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The Doctor's Story.

Mrs. Rogers lay in her bed, bandaged and blistered from foot to head, bandaged and blistered from head to toe. Mrs. Rogers was very low. Bottle and saucer, spoon and cup, on the table stood bravely up. Physic of high and low degree; Calomel, castor, boneset tea—Everything a body could bear, excepting light and water and air.

I opened the blinds; the day was bright. And God gave Mrs. Rogers some light, I opened the window; the day was fair, and God gave Mrs. Rogers some air, bottles and blisters, powders and pills, Catnip, boneset, sirup and squilla, Drugs and medicines, high and low, I threw them as far as I could throw.

"What are you doing?" my patient cried; "Frightening Death," I coolly replied. "You are a crazy!" a visitor said; I hung a bottle at his head.

Deacon Rogers he came to me; "Wife is a comin' round," said he, "I really think she'll worry through; She scolds me just as she used to do. All the people have poohed and slurred—And the neighbors all have had their word, 'Twas better to perish, some of 'em say, Than be cured in such an irregular way."

"Your wife," said I, "had God's good care, And his remedies—light and water and air. All the doctors, beyond a doubt, Couldn't have cured Mrs. Rogers without."

The deacon smiled and bowed his head; "Then your bill is nothing," he said; "God's be the glory, as you say; God bless you, doctor, good-day! good-day!"

If ever I doctor that woman again, I'll give her medicine made by men.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

The fire burns cheerily on the hearth the great logs crackle and flare up the wide chimney, up which it is my wont to say you could drive a coach-and-four. I draw my chair nearer to it, with a shiver. "What a night!" I say.

"Is it still snowing?" asks my wife, who sits opposite to me, her books and work on the table beside her.

"Fast. You can scarcely see a yard before you."

"Heaven help any poor creature on the moor to-night!" says she.

"Who would venture out? It began snowing before dark, and all the people about know the danger of being blighted off the moor in a snowstorm."

"Yes. But I have known people frozen to death hereabouts before now."

My wife is Scotch, and this pleasant house in the Highlands is hers. We are trying a winter in it for the first time, and I find it excessively cold and somewhat dull. Mentally, I decide that in the future we will only grace it with our presence during the shooting season. Presently I go to the window and look out; it has ceased snowing and through a rift in the clouds I see a star.

"It is beginning to clear," I tell my wife, and also inform her it is half-past 11 o'clock. As she lights her candle at the side-table I hear a whining and scratching at the front door.

"There is Laddie loose again," says she. "Would you let him in, dear?"

I did not like facing the cold wind, but could not refuse to let the poor animal in. Strangely enough, when I opened the door and called him he wouldn't come. He runs up to the door and looks into my face with dumb entreaty; then he runs back a few steps, looking round to see if I am following; and, finally, he takes my coat in his mouth and tries to draw me out. "Laddie won't come in," I call out to my wife. "On the contrary, he seems to want me to go out and have a game of snowball with him."

She throws a shawl around her and comes to the door. The collie was here before we were married, and she is almost as fond of him, I tell her, as she is of Jack, our eldest boy.

"Laddie, Laddie!" she calls; "come in, sir." He comes obediently at her call, but refuses to enter the house, and pursues the same dumb pantomime he has already tried on me.

"I shall shut him out, Jessie," I say. "A night in the snow won't hurt him; and I prepare to close the door."

"You will do nothing of the kind!" she replies, with an anxious look, "but you will rouse the servants at once, and follow him. Some one is lost in the snow and Laddie knows it."

I laugh. "Really, Jessie, you are absurd. Laddie is a sagacious animal, no doubt, but I cannot believe he is as clever as that. How can he possibly know whether any one is lost in the snow or not?"

"Because he has found them, and come back to us for help. Look at him now."

I cannot but own that the dog seems restless and uneasy, and is evidently endeavoring to coax us to follow him; he looks at us with pathetic entreaty in his eloquent eyes. "Why don't you believe me?" he seems to ask.

"Come," she continues, "you know you could not rest while there was a possibility of a fellow creature wanting your assistance. And I am certain Laddie is not deceiving us."

What is a poor hen-pecked man to do? I grumble, and resist, and yield; as I have grumbled, and resisted, and yielded before, and as I doubtless often shall again.

