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Not Yat.

Thy heart would tain its love torget,

Oh, heart that would its love forget!

And cannot yet, dear love, not yet!

It cannot yet, dear love, not yet.

The days glide by on winged feet,

It will not be so, dear, alway.

stand outside a fast-closed door,

Yet parts us neither bolt nor bar,

Who are so near, and yet so lar.

I hear thy voice, so soft and low,

While yet its music fills the air,

I pass and breathe a silent prayer.

One step-and I by thee could stand,

And touch thy dear familiar hand;

One look- and I upon thy breast

One word-and I again might raise

My face to thine, and meet thy gaze;

That love is all a woman's need.

If e'er thy soul bath need of mine,

If e'er the truth thou canst devine,

Sens will not part, nor bolt, nor bar,

We shall be near, who now are far.

Would lean, and weary, find my rest.

Poor heart that fain would love forget,

And cannot yet, dear love, not yet.

And with no word thy heart should read

Dear heart, wouldst thou thy love forget

Thou canst not yet, dear love, not yet.

True hearts that fain would love forget,

And cannot yet, dear love, not yet.

THE NEW CINDERELLA.

When the widow of General Spicer

married my father she swore that I, his

only child, should be her first care. Un-

fortunately, promises before marriage are proverbially unsound, perishable as pie crust. Those made by the Widow Spieer were singularly light pastry; be-

fore the honeymoon was over she forgot

she had made any, and thenceforth her

My father was an embarassed man.

Mrs. Spicer brought him nothing but a

ready-made family-one son, Jack

Spicer looked to my juvenile eyes full-

grown women; and yet it was a curious

and dreaming of a possible marriage,

but each year seemed to make the

struggle more hopeless. Between them

they led my poor father a miserable life.

He had always been a meek little man,

must have a season in town, William.

Cindy's schooling must stand over for

altogether. How I picked up a desul-

trimming, and kept me pretty busy,

and by-and-bye Clementine, the French

maid, transferred her work to me! She

could not stand the temper of "ces

vielles filles," she said, and after she

left it was not found convenient to fill

her place. The constant drains made by

the Spicers generally on my father's

purse were beginning to empty that

long-enduring article. The seasons in

town were becoming matters of great

difficulty and each took a slice out of

the poor residue. My stepmother was

killing the goose with a vengeance, and

the golden eggs were spent for no good.

Each season saw the return of the Miss

Spicers crosser, older, thinner sourer.

Sometimes they would bring with them

some man who was supposed to have

taken a fancy to either Cornelia or

Adelaide, and it was hoped that country-

house life might fan the languid flame

into a healthy fire; but the old saying:

"Opportunity and importunity," seemed

to have the contrary effect on the Miss

Spicers' admirers; they made great in-

roads on the larder, but no progress to-

During these visits I had strict orders

to remain in my own room. My step-

sisters had a strong dislike to any of

have, unfortunately, a preference for

the difficulty of keeping up the fiction

of girlhood. To do them justice they

worked hard. If they had been a little

my heart to pity them, for surely no

She haunted the rectory, where the Rev.

harvest seemed never ripe.

ward matrimony,

maternal care of me was a dead letter.

My heart would fain its love forget,

And cannot yet, dear love, not yet.

And silent tears unbidden flow;

Against me closed lorevermore;

Thy face from mine is turned away.

A river flowing, broad and fleet;

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If you want to talk heavy science, say, oxide of hydrogen" instantional in the second lottier, and one man housand wn - Il perhaps know what

marriage with her almost a necessity; it was miraculous how he held out. "My eldest girl is such a help in the pani h," my stepmother would say, her wide nostrils sniffing the air; "she leads the choir, and teaches the infant school. and is president of the mothers' meeting, the coal bag, and the Christmas dinner; you'd find it hard to get on without her,

Mr. Pringle." "It's wonderful how the children obey Miss Cindy," the Reverend Alfred says,

Do you mean Sir William's unfortunate daughter, Mr. Pringle? That girl's a heartbreak," answers my amiable second mother. "All the pains my girls take seem to do her no good." "She's perfectly incorrigible," says

Cornelia with the air of a martyr. "A perfect tomboy," chimes in Adelaide.

"A horrid little bear," continues Cornelia with more acrimony than before. She has an intuitive feeling that the rector does not agree in these strictures. Something in his expression rouses the jealousy which is always burning in such natures as hers. No sooner is the door shut upon the rector than she bursts out:

"Man ma! that odious girl has been tampering with Pringle!"

