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### Knitting Song. Stitch by stitch, and row on row,

This is the way the stocking must grow; Clickety, clickety, day by day, The slender glittering needles say, Huah-a-bye, baby, grandmother sings; Hither and thither the cradle swings.

Purl and plain, and plain and purl, Be it for boy or be it for girl; Two and two is a neat device; Learn to shift the thread in a trice. Hush-a-bye, baby, grandmother sings;

Hither and thither the cradle swings. Inch by inch the long leg grows, Straight and narrow for fitting close; very poor leg, is the saying well-known,

annot shape a sock of its own. Hum ye, baby, grandmother sings Hither said thither the cradle swings.

Count the stitches and balve them now, And one half set in a single row, And back and forth, outside and in, Knit the heel on the single pin. Hush-a-bye, baby, grandmother sings;

Hither and thither the cradle swings. Kuil it long, and narrow midway,

To round it, and bind it off, as we say; Take up the loops on either side And add a few more to make it wide. Hush-a-bye, baby, grandmother sings; Hither and thither the cradle swings,

Now each side narrow, or slip and bind, To shape the instep as you will find; Then knit straight round till you near the to-This is the way the foot must grow. Hush-a-bye, baby, grandmother sings;

Hither and thither the cradle swings. Then narrow once more, and narrow away, Tooing it off, as snitters say; There is a stocking fit for an heir!

Now knit the mate-for he must have a pair. Hush-a-bye, baby; when you are grown Your feet may be worthy to climb a throne -Harriet McEwen Kimball.

### IN THE DARK.

"I cannot see what possesses you Ervine, to set as you do!" complained Mrs. Grancy. "You know very well that you will never have such another opportunity to secure a rich husband. Here is Morgan Ingraham all cut and dried to your hand, rich and agreeable and handsome. I must say I never saw a rival in the way, for neither your cousin nor Vashti Short can hold a candle to you in point of beauty."

"Well, mamma, and if I don't want indolently, without raising her eyes from her novel.

"Don't want Mr. Morgan Ingraham? ments. Then who on earth do you want?" in accents of despair.

"I'm not sure that I want any one-to marry. I am only just twenty, and as atrong and healthy as an orthodox young plebeian should be. I suppose it is not imperative that I should have a husband?" Ervine answered, calmly, still, to all appearances, deeply interested in her book.

"Well, I suppose quite differently. What do you think your aunt invited you here for but to get a husband? Certainly not for love of either you or I. She hates us both. And she con- off a spray of blood-colored roses and siders, as she distinctly told us, that disappeared, humming a gay little tune. she will have quite done her duty by us, now that she has educated you, when she has given you one season in society under her prestige and a chance

to make a match.' "Mamma, I am extremely obliged to Aunt Jerome for my education, as I have told her; and I mean to put it to such use as to pay her back every cent she expended on it, as I have not told her, but she will find out some day. As for her invitation here, I accepted it because I thought I might as well have one little taste of life before settling down to sober realities and hard work; but to marry at her command, or any one's else, I have no intention of do-

"No intention of marrying? Then what are you intending to do, may I ask?" questioned Mrs. Grancy, in a passion. "I suppose we are both to go to the poorhouse!"
"Not at all. Your income is the

same as it over was-sufficiently large to enable you to live comfortably. shall make no demands on it. I intend to work for my living," Ervine said, firmly, turning a page slowly and de-liberately with her strong white hand. "Work for your living!" with fine corn. "And what do you expect to

" Really, mamma, I have not decided. But Mr. Ingraham would not be likely to refuse me, do you think, a position as saleslady, or, perhaps, cashier, in one of his numerous establishments, were I

