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The Drum.

Oh the drum!
There is some
Intonation in the drum
Monotony of utterance that strikes the spirit dumb,
As we hear
Through the clear
And unclouded atmosphere,
The rumbling palpitations roll in upon the ear!
And the guest
Of the breast
That thy rolling robs of rest
Is a patriotic spirit as a Continental dressed;
And he looms
From the glooms
Of a century of toms,
And the blood he spilled at Lexington in living beauty blooms.
And his eyes
Wear the guise
Of a nature pure and wise;
And the love of them is lifted to a something in the skies
That is bright,
Red and white,
With a blur of starry light,
As it laughs in silken ripples to the breezes day and night.
There are deep
Rushes ere;
O'er the pulses as they leap,
And the murmur, fainter growing, on the silence falls asleep;
While the prayer
Rising there
Wills the sea and earth and air
As a heritage to freedom's sons and daughters everywhere.
Then with sound
As profound
As the thunderings resound,
Come thy wild reverberations in a throce that shakes the ground,
And a cry,
Flung on high
Like the flag it flutters by,
Wings rapturously upward till it nestles in the sky.
—James W. Riley.

NORMAN LAMAR'S BOARDERS.

He stood rubbing his hands before the huge log in the open chimney, with its breastwork of wooden mantelpiece. The morning was cold; the hoar frost lay in rare frosted work all over the mantel, and the breath of the cattle became smoke as it met the atmosphere. The man before the fire stood six feet in his stockings; his physique was superb; his stately head was covered with little crisp rings of yellow hair, and his blue eyes wore just such a mild meditative expression as one sees in the eyes of the gentler cattle. We grow like our companions, and they had been his many years. He was rubbing his hands, not because they were cold, for they were as white and warm and supple as a babe's. The act was simply an expression of the pleasure he felt in the glow from the great back log. The room was rude and homely, but spacious, and not lacking in comfort.

Standing in one of the casements was a young lady, evidently accustomed to far different surroundings. There was an air of elegance about her. She had been looking out the window at the wide sweep of prairie and cattle ranging free. Suddenly she brought her very handsome eyes to bear, with a frank criticism, on the man upon the hearth, in his blue flannel pantaloons and shirt and red suspenders. Metaphorically speaking, he owned "the cattle upon a thousand hills," in practical language, he was one of the most extensive stock raisers in the territory in which he lived.

Zaida Burdett felt in a certain manner overpowered by the vastness of things—the vast prairies, the vast sky, and the vastness of this man, both as regarding his proportions and the possessions which he represented. He seemed to her like one of the audacious, handsome, plundering Gauls that Michellet dwells on in his chapters about the world when it was new, with their blue eyes, yellow mustaches, and fair shoulders decorated with golden collars.

She felt almost sure that even the collar was somewhere out of sight under his blue shirt. She was certain that he had swooped down on things and owned a great deal more than rightly belonged to him.

"He ought to marry a large, yellow-haired, fair-skinned Amazon, and people the land with a progeny that would put to the blush the puny race one is accustomed to," she said to herself, and suddenly became aware that she also was being regarded.

"Pardon, mademoiselle, but I was trying to make out your nationality; are you French?" he asked.

"What makes you think I am," was her reply.

A little amused smile crept from under his yellow mustache.

"Your speech betrayeth you. None but a Yankee answers a question with another."

She laughed.

"You are right. Yet I call myself cosmopolitan. Mamma and I live all over the world. Last year we spent in London, the year before in Goman, and so way back since I was ten years old. I'm twenty-three now."

Her frankness was enchanting.

"There is a good deal of Bohemianism about us. We always live in apartments, so we can locate wherever we choose. We haven't any particular object in living—that is, not any high, exalted purpose. We just try to have as good a time as the means papa left us will admit."

Then she suddenly blushed up to her sparkling eyes to think she had been

telling family affairs to an entire stranger.

"I beg of you, do not think I am in the habit of doing such things," she said, hotly.

Just then her mother entered. She did not look much older than her daughter, and they were both handsome.

