pass! I'm almost daft. To think that, after all my nonsense, it should be me—myself—little insignificant, near-sighted Felicia Martin, whom Colonel Audenreid asks to marry him! I can hardly believe my ears; and all the while I believed he was smitten with your charms. How glad I am that you didn't care for him! You must be my bridesmaid. Mamma says it shall be white satin and pearls."

"Yours, in the seventh heaven,"

"FELICIA."

"P. S.—After all, he doesn't make quite the ideal lover I fancied—he is so respectful, and—not at all gushing, you know. By the way, you never told me

how you came to faint that night of the wreck?"

It was no wonder that Mrs. Davis found Stella distraught that day, talking at random, absent-eyed and fantastic in her moods. What did it all mean? Why had Colonel Audenreid written her that note if he loved Felicia, and why was he going to marry her if he loved somebody else? Didn't he know that she had received his message of love? Or did he mean simply to ignore it, having seen fit to change? From living in a state of happy excitement, when every footstep in the street below might be Colonel Audenreid's, who was hastening to repeat the burden of his note, Stella was suddenly brought down to earth, to the dull certainty that nothing more was ever likely to happen to her, that there had been some dreadful mistake somewhere, which had left her days a rose-color for a little while, to be sure, only to leave them grayer and more forlorn than before.

All at once she remembered with a shudder that Colonel Audenreid's fatal note was at Martinvale, that one morning she had been reading it and getting it by heart in her own room, when Felicia knocked at her door, and she had slipped the precious document between the leaves of her "Golden Treasury" lying on the toilet table; and then Felicia had entered with Mrs. Davis' summons for Stella to return to duty, and in her hasty packing and departure she had left Martinvale without the "Golden Treasury." Some day she promised herself to beg leave of Mrs. Davis to run away to Martinvale and secure her treasure, not that its possession would signify to her any longer, only in order to keep it from Felicia's eyes; but Mrs. Davis would not hear of being left an hour, and sometimes Stella cherished the insane idea of writing to Mrs. Martin and requesting that lady to send the "Golden Treasury of Song," which she would find in the gable room, without opening it.

"Dear Mr. Davis," she begged one day, when a couple of months had gone by, and she had heard no more of pearls and satins and bridesmaids from Felicia; "do let me run down to Martinvale, it only to stay over a train; it is very important."

"A matter of life and death, I suppose?"

"It concerns the happiness of two people."

"Can't you tell me about it?"

"Yes, I will, and then you will surely let me go. When I was at Martinvale in the summer I met Col—a certain gentleman. He was very kind. He carried the life-line out to a distressed crew when we were all at the beach together, and he left a little foolish, hasty note for me, in case he never returned; by some mistake the note was brought to me, though he did return. It was a dusty little affair, you know, written, no doubt, under strong excitement, when he had misunderstood his own feelings, I suppose; for I have never seen him since, and the note is in my "Golden Treasury," which I left behind me, and my friend Felicia Martin may find it, and it would break her heart, for she is going to marry Colonel Audenreid. Oh! I did not mean to tell his name; but you will forget it, dear Mrs. Davis, and let me go at once!"

"I am not likely to forget it, child," laughed Mrs. Davis; "it was my own name before I married. Colonel Audenreid is a sort of cousin of mine. It is a pretty story. Yes, you shall go. So the note is in my 'Golden Treasury,' would it? It must have been very tender."

"But you see there must have been some mistake about it."

"Well, there are as good fish in the sea as ever yet were caught, child. Go and look after Felicia's happiness, if you will." And for the first time Mrs. Davis kissed Stella's white cheek.

"You might have been my cousin, you know," she explained.

But Stella never reached Martinvale. Stepping into the station, she ran against Colonel Audenreid stepping out, with her "Golden Treasury" in his hand. They looked at each other for a breathing space.

"I was going to you," said the colonel.

"Where is Felicia?" demanded Stella.

