

No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XIII. NO. 27. TIONESTA, PA., SEPT. 22, 1880. \$1.50 Per Annum.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with advertising rates: One Square (1 inch), one insertion - \$1.00; One Square, one month - \$5.00; One Square, three months - \$10.00; One Square, one year - \$30.00; Two Squares, one year - \$50.00; Quarter Col. - \$20.00; Half - \$10.00; One - \$5.00.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

The Seasons. Spring, brilliant season of the year, We think, for divers reasons, That thou art, taken as the whole, The spice of all the seasons. Summer, thou warmest of the time, That comes with sun and shower, No man can doubt an instant that Thou art the pepper of the hour.

WILD GRAPES.

"Such a quantity of them," said the Widow Winton, "and doing nobody any good!" The golden September sunshine was steeping all the uplands in yellow brightness; the avant couriers of the coming frost had touched the maples and sumacs with fiery red, and the wild grapes in the woods came freighted the air with sweetness. Such wild grapes, too, blooming masses of purple, outlined against their rank, green leaves, as if some enchanted hand had hung all the forest aisles with glistening pendants of amethyst.

"The jelly they would make!" said the Widow Winton, shading her large black eyes with one hand, as she looked up where the vines had garlanded a copse of cedar trees. "And the preserves! And the price they would bring in market! I really do think that when I rented the Glen Cottage, I ought to have had the privilege of these woods into the bargain, more especially as Mr. Esselmont is in Europe, and the grapes are doing nobody any good."

"And the Widow Winton drew a deep sigh, as the wind wafted a fresh gust of fragrance toward her—the sweet, indescribable aroma of ripening grapes in the crucible of autumn sunshine. The Widow Winton, he it understood, was no angular matron or wrinkled old beldame, but a rosy little personage of two, or three-and-twenty, and a good many degrees graver, "pray don't think of such a thing."

"Why not?" said Fanny. "It would be stealing!" "No, it wouldn't," stoutly argued Fanny. "There they hang, doing nobody any good; and it's a wicked, sinful shame! And Mr. Esselmont is in Paris, and that cross old crab of an agent sets up a cry if one does but break off a sprig of autumn leaves. No, Charity, there's no use arguing; the grapes will crackle when I'll have 'em!"

"I would," said the Widow Winton. And she took down a little wicker-basket, with a twisted handle and a double lid, and tripped off. "How are you going to reach them?" said Miss Charity. "I shall climb," said the widow. "You!" cried Miss Charity. "Yes, I!" nodded the widow. But she was yet engaged in gathering the purple spoils that hung, ripe and tempting, within her grasp, when there was a crackling of dry leaves under foot, and a tall young man, in a suit of dark-colored cloth and a Tyrolean hat, stepped lightly into the forest glade.

mosay log, beside the widow, and was eating grapes as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "So I just concluded to help myself," said the widow. "So I perceive," said the hero of the silky mustache. "Wouldn't you, if you were in my place?" said the widow. "Certainly I would!" said the gentleman. "And if you will allow me, I will help you to help yourself."

"But you haven't time," said the Widow Winton, dubiously. "Oh, yes, I have!" said the stranger— "plenty of time, I assure you. I was only crossing the woods to call on the new rector, and—" The purple clusters of grapes slid to the ground, as the Widow Winton started up in amazement and dismay. "Oh, dear!" cried she; "I thought you were the new rector!" The stranger laughed. "Do I look so very clerical?" said he. "Then you are the agent's son from Canada!" said she. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! And I've been calling your father a crab, and all sorts of names. Oh, dear! I beg your pardon, I am sure, but all the same he is a crab!"

"Pray don't distress yourself," soothed the stranger. "I am no relation at all to Mr. Esselmont's agent." The Widow Winton brightened up a little at this. "I am thankful for that," said she. "And now, if you will help me with the grapes, we can get them all gathered before the agent comes this way on his afternoon walk. Can you climb?" "I should rather think I could," promptly answered the gentleman. The widow clapped her plump little hands in delight, as the huge bunches rained down into her apron.