Mrs. Burdett had not seen her host before. They had been landed at his door the night previous by the stage driver, and had not learned until the coach was beyond recall that it was a private house, and not a hotel.

The housekeeper had given them anything but a gracious welcome, saying that the drivers had a habit of doing such things, and adding:

"Howsumever, Norman Lamar will be right glad to see you. He likes a housefull of folks. He don't have to do the cooking, you see."

Mrs. Burdett's apology for their intrusion savored of this reception. She expressed regret that they would be obliged to trespass until the stage returned that evening, then formally introduced herself and daughter. His welcome was full of simple hospitality; then they went out to breakfast.

Soon after he bade them good-morning, saying it was a very busy time and he should not return until afternoon.

He had only been gone a few minutes when a light wagon, drawn by two spirited grays, stopped at the door, and the young man who drove them came in to say that Norman Lamar had placed them at the ladies' disposal for the day.

That evening when their host returned, Mrs. Burdett met him at the door, thanked him for his kindness, and said that her daughter and herself were so charmed with the place they would like to remain and board for a week. He regarded her with his great, meditative blue eyes for a moment, then smiled.

"I would be glad to have you stay for ever, if it pleased you; but we don't know anything about board out here, and don't propose to learn."

Mrs. Burdett admired his hospitality, but she looked displeased.

"Then we shall be obliged to leave at once. The stage is about due. We cannot, of course, be dependent upon an entire stranger, no matter how generous his invitation."

It had been a pleasant thought to him all day that these two ladies were in his home. That they wanted to stay gave him a keen sense of pleasure; that such a little thing should hinder made him impatient.

"I would not touch a woman's money for a bit of homely fare, I assure you."

His voice indicated his mood; then suddenly, he broke into a free, ringing laugh.

"If you will not stay without, pay my housekeeper; but let me warn you, Mrs. Harden is a woman of the shrewdest type, and when she makes a bargain, as Shakespeare says, she 'carvils on the ninth part of a hair,' so look out for her," and he touched his hat and left.

Zaida had listened to the conversation, sitting just inside the window.

"He is as generous as a prince!" said her mother, enthusiastically, as she entered the room.

The girl laughed.

"I feel somewhat as if we were Sabine women, and had been captured for good and all," she said.

"Zaida, what makes you say such dreadful things? Perhaps we had better not stay!"

Mrs. Burdett looked disappointed.

"Of course we will stay. We haven't had anything so interesting before, ever. Just think of it! To live under the roof of a bonanza king and board with his housekeeper!"

"Of course it will not do. The way you put it shows it clearly," said her mother.

"How silly you are, mamma! Come! The girl started to leave the room.

"Where are you going?" demanded her mother.

"Why, to the kitchen, of course, to conclude our bargain with our landlady!" gaily.

"Did I ever see so perverse a girl!" remarked her mother; nevertheless she linked her arm in her daughter's, and they went out to the kitchen like two school-friends.

Mrs. Harden was over the fire, stewing potatoes in milk. She looked hot and flustered. She flew about to get them chairs, and seemed very uncomfortable and put-to by their coming.

Mrs. Burdett hastened to explain the object of their intrusion.

The housekeeper stirred the potatoes and shifted the pan as if she would never stop. At length she said, with a gasp, as if all out of breath:

"That's like him, for all the world! I suppose it'll look awful mean in me to take any board, but if you won't stay without, and you want to stay real bad, what's a body to do?"

Mrs. Burdett assured her that it was the only way in which the difficulty could be adjusted. She seemed relieved, though not a whit more composed, then made her bargain in as shrewd a manner as Norman Lamar had foretold. When it was concluded she said, apologetically:

"You see, I'm obliged to appear close, because I've got a poor, weakly family dependent on me. They live over yonder. Norman Lamar gave me the house," indicating the direction by throwing her thumb over her shoulder, so as not to lose sight of the potatoes.

"What's the matter with them?" asked Zaida, with more curiosity than sympathy in the sparkle of her face.

"Oh, they're always sick. What with the plague of their living, and the fear of their dying, I haven't a minute's peace of my life."

"Oh, well, there are people worse of than you," said Mrs. Burdett, in a consoling tone.

