The Forest Republican,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY

J. B. WENK

OFFICE IN ROBINSON & BONNER'S BUILDING ELM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

TERMS, $1.50 YEAR.

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. XIV. NO. 2. TIONESTA, PA., APRIL 6, 1881. $1.50 Per Annum.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (1 inch,)	one insertion	-	$1
One Square "	one month	-	3 00
One Square "	three months	-	6 00
One Square "	one year	-	10 00
Two Squares, one year		-	15 00
Quarter Col. "	"	-	30 00
Half "	"	-	50 00
One "	"	-	100 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.

$500 REWARD

Over a Million OF Prof. Guilmette's FRENCH Kidney Pads

Have already been sold in this country and in France; every one of which has given perfect satisfaction and has performed cures every time when used according to directions.

We now say to the afflicted and doubting ones that we will pay the above reward for a single case of

LAME BACK

That the Pad fails to cure. This Great Remedy will positively and permanently cure Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy Brights' Disease of the Kidneys, Incontinence and Retention of the Urine, inflammation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, Nervous Weakness, and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and Urinary Organs, whether contracted by private a sense or otherwise.

LADIES, if you are suffering from Female Weakness, Leucorrhea, or any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder or Urinary Organs,

YOU CAN BE CURED!

Without swallowing nauseous medicines, by simply wearing

PROF. GUILMETTE'S

FRENCH KIDNEY PAD,

WHICH CURES BY ABSORPTION.

Ask your druggist for Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad, and take no other. If he has not got it, send $2 and you will receive the Pad by return mail.

TESTIMONIALS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Judge Buchanan, Lawyer, Toledo, O., says: One of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads cured me of Lumbago in three weeks' time. My case had been given up by the best doctors as incurable. During all this time I suffered untold agony and paid out large sums of money."

George Vetter, J. P., Toledo, O., says: "I suffered for three years with Sciatica and Kidney Disease, and often had to go about on crutches. I was entirely and permanently cured after wearing Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad four weeks."

Squire N. C. Scott, Sylvania, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer for 15 years with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. For weeks at a time was unable to get out of bed; took barrels of medicine, but they gave me only temporary relief. I wore two of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads six weeks, and I now know I am entirely cured."

Mrs Helen Jerome, Toledo, O., says: "For years I have been confined, a great part of the time to my bed with Leucorrhea and Female Weakness. I wore one of Guilmette's Kidney Pads and was cured in one month."

H. B. Green, Wholesale Grocer, Findlay, O., writes: "I suffered 25 years with lame back and in three weeks was permanently cured by wearing one of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads."

B. F. Keesling, M. D., Druggist, Logansport, Ind., when sending in an order for Kidney Pads, writes: "I wore one of the first ones we had and received more benefit from it than anything I ever used; in fact the Pads give better general satisfaction than any Kidney remedy we ever sold."

Ray & Shoemaker, Druggists, Hannibal, Mo., say: "We are working up a lively trade in your Pads, and are hearing of good results from them every day."

For sale by G. W. BOYARD, Tionesta, Pa.

25 CENTS, POSTPAID

A TREATISE

ON THE HORSE

—AND—

HIS DISEASES.

Containing an Index of Diseases, which gives the Symptoms, Cause, and the Best Treatment of each. A Table giving all the principal drugs used for the Horse, with the ordinary dose, effects, and antidote when a poison. A Table with an Engraving of the Horse's Teeth at different ages with Rules for telling the age. A valuable collection of Receipts and much other valuable information.

100-PAGE BOOK sent postpaid to any address in the United States or Canada for 25 CENTS.

CLUB RATES:

Five Copies	$1.00
Ten Copies	1.75
Twenty Copies	3.00
One Hundred Copies	10.00

Postage Stamps received.

N. Y. NEWSPAPER UNION,

140 & 150 Worth St., N. Y.

My Rights.

Yes, God has made me a woman,
And I am content to be
Just what He meant, not reaching out
For other things, since He
Who knows me best and loves me most has ordered this for me.