"At home—and happy still. Where were you going?"

"To Martinvale, for my 'Golden Treasury.'"

"I have made the journey unnecessary. Let me call a carriage and take you home. I have a great deal to confess."

"It happened oddly enough," he explained later, when he had given orders to be driven in the opposite direction from home. "I had left the note to be given you in case I never returned. Afterward, when I asked Jim to surrender it, he confessed that he couldn't lay hands upon it; must have lost it through a hole in the pocket of his pea-jacket. That was of no consequence; if he had dropped it on the beach, the tide had hidden it. Returning alive, I prepared to do my courting by word of mouth. I did not know you had left Mr. Martin's. When I was able to walk, I went there to find you. It was dusk as I approached through the garden. Somebody was dreaming on the piazza. It is Stella," I thought. Inside the house Mrs. Martin was speaking to Felicia. I heard her say distinctly, 'Shall you go to town to-morrow, Felicia?' and Felicia reply, 'Certainly, if the weather allows.' I did not know that there was an Aunt Felicia with the same tricks of voice. Of course, if Felicia was indoors with her mother, it was Stella star-gazing on the piazza, and perhaps thinking of me. Would ever things be more in my favor? I drew near; some tender word, some hasty avowal escaped me; she was in my arms, when a voice from the window dispelled my dream. 'Felicia, child,' it said, 'you will take cold mooning out there so late.' Do you know, Stella, at that instant I was almost sorry these had not finished me the night of the wreck. Stupid of me, wasn't it?"

But all's well that ends well. I had no thought of retreat. Felicia had accepted me. I had heard at the beach that she fainted when I carried out the line. You had not received my note, and had no knowledge of my feelings. I must make the best of my mistake. The engagement was announced. I made an sorry lover, I fear. One day when I went down to visit at Martinvale, they gave me the room you had used, as there were other guests. In a fit of megrims I happened upon your "Golden Treasury," and your name stared at me from the fly-leaf, and my own letter fell at my feet. Felicia released me without a sigh. There is another star in her heaven, before which my light grows pale. Stella, do you love?"—Harper's Bazar.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A number of Philadelphia experts in coal mining and the manufacture of iron and steel have been granted a valuable concession by the czar for the purpose of developing the resources of a large tract of country in Southern Russia. The grant extends for eighty years and promises to be immensely profitable. About \$8,000,000 has been subscribed by American capitalists to put the enterprise on its feet.

William Pennix was the jolliest fellow in Lynn county, Ind. He fiddled and sang at the country gatherings, rode recklessly in horse races, and was seemingly incapable of a serious thought. Miss Bundy shared in the general estimate of his character, and laughed when he attempted courtship. He declared that for once he was in earnest, but she would not listen. The dead bodies of both were found in the road a few days ago. Pennix had proved his sincerity by murder and suicide.

The frequency of stammering in the south of France is found, on investigation, to equal twelve or thirteen cases in every 1,000 of the population, while in the eastern departments the proportion is only one to that number. It has been assumed that the defect was, in many instances, stimulated to avoid military obligation, but according to the Albe are two districts in the Bouches du Rhone where all the inhabitants—some 15,000—stammer. He scribbles this long-continued intermarriages among the communities, and to a consequent degeneracy of the race.

Professor Bencke, of Marburg, Germany, after measuring 970 human hearts, says that the growth of that organ is greatest in the first and second years of life. At the end of the second year it is doubled in size, and during the next five years it is again doubled. Then its growth is much slower, though from the fifth to the twentieth year its size increases two-thirds. A very slight growth is then observed up to fifty, when it gradually diminishes. Except in childhood, men's hearts are decidedly larger than those of women.