"Yes, that's the only comfortin' thought I've got. If I hadn't that to keep my spirits up I'd clean give out."

They spent that evening in the sitting-room, before the great chimney with its blazing log. The ladies were embroidering. As they sat at their work, to Norman Lamar, who for many years had been unaccustomed to seeing women thus employed, they seemed more than human. It seemed as if the room would be beautiful forever for their having once graced it.

He spent most of the time standing upon the hearth, with his elbow resting upon the high wooden mantelshelf. There was an unusual degree of strength and power in his presence. He looked as if he could never be weary.

The second day was spent very much like the first. At evening, when their host came home, he found mother and daughter waiting for him on the piazza. It was a new experiment, and he was so pleased that he could not hide the act.

"Why on earth don't he find his Amazon, and stop living alone?" thought Zaida, and held out her hand with a cordiality that was enchanting.

He had to go to the sheds to see one of the creatures that had been injured in the branding. Mrs. Burdett asked to go with him, as the sheds were at no great distance. She only remained a short time, and Zaida, seeing her returning alone, went to meet her, walking with what, for her, were gigantic strides, and swaying from right to left in a remarkable manner.

"What on earth are you doing?" demanded her mother, when they were within speaking distance.

"Walking like the king, to be sure. Did I look like a guy?"

Mrs. Burdett did not even smile.

"How can you be so undignified? Perhaps, too, he saw you."

Zaida had a cool way of ignoring reproof, so she straightened herself to her full height, and said, as naturally as if nothing had occurred:

"Mamma, what is the matter with the creature, as he called it?"

Mrs. Burdett was easily diverted; she began to give a graphic account, when the girl suddenly stopped her, saying she would go and see for herself.

The sheds were extensive and she wandered about in them some time before the sound of voices guided her to the right one. Norman Lamar and one of his men were dressing the wound of a young heifer. The animal's large, soft eyes were turned up to the tender, pitying eyes of its master.

Zaida stood a few moments unobserved; then stole quietly away.

"And that is ownership," she said, dashing some quick tears off her cheeks; then added: "Yet the poor dumb creature seems to love him."

She was subdued and thoughtful all during tea-time; so too was Norman Lamar.

That evening it was moonlight, and he invited them to ride.

"He treats us as if we were guests, and not a couple of interlopers—with your permission, mamma, I would frankly say, a couple of impertinent interlopers," said Zaida, when they were in their room getting their wraps.

"I'm afraid he had better not stay the week out," said Mrs. Burdett, looking disturbed.

"Pooh! pooh! Of course we will stay. To be treated with marked consideration by the monarch of all one surveys is delightful!" Then, breaking off in her capricious way: "Mamma, do you suppose he ever wears a coat?"

"It would be a shame for him to spoil his figure with one," began Mrs. Burdett; but the girl was already in the hall.

The night was clear and frosty. The ladies were well wrapped and a trifle shivery for all; but Norman Lamar seemed perfectly comfortable, though he wore no extra garment save a yellow silk handkerchief knotted around his white throat.

"There, I knew he had a golden collar somewhere!" thought Zaida, viewing him delightedly in the moonlight.

When the ride was over, and mother and daughter were again in their room, Mrs. Burdett said, after a long, thoughtful silence:

"I wonder if he has not any family? I have never heard him speak of a relative."

Zaida had thrown herself down upon the lounge; she looked drowsy and half-asleep; she yawned slightly as if hating to be disturbed.

"Why, of course not, mamma; they have all been dead centuries! He's a Gaul, you know!"

"What on earth are you talking about?" demanded her mother.

Zaida aroused herself, laughing gaily.

"I reckon I must have been dreaming," she said, and she had been—of the master.

The week was soon gone, and the house lacked their bright and graceful presence. Even Mrs. Harden wished they might have staid forever, and wore a more dolorous face than ever, and was taken with spasms of shedding tears into her apron.