A woman, to live my life out
In quiet womanly ways,
Hearing the far-off battle,
Seeing as through a haze
The crowding, struggling world of men fight through their busy days.

I am not strong nor valiant,
I would not join the fight
Or jostle with crowds in the highways
To sully my garments white;
But I have rights as a woman, and here I claim my right.

The right of a rose to bloom
In its own sweet, separate way,
With none to question the perfumed pink
And not to utter a nay
If it reaches a root or points a thorn, as even a rose tree may.

The right of the lady-birch to grow,
To grow as the Lord shall please,
By never a sturdy oak rebuked,
Denied nor sun nor breeze,
For all its pliant slenderness, kin to the stronger trees.

The right to a life of my own—
Not merely a casual bit
Of somebody else's life, flung out
That taking hold of it,
I may stand as a cipher does after a numeral writ.

The right to gather and glean
What food I need and can
From the garnered store of knowledge
Which man has heaped for man.
Taking with free hands freely and after an ordered plan.

The right—ah, best and sweetest!—
To stand all dismayed
Whenever sorrow or want of sin
Call for a woman's aid,
With none to cavil or question, by never a look gainsaid.

I do not ask for a ballot;
Though very life were at stake,
I would beg for the nobler justice
That men for manhood's sake
Should give ungrudgingly, nor withold till I must fight and take.

The fleet foot and the feeble foot
Both seek the self-same goal,
The weakest soldier's name is writ
On the great army-roll,
And God, who made man's body strong, made too the woman's soul.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

LOLA.

THE STORY OF AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

I was homeward-bound from one of my various excursions across the ocean, by which I had for many years beguiled the tedium of my monotonous bachelor existence, and having settled my belongings in my stateroom, I turned out to take a survey of my fellow-passengers. It was autumn and the last of the summer tourists were returning, and both saloons and decks were crowded with animated groups. Every one seemed cheerful and gay, and already several embryo flirtations could be detected among the young people, of whom the passengers were largely composed. Being an outsider myself, traveling alone, and having left such tender pursuits far back in the vagueness of the past, I amused myself with merely watching and listening, and it is perhaps not surprising that I soon found myself wearied. It was for the most part such senseless chatter, such arrant frivolity that I heard, such conscious posing and airy fluttering that I saw. Of course after a while I found exceptions to this tendency, but the quiet and sensible people on board, as usual, occupied the background.

Failing to find myself interested then in these surroundings, I began a leisurely inspection of the vessel, wandering about its nooks and crannies, and familiarizing myself with my little island home. And so strolling along, I came upon a small, quiet, gray-clad figure seated alone and looking wistfully over the waters. As she was quite unconscious of my proximity, I stepped a few paces off and examined her closely. She looked almost a child, so small and slight she was, and yet one would not have dared to treat her as a child. There was a self-reliance and serenity about her entirely unchildlike, but, all the same, very pretty to see. Her complexion was dark and very rich, and her cheeks charmingly rounded and curved, and her eyes, turned seaward, were the largest and darkest I ever remembered to have seen. Indeed, so uncommon was their size that, when some sound aroused her and she turned them slowly on me, I was dazzled by them—they gave her face such a strange aspect, and yet it was a peculiarity far from being unlovely. She was Spanish—I had seen that at a glance—and the mute, uncertain way in which she looked at me prompted the conviction that she felt herself, even at the outset of this voyage, hampered by the fact that she knew no other tongue. After that one long, steady glance, she turned her face away again and I heard her sigh gently. After a moment's hesitation I moved just a step nearer and addressed her in her own language, asking if it was her first voyage.

She turned with a swift impulsive smile and looked at me again. The great eyes were radiant with pleasure, and, with an exquisite utterance that made my own Spanish seem a harsh brogue, she answered fearlessly and naturally that she was going to America for the first time, and, indeed, was for the first time at sea.

"You will be seasick almost certainly, then," I said. "Are you prepared for that?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I have hoped that perhaps I might not be, but I am prepared for anything."

There was a patient resolution in her tones that piqued my curiosity, especially as she presently informed me she was all alone and going simply under the captain's care. She was full of joy at meeting some one who spoke her language, and constantly intermingled with her talk little ejaculatory expressions of thanks, which seemed to have no application beside the general one of my knowing Spanish.