"Nonsense, Cornelia; as if he would look at such a child. Men of his age like a sensible woman for a wife." "They do no such thing, and you

know that very well. What's the use of making a fool of me that way?" "Cindy is as forward as she can be, remarks Adelaide, viciously; "and she's not such a child either. I noticed old Pringle watching her at the school

feast. "And why didn't you tell me?" retorts Cornelia, fiercely, "and I would have sent her home. It's just like your ill-nature, Adelaide. You are as jealous as ever you can be!

"I jealous of such a buzuz as old Pringle! Oh, thank you. I hope I shall get something better than that." "Sour grapes, my dear," returns Cornelia, laughing scornfully. "Oh, you needn't be so proud. I can tell you old Pringle doesn't care twopence for you,

"You ill-natured creature," cries Cornelia, dissolving into tears. "Hold your tongues!" says their

mother, hurriedly; "there's some one driving up the avenue." At once the Spicers fell into position. Their training was perfect; the general's widow Spicer, already in the army, and two daughters. When they first joined our understood washing the family linen in

domestic circle Cornelia and Adelaide Just about this time young Lord avender came home to the hall. Report said he meant to give a series of fact that five years later, when I had festivities-balls, lawn-tennis parties changed from a child to a 'missy' of and what not. The whole neighborhood twelve, they were still in their teens and was in a flutter. "You must call at once," five additional years only seemed to my stepmother said to my father; have the effect of making them younger. "there's no time to be lost. The Spicer girls were no beauties. get up a dinner. Old Lady Tumble-They took after their mother; they towers told me to-day he is musical-Adelaide, you haven't practiced lately." were large-nosed, shrill-tongued women like her; they spent their lives dressing "I wonder if he will take any interest

in the schools!" remarked Cornelia, musingly. Jack Spicer winked at me-he was always teasing his sisters, and there was no love lost between them. I liked but from the moment he fell under the Jack; when he was at home my life was yoke of the Spicers he seemed to lose a shade more endurable, and the few his identity and to be merged in them.

treats that had enlivened my childhood was due to him. To him also I owed It was quite enough for Mrs. Spicer to say in her stentorian voice: "My girls the first revelation so pleasing to every woman. Returning after a long absence of three or four years he blurted out: another year;" and so it stood over Why, mother, Cindy has grown a regular beauty-bring her up to town tory education heaven only knows. The next season and she'll make you all the only branch that received any attention was mill nery; the Miss Spicers con-ceived that I had a nice taste for

"Don't fill the child's head with nonsense," my stepmother said crossly It wouldn't have suited her for my head to be filled with anything but the making and mending of her daughters' clothes; the ordering and arrangement of the dinners, for which Cornelia and Adelaide got the credit of being such famous housekeepers; and the floral decorations, which attracted even Lord Lavender's fastidious eyes and drew from him the remark that they must be the work of a perfect artist.

"My girls are both thoroughly artistic," says my stepmother. She hadn't quite made up her mind which of them should go in for the prize. He was a little too young for either; but, after all, a few years more or less don't matter in the long run. "Adelaide is our musician. She has a wonderful voicethree octaves, and the register smooth as velvet. She has every advantage; masters everywhere. You like music?

"Doesn't care a rap for the finest voice in creation !" cries Jack, who is a great ally of the young lord. "Lavender, don't humbug my mother. He'd rather have a jolly waltz with a pretty girl than examine Patti's register. Bythe-bye, where's Cindy?"

"Gone to bed, I should hope," re-

their so-called admirers seeing me. Men turns my stepmother, in fey tones. "Blame shame!" mutters Jack under fresh young faces, and, in spite of all his mustache; but this was no time for the nostrums that the Spicers spent a making a stand. He returned to the

little fortune upon, each day increased charge next morning.

"I say, mother, Cindy's coming to all; Lavender's ball of course?" "Cynthia's not out!" cry all three How could I? They'd never let me."

kinder to me I could have found it in ladies in a breath. "Then it's a good time to begingoodness knows she is old enough. Let

Adelaide, being the youngest, was the must be-most gushing; she adored dancing, "What lawn tennis, picnics, and billiards. age she "What business is it of yours what age she is?" interrupts his mother, "I shan't take three girls out; it's time enough to think about her when your sisters are married."