"Ervine, you try me beyond all endurance! For heaven's sake put down that book and let us talk sense! You can marry Morgan Ingraham if you try,

and you must !" Miss Grancy threw saids har novel now, and stood up, revealing her strong,

shapely young figure at its best, "Mamma," she commenced, proudly, "I am quite willing to talk sense! have talked sense from the first. Don't you suppose Mr. Ingraham knows that I am poor and have been asked here \* entrap him-because he is rich-into a marriage? Has Aunt Jerome lost any opportunity of letting him know the true state of affairs? Have you lost any opportunity of throwing me at his head? Let me tell you-once for all-that I will not marry him! That I hate him! That I will not marry any man, 'ust be-

cause he is rich, and you and Aunt Jerome desire it. I will not so lower myself!" And with this violent outbreak Miss Ervine Grancy walked out of the room assigned to herself during her stay at Jerome Lakes, and out into the coolest, shadiest, most secluded depths of the great park that inclosed the noble old

"It is a shame!" she cried, throwing herself back downward upon the yielding moss, and folding her white round arms across her flushed face, "that I should be flung at Morgan Ingraham as Morgan Ingraham flings bis bait at the fishes in Aunt Jerome's lakes! But then"-after a pause-"it is my own fault. I had no business to come here and let myself be placed in this hu-miliating position. If I had only gone to work immediately I would never have seen Morgan Ingraham, and he would never have had a chance to despise me. Despise me! Yes, despise me, who am ten times more beautiful and more intelligent than Vashti Short and Adella Jerome, who may yet smile on him and force their society upon him as they please, since they are rich and cannot be accused of fortune-hunting! Well.
I will rectify my mistake—I will go
away to-morrow. No one shall prevent

Having made this rash, but, perhaps, not quite unwise resolve, Miss Grancy fell to musing; and she was just on the borders of slumberland when voices aroused her. She had not been aware of her proximity to one of her "Aunt Jerome's Lakes," but, in fact, among the evergreens not twenty feet away, lay one of the deepest and most seclu-ded of the pretty sheets of water which gave its name to the fine old estate. And, evidently, some one was robbing

"Diamonds! I should say so!" exclaimed one of the voices, energetically. "But, then, it shows the old man's sense to invest in those. You see, diamonds can always be disposed of to advantage. Just take them out of their setting and there is nothing to betray their former owner, or that they have een used, and you can get full value for them.'

"That's a fact! I'd rather-By Jove there's a fish for you! What fun this

"Poachers!" thought Miss Grancy. "I'll walk back. It must be near

But there was not much excitement in archery that afternoon. The fair contestants had no audience. Presently two carriages full of new guests rolled ip to the great porch, and Adella and Miss Short threw down their bows. Mr. Morgan Ingraham?" said Ervine, Ervine put a few more arrows in the gold, without half-trying, and then commenced to gather together her equip-

"Why stop so soon, Miss Grancy?" asked Mr. Ingraham, making his ap-

"Because I am tired of it, and it is time to dress for dinner. You know that there has been quite an accession of guests?"

"Yes: the carriages passed me as I came in the park gates. I had been down to the village. I have a friend

stopping at the hotel there."
"Yes?" said Miss Grancy, indifferently, as they reached the rose-terrace at the left of the old mansion, and broke

It was unusually gay at Jerome Lakes that night. The summer season was fairly inaugurated. The great dancingparlor was thrown open, lanterns gleamed among the shrubbery and two musicians played delicious music on the

balcony. Ervine waltzed to her heart's content and to every man's delight. There was not such a dancer in the room.

"May I have this waltz, Miss Grancy?" queried Ingraham, long before any one had dreamed of saying good-night. am retiring early.'

"I am sorry, but it is promised. Good-night;" and in a moment more she was whirling away in the arms of a very dark young man who was to all appearances deeply enamored of her. Ingraham walked away. "Evidently she doesn't care!" he

It was nearly twelve when the guests

separated for the night. "Oh, I wish it wasn't all over!" Ervine sighed, stepping out upon a balcony that opened on the rose-terrace and was empowered in fragrant masses "But it must be! I must

One by one doors closed, and little by little the stillness of midnight came on. The moon shone whitely on the silent park and the open rose-terrace, with its silvery fountain and dew-laden flowers. The soft July breeze blew the damp. ravishing odors against the girl's wistful, resolute face. The leaves whispered enticingly, and the soft, sweet voices of the night made restful music. A servant came into the great parlor, back of Ervine, and put out the flaming lights and closed the windows.