When the bell sounded for dinner, I took her down. My arm, which was rather timidly offered, being promptly and gratefully accepted. After that I used to seek her always before meals and take her in with me, and once, when something detained me and I was a little late, I found her waiting for me. I think the people of the vessel thought that we were companions from the start, and some one alluded to her once as my daughter, and although I hastily corrected this, I willingly let it be supposed that she was traveling under my care. In the simplest and most natural fashion she learned to defer to me and lean on my decisions, and, by-and-bye, to confide in me.

It was one evening that we had been sitting together a long time, idly talking about the weather and the ship, and wondering how long we should have it so fair, when she turned to me, in her soft Spanish speech, that loses so incalculably by translation, and said:

"I want you to tell me about your people and your home."

I felt as if her little, soft, plump hand had dealt a blow upon my bare heart; but I answered, simply:

"I have no home, and my people are all dead or gone from me—that is, my parents and sisters and brothers, for I never had a wife or a child, which is what you meant, perhaps."

"Yes; I meant that. It is so sad. I thought, perhaps, you might have a daughter like me, and that made you so kind."

"No, I have no daughter," I said slowly; "though I am, in truth, old enough to be your father."

"And you have never loved any one—never wanted to be married to some one who was good and beautiful and kind? How strange!"

These questions were scarcely marked by any interrogative accent. She seemed to be merely stating them as facts, with a gentle reluctance. But, though she expected no answer from me, I was irresistibly prompted to confession.

"Yes, Lola," I said, "I knew some one like that once, and I loved her. But it was long ago, and we were parted."

"Oh, why did you part?" she said, passionately. "Why did you suffer anything to part you? Was she not willing to give up all, to leave home and friends and country and everything to follow love, as I have done?"

Urged on by a deep excitement, she had revealed her secret, and I half feared she would repent and try to retract it, but she did not. She seemed either to be unconscious that anything had been divulged, or unconscious of the fact that I had not known it all the time.

"You do well," I said, fervently. "It is worth the sacrifice. God grant you do not repent it."

"I have no fear," she said, confidently. "Fear could not live in my heart, which holds a perfect love."

Then, so simply and naturally, she told me her story. She had become engaged to a young American sent out to Spain as agent for some New York business firm, and he had gone home a few months ago, expecting to return; but his superiors had made other arrangements, and he had written that although he would be stationary in New York thereafter, he was coming back to marry her and bring her to her home in the new world. At the time set for his arrival, however, he had sent a letter instead, saying an attack of illness prevented his coming, but he was now convalescent, though the physicians said he must not take the voyage for some time.

"When I got that letter," said Lola, "I could do nothing but cry and fret for the first two or three days. I did not eat or sleep, and my aunt, whom I lived with, said I would die, and was very hard and cross. I was utterly wretched, until one night as I lay thinking it all over I resolved that I would go to him. He had once, half-hesitatingly, suggested it, saying it would save so much expense, and he is not at all well off; but it had frightened me so that he gave it up, saying he would spend all he had, sooner than give me the anxiety and trouble of such a voyage. But now—now that he was ill and alone—I could think no longer of my dread; indeed, it was gone, and all I thought of was to go to him, and comfort and nurse and take care of him. So I got my aunt's consent, though she would not give it at first, and I took the very next steamer. And see how easy and pleasant it has been! He need not have been afraid for me; but, then, he could not know, and neither could I, that I should find you!"