"There," cried she, "that's enough!" "Are you quite sure?" "Oh, quite," said the widow—"for jelly, and marmalade, and to send a lot to town to buy my new bonnet-strings." The stranger sprang lightly to the ground, from the boughs of a stately beech tree. "Isn't it all right," said he. "And we've disgraced Mr. Esselmont and his cross old agent, after all."

"Haven't we?" said the Widow Winton, with her black eyes all dancing with mischief. "And now, if you'll come home with me, I'll give you a cup of real French chocolate, and a slice of sponge cake." "I shall be very happy to carry your basket for you," said the stranger, courteously. "There he is now," said the widow, recollecting a little, as they neared the tiny cottage, with its drooping eaves and pillared veranda. "Who?" said the gentleman. "The agent," said the Widow Winton.

"He can't hurt us," said the stranger. And he walked boldly into the very presence of Mr. Sandy Macpherson, with the basket of plundered grapes on his arm; while the widow followed, much marveling at his valor. But, instead of bursting out into invective, the agent sprang to his feet, and began bowing and scraping most obsequiously. "Really, sir—really, Mr. Esselmont," said he, "this is a pleasure that I didn't expect." "Mr.—Esselmont!" cried out the widow. "I beg a thousand pardons for not disclosing my identity before!" said the handsome "Incognito." "But you've no idea how I have enjoyed this masquerade. Will you allow me to introduce myself formally at last?" The Widow Winton turned crimson and pale.

A Japanese Fable.

Once upon a time, on the shady side of a hill near the seashore, there lived a crab. One day he found some boiled rice, and set off home with it; but on his way was spied by a monkey. The monkey offered to exchange the rice for a persimmon, the price of which he had nearly finished eating, for the rice. The crab accepted on condition that the monkey had not injured it with his teeth. The exchange made, Jocko devoured the rice, but the crab planted the seed in his garden. A long time afterward, the monkey happening to pass the same spot, was surprised to see a fine tree laden with fruit, and his friend the crab sitting on the balcony of a nice new house, admiring his fruit tree. The monkey being hungry, begged the crab to allow him to eat some of the fruit. But the crab, glazing saying that his friend would be quite welcome to some of the fruit, but he could not climb the tree to gather it. The monkey declared ability to climb if the owner of the tree consented, stipulating that he should receive half the fruit that was plucked. So up the monkey clambered, and as fast as he could, selecting the best and ripest fruit, but was too greedy to notice the crab, who was waiting patiently below. At length the crab, losing patience, accused the monkey of being a bad and deceitful fellow; upon which the monkey got angry, pelted the poor crab, and broke his shell. The crab's friend, the wasp, coming by, attacked the monkey and stung him so severely that Jocko scampered away frightened. The wasp then sent for his friends Egg and Mortar, and after due deliberation, they made it up amongst them to punish Jocko. They arranged that Egg should explode if put on the fire, the wasp should sting Jocko, and Mortar, placed on the roof, should roll off upon his head as he ran out of the door. The next day the monkey being hungry, called at the crab's house to apologize, and to beg another dinner of fruit; but, seeing no person in the house, he entered, and finding a nice large egg on a tray, he put it on the fire to roast it, as he could not manage raw eggs so well as hard cooked ones. Presently the egg exploded violently and scattered the hot cinders over Jocko, who ran into the next room crying with pain; but the wasp flew out of a corner and stung him so badly that he rushed out of the house, frightened and almost mad with pain, when he dropped the mortar upon his head and killed him.

A Famous Horse-Woman.