Cornelia and Adelaide, their faces flushed, their nostrils sniffling, spoke together. "Jack is always rude to us-he likes

Cindy because she flatters him. "I like her because she's young and pretty, and I take it that's the reason you hate her. But you women are all alike, jealous as the deuce !"

"Jealous! jealous of poor little Cindy! Well, you really might find us something better!"

"Cindy is as pretty as any of the fashionable beauties," returns my champion, stoutly, "and if you only gave her fair play would beat them all. I bet you five to one Lavender would be

spoons upon her, if he saw her. She's just his style!"

This injudicious speech sealed my fate as regarded the Lavender gaietiesthat is, if ever I had a chance. From thenceforth I was kept more closely to my needle than ever. Indeed, it was in constant requisition, for the demands of my amiable sisters were increasing. Never had I known them to be so exacting. Everything seemed to be going wrong with them. From all their gaieties they returned out of sorts, and their ill-humor and disappointments were vented upon me-it was all the fault of my bad dressing, my bad taste, my ill-natured advice.

Meanwhile Lord Lavender convulsed parties, a ball, tableaux were to succeed one another. A covey of relations descended in a flight to assist the young lord in astonishing the provincials, and astonish them they did.

A dream of fair women in impossible toilets, accompanied by handsome guardsmen, drove and rode about the quiet country roads and startled the Both my stepmother and her daughters were in a fever of anxiety, hoping for some notice. They were forever throwing themselves in the way, longing for admittance to the inner circle at the hall of which such delightful stories were told by Jack, who was hand-andglove with the whole set. Long and loud were the disputes between him and his sisters, and bitter their indignation at his refusal to get them into the tableaux, of which he was the stage-

"Just like his ill-nature. Never were two poor girls so little helped. They would have got good husbands long ago if they had had a kind brother," and so on.

On the day of the ball they were furious. Their dresses had come down from London; they were very handsome, and, although more suited for sixteen than six-and-thirty, had cost a We must little fortune. The afternoon was spent in trying them on. It was weary work on this fine summer day, pinning this, lengthening here, tightening there, hustled by one sister, scolded by the other. My head was weary, my legs were aching; I felt utterly depressed and humiliated. I had for the first time asked a favor, and been not only refused, but refused with scoffs and jeers. Jack had proposed taking me to see the rehearsal of the wonderful tableaux, arranged after Mrs. Freake's style. had prayed to be let go; Cornelia had drawn me in front of the long glass, and she and Adelaide had laughed over the notion of my presenting myself in such a garb before the people up at the

"They would take you for a kitchenmaid," Adelaide had said, still giggling. "I can fancy Colonel de Molyns putting his eyeglass into his eye and won-

dering where she came from !' "Cindy thinks herself so lovely that every one would bow down before her. Look at her face! Oh, child! what a

temper you have !" "Don't attempt to show me any of your airs, miss," says my stepmother, turning on me suddenly. "We know

why you want to go to the rehearsal don't we, girls. It's a shame of you to turn a son against his own mother and sisters. You are a designing, ungrateful creature, and outside these doors you shan't stir.'

I wouldn't give them the satisfaction of seeing me cry; but, later on, when I got away from them, I wept bitterly. I was so disappointed; I did wish to see the tableaux—those beautiful women as "Effie Deans" and "Rebecca" and my own dear favorite "Mary Stuart;" I son.' knew them all so well. I sat down in "! the deep window seat of the hall and cried and cried again. Suddenly the door opened and Jack came in quickly. "Cindy!" but I didn't stir till he came and stood beside me.

"It was no use, Jack," I said; "they wouldn't let me go to the rehearsal. I don't think I can bear it much longer, Go to the music-room, Adelaide. Jack; they are so very, very unkind to

"Don't cry, Cindy; you'll have the whip-hand of them yet, never fear. I say, what do you think? I've settled it My you are coming with me to-night !" "Oh, Jack!" I cried, "nonsense!

"They'll know nothing about it; Morning, noon and night they were me see, she was between six and seven of the beautiful women had got a bad a dozen years ago-why, mother, Cindy | disfigured, and the tableau in which she | music-room. was to appear was spoilt. "It was impossible to fill her place, so I promised beg, Sir William, that you will spare us

couldn't resist this glimpse of the great world, but I deserved all the scoldings I got during the toilet of the sisters. My head was running on what was to come and I could not remember where a single thing was.

"I do believe the girl is feverish; look at the color of her cheeks," I heard Cornelia whisper to Adelaide. But this idea did not make them a bit more considerate in their demands.

