

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XIV. NO. 3. TIONESTA, PA., APRIL 13, 1881. \$1.50 Per Annum.

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Table with 4 columns: Rate type (One Square, One Line, etc.), Duration (one insertion, one month, etc.), and Price (\$1.00, 50c, etc.).

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Sauce. I. What is life without its sauce? Sauce for gander, sauce for goose? Little gain and much of loss—Chicken pie without its price.

A RACE FOR A WIFE.

A STORY FROM THE FRENCH.

My father used to live at Bethel, in the high street, in a house I can still see before my eyes with its slate roof and projecting beams, a hospitable house if ever there was one. Poor folks knew the way to it. They entered with their wallets empty and went away with it full. We were all seated one night at the fireside; my father was smoking his pipe and watching the fire burn, my mother was ironing, and I was reading, when we heard a noise at the door, and saw enter a boy with frightened looks.

'What is the matter?' 'It is a soldier very tired who has just fallen exhausted from the door.'

My father loved soldiers. He rose brusquely, ran out, and there he was, before I had taken a step, coming in again with a young soldier leaning upon him, or rather my father had taken him up and was carrying him like a sack of corn.

My mother hastened to draw the big armchair up to the fire. The soldier was made to sit, or rather to recline in it, and my father said, looking at the poor fellow: 'Is it possible! Walking in that state?'

The fact is that the soldier was very thin and pale, his hair flattened on his forehead, the veins of his temples big as your little finger, his face black with dust. We were then in the month of October and the weather was beginning to grow fresh, but the poor fellow was nevertheless sweating big drops, as if it had been dog days. He must have had a long tramp. His shoes were in shreds; you could see where the stones had torn the leather; the left foot was bleeding. The soldier did not move but remained in the armchair with his head thrown back, his eyes half open and white as a sheet.

My mother had already put some soup on the fire. 'Bah!' said my father; 'the first thing to be looked after is the feet.'

And kneeling down he began to tear and cut away the shreds of leather. The soldier's feet, all swollen and full of blisters, looked like the feet of the martyrs, swollen with pain and vealed by hard cords, which we see in the pictures of the Spanish painters.

My father dipped his handkerchief in vinegar and washed the wounds. 'You,' he said to me, 'make some lint.'

And I began to tear up some old linen that my mother had taken out of the big cupboard. Meanwhile the soldier had come to himself. He looked at us—at my father, my mother and myself and the two or three neighbors who had come in one after the other. His wandering eyes seemed to interrogate everything. It was no longer the road, the stones, the great deserted woods that he saw before him, but a gay room with a ceiling of shining oak, a cloth on the table, a knife and fork laid and a brown earthenware soup-bowl emitting a savory smell of cabbage soup.

Then he raised himself up, leaning on the arms of the chair, and said to my father, with confused emotion: 'Ah! monsieur. But you do not know me.'

'Ah! well that does not matter; we will become acquainted at table.'

We had already dined, but my father wished to bear the soldier company. He sat down to table opposite him, as if he were brooding over him, and looking at the regimental buttons that shone on his cloak. The soldier ate, and ate heartily; my mother served him. 'Well,' said my father, suddenly, pointing to the tin box that the soldier carried slung on a cord, 'you have finished your time, for there is your canteen. Then why do you kill yourself by toiling along the highway? I see how the matter stands. You have no money to pay for the diligence.'

'Ah,' he said, with a movement in which there was little anger and a good deal of grief; 'I shall not be able to walk until to-morrow morning.'

'Walk?' cried my mother, terrified. The soldier shook his head. 'You don't know—I must. It was a vow.'

In our Ardennes those primitive souls have respect and faith. I saw my father look at the young man in the face without astonishment and with mute interrogation.

'Yes,' said the soldier, 'I will tell you the whole story. You have, perhaps, saved my life; I ought, at least, to tell you who I am. My name is Jean Chevauchoux, and my father is a wood-splitter at Mezieres. He is an honest man, like you, monsieur. Seven years ago, when I drew for the conscription, I was madly in love with Marguerite Servan, a good hearty girl and a pretty one. I had already asked her in marriage, and my father had not said no; but, you see, Pierre Pavoux had asked her in marriage at the same time that I did. Pierre Pavoux is a man of my age, who carries his heart in his hand, as the saying is—gay and well-looking. I ought to have detested him, and he has remained my friend. Well, Father Servan said to me as he held out his hand:

'You are worthy to be my son-in-law my lad, but first of all you must please my daughter. I will ask her.'

'Marguerite, when asked, said that she would gladly consent to be my wife. But she said the same when they talked to her about Pavoux. She loved both of us, one as much as the other; she hesitated—she did not dare to decide, but still she could not marry both of us.'