Leave this, just a few minutes, John," she begged, smiling, as he came to her balcony. "I am going away from here to-morrow and I want a few minutes more of the roses and the moonlight. I will fasten the window and bar the shutters."

"Very well, Miss Ervine," he responded, respectfully and kindly.

When he was gone the girl drew a moonlight and the waving tree-tops, and yet be partially screened from the cool, dewy air. Lying there and plan-

ning her future she fell asleep.

violently.

She drew herself up and tried to think, and then a sudden faint, soft sound brought her swiftly to her senses. Some one was in the room-some one had come in at the opened window, had passed her in the darkness without perceiving her, and was groping a way across the parlor.

She grew calm at once. It was a burglar, of course; but the house was full of people, and she had but to let him go his way and then steal softly after and arouse some one. He could not do any harm, and he should not even escape, with her on his track.

She gathered her black tulle skirts closely around her, and guided by the stealthy footsteps which sounded distinct enough to her alert senses, moved as noiselessly as a spirit across the great room.

As she approached the hall she hesitated. She had supposed that the burglar, if he knew anything about the house, would make directly for the butler's pantry, where were locked stores of solid silver. But he was apparently feeling for the foot of the staircase.

Yes, he gained it and commenced Ervine followed, scarcely ascending. drawing a breath lest she should be discovered. The head of the great staircase reached, the man groped his way along the corridor until he came to a second corridor, where he turned.

Quick as a flash it came to Ervine that Morgan Ingraham's was the room sought; and then the words recurred to her which she had heard, dreamily, in a distant part of the park that after "Diamonds! I should say so! You

see, diamonds can always be disposed of to advantage. Just take them out of their setting and there is nothing to betray their former owner, and you can get full value for them.' Morgan ingraham wore magnificent

diamonds. His watch was monogrammed with them, his sleeve-buttons were of untold value, and his studs, though small, were of the choicest water. All this passed through her mind

like the transient but vivid gleam of lightning-and, too, that Morgan's room opened on a balcony, from which any desperate man could easily jump to the He unclass velvet sward below.

The thought was no sooner framed than Ervine's satin-slippered feet carried her with a few swift bounds through the darkness to Ingraham's door. It never occurred to her to call any one now, only to arrest the thief before he should force his way into his victim's

man was already fumbling at the door. Ervine put out her hand in the darkness, and, with some fateful surety, seized both of his.

The captive gave a little, half-smothered imprecation of surprise, and made a struggle to free himself; but Ervine's hands were too strong, and for a moment she held him fast.

She did not scream, nor could she tell what it was that smothered her with a great fear, a great uncertainty, until the man wrested one band from her clasp, and, with unerring aim, caught at her throat, demanding, in a low, concentrated voice:

"Who are you? What are you about?" Ervine knew the voice. The man, at the first touch of the fair, white throat, with a bunch of withered roses lying against the bare breast, recognized the sex of his opponent.

It was the girl who struggled now; but the man's strong right hand clasped

"Who are you?" he questioned, again, but in a changed voice Still Ervine was mute. Still she strug-

gled to free herself. "I will not let you go," he whispered.

until I know who you are! Until-His hand slipped up Miss Grancy's arm, and touched a bracelet she wore, a tiny line of gold, with a crucifix dangling from it. No one else in the house wore such a trinket.

"Ervine! Miss Grancy! Is it you? Tell me ?"

But she would not. Then he suddealy threw both arms about her, and drew her close to his breast. Worn out by her useless attempts to free herself, Ervine's splendid figure yielded to his embrace. Only her heart throbbed madly. For a moment the two stood thus in the darkness, the man's pulses quickening and answering to her beating heart.