Norman Lamar had lifted his cap in answer to the wave of Zaida's hand just as the road made a bend that took the stage from sight, and then had turned and looked at his rude house and wide-sweeping prairies and cattle ranging free. One week ago he had been content. He took up his life, to all outward appearances, as if nothing had occurred, as if no one had come and gone. The only discoverable difference lay in the fact that he ceased to spend his

evenings reading by the light of the great log, as had been his habit for years, and instead spent every night outdoors, chafing when storms compelled him to remain within.

"He looks miserable lonesome," was Mrs. Harden's mental comment every time she served his meals.

One day she brought him a dainty little handkerchief, with a faint suggestion of perfume about it, and asked if he knew where the ladies had gone, so that she might mail it to them. He took it from her eagerly; it had Zaida's name marked in one corner.

"They expect to spend their winter in London," he replied, but did not offer to return the handkerchief. She lingered as long as she could possibly find excuse to, hoping he would give it back, then returned to the kitchen, saying, gloomily: "I wanted to keep it myself, it seemed just like her somehow; but that's just my luck; born to disappointment."

Mrs. Burdett and her daughter had gone to London, and were settled in apartments for the winter. They had their windows full of plants, some of which were in bloom, and they had canaries caged among them. Their apartments were bright and cheerful, and furnished in warm colors; they seemed suitably situated. Mrs. Burdett was never weary of talking of Norman Lamar. He seemed to have impressed her wonderfully. His fine presence, his noble bearing, and his mild, beautiful face were constant themes of delight to her. She described him so often to the rosy-cheeked little woman who served their meals, that one day she exclaimed: "In a million I'd know him!"

"You could not fail, for you do not find one such in every million," had been the reply.

Zaida never mentioned him. She did not even appear to listen when her mother talked of him, but usually caught up her Kensington work and became intent upon it.

The girl had changed. She had lost some of her old vim and fire. She read a great deal, and spent much time with her cheeks pillowed in her hands, gazing dreamily out at the window.

One day her mother said to her, a trifle sadly:

"I am afraid you are growing dignified. I never have to correct you any more."

It was only when they were walking, as they did every day, that she was her old vivacious self. The crowded thoroughfares gave her new life. They seemed to have hope in them.

One day she said:

"Mamma, the concealments and developments of a crowd are positively fascinating. One lives in momentary expectation."

They were in a rush of life at the time, and at that moment Mrs. Burdett was rudely jostled by it.

"What of?" she demanded, a trifle sharply.

But the girl did not reply. She had become interested in something they were passing, and appeared to have forgotten her own remark.

At length they had been in London four months. It was February, and disagreeable and foggy, so much so that they were obliged to remain much in doors.

One afternoon mother and daughter were sitting before the grate-fire. Mrs. Burdett was embroidering; Zaida had her hands folded idly in her lap. They were unusually silent. Her mother looked perplexed. Presently she said:

"What has come over you? You used to be so merry—this minute?"

Zaida laughed.

"Why, mamma, I was thinking how completely without results our winter has been—nothing to show for it but some Kensington work."

In the fall she had gaily told Norman Lamar that their lives were without purpose. She spoke sadly now for all her laugh.

"Why, what would you have us do?" asked her mother in astonishment.

"I am sure I do not know," replied the girl, and she got up, went to the window and began picking dead leaves from the plants. There seemed to be more of them than usual this afternoon.

Mrs. Burdett stopped her work and looked into the fire.

"I had been married several years when I was as old as Zaida is now," she said to herself, vaguely. "Perhaps—perhaps—I have been selfish. I have kept her so jealously to myself. It would, perhaps, be more natural for her to marry and have a family. I—I wonder if the thought has ever occurred to her!"

And she looked curiously over to where her daughter stood.

The girl was intent upon the dead leaves; there was a look of pain learned from her face as she looked toward Mrs. Burdett's eyes went back to the fire.

"Certainly she has never cared for anybody. We have never known any one long enough; and yet—and yet—I fell in love with Mr. Burdett the first time I saw him."

Suddenly she turned and again regarded her daughter. She had never been quite the same since last fall—but it could not be possible.

She stopped surmising, and said, quite naturally, for she was full of tact:

"Do you know, Zaida, I think it would be pleasant to return to America in the spring and make another trip to the prairies. It was so cold when we were there before."