A Yorkshire (England) authority says that perhaps the most exciting and enthusiastic scene ever witnessed on a race course was at Knavesmire, in 1804, when Mrs. Thornton accepted her brother-in-law, Captain Flint's challenge to ride a race for a wager for "500 guineas and 1,000 guineas bye." The distance was four miles, and Mrs. Thornton to ride her weight against Mr. Flint his weight. A hundred thousand persons looked on the course, and the Sixth dragoons were called out to aid the constables in keeping order. At the start the betting was "five and six to four on the petticoat." When half the course had been run it rose to seven to four, and at three miles advanced to two to one. During the three miles the lady had been gradually increasing the lead, when in the last mile her girth slackened, and though she cleverly kept her seat she could not maintain her place. It was said that \$1,000,000 changed hands, for the following year Mrs. Thornton rode two races—one a match for 2,000 guineas and a bet of 600 guineas with Mr. Bamford, who at the last moment declined to ride, and Mrs. Thornton cantered over the course. The other was with a famous jockey named Buckle. Mrs. Thornton, in purple cap and waistcoat, nankeen shirt, purple shoes and embroidered stockings, took the lead and kept it for some distance, but was passed by Buckle, who maintained his position for a few lengths, "when," as the chronicler says, "the lady, by the most excellent horsemanship, pushed forward and came in in a style superior to anything of the kind we ever witnessed, gaining the race by half a neck."

The Cologne Cathedral.

The Cologne (Germany) cathedral, begun about 1250, was finished August, 1880, when the last stone was inserted in the final of the second tower. It is 511 feet long and 231 broad, and its twin towers are 511 feet high. It originated when the religious enthusiasm of the Roman Catholic church was at its height and enormous edifices were required for the masses who thronged the altar. Up to 1830 it remained in the same state as in the middle ages, only the great chair and a portion of the towers having been built, the entire main part of the structure—the nave, transept and the aisles—having been begun. The original plans were found, however, in the dusty archives of the cathedral, giving every detail of its construction, so that the work could be carried on exactly as at first intended. In 1830 there was a great enthusiasm for the monuments of the past throughout Germany, and the work of completing the pile was taken hold of with energy under King William Frederick III., of Prussia. It has been pushed forward rapidly and as much has been done in the past fifty years as could have been done in centuries of the middle ages. The greater part of the building is really of modern construction. One of the towers contains the famous kaiser glocke (emperor's bell) presented by Emperor William in thanksgiving for the victory over France. The work has been done by large government appropriations, private subscription, and the Cologne Cathedral building society, with frequent drawings of a grand lottery. The nave, aisles and the transept were consecrated in 1848, and the whole interior was thrown open in 1863.

The United States and Europe.

We number now nearly or quite 50,000,000 people. A hundred million could be sustained without increasing the area of a single farm or adding one to their number by merely bringing our product up to the average standard of reasonably good agriculture; and then there might remain for export twice the quantity we now send abroad to feed the hungry in foreign lands. No longer divided by the curse of slavery, this nation is now united by bonds of mutual interest, of common speech, tied by the iron band of 85,000 miles of railway, and is yet only beginning to feel the vital power and grandeur of truly national existence. What may be the future of this land few can yet conceive. Texas alone comprises as much territory as the German empire, England and Wales combined. Texas has now about 2,000,000 people within her boundaries; the German empire, England and Wales about 67,000,000. The good land in Texas is equal in area to the good land in Germany and Great Britain. Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa combined more than equal France in area and possess more fertile land. Only twenty-five years ago John Brown and his companions rendered Kansas free from slavery. Nebraska was then indicated on our own maps as a part of "the great American desert," and Iowa had scarcely become a State. Their population may now be 2,500,000. France has 47,000,000. The great middle section of Eastern Tennessee, Northern Georgia, Western Carolina and Southern Virginia has been hemmed in by the curse of slavery, and is yet almost a terra incognita, but it is replete with wealth and minerals, in timber and in fertile valleys of almost unequal climate for health and vigor. This section is almost equal to the Austrian empire in its area, and more than equal in resources. It has a sparse population of only one or two millions. The Austrian empire has over 37,000,000. The healthy upland country of Georgia, Alabama and the Carolinas contains vast areas of fertile woodland, which can be bought by the hundred thousand acres at half a dollar or twenty-five cents an acre, on which sheep graze, the cotton fields equally fertile. These sections are being slowly occupied by white farmers, and wait for immigrants who can bring them to use. In a few short years, sheep, fed mainly upon the kernel of the cotton-seed, and upon the grasses that follow the cotton, will send to market from the same fields, alternately occupied, as much wool as cotton. This warm section is more than equal to Italy in area; it has perhaps 2,000,000 people. Italy contains 37,000,000. The fertile lands of the Shenandoah valley in Virginia, and along the Potomac in Maryland, more than equal Belgium. They may contain half a million people. Belgium has more than five million. In the consideration of this problem of productive capacity there are other factors of the greatest importance. What are the burdens to be borne by our people compared to others? What is the mortgage on this land that we possess.—E. A. Atkinson, in Fortnightly Review.