"I know you," he said presently, and I think I have frightened you. Did you take me for a burglar?" "Yes," whispered Ervine.

you please to let me go now?" "No; not until you tell me why you

ried to capture me, "I thought," with a little constrained laugh, "you were going to steal your own diamonds. I heard some strange men, who were fishing in a distant part of the park, talking about diamonds this afternoon, and how easy it was to

Ingraham commenced to laugh softly, in the darkness. "Why, it was Jack Valdon and I. Jack is an intimate friend of mine, and came to see me on a little business. He only arrived in the village in the morning, and goes away this morning, so I could not pergreat chair near the window and threw suade him to come up here. But we herself into it, where she could see the went fishing together in the afternoon, and after dancing last evening I went to the hotel and played eards with him until quite late. Coming home it had grown quite cloudy, and in the park I When she awakened she could not lost my way. When I found the house

tell how long she had been unconscious, all was darkness and stillness, I went but there was no moon; the room was round to the rose terrace, and thought I would sit on the balcony until some cold and damp and black, and she was I would sit on the balcony until some trembling and her heart was throbbing of the servants were up, rather than rouse the house. There, to my surprise, I found a window open, and so concluded to try to find my room, though, unfortunately, I had no matches with me. Where were you?"

"Asleep in a chair by the window you entered. I must have awakened by the time you were half across the parlor."

"And how wasit you called no one?" "I expected you would go directly to the butler's pantry and I could run up the stairs and arouse the house. Instead of that you went up the stairs,

Again Ingraham laughed softly. "Yes, to steal my own diamonds," "Whose diamonds were you talking

about?" demanded Ervine. "About Miss Short's. I was describing her to Jack. He thought he had seen her in the village, and I asked if she wore a blue dress and a great array of diamonds.'

"Well, I have made a great goose of myself," said Ervine, with disgust in her

And then she straightened herself, suddenly remembering that she had been standing all this time with Ingraham's arm about her.

"Don't say that," retorted her companion, without loosening his clasp. 'I am glad it has all happened; and I don't mean to let you go yet; for, per-haps, here in the darkness I shall have the courage to declare what your freezing eyes will never let me say when I can look into them -that I love you, Ervine, and want you to marry me."
"Me-me, Mr. Ingraham?" said Er-

ine, blankly. "I-I-" "Stop, Ervine! Don't tell me that you care nothing for me. Give me some hope. Tell me that you will try to care for me, for you are the only woman I ever wished to marry—the nly woman I will ever marry!"

"Mr. Ingraham, you cannot accuse me of having encouraged you to talk to me in this way," said Ervine, proudly.
"No," he broke out, passionately.
"I might have known better than to have appealed to you! I believe you are utterly heartless! But Ervine," softening, "I love you. Remember

He unclasped his arms, but Ervine did not stir. Instead, she did a most strange thing, considering that she hated this man. She put up one of her strong white hands, and drew down his head until it rested against her soft white cheek.

And Mrs. Grancy was in a state of beatitude, indeed, the next day, when Mr. Ingraham announced to her proceeded to the business for which I betrothal to her daughter, although she did not see, and never knew, quite how it all came about. For Morgan and Ervine never betrayed the ecret of their encounter " In the Dark."

Words of Courage.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented their making the first effort, and who, if they could have been in duced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, in order to do anything in this world that is worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the brink, and think of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon a publication of one hunared and fifty years, and then live to see its successes six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no time left to follow their advice. There is such little time for over-squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of his life at which man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, such instances, of a little violence done to feelings, and of efforts made in deflance of strict and sober calculation.

# Home Life for the Blind.

In an address before the college for the blind at Upper Norwood, Henry Fawcett, the blind postmaster-general of England, said that, speaking from his own experience, the greatest service that could be rendered to the blind was to enable them to live as far as possible the same life as if they had not lost their sight. They should not be imprisoned in institutions or separated from their friends. Few who had not experienced it could imagine the indescribable joy to them of home life. Some persons hesitated to speak to the blind about outward objects. The pleasantest and happiest hours of his life were those when he was with his friends who talked about everything they saw just as if he was not present, who in a room talked about the pictures, when walking spoke of the scenery they were passing through, and who described the scople they met. When with the blind seople should talk to them about and describe everything they saw. The speaker concluded by remarking that there was plenty of good-will to assist the blind, but what was required was better organization.