'Time went on. When the time of the conscription came we drew lots. Pavoux and I, on the same day. I had number three and he had number seven, and so we both of us became soldiers. For a moment I was in a state of great fright I confess. People at Mezieres said that Pavoux had a rich aunt, and that she would buy him off. If Pavoux did not join the army, Pavoux would marry Marguerite, and I, knowing that I should be obliged to go, for I was poor, I thought I already heard the fiddler at the wedding, reading my ears and my heart.'

'Luckily, Pierre Pavoux was not bought off. His aunt died leaving debts instead of a fortune. He had not a son. We were obliged to shoulder our guns, and we were expected on our way bill every moment. One night Father Servan took us each by the arm and led us to an inn, and this is what he said to us:

'My boys, you are good and honest Ardennais, equal in merit. I love you with all my heart. One of you shall be my son-in-law; that is understood. Marguerite will wait seven years. She has no preference either for you, Pavoux, or for you, Chevauchoux, but she loves both of you, and she will make happy the one whom fortune shall choose. These are the conditions on which one of you shall marry my daughter; you start on the same day—it is probable that you will return the same day. Well, the one who first comes and shakes hands with Father Servan, and says: "Here I am, my time is out; he, I swear, shall be the husband of Marguerite."

'I was astonished; I thought that I had misunderstood. I looked at Pierre Pavoux and he looked at me, and although we were sad enough at heart, we were certainly ready to burst out laughing.

'But Father Servan was not joking. He had discovered this means of getting out of the difficulty, and he meant to stick to it. I held out my hand and swore to act neither by ruse nor violence, and to let Pierre Pavoux marry Marguerite if he returned to Mezieres before I did. Pierre stood up and swore the same, and then we shook hands, while Father Servan said:

'Now, the rest is your affair. The only thing is to escape bullets and to return safe and sound.'

'Before leaving I wished to see Marguerite. Just as I was arriving under her window—it was at dusk—I saw one in the shade coming in the same direction. I stopped short. It was Pierre Pavoux. He seemed vexed to find me there. I was not particularly pleased to meet him. We stood there for a moment like two simpletons looking at the toes of our boots. Then, with a movement of courage, I said to Pavoux:

'Shall we go in together?' 'We entered and took our farewell of Marguerite. She listened to us without saying anything, but there were tears at the tips of her blonde eyelashes. Suddenly Pierre, who was talking, stopped and began to sob and I to do the same. Then Marguerite joined in, and there we were all three shedding tears and pressing each other's hands.

'When the diligence that took us away from Mezieres began to rattle on the pavement the next day I felt inclined to throw myself down from the imperial and get crushed under the wheels. The more so as there was a Lorraine on my side who was singing in a melancholy voice a song of his country, and I said to myself: 'It is all over, Jean, you will never see her again.'

'Well, you see. Time passes. The seven years are over, and who knows? Perhaps I am not only going to see her again, but to marry her.'

'There are, indeed, strange chances in life,' continued Jean Chevauchoux. 'Pierre and I started on the same day and the same hour, and we were placed in the same regiment. At first I was vexed. I should have liked to have known that he was far away. As you

may imagine, I could not love him much. But I reflected afterward that if Pavoux was with me I could at least talk about her. That consoled me. Well, I said to myself, I am in for seven years of it. After all, one gets over it.

'In the regiment I became a fast friend of Pierre Pavoux. He proved to be an excellent good fellow, and at night, in order to kill time, we used often to talk of Mezieres, of Father Servan and of Marguerite. We used to write to Mezieres often, but each told the other the contents of his letters. It was a struggle, it is true, but it was loyal. When Marguerite or old Servan replied, the letter was for both of us. An equal dose of hope was given to each of us, and so we went on hoping.

'One day the colonel took it into his head to appoint me corporal. I was vexed and proud at the same time. You see, I was no longer the equal of Pavoux. My stripes gave me the right to command him, and in the eyes of our Ardennais that was no small advantage. But I did not glory in my rank; on the contrary, it made me ill at ease. I did not dare to talk to Pavoux any more. Then I reflected that there were more ways than one of getting rid of my new rank. I neglected my duty and was forthwith degraded. But who should be made corporal in my stead but Pavoux. But Pavoux was not to be outdone; at the end of a week he resigned. After that there was no danger of any propositions being made to us to make any change in our uniform. We were condemned to remain common soldiers.

'So much the better,' said Pavoux. 'What luck?' said I. 'When we had served seven years—for I do not mean to tell you our history day by day—I said to Pavoux:

'Well, now is the time to start, eh?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'we are expected.'