Old Things.

Do you know, anyhow, I don't feel much reverence for old things that are simply old? I suppose it is heathenish and awfully boorish, but I can't help it. A man shows me a teapot or a toothbrush and tells me his grandmother used such a one, and that was one hundred and sixty-two years ago. I can't uncover my head, and go down before the venerable relic on my bended knees, in a spirit of veneration. I feel more like telling him it was time the old girl got new ones. Family relics, like family babies have no sort of interest for any outside of the family. Here, the other day a man bought an old spinning wheel. "One hundred and twelve years old," he told me, proudly, and he was going to take it home, and set it up in his library and never part with it. And for the life of me, I couldn't see why. It had no interest in the world for him beyond its age. He might have gone out into the street and picked up a boulder two thousand years old with just as much local and historical interest for him as the spinning wheel. But that the former owner of the spinning wheel should sell it for money, that did surprise me. It had a world of memories for him. He could touch the tangle and the whirling wheel and would be brought out the same old monotonous that had droned its drowsy accompaniment to the cradle songs that had hushed him to sleep in his baby days; it would sing to him in his manhood and in the long evenings of his old age, of a white-haired "grandma" and a mother with patient face and beautiful eyes; it would sing of a thousand old-time memories and forgotten faces; it would repeat snatches of old songs, and old forgotten tender words for him; it would sing how the tender mother's face grew patient and sad and careworn as the years went on, and the beautiful eyes were faded with tears and dimmed with watching and the loving hand fainter with weariness until at last one day the whirring wheel stood still, and its silence spread a great heavy quiet all over the old home, only broken now and then by low, soft breathing whispers and the sobbing of motherless children in the little rooms; by and by the tremulous voice of the white-haired pastor, and then homely voices singing some grand old hymns of the deathless faith that mother died in the suffling feet of the bearers, and then nothing in the darkened room but a creeping ray of sunshine falling in through the blind, and a quiet so deep that the hum of the bees in the old-fashioned vines trailing about the window had a strangely plaintive sound. How the man whose grandmother and mother sat at that busy wheel, could sell it, I cannot understand. But what it could be to the man who bought it, is fully as great a mystery. It will sing none of those songs to him. It would be like a man talking Bengalee to a Spanish parrot.—Burdette.

FIGURES FOR THE FAMILY.