The Wonderful Bank of Morocco.

U. Woodman gives this reminiscence n the Expressman's Monthly : Adams & Co. and the Adams express company did a very profitable business in receiving from brokers and others notes of the several banks of the country and presenting them for redemption, charging double rates for this business. At that time there were a class of banks in Indiana known as free banks. Any person who could purchase \$50,000 worth of bonds could deposit them with the auditor of state and receive that amount

in bank notes ready for circulation when signed by the bank's president and cashier, and these notes were redeemable only at the counter of the bank. It was an object, therefore, to the bankers to place the bank where it would be difficult to get at, and then loan out its notes and let them circulate as money. Under instructions I kept three or four men ready to start on a moment's notice to hunt up these banks and present their notes. Many of them were located in towns which had no existence except on paper, and were very difficult to find. At one time when all my men were away, except one who was sick, I received a package containing \$1,000 on the bank of Morocco. This bank, I learned from the state auditor, was located on the Grand Prairie, about fifty miles west of Lafayette and one hundred and twenty-five miles from Indianapolis. The Lafayette and Indianapolis railroad was then running about fifty miles of that distance, and the rest of the way had to be traveled on horseback and coach. Procuring a horse at Lafayette, I started west through the prairie with scarcely a track to guide me, with \$1,000 in my pocket, and I did not find a person who had ever heard of Morocco until I reached the little town of Rennselaer, where I finally got some information.

Pushing on until nearly night I saw before me two log buildings, and riding up to one, which proved to be a black smith shop, I inquired the way to Morocco. The smith told me I was already in the town, and I inquired where the bank was located. He informed me that he kept the bank in his house, and asked what I wanted. I told him. It was then dark, and I had no alternative but to stay with him all night, though he told me his accommodations for travelers were very poor. He turned my horse out on the prairie to graze, and I got a very good supper at his house. It was very warm, and he made a bed on the prairie, where we both slept. I was a little uneasy about sleeping out on the open plain with money in my pocket, and he offered to put it in the bank and did so. In the morning log cabin and commenced taking potatoes out of a barrel, and after taking out a bushel or more, produced a bag of gold which was marked \$5,000 and counted out fifty \$20 gold pieces, and handed them to me and put the notes and his bag of gold back into the barrel in eighteen hours. and covered with the potatoes. After receiving my money I asked him for his bill for meals, lodging and horse feed, but he refused to take anything and remarked: "You are the first person who ever found the Bank of Morocco, and if you will keep its location to yourself I am satisfied." I promised to do so and left for home. Mr. Dunn anditor of state, told me afterward that several persons had tried to find the Bank of Morocco, but he thought I was the only one who had succeeded.

# WISE WORDS.

Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart. Impoliteness is derived from two

sources-indifference to the divine and contempt for the human. Faith has a vision of its own, but no

light in which it can distinguish objects except the light of prayer. Each man sees over his own experience a certain stain of error, whilst that of other men looks fair and ideal.

They that will not be counseled cannot be helped. If you do not hear reason, she will rap your knuckles. They say fortune is a woman, and

capricious. But sometimes she is a good woman, and gives to those who merit. Count up man's calamities and who would seem happy? But in truth calamity leaves fully half of your life un-

"To acquire a few tongues," says a French writer, "is the task of a few years; but to be eloquent in one is the labor of a life."

The dishonest man gives no more light in the world than a tallow candle, and when he dies he leaves as bad an odor behind him.

Considering the unforseen events of this world, we should be taught that no human condition should inspire men with absolute despair. Be willing to do good in your own

way. We need none of us be disturbed if we cannot wield another's weapons. But our own must not rust.

A Colorado horse, belonging to H. C. Gill, walked into a lake, and after wading in the shallow water 100 yards from shore lay down and drowned him-self in water but two feet deep. A clear case of suicide.