Her ardent tone and look, as she said these last words, thrilled me strangely. It was a spontaneous, affectionate outburst that pained while it caressed me. And beside my own personal feeling, a dreadful misgiving about her weighed on my heart. She was so confident, so full of trust—what if she should be deceived in this man? What if the attack of illness were a mere subterfuge? Such things had been. I turned cold and then hot at the mere suggestion. I asked her lover's name, but it was unknown to me, though the name of the house he represented was familiar. But that went for nothing as to the man's personal character, and the fear that this might be treacherous made me sick with dread. What would be the end, if my apprehensions proved correct? What would become of the poor child? A wild thought suggested itself. It was a strange mixture of deep pity for her and deep joy, tempered with pain and yet sweet with hope, for myself

At last the voyage was over, and the realization of this fact made me unaccountably sad. For Lola was dearer to me every day. In her little attacks of illness, which she had not altogether escaped, I had carried her about in my arms, like a child, and she had leaned on me and looked up to me with a childish confidence and trust that was unspeakably sweet to the lonely old bachelor whose attitude toward this young girl had seemed to touch his age and world-weariness with a magic wand that had made them drop from him like a garment.

Lola and I stood together on deck, all our bags and parcels strapped and ready for moving. She had not told her lover she was coming, and of course he would not meet her. I reproached her for not having telegraphed, feeling a strange reluctance to go and hunt him up; but she answered simply that she could not afford it. All her money was required for the voyage, and, "Besides," she added, quickly, blushing like a rose, "I wanted to give him the joy of the surprise."

"And if," I said, reluctantly, "if he should not be here, or anything, have you not money to return?"

"But he is bound to be here; nothing like that could happen. And if he were away I should wait till he returned. I have no money to go home if I should want to, but there's not much danger of my wanting."

Heavens! what trust, what exquisite feeling, what beautiful belief in love! And if he should prove unworthy!

When we stepped ashore, Lola and I got into a carriage, which I ordered to take us to a hotel. She let me arrange everything just as I chose, and we had agreed to go together to the hotel, and then I was to find her lover and send him to her.

I saw her safely seated in her little parlor, and then, as it was early morning, I ordered a dainty breakfast there and we ate it tete-a-tete. I don't think either had much appetite, though I taxed my wits to the uttermost on the menu and had even given a lavish order for flowers. I tried to think of everything that could give her pleasure, for I felt almost certain of a impending calamity and I looked again and again into her sweet face trying to fix its look of happiness in my mind. And she was happy! Her voice was joyous as a lark's and her face as radiant as day. I would fain have lingered a while to bask in this bright sunshine, but she was feverishly impatient and eager that I should be gone. I think she grudged me the boon of seeing him first, for she made me promise that I would not tell him of her presence, but bring him back with me under some pretext if I found him well, and return and take her to him if he was ill. In either event, she had settled it in her mind that they were to be married that very day.

When I was ready to go I went up to her and took her hands in mine. "Lola," I said, "whatever lies before you, whether joy or sorrow, remember that you have me always for your friend. You must rely upon me as you would upon your"—I paused and then said—"father."

It was an effort, but I forced myself to say it. Then, before leaving, I stooped and kissed her sweet lips. It was the first time and would probably be the last and I valued it as people do value what can come to them but once.

When I reached the house, the address of which Lola had given me, I inquired for her lover—he was gone. The woman who kept the house could give no information except that she thought he had gone West.

I was unfeignedly distressed. In that moment I rose above self and thought only of Lola. How shall I describe the scene that followed my announcement to the little creature? The heart-rending grief, the wild denial of her lover's faithlessness! She utterly refused to believe it. She would far sooner, she said, think that he was dead. After her first outburst of passionate grief was over, she calmed herself and said, standing up: "I must go away; I must not stay here."

The sight of her agony almost killed me.

"Oh, Lola," I said, "where?"

She flung herself back on the lounge with a motion of utter despair. I went to her and threw myself on my knees beside her and folded both her trembling hands in mine.

"Lola, be brave," I said. "Face the worst. It is a bitter thing to say, but I believe he is false to you. I believe the illness was a feint, and I believe he is willfully lost to you. My little darling, it is hard I know, but not so bad as if you had married him and found it out afterward. But do not despair. I will not leave you, and you shall tell me just what you would have me do. I will take you back to Spain if you want to go."

"I cannot! I could not bear it! And I have no money."

"Never mind that" I said. "I have plenty, more—far more than I want. I would give my life to comfort you. I will go now, if you say so, and take passage on the next returning ship."

"I could not bear it. I never will go back," she said; "no one loves me there. I am only a useless little burden. I never will go back!"