How Mr. Spoonpendyke Audited the Accounts of His Wife. "Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoonpendyke, "if you'll bring me the pen and ink, I'll look over your accounts and straighten 'em out for you. I think your idea of keeping an account of the daily expenses is the best thing you ever did. It's business like, and I want to encourage you in it." "Here's the ink," said Mrs. Spoonpendyke, growing radiant at the compliment. "I had the pen day before yesterday. Let me think," and she dove into her work basket and then glanced nervously under the bureau. "Well, do you suppose I'm going to split up my fingers and write with that?" demanded Mr. Spoonpendyke. "Where's the pen I want the pen?" "I put it somewhere," said Mrs. Spoonpendyke. "All here I have it. Now you see," she continued, "I put what money I spend down here. This is your account here and this is the joint account. You know—" "What's this?" asked Mr. Spoonpendyke. "That's your account; this—" "No, no, I mean this marine sketch in the second line." "That? Oh, that's a 7." "I've ever spent seven dollars with tail like to it? If you're going to make figures, why don't you make figures. What d'ye want to make a picture of a prize fight in a column of accounts for? What is this elephant doing here?" "I think that's a 2," replied Mrs. Spoonpendyke, dubiously. "Maybe it's a 4. I can tell by adding it up." "What are you going to add up? D'ye count in this corner lot and that rose bush and this pair of suspenders? D'ye add them in?" "That's a 6 and that is a 5 and the last is an 8. They come out all right, and during the last month you have spent more than I and the joint account together." "Haven't either. When did I spend this broken-down gunboat?" "That ain't a boat. It's \$42 for your suit." "Well, this tramp fishing off a rock, when did I spend him?" "It ain't a tramp. It's \$50 cash you took, and I don't know what you spent it for. Look at my account, now—" "What's the man pulling a gig for?" "It's nothing of the sort. That ain't a gig, it's \$1 for wiggin. You see I've only spent \$22 in a month, and you've spent \$184." "You can't tell by this what I've done," growled Mr. Spoonpendyke. "What's this rat trap doing in the joint account?" "That's fourteen cents for fruit, when you were sick." "And this measly-looking old hen, what's she got to do with it?" "That's no hen. That's a 2. It means \$2 for having your chair mended." "What have you charged me with this old graveyard for?" "That's fifteen cents for sleeve elastics. The 15 ain't plain, but that's what it is." "How do you make out I have spent so much? Where's the vouchers? Show me the vouchers." "I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Spoonpendyke, "but you spent all I put down."

"Haven't done anything of the sort. Show me some vouchers. Your account is a humbug. You don't know how to keep an account." "Yes, I do," pleaded Mrs. Spoonpendyke, "and I think it's all right." "No you don't. What do you mean by getting up engravings of a second hand furniture store and claiming that it's my account? You're a great book-keeper, you are. All you want is a sign hung between you and the other side of the street, to be a commercial college. If I ever fall in business, I'm going to fill you up with benches and start a night school. Give me that pen," said Mr. Spoonpendyke, commencing running up the columns. "Two two's four and eight twelve and four sixteen and carry one to the next and three is four. Here, this is wrong. You've got an eighteen for a twenty here." "Eh?" jerked out Mrs. Spoonpendyke. "This is \$204 not \$184. I knew you couldn't keep accounts. You can't even add 'em."

"That makes your account even bigger," responded Mrs. Spoonpendyke. "I didn't think it was so much." "Sant went the box across the room followed by the pen, and the ink would have gone too, but Mrs. Spoonpendyke cautiously placed it out of harm's way. "Dod gait it!" howled Mr. Spoonpendyke, as he tore off his clothes and prepared for bed. "You ain't fit to have a pen and ink. Next time I want my accounts kept I'll keep 'em chained up in the yard, and don't you go near 'em; hear me?" "Yes, dear," sighed Mrs. Spoonpendyke, as she slipped the obnoxious book into the drawer.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Cat Bono!

What is hope? A smiling rainbow Children follow through the wet; 'Tis not here, still yonder, yonder; Never urelin found it yet. What is life? A thawing iceberg On a sea with sunny shores; Gay, we sail; it melts beneath us; We are sunk, and seen no more. What is man? A foolish baby, Vainly strives, and fights, and frets; Demanding all; deserving nothing;— One small grave is all he gets.—Thomas Carlyle.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Early to bed and early to rise is a very good plan to escape being interviewed by flies. It ain't what goes in, but what goes out of the instand that makes the trouble.—Boston Transcript. Mine, miner, minus! This is the general upshot of speculation in mining stock.—Paterson Press. From 1874 to 1880 Chicago had 139 murders, twenty-two of them occurring on July days and only seven in February.