Kerosene oil, clocks and rifles are the principal United States exports to Japan, last year the Japanese bought \$1,803,-

# We are Builders.

We are builders, and each one Should cut and carve as best he can. Every life in but a stone; Every one shall hew his own; Make or mar shall every man.

Life is short, yet some achieve Fortune, fame, in war or art; Some miss their chance and can't retrieve; Some fail because they step to grieve Some pause with fainting heart.

'Tis the bold who win the race, Whether for love, for gold, or name, Tis the true ones always face, Dangers and trials, and win a place, A niche in the fanc of fame,

Strike and struggle, ever strive, Labor with haud and heart and brain; Work doth more than genius give; He who faithfully tolls doth live, Tis labor that doth reign.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY,

Counter irritants-Women shopperswho pull goods to pieces and no anything.

The latest style ribbon is in various shades. So is the old gentleman's face when the bill is presented. Hoopskirts are to be revived and there is a great deal of bustle in the feminine world.—New Haven Register.

"One thousand stocking makers of Chemnitz, Saxony, are coming to this country." If this is not a yarn, there

must be something on foot. A cook can tell an egg when it is bad, if it should happen that any person would like to have conversation with an

egg of that kind .- Picayune. "Chinese barbers shave without lather." That reminds us that our old schoolmaster used to lather without shaving. One is said to be as painful an operation as the other. - Norristown

1. Why dost thou soar, my love?" sings Celia Thaxter in an exchange. Probably it is because he has been trying to mount the fiery, untamed bicycle, Celia. It will make any man sore.—Rockland Courier.

### SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Henceforth the telegraph offices of France are to record in detail all thunler-storms which may be observed.

The evil effect of the electric light opon the eyes is due, it is supposed, to the constant changes in the intensity of the light, whereby the eyes are greatly fatigued.

The labors of the Seismological society of Japan have established the fact came. He went to one corner of the that there is a chronic center of disturbance within a radius of a few miles from Yokohama.

It has been computed that the power of the steam engines of England would suffice to raise from the quarries and place in position all the great pyramids

Teachers of the elementary classes of the colleges of Paris have been ordered to conduct their pupils into the galleries of the Museum of Natural History, to explain to them the differences of the several kinds of animals, plants and minerals, and to incite young pupils to collect specimens during their walks around the city.

Holes may be bored in porcelain by means of an ordinary machine drill. The drill is kept moist with oil of turpentine, and caused to revolve rapidly by taking one twist of the string of a bow about it and drawing the bow quickly backward and forward, after the manner of using a saw, while the head of the drill is held in position by a loose oiled brace.

It is believed by many scientific men that a close connection may be traced between the remarkable electrical phenomena lately observed all over the world and the excited condition of the sun. As the sun has not yet reached the culmination of its period of disturbance, it is thought that yet more startling outbursts of nature's forces may be seen ere the close of the present

Count Enzenberg, who has an estate in the Tyrol that suffers very much from lack of natural moisture, but on which, from the formation of the hills and the density of the woods, he has long believed that there were hidden springs, has employed the microphone to solve the riddle, and with excellent success. Along the foot of the hill he has several instruments, and has connected them with an insulated telephone and a small battery. In the time of night, when the vibrations of the soil are fewest, he listens for subterranean ripples, and already has been able thus to discover several springs, which he has turned to practical purposes.

Disparaging the Prophets.

It is just as well to bear in mind, when you read the wild prognostications of Mr. Vennor and his great rival, that a rain fifteen hundred miles square no more makes a rainy day on this continent than a fly-speck on the dome of the capital makes the District of Columbia, or even all of the dome, black. Anybody can say, "there will be rain and thunder storms and cyclones in the United States during July," and it would be a mighty safe thing to bet money on. What we want, what the country clamors tor, is a man who can tell us when and where the cyclone is going to strike, and whom it will hit. And up to date that man hasn't said a word about the weather.