"Laddie once found a man in the snow before, but he was dead," Jennie

says, as she hurries off to fill a flask with brandy, and get ready some blankets for us to take with us. In the meantime I rouse the servants.

They are all English, with the exception of Donald, the gardener, and I can see that they are scoffingly skeptical of Laddie's sagacity, and inwardly disgusted at having to turn out of their warm beds and face the bitter winter's blast.

"Dinna trouble yourself," I hear old Donald say. "The mistress is right enough. Auld Laddie is cleverer than mony a Christian, and will find something in the snow this night."

"Don't sit up, Jessie," I say, as we start; "we may be out half the night on this wild goose chase."

"Follow Laddie closely," is all the answer she makes.

The dog springs forward with a joyous bark, constantly looking back to see if we are following. As we pass through the avenue gates and emerge on the moor the moon struggles for a moment through the driving clouds and lights up with a sickly gleam the snow-clad country before us.

"It's like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay, sir," says John, the coachman, confidentially; "to think as we should find anybody on such a night as this. Why, in some places the snow is more than a couple of feet thick, and it goes agin' reason to think that dumb animal would have the sense to come home and ask for help."

"Bide a wee, bide a wee," says old Donald. "I dinna ken what your English dogs can do, but a collie, though it has na been pleasing to Providence to give the creature the gift of speech, can do mony mair things than them wad deride it."

"I ain't a deridder of 'em," says John. "I only says as how if they be so very clever I've never seen it."

"Ye wull, though, ye wull," says old Donald, as he hurries forward after Laddie, who has now settled down into a swinging trot, and is taking his way straight across the loneliest part of the bleak moor.

The cold wind almost cuts us in two, and whirls the snow into our faces, nearly blinding us. My finger tips are becoming numbed, icicles hanging from my mustache and beard, and my feet and legs are soaking wet, even through my shooting boots and stout leather leggings.

The moon has gone in again, and the light from the lantern we carry is barely sufficient to show us the inequalities in the height of the snow, by which we are guessing at our path. "L'homme propose, mais la femme dispose," I sigh to myself, and I begin to consider whether I may venture to give up the search (which I have undertaken purely to satisfy my wife, for I am like John, and won't believe in Laddie), when, suddenly, I hear a shout in front of me, and see Donald, who has all the time been keeping close to Laddie, drop on his knees and begin digging wildly in the snow with his hands. We all rush forward. Laddie has stopped at what appears to be the foot of a stunted tree, and after scratching and whining for a moment, sits down and watches, leaving the rest to us. What is it that appears when we have shoveled away the snow? A dark object. Is it a bundle of rags? Is it—or, alas! was it—a human being? We raise it carefully and tenderly, and wrap it in one of the warm blankets with which my wife's forethought had provided us.

"Bring me the lantern," I say, huskily, and John holds it over the prostrate form, of not as we might have expected, some stalwart shepherd of the hills, but over that of a poor, shriveled, wrinkled, ragged old woman. I try to pour a little brandy down the poor old throat, but the teeth are so firmly clenched that I cannot.

"Get her home as quickly as may be, sir; the mistress will know better what to do for her nor we do, if so be the poor creature is not past help," says John, turning instinctively, as we all do in sickness or trouble, to woman's aid.

So we improvise a sort of hammock of the blankets, and gently and tenderly the men prepare to carry their poor, helpless burden over the snow.

"I am afraid your mistress will be in bed," I say, as we begin to retrace our steps.

"Never fear, sir," says Donald, with a triumphant glance at John, "the mistress will be up and waiting for us. She kens Laddie dinna bring us out in the snow for naething."

"I'll never say nought about believing a dog again," says John, gracefully striking his colors. "You were right, and I was wrong; but to think there should be such sense in an animal passes me!"

As we reach the avenue gate I dispatch one of the men for the doctor, who fortunately lives within a stone's throw of us, and hurry on myself to prepare my wife for what is coming. She runs out into the hall to meet me.

"Well?" she asks, eagerly.

"We have found a poor old woman," I say, "but we do not know whether she is alive or dead."

My wife throws her arms around me and gives me a great hug.