'You know,' I said, 'the game will not be finally won until both of us arrive at Mezieres, and until the loser has declared that the combat has been loyal.'

'Agreed,' said Pavoux. 'And so one morning, with good shoes on our feet, and stick in hand, we set out for Mezieres from Angers, where we were in garrison. At first we walked along in company, not saying much, thinking a good deal and walking above everything. The weather was terribly hot and dusty. Half way on one of our marches I sat down on the roadside overwhelmed with fatigue.

'Are you going to stay there?' said Pavoux to me. 'Yes.'

'Adieu!' he said, continuing his march. 'Au revoir.'

'I watched him as he went on with a firm step, as if he had only just started. When I saw him disappear at the bend of the road, and when I was once alone, as it were abandoned, I felt a great despair. I made an effort. I rose and began to walk again. That little halt had done me good. I walked, walked and walked until I had caught up to Pavoux and passed him.

'At night, too, I was well ahead, but I was worn out. I entered an inn to sleep a little. I slept all night. In the morning I woke up. I saw that the day was getting on; I was furious and called some one.

'You have not seen a soldier pass on foot?' 'Yes, monsieur le militaire, very late last night. He asked for a glass of water.'

'Ah! I was outstripped in my turn! I started hurriedly. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon I had not caught up to Pavoux, nor at 6 o'clock either. At night I took my rest while I ate, and started to walk again. I walked a good part of the night, but my strength had limits. Once more I stopped. I knocked at an inn. The door opened, and there, sitting in a chair, I saw Pavoux, pale as death. He made a movement of displeasure when he saw me that was natural. We did not talk much. What could we say? We were both tired. The great thing was to know who should get up first for the next morning. It was I.

'The next morning was this morning. Since this morning I have been walking, taking a rest now and then, but only a short one. We are getting close. Bethel is the last stage between Angers and Mezieres. I know my map of France now. The last stage! Good heavens, if I arrived too late!' 'And Pierre Pavoux,' asked my father, 'has he caught you up?' 'No,' replied Chevauchoux, 'I am ahead. If I could start now I should be saved.'

'Start? In this state? Impossible!' 'I know—my feet are swollen and cut—provided that to-morrow—' 'To-morrow you will be rested—you will be able to walk.'

'Do you think so?' said the soldier, with a look ardent as lightning. 'I promise you.'

My father then advised the soldier to go to bed. Chevauchoux did not refuse. The bed was ready. He shook hands with us and went up to his room. It was 10 o'clock. 'I will wake you at 5 o'clock,' said my father.

The soldier looked up and tried to make out who was speaking to him. 'You are Jean Chevauchoux, are you not?' asked my father.

'No,' said the soldier. 'I am Pierre Pavoux.'

And as if that name of Chevauchoux had been the prick of a spur he resumed his walk more rapidly, and was soon lost in the obscurity. When my father could no longer see him he could hear the noise of his shoes on the road leading to Mezieres.

'Ah!' said my father to himself, 'Chevauchoux must be sharp if he means to catch up that man.' And he went straight to the room where Jean had slept. He was already up and looking at his feet by the light of a candle. 'Victory!' he cried when he saw my father; 'I feel free and strong and I suffer no more. En route!'

'And quickly!' replied my father. 'Pavoux has just passed through Bethel.'

'Pierre Pavoux?' 'I have just spoken to him. He passed under our window, going along as if the devil were after him.'

'Ah, mon Dieu!' exclaimed Chevauchoux as if he had been struck down. He repeated once more: 'Ah, mon Dieu!' Then he buckled on his knapsack and cried: 'After all, what you have told me gives me courage. Let me be off.'

In the room below my mother, already up, was filling a wallet with provisions for Chevauchoux. But he refused. He was not hungry. Putting on a pair of my father's shoes he started, blessing my mother and leaning on my father's arm to take the first step.

Three or four years after this we had heard no news of Chevauchoux. We used often to talk of that evening when the soldier had come into our house bleeding and weary. What had become of him? What had been the end of that romance of love so strangely begun?

One day my father had to go to Mezieres on business. He took me with him. At Mezieres he wished to enter the first barber's shop that he saw to get shaved. On the doorstep a little child was sitting with its legs apart and smiling at the sun.

'Will you allow me to pass?' asked my father, laughing. 'No, I won't,' replied the child with a little lip.

At that moment the door opened and a man in his shirt sleeves appeared—the father—and took the child up in his arms, saying: 'Pierre! Pierre! do you want to drive away the customers?'

I recognized the voice and so did my father. We looked at the barber. The barber looked at us. It was Jean Chevauchoux.