"Then stay," I said, passionately—"stay with me. Let me love and comfort you. Stay with me always, Lola. No one can love you as I will."

At first I think she did not understand my meaning, but when she did she wrenched her hands from mine and sprang to the middle of the room.

"How can you? How can you be so cruel?" she said. "Do you think I could ever love any one else after having given my love to him? No; I have loved him only—I have given him all my love—and worthy or unworthy, he has it still."

"Lola, my little child," I said, "you must face the truth. You cannot live in this strange country all alone. You have neither friends nor money. You cannot work, and if you could you must not be alone. I cannot help you and maintain you unless you take my name and occupy the honorable position of my wife. But I will not force it on you. For the present I will find some safe place to put you in, and we will see what can be done. At all events, whether you can love me or not, I love you and will always love you."

"Do you love me?" she said, facing me and speaking with eager vehemence.

"Oh, I do, I do!" Isaid.

"Then find him for me!"

I could not speak at once. For one moment a wild hope had budded in my breast, and it would not die without a struggle. Then I looked at her and said, calmly:

"I will try. I will do my utmost. I will give it my most conscientious efforts. But, Lola, if I fail?"

"If you fail to find him," she said, "or if you find him to be false, then I will give you the reward you wish. I will marry you."

It was not a rapturous consent, but I found a wonderful satisfaction in it, despite my fond sympathy for her. I was not being selfishly happy at her expense, for, on my own part, I entirely believed in her lover's treacherousness, though there was nothing that could go for real proof. It was a foregone conclusion with me, and it was, therefore, only its issue I rejoiced at.

In my present state of feeling it was easy to fall into hopeful dreams of the future; it was impossible not to. And now, as she sat meekly on the sofa, after all her passionate struggles were over, I felt convinced that, if I could win her hand in the way we had agreed upon, I could also, with time, win her pure heart for my own. It was a glorious goal. Something to live for, something to work and struggle for. My life and utmost energies had found the incentive they had lacked so long.

We fell now into a composed and quiet talk, and she listened patiently while I unfolded my plans for her. But there rested on her lovely face such a look of unutterable sorrow that I had to turn my eyes away. How blessed it would be to smooth away this look—to recall the gay vivacity of my own bright Lola! What a happy task! In spite of all, I felt I should succeed.

A long silence had fallen upon us both. The room was warm, and I had set open the door leading into the hall. I was glad of an excuse to do so, as it took away some of the air of privacy which I feared she might find irksome. She did not seem to notice my action, but sat facing the door, with her drooped eyes resting on the little hands clasped in her lap. Presently a footstep was heard coming along the hall, and she listlessly looked up. As she did so, the light of a great, ecstatic joy rushed over her face. She sprang to her feet, with the glad cry:

"Richard!" and flung herself into his arms. He clasped her tight to his heart, and drew her into the room. Was he true or false? I knew that I need only see his face to tell. In that moment of extreme excitement he would forget to don his mask. He stooped above her and covered her neck and face with kisses. Then, after that moment's rapture, he looked at me. It was a noble face—honest, manly and kind.

I ought to have been glad, but I heard myself groan.

I would have left the room, but Lola detained me, telling her lover in enthusiastic terms how kind I had been, and begging him to thank me, which he did in such terms as only a good and honorable man could have used. I had to listen, too, to his explanation. He had, indeed, gone West, having accepted a promising appointment which would give him permanent and remunerative employment. Having settled matters there, he had obtained leave, and was now on his way to Spain and Lola. It was all as clear as day.

That very evening they were married. I was the only witness besides the clergyman, and I never will forget the radiance of her face as I watched it during the service. I rather feared her joy might be dimmed by some remembering thought of me, but it was not so. I don't think she ever comprehended my feeling for her, and, of course, it pleased her to fancy now that it had been chiefly pity for her loneliness.

The service ended, there remained nothing but to take Lola to a jeweler's shop near-by and let her choose a present from me, which she munificently paid for with a kiss.

It was, indeed, the last!

"Do you realize it, Angelica," whispered Clarence to his betrothed; "only two weeks more and we will be one; but, remember, darling, I am to be that one." And then the angelic creature silently stole to the piano and touchingly warbled: "Oh, to be Nothing!"