"What's the use, mamma? We saw

all there was of them," was the indifferent reply.

Mrs. Burdett picked up her embroidery again.

"Of course I was foolish even to think of it," she said to herself.

The next day the sun shone brightly; it was the first day they had seen it for two weeks. They went out immediately after breakfast, but Zaida soon tired, and leaving her mother in one of the stores, started for home.

Sometimes we were so near our fate that we could call out into the unknown and get back an answer, but we do not know it.

Zaida hurried on block after block, and behind her, block after block, unconsciously following her, came long, swinging strides. People turned and looked after him as he passed. His superb proportions and eccentric dress would have attracted attention in even a denser crowd.

He wore a sombrero, and no coat save a dark blue broadcloth circle, one end of which was tucked under his arm and the other swung over his shoulder.

By the time Zaida had reached her door, he was near enough to see the swing of her dress as she entered. It was nothing that he had ever seen her wear before, and the crowd was so great that he had not discovered her as she walked. There was nothing to remind him of her, he had simply seen the fold of a woman's dress and then lost it. Perhaps it was the mere fact of losing it in the very act of seeing that made him stop when he came in front of the closed door; perhaps it was because she had come into and gone from his life in just such wise. Perhaps it was fate! Who can tell?

Several in the crowded thoroughfare half-halted, as if to see where he was going. He saw that he was being observed. He had been looked at a great deal since he left the prairies, but he had never been conscious of it until that moment.

He rang the bell with a curious smile under his yellow mustache, and no definite idea of what he should say when it was answered. He did it for the sake of the passers-by. Thus through the simplest and most opposite motives, we sometimes work out our destiny.

The little Englishwoman opened the door. A moment later some one sought admittance to Mrs. Burdett's parlor.

Zaida knew the rap as the landlady's; in fact, no one else ever rapped save the washwoman. The girl was inexpressibly lonesome that morning. She was glad of the thought of seeing any one, so she hastily threw open the door.

"Oh, Miss Burdett, the king has come! I knew him the moment I saw him, before ever he opened his mouth!" exclaimed the landlady, excitedly; but Zaida was looking right over the little woman's head, up into the gentle eyes of Norman Lamar.

The landlady turned and saw that he had followed her, then quite unobserved stole downstairs, taking with her the memory of Zaida's face, and saying to herself: "She loves him, and who could help it?"

An hour later, when Mrs. Burdett quietly opened her parlor door and entered, Norman Lamar stood upon her hearth just as she had loved to remember him standing upon his own on the prairies, only with one difference, which was so great a one that, for a moment, it seemed to stop her breath. One arm rested lightly over Zaida's shoulders, and his fair, noble face bent toward her, all full of new bright lights.

A Tramp's Fate.

A tramp and his companions, camping out near Steubenville, Ohio, a year since, fell in with a neighboring farmer and his wife, an Englishwoman, who, discovering that one of them was her countryman, took them all home and gave them a ravishing meal. The husband finally induced the Englishman to abandon his rough life and stay with them. His wife's sister, a widow, shortly after coming out from England, fell in love with the reformed tramp and at length married him. One day he received a letter from England in answer to one of his own, informing him that his father had been dead two years and left him a fortune of £10,000. He then disclosed his identity to his wife and his friends. He was the son of a superintendent of a public library in England, and having in consequence of his fast life there quarreled with his father, came to this country, where he spent among dissolute companions the money with which his father supplied him until his patience was exhausted. For five years he led a tramp's life, until he was at last provided with a home, a wife, a fortune, and, it is to be hoped, a reformed and sensible mind.

A Stepson not a Member of the Family.

A stepson is not a member of the stepfather's "family," within the meaning of a devise by the stepfather to his "family," where the latter leaves a widow and his own child, although the stepson had lived with and been supported by the stepfather.—*Massachusetts Supreme Court.*

Did you ever notice how things get in your way when you're in a hurry? A Boston woman told her husband that a runaway horse was going by. He jumped so quick he sprained his knee, and in his frantic haste fell over two chairs and skinned his shins, stepped on the dog, upset the table with books and a drop-light on it, ran against his wife and hurt her, and got to the window just as they were stopping the horse two blocks away, round the corner.—*Boston Post.*

Mysterious Disappearance.