It is said that a woman's voice can be heard for two miles by a man in a balloon. That may be the reason why so few men go up in balloons.—Peck's Sun. A Commercial Travelers' Car company will be organized in Detroit to build cars with restaurant and sleeping accommodations, and spacious compartments for the display of samples. A man near Houston, Texas, made \$600 per acre this year from the cultivation of domestic blackberries. The yield was 3,000 quarts per acre, which sold at twenty cents a quart.

A man condemned to four years' imprisonment at Casano, Italy, starved himself to death. From the day of his sentence he refused to take food, and no compulsion being resorted to he died at the end of thirty days. A South American plant has been found that cures bashfulness. It should be promptly tried by the man who leaves the hotel by the back window because he is too diffident to say goodbye to the cashier and clerk.

The tickets of admission to ancient circuses and other exhibitions were frequently little "squeezes" of baked clay, the material having been pressed into molus bearing effigies appropriate to the different tiers of seats in an amphitheater, each having reference to the town or city. For example, an elephant stood for one place or tier, an eagle for another. "Are seeds of the future lying under the leaves of the past?" is the very pertinent inquiry of a knowledge-seeker. They may be; or it's barely possible that the seeds of the past are lying under the leaves of the future; or the leaves of the future may be lying under the seeds of the past; or the seeds of the past—at any rate something is lying, and if you expect to get through a heated political campaign like this with out it, there's where you'd dispose of yourself.—Marathon Independent.

The Fire Laws of Japan.

The severity with which persons in Japan are punished who have the misfortune to be burned out is stated as follows by the Scientific American. If the house is occupied and is accidentally set on fire, the person through whose carelessness the fire is started receives ten days' imprisonment with hard labor; if it is inhabited and the fire is produced by the proprietor, then he is punished with twenty days; if the fire spreads to other houses, the sentence is forty days, and when anybody is killed thereby, one degree heavier; but if the person killed is a relative of the first degree, the punishment is one hundred days; if the house belongs to the government, one hundred days; if a temple, from sixty days to one year, but ten years are inflicted if it happens to be one of the great temples of Isle, or in the precincts of the imperial palace. If a robber sets fire intentionally to a house, he is punished with at least three years imprisonment with hard labor. Decapitation awaits incendiaries, ten years penal servitude an attempt at arson, the punishment being mitigated if the would-be incendiary is a servant who has just received a salary, or if the attempt is made on an uninhabited dwelling. If a man sets fire to his own house, ninety days, but if the fire spreads to houses in the neighborhood, two years and a half; and penal servitude for life is inflicted if the offender profits by the opportunity of fire to purloin goods or property.

Robin Red-Breast.

The English robin, after whom our robin is named, has some very pleasant traits of character. For one thing, he is tender-hearted, and is often known to feed and comfort suffering birds, whether they are of his own kind or not. Stories are told of domestic birds shut up in cages being visited by robins and cheered up by social chattering, and also of their being supplied by the same generous little creatures with worms and other nice morsels of food. Young birds which fall out of the nest before they can fly seem to be the special care of the robins. They will feed and care for them, and at last teach them to fly, and fly away with the grateful youngsters. The bird we call a robin, though he is quite as interesting as the English robin, and has his own pleasant, lively ways, has really no right to the name, and nothing can be funnier than to see him jerk a worm out of the ground for his breakfast.—New Jerusalem Messenger.

Words of Wisdom.

Prefer loss before unjust gain, for that brings grief but once, and this forever. The modern majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest ornament, and he always consults his dignity by doing it. Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible. Vice is infamous, though in a prince; and virtue honorable, though in a peasant. Where a man makes his money there he should make his home, and, as a rule, it will mainly be his fault and that of his family if he cannot spend his life there with profit and satisfaction. Without earnestness no man is ever great or does really great things. He may be brilliant, entertaining, popular, but he will weigh weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not in its depths a shadow.