He laid the child down at once and held out his hand. His face was all red and beaming with pleasure.

'What is it you? Ah! and to think that I have never written to you! Ah! you don't know. It is I who married her; I arrived first.'

'And rushing into the back shop: "Marguerite! Marguerite!" he cried. "Come, come!"

He was wild with joy. A young woman appeared, blonde, pretty, blue-eyed, with a pensive and gentle air, a little sad. 'You do not know?' said Chevauchoux to her. 'It was this gentleman who took care of me so well at Bethel the night before I arrived at your father's house. \* \* \* I have often and often talked to you about him; \* \* \* this is the gentleman.'

Don't Stay Late To-Night.

The hearth of home is beaming With rays of rosy light; And lovely eyes are gleaming, As falls the shades of night; And while thy steps are leaving The circles pure and bright, A tender voice half grieving Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world in which thou movest Is busy, brave and wide; The world of her thou lovest Is at the angle side; She waits for thy warm greeting; Thy smile is her delight; Her gentle voice entreating, Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world, so cold, inhuman, Will spurn thee if thou fall; The love of one poor woman Outlasts and shames them all; Thy children will cling round thee, Let fate be dark or bright; At home no shaft will wound thee, Then "Don't stay late to-night."

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The average editor can sympathize with England in her trouble with the Boers.—Graphic.

"What is fame?" asks the Philadelphia American. Fame is the result of being civil to newspaper men.—Boston Post.

The New Orleans Picayune says that a man should be the boss of himself. But suppose the poor fellow is married!—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Keep that world's fair as far away from here as possible. There are about 14,000,000 out-of-town relatives waiting to sock it to us for the time we have spent in the country for the past twenty years.—New York Dispatch.

A Chicago society offered last year a prize of one hundred dollars for the best treatise on the question: "How best to destroy rats." The prize has just been awarded to Doctor Burnett, of Philadelphia, who answered: "Increase the number of cats."

Frederick Marriott, a San Francisco editor, has invented a flying machine. It is only by some such scheme as this that an editor can ever get away from the town where he lives as long as the bloated monopolies that control railroads are permitted to charge fare.—Chicago Journal.

Montreal has a haunted house, a which the stove lids are lifted off the stoves and sent flying through the air. If the owner of the haunted house takes our advice he will buy his wife a new dress. He may think he can always dodge them, but some time one of those lids will take him on top of the head and scalp him.—Pek's Sun.

"Doctor," said one of our best young men in society—"doctor there is something the matter with my brain; I know there is. What shall I do about it?" And the doctor calmly but firmly said he guessed it needed a little exercise as much as anything else. And now the best young man goes around saying the doctor is a fool.—Hawkeye.

A New York firm sends us a double-column "ad." of a new stenographic pen, for the insertion of which in the daily for three weeks, the firm agrees to send us a pen. No, thank you. We had one autographic pen. Just sold it to a druggist for a soda fountain. If she lets down soda as fast as she did the ink, some man will be drowned at that fountain before the middle of June, and don't you forget it.—Hawkeye.

It was in the opera house. The two gentlemen were from the country. After the curtain fell on the first act, one of them who had been reading the programme, said, in an excited manner: "It's a blame swindle, just got up to take in strangers." "What's a swindle?" "Here it says the next act is two years later. I wonder if they think we are going to stay here, at \$2 a day, for two years, just to see the thing out?" They went out and saw the ticket man about it.—Austin Statesman.

"Ah, dear," sighed Miss Fitzoy, as she yawned wearily, "there isn't anything to occupy one's mind now. I've made toilet cushions and ties and embroidered slippers and painted majolica jugs until I'm weary of life. I believe I'll go down into the kitchen and watch Jane make bread. I suppose I ought to know how many pints of yeast it takes to a loaf." And she penetrated the business part of the house only to find out that bread was "raised" from the baker's cart.—New Haven Register.

A Question of Time. On the way to his apartments he stopped under the window of a pawnbroker on Sixth avenue, and with violent knocking and shouts attracted the attention of that estimable tradesman, who, putting his head out of the window, inquired the business of his visitor. "I want to know the time," cried the man. "What do you mean by waking me up to ask such a stupid question?" roared the pawnbroker. "Stupid question!" howled the man, clinging to the lamp-post; "I like that. Where else should I ask for the time—haven't you got my watch?"—New York Hour.

Few persons are aware that the fore foot of the horse is the counterpart of the hand, and the hind foot that of the toe of the human foot, the heel comparing with the lock of the hind leg of the horse. To get a proper idea of this try to walk on the tips of your toes; you will then see how closely allied are the extremities of the horse and of man.