"Come little pet," the old bird said, "In most endearing terms, 'You must be early out of bed If you would catch the worm.'"

The smallest of the feathered herd— A puny little thing— Outsprang the tender baby-bird, To grub for worms and sing.

And lo! she found an early worm— It was a monster, too— She chirped: "Oh you may write and squirm But I will gobble you!"

That birding's chirp, the rest affirm, Was never after heard, And it's surmised it was the worm That caught the early bird.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A crying evil—A cross baby.
A backward spring—gnirps.
The scale of good-breeding—B natural.
A poor relation—Telling an anecdote badly.
A fish would be real nice if it didn't drink.
What word is always pronounced wrong, even by the best scholars?—Wrong.
Some ladies are so fond of dress that they have their meals served on fashion plates.
Ewe, go to grass, as Mary said to her little lamb when she sent it out to get its meals.
"It's easy enough, after you get your hand in," was the reply of the criminal with the fetters on his wrist.
When steambot passengers talk too much to the captain he can always find relief by shouting: "Man over-board!"—*Pittsburg.*
The moral of "Josh Billings'" success is a very bad one for boys. It shows how much money can be made by bad spelling.
We have seen spring bonnets with sixteen full-blown poppies on them. The young ladies' poppies have to pay dearly for them.
The young man who would scorn the idea of being a farmer is the very one who is apt to be an expert in sowing "wild oats."—*Meriden Recorder.*
"Is that mule tame?" asked a farmer of an American dealer in domestic quadrupeds. "He's tame enough in front," answered the dealer.
Josh Billings says that "a good doctor is a gentleman to whom we may pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more."
It is said that a long upper lip indicates a certain degree of good nature. But the less lip, the better nature on the part of the unwilling listener.
"Yes," said the schoolgirl, who had risen from the lowest to the highest position in her class, "I shall have a horseshoe for my symbol, as it denotes having come from the foot!"
A stranger in St. Louis, thinking he recognized his coat on the back of a pedestrian, shouted: "Stop Thief!" and about thirty of the inhabitants suddenly disappeared down a side street.
Child at table devours gluttonously her food. Mother, with gentle reproof— "Well, what does baby say to kind nurse that brings her all these good things?" Baby, with her mouth full— "More."
It has been estimated that the common fly moves its wings 330 times per second, and 19,800 times per minute. The calculation was made by a bald-headed man, one day last August.—*New York News.*
It runs thuswise: "There came to our cabin one morning in spring, a sweet little robin. He came there to sing, but the cat was attentive, and watched from afar till the robin, all heedless, was killed like a czar."—*Derrick.*
In the year 1880 America issued seventy patents to women. And not one of these was an indicator to be attached to a bedpost to show if there is a man under the bed. And yet think how much getting down on hands and knees such a thing would save women.—*Boston Post.*
It is not pleasant to have the barber's apprentice practicing upon you, lay open your cheek with a two-inch gash, and then follow the cut with the clumsy remark, "Skin's very tender, sir." It is not pleasant. We don't know what it is, but it isn't pleasant.—*Burlington Hucklebee.*
Died While Laughing.
A singular and fatal accident occurred at Jackson, Miss., recently. Mr. W. Bailey, chancery clerk of Madison county, in company with Mr. T. Wharton, of Jackson, was eating dinner at a restaurant. During the meal, while engaged in friendly and social conversation, allusion was made to the strange and sad fate that befel the late Walter Brooks, of Vicksburg, who was choked to death by eating an oyster. Mr. Wharton said something further, which distracted Mr. Bailey's attention and caused him to laugh, and, a few seconds after, it was noticed that the latter gentleman appeared very sick, and was gasping for breath. Mr. Wharton and others immediately attempted to relieve him by carrying him to the door and slapping him on the back, but without avail. Physicians were sent for, but before they arrived Mr. Bailey was dead, and it was beyond the power of medical skill to revive him. He had inadvertently swallowed a piece of beef, which became lodged in his throat and choked him to death.