At last they finished, and the sound of the retreating wheels of their carriage was like music to my ears. I flew to my own room and made myself ready.

I don't in the least remember how we got to the hall. It all seemed like a dream. But presently I found myself in a large bedroom, getting on somebody's dress, with a tall, quiet woman helping me. She took in here and let down a little there, and the gossamer fabric fitted as if it had been made for me. Then she asked me to look at myself, and when I stood before the large mirror I started. Could this be the same girl who a few hours ago had been mocked at by Cornelia and Adelaide But Jack roused my father, and, the Spicer? This lovely apparition the shabby, tearful child, the Cinderella of

Presently Jack came for me, and his delight showed that my vanity had not deceived me.

"Bravo, little Cindy," he said; " the whole county by issuing invitations knew you only wanted fair play. All for a series of festivities. Morning the women will be madly jealous of

I don't this prospect gave me as much pleasure as he expected, but it was certainly a delightful experience to find myself such an object of general attention. My part in the tableaux was not much. Once I stood for a few minutes behind a gauze with two other ladies, while Lord Lavender, as Paris, offered simple village folk. The arrival of the apple to the center figure, a very these great people put the finishing lovely girl. She was Lady Sybil Lentonch to the ill-humor of the Spicers. nard, "a duke's daughter and a great beauty," Jack whispered to me.

"We must have another set of tableaux next week," said Lord Lavender, coming up to us. "If your sister will help us, Spicer, we could have 'Faust and Marguerite' and 'The Sleeping Beauty' and 'Pygmalion and Galatea.'" His bright young face was a little flushed with excitement and his dark eyes sought mine with an expression that, novice as I was, I could not mis-

understand. "I'm afraid there'll be two words to that," said Jack, laughing. "Cindy is kept in a glass case; I slipped her out by mere chance. But, listen! they're calling for 'The Judgment' again!"

and make the best of my way home. must return to slavery again-a slavery more unendurable now than ever. could hardly believe it was real when I found myself at home, waiting for the return of my stepmother and her daughters; still more unreal did it seem when the morning light stole through my windows and I had to take up my weary work again.

"It was all a dream," I thought; 'impossible that all those compliments were paid to me, all those tender speeches and loving looks. Ridiculous!" But there, opposite, on my table, stood the bunch of lovely roses given to me by Lord Lavender himself. It was all true, then! I got up; I sang to myself as I dressed. It was one of Adelaide's songs, and the words were all of love. They had always seemed rubbish, but now they struck me as

That morning all the talk was of the tableaux. The Spicers found great fault with everything except "The Judgment of Paris." They held forth at great length on the beauty of Lady Eva Beauchamp and declared that she was far handsomer than Lady Sybil Len-

"That's ridiculous !" said Jack. "She is quite a young thing, and Lady Sybil is a very girl-such a figure!

"Lady Eva's a beautiful creature, and every one in the room said Lord Lavender was quite epris. I am so glad Lady Sybil and the duchess will be disappointed—nasty, stuck-up reac-"Lady Eva is as like Cindy as two

peas," said Jack, mischievously; "so I am glad you admire her so much the most elegant figure. Every one said she will be the Beauty next sea-

"She is like Cynthia," said my father, suddenly; "and that reminds me that Lord Lavender talked about coming It was intended to impress his men, and here this afternoon. I think he said he it did so. They firmly believed he wanted to see Cynthia." "Cynthia! what nonsense! How can you be so ridiculous, Sir William?

It is Adelaide; he admires her singing. go down to the rectory; and, Cindy, there's poor Mrs. Brown wants some

should have no chance of seeing Lord

Lavender. I was to be sent to the all.") With this idea firmly fixed in other end of the park! But just as his mind, that his death was only a we were speaking a carriage drove up you just do as I tell you." And then he with Lord Lavender's aunt and Lady sat down and told me all about it. One Sybil Lennard. You may imagine my stepmother's excitement. Cornelia got digging in ungrateful soil, and the when you married Sir William—that's toothache; her face was all swollen and her innings, and made her way into the "I have come," said her grace, " to

that you should do it," Jack went on. your daughter for a few days. The exploit appear as an ordinary every-day "It's nothing; only just to stand for a young people are going to get up some minute. She has her dress ready for tableaux, and she was invaluable last you to put on, and you'll see all the fun night! I don't wish to flatter, but, Jack gave a long low whistle, "Poor afterward, and no one will know you." really, anything so lovely as indy!"