A beginning is about to be made, says Nature, to carry out Lieutenant Weyprecht's proposal for a circle of observatory stations around the north polar region. The Danish government has resolved to establish a station at Upernivik, in West Greenland; the Russian government has granted a subsidy for an observatory at the mouth of the Lena, and another on the New Siberian islands; Count Wilczek is to defray the expenses of a station on Nova Zembla under the direction of Lieutenant Weyprecht; the United States signal service under General Meyer, has received permission to plant an observatory at Point Barrow, in Alaska; and it is expected that Canada will have a similar establishment on some point on her Arctic coast. At the Hamburg conference it was announced that Holland would furnish the funds for a station in Spitzbergen; and it is expected that Norway will have an observatory on Nova Zembla under the direction of the province of Finmark. This is a good beginning, and it is hoped that some sort of agreement will be established to have all the observations made after a uniform method, otherwise their value will be greatly decreased.

SAND-SHOWERS IN CHINA.

Every year witnesses curious sand-showers in China when there is neither cloud nor fog in the sky, but the sun is scarcely visible, looking very much as when seen through smoked glass. The air is filled with fine dust, entering the eyes, nostrils and mouth, and often causing serious diseases of the eye. This dust, or sand, as the people call it, penetrates houses, reaching even apartments which seem securely closed. It is supposed to come from the great desert of Gobi, as the sand of the Sahara is taken up by whirlwinds and carried hundreds of miles away. The Chinese, while sensible to the personal discomfort arising from these showers, are resigned to them from a conviction that they are a great help to agriculture. They say that a year of numerous sand-showers is always a year of great fertility. The sand probably imparts some enriching elements to the soil, and it also tends to loosen the compact alluvial matter of the Chinese valleys. It is possible that these showers may be composed of microscopic insects, like similar showers which have been noticed in the Atlantic ocean.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and besides she was fifty-two years old while he was not twenty-five. He wouldn't take "No" for an answer, and they were married and lived happily until she died, which occurred two years afterward.

Shirring grows more and more fashionable.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fichus.

The fichu is a very conspicuous feature in summer toilets, and appears in various ways. Sometimes it is made of the dress material, and forms the drape over the bosom; when made of white muslin, and very small, it takes the place of a collar or frill; again, the large shawl-shaped fichu of white lace and mull are used to complete watering-place toilets; and the fichu-mantle of black lace, Surah, or camel's-hair is the fashionable wrap for city streets or drives. The fichu as part of the dress trimming is especially pretty on thin muslin, grenadine, or light silk dresses. For such purposes it is made of four folds of the material cut bias, and edged at the top and bottom with a narrow plaiting, or else a ruffle of the goods taken double. This passes around the back of the neck, and extends down the fronts as far as the top of the darts, lengthened so that the ends will be concealed under the belt. A ruffle of lace or a linen collar is worn around the neck. Very small fichus of white soft mull are made with a point behind, are turned over at the top, and rounded in front; they are then edged with lace two inches wide, and this lace is also put on the upper part, which is turned down, thus making two rows in the back. When completed this fichu is scarcely larger than a lady's pocket-handkerchief folded triangularly, and is worn close and high about the throat, dispensing with the warm linen collar or the full ruff of lace. It is cool and pleasant for summer wear, and is very dressy. Ladies who make braid laces, and who do fanciful patterns of tating, make this small fichu without muslin, and entirely of the tating or lace. The shawl-shaped muslin fichu are large enough to reach nearly to the elbows, are quite straight and close-fitting across the back, and have ends loosely tied in front. They are shaped by a seam in the back, where a sloped piece is set in. The upper part of the fichu is turned down very broadly and when trimmed with wide lace it meets the row of lace on the lower edge. This is the prettiest wrap for wearing with white dresses and the white gypsy hats that are now trimmed with muslin and lace.

White silk-muslin fichus are made to use instead of laces with dressy toilets, and are trimmed with embroidery of white silk done on the muslin. New black fichus, to be worn in the same way, are of transparent square meshes, like those of grenadine, and are brightened by being elaborately wrought with iridescent beads and gold threads. The Spanish lace fichu are popularly worn both in black and white laces, and in the small sizes like mere collarettes, as well as the large mantillas.—Bazar.