He who can plant courage in the human soul is the best physician.

Hoe Out Your Row.

One day a lazy farmer boy
Was hoeing out the corn,
And moodily had listened long
To hear the dinner horn.
The welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he dropped his hoe;
But the good man shouted in his ear:
"My boy, hoe out your row."

Although a "hard one" was the row,
To use a plowman's phrase,
And the lad, as sailors have it,
Beginning well to "haze,"
"I can," he said, and manfully
He seized again his hoe
And the good man smiled to see
The boy "hoe out his row."

The lad the text remembered long,
And proved the moral well,
That perseverance to the end
At last will nobly tell.
Take courage, man! resolve you can,
And strike a vigorous blow;
In life's great field of varied toil,
Always "hoe out your row."

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A man born at sea cannot be proud of his native land.

The business of this world is steered by the tillers of the soil.

Three periods of life: Youth mumps; middle age, bumps; old age, dumps.

A sick man is considered out of danger when the doctor discontinues his visits.

A lady friend says that bachelors are like a batch of biscuits, good enough after they are mixed.

The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. Possibly it would live longer if it didn't smoke.

Young people are always ready to adopt the "latest wrinkle." It is the first wrinkle that they object to.—*Boston Transcript.*

Gen. Clingman, of North Carolina, says living is so cheap in that state that it is more economical to feed a man than to bury him.

"It is harder to get ahead in this world," said Clorinda's young man, as her father assisted him out of the door with his boot, "than it is to get a foot."

"Don't you think," said a husband, mildly rebuking his wife, "that women are possessed by Satan?" "Yes, as soon as they are married," was the quick reply.

Gladstone goes to church with a pin holding his shirt cuffs together in place of a button, but if all waited for buttons there would be no sermons. Hang a statesman who can't make a shingle nail answer for a suspender button.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Life of an Actress.

Mr. Labouchere recently said in an article in *Truth* on the London stage: Actresses live in a world of their own. They generally exaggerate every sentiment. Their real life is tinged with their theatrical life, and high-wrought melodrama becomes a second nature to them. Few of them have a perfectly sane notion of existence; they exist in the feeling of the moment. They are generally incapable of taking an interest in the ordinary occupations of their sex; at one moment they are in the wildest spirits, at another in the depth of despair, and those with whom they come in contact are alternately either melodramatic villains plotting their destruction, or angelic beings that have no existence out of plays. If they are asked why they love or hate, they insist that they are endowed with a peculiar instinct, and this instinct they exalt as something far superior to practical intelligence, and glory in being its submissive slaves. There are certain qualities which go to make an actress, and most of them go to make a lunatic. All actresses are, of course, not necessarily mad, but if I were on a jury impaneled to try an actress for murder, I should approach the inquiry with the feeling that nature had probably not been lavish to her in that harmony of intellectual powers which produce moral responsibility.

"Diamond Cut Diamond."

Crossing the Rocky mountains once, says a correspondent, I saw an amusing illustration of the hardness of corundum. A traveling peddler undertook in the cars to sell a large "diamond" ring to a miner who had made his pile. "Humph," said the miner, after critically examining the ring, "they've got common stone up in the diggings where I've been that'll cut that diamond all to pieces!" "If you'll find a piece of stone that will cut that diamond I'll give it to you," replied the peddler. "All right," said the miner, "if I can't cut that 'diamond' with a stone I'll buy it of you." Thereupon the miner took the ring in his hand and pulled from his vest pocket a small piece of brown-looking stone, similar to a bit of dark free-stone, except that the grain was very fine, and with this he proceeded coolly to cut and scratch that "diamond" with several ugly-looking gashes. A group of passengers that had gathered about the miner were amazed, but while they snickered the peddler with his "diamond" withdrew discomfited. "That little piece of brown stone," explained the miner, "is a piece of corundum that I got in the Rocky mountains, and it's the best diamond tester in the world. It won't scar a genuine diamond, but will everlastingly cut up a piece of glass or quartz."