"I'm sure I'm much pleased," answered my stepmother. "Their dresses were very pretty; but, indeed, your grace, your daughter was splendid, and Lady Eva, too-most lovely!"

The duchess opened her eyes. "Lady Eva is no beauty," she said, coldy, "and, as you know, didn't ap-But when can your daughter

come to us? Lavender is most anxious." "I'm sure he's too good-my girls will be delighted, either of them. There is no such thing as jealousy between these two. Adelaide, my love—I think we can make a guess that it is Adelaide you want."

"Pardon me," said the duchess, Adelaide is not the name." "Then it must be Cornelia! Really

Cornelia, dear?" The duchess shook her head. "Excuse me, the name is still wrong.

The young lady I want to carry off is Cynthia."

I draw a veil over what followed-the scene with my stepmother and sisters when the whole truth was revealed. two combining, I went to Lavender hall. I returned the affianced wife of its owner, and in that exalted position I trust that, like my prototype, I have re-turned good for evil and not revenged the slights and insults showered upon Cinderella .- Whitehall Review.

The Voice.

Dr. Ward, of New York, says on this subject, of the many agents which have more or less influence on the voice the four principal are climate, dress, diet and exercise. Change of climate may cause some slight deleterious effect on the larynx, but this influence is greatly overestimated. The present fashionable style of dress is decidedly unhealthy. The chest and abdomen are unnaturally confined, the lungs and other organs acting abnormally. All clothing should be loosely attached to the body, and the dress worn high. Avoid as much as possible appearing in full dress. The throat should not be wrapped in comforters, boas, etc. Chest protectors should not be worn, and the feet should be guarded against wet. The diet of the singer should be bland as well as nutritions. Of the different kinds of meat, venison, poultry, roast beef and lamb are the easiest to digest, and due proportion of fat should be taken as a heatsupplying principle to the body. Cooked vegetables, unless too highly seasoned, are easily digested. Salads, cut cabbage, etc., should be avoided. Pastry should be invariably discarded. As soon as the tableaux were over Dinner at noon, followed by a light tea had to doff my borrowed garments at nightfall, is a rule which, if rigidly adhered to, will be a safeguard against had had my glimpse of fairyland and all ordinary attacks of indigestion. In order that the act of singing be properly performed, it is absolutely necessary that the stomach be nearly empty. Alcoholic beverages should not on any consideration be indulged in by vocal

For the full development and preservation of the vocal cords several rules must be observed. The exercises must be regularly and systematically practiced; they must always be within the register; they should never be pushed to the point of fatigue; they should never be made use of when the vocal organs are attacked with cold, no matter how slight. Always practice standing upright, so as to allow of full play of the lungs and accessory vocal organs. Bodily exercise is especially beneficial to the singer. In short, learning to sing is learning to be healthy.

The Daring Skobeleff.

Skobeleff's personal bravery was not only of the most reckless character, but at times it seemed to partake of the merest bravado, in which only extraordinary luck prevented him from reaping in death the well-carned reward of his foolishness. He always wore a white coat, a white hat, and rode a white horse in battle, simply because other generals avoided these target marks. He was perpetually riding at breakneck speed over some fence or ditch. He never lost an opportunity of displaying courage. He went into battle in his cleanest uniform and fresh underclothing, covered with perfume, and wearing a diamond-hilted sword, as he said, that he might die with his clean clothes on. For a long time he wore, with evident "Cindy! how absurd! Lady Eva is affectation, a coat in which he had been wounded, and which had a conspicuous patch on the shoulder.

Yet all this was not mere bravado and nonsense, but was the result of thought, and almost cold-blooded calculation. could not be hit, and whenever they saw a white horse, coat and cap among them, they knew that it was Skobeleff, and so long as he was there they felt sure that everything was going well. "Not at all. Cornelia, you had better At the beginning of the war he made up his mind firmly that he would never come out of it alive. (After reading me the telegram announcing the armistice, My heart sank. It was evident I one of the first things he said was : "Well, perhaps I won't get killed after question of a few weeks or months, his one thought was how to best use his life so as to make an impression on his men, and gain such a control over them that they would follow him anywhere. In everything that he did he tried to aliminate the idea of danger from their minds, and to make the most dangerous affair,-Russian Army Life.

> The man who went West for his her said he Nevada better time.-K



-AND-

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Cornelia, on the contrary, was, as her mother remarked, steady as a church. Alfred Pringle dwelt, a solitary widower. She made his life a burden to him, and