"You will find dry things in your dressing-room, dear," she says, and this is the revenge she takes on me for my skepticism. The poor old woman is carried upstairs and placed in a warm bath under my wife's direction, and before the doctor arrives she has shown some faint symptoms of life; so my wife sends me word. Dr. Bruce shakes his head when he sees her. "Poor old soul," says he, "how came she out on such a fearful night? I doubt she has

received a shock which, at her age, she will not easily get over."

They manage, however, to force a few spoonfuls of hot brandy and water down her throat; and presently a faint color flickers on her cheek, and the poor old eyelids begin to tremble. My wife raises her head and makes her swallow some cordial which Dr. Bruce has brought with him, and lays her back among the soft, warm pillows.

"I think she will rally now," says Dr. Bruce, as her breathing becomes more regular and audible. "Nourishment and warmth will do the rest, but she has received a shock from which, I fear, she will never recover." And so saying, he takes leave.

By-and-bye I go up to the room, and find my wife watching alone by the aged sufferer. She looks at me with tears in her eyes. "Poor old soul," she says, "I am afraid she will not rally from the cold exposure."

I go round to the other side of the bed and look down upon her. The aged face looks wan and pinched, and the scanty gray locks which lie on the pillow are still wet from the snow. She is a very little woman, as far as I can judge of her in her recumbent position, and I should think had reached her allotted threescore years and ten.

"Who can she be?" I repeat, wondering. "She does not belong to any of the villages hereabouts, or we should know her face, and I cannot imagine what could bring a stranger to the moor on such a night."

As I speak a change passes over her face; the eyes unclose, and she looks inquiringly about her. She tries to speak, but is evidently too weak. My wife raises her and gives her a spoonful of nourishment, while she says, soothingly: "Don't try to speak. You are among friends, and when you are better you shall tell me all about yourself. Lie still now and try to sleep."

The gray head drops back wearily on the pillow, and soon we have the satisfaction of hearing, by the regular respiration, that our patient is asleep.

"You must come to bed now, Jessie," I say. "I shall ring for Mary, and she can sit up the remainder of the night."

But my wife, who is a tender-hearted soul and a born nurse, will not desert her post, so I leave her watching and retire to my solitary chamber.

When we meet in the morning I find that the little woman has spoken a few words, and seems stronger. "Come in with me now," says my wife, "and let us try to find out who she is." We find her propped into a reclining posture with pillows, and Mary beside her, feeding her.

"How are you now," asks Jessie, bending over her.

"Better, much better, thank you, good lady," she says, in a voice which trembles from age as well as weakness; "and very grateful to you for your goodness."

I hear at once, by the accent, that she is English. "Are you strong enough to tell me how you got lost on the moor, and where you came from, and where you are going?" continued my wife.

"Ah! I was going to my lad, my poor lad, and now I doubt whether I shall ever see him more!" says the poor soul, with a long sigh of weariness.

"Where is your lad, and how far have you come?"

"My lad is a soldier at Fort George, and I have come all the way from Liverpool to see him, and give him his old mother's blessing before he goes to the Indies." And then, brokenly, with long pauses of weariness, the little old woman tells us her pitiful story.

Her lad, she tells us, is her only remaining child. She had six, and did not die of want during the Lancashire cotton famine. He grew up a fine, lively boy, the comfort and pride of his mother's heart, and the stay of her declining years. But a "strike" threw him out of work, and unable to endure the privation and misery, in a fit of desperation he "listed." His regiment was quartered at Fort George, and he wrote regularly to his mother, his letters getting more cheerful and hopeful every day, until suddenly he wrote to say that his regiment was ordered to India, and begging her to send him her blessing, as he had not enough money to carry him to Liverpool to see her. The aged mother, widowed and childless, save for this one remaining boy, felt that she must look on his face once more before she died. She begged from a few ladies, whose kindness had kept her from the workhouse, sufficient money to carry her by train to Glasgow, and from thence she had made her way, now on foot, now begging a lift in a passing cart or wagon, to within a few miles of Fort George, when she was caught in the snow-storm, and, wandering from the road, would have perished in the snow but for Laddie.

My wife is in tears and Mary is sobbing audibly as the little old woman concludes her touching