Something Good.

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
 The blight of deep disgrace shall fall, instead
 Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
 Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
 May fall so low but love may lift his head;
 Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
 If something good be said.

No pitying heart may vainly turn aside
 In ways of charity; no soul so dead
 But may awaken strong and glorified,
 If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
 And by the cross on which the Savior bled,
 And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
 Let something good be said!

—James W. Riley.

TEMS OF INTEREST.

Honor never gives aims but awards justice.

A figure of speech—Naught set down in malice.

Children are earthly idols that hold us from the stars.

At the end of 1879 France had 14,120 miles of railroad.

We meet a great many warm friends during the heated term.

The twin brother of General Hancock is a lawyer at Minneapolis, Minn.

Chinese soldiers get three cents a day, and no restrictions as to how they spend it.

The cashier of a bank ran away with all the funds, and the directors placarded the door: "No cashier."

The two-thirds rule is observed at the homes of young married men who go to live with their mother-in-law.

A mother dreads no memories—those shadows have all melted away in the dawn of a baby's smile.

It is going to be so pretty soon that nobody but the proprietor of a paper mill will have money enough to get into Congress.

No man can be brave who considers pain to be the greatest evil of life; nor temperate who considers pleasure to be the highest good.

"What is worse than freckles?" asks the New Haven Register. "Corns. They don't show so much when you're dressed up, but then, if you keep straight, no fellow can step on your freckles."

I never knew any one that was too good or too smart to be a farmer. The blue sky, the balmy breezes and green fields never tainted any pure man's morality for dwarfed any noble man's intellectual ability.—Lambie.

"If I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley, reflectively, "I take them all back."

"Yes; I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.—New Haven Register.

King Pomare V., of the Society islands, has of late years been a ruler in name rather than in fact. The natives regard him as their rightful sovereign, but the German and French traders have acquired control of affairs. Pomare has now abdicated in favor of Governor Chesse, the French representative.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire, and lived with her but a short time. He was an austere literary recluse, while she was a rosy, romping country lass, who could not endure the restraint placed upon her, so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy together.

Warm Weather Diet.

The first warm days are fruitful of complaints about the failure of appetite. Breakfasts are no longer relished; dinners afford but a languid interest, and suppers seem superfluous. Only vigorous workers out of doors, or young people who are so blessed as not yet to have made the acquaintance of their stomachs, come to the table with a real zest for food. And it is no wonder, considering how few people have yet learned the art of altering their diet to suit their own conditions and the state of the season. The spring appetite falls and ought to fall, before ham and eggs or a great piece of steak, on these enervating first warm mornings of the year. Rich soups, heavy meats and all stimulating and blood-making articles of diet, that met a winter, are as much out of place now as the furs and ulsters. And yet many a person who would think it a sign of luxury to dress in the December style in May, does not appear to see any incongruity in eating in the December fashion. Food and coal create heat, and thick clothing and tight houses preserve it for the comfort of the body in winter. Yet men who know enough to dump their furnaces, open the windows and lay off their overcoats on the advent of spring, are stupid enough to keep on stoking their stomach at full blast and consider themselves "out-of-sorts" and ill if nature resents the abuse.

It is time to let up on the cold weather diet—especially for persons doomed to live indoors. A mold of well-cooked oatmeal, served cold with cream and sugar, with two or three oranges and a cup of coffee, makes an adequate and appetizing breakfast. All fruits and vegetables attainable fit in with this season. The many preparations of the small grains afford a variety which it is well to study. Milk and eggs and fish contain all the needed food-elements for a diet of a month or two, with such sugar and starch as the housewife combines in toothsome light puddings or other desserts. Whether we eat to live or live to eat, we ought to be rational enough to dispense with food when not hungry and to tempt rather than force the appetite.—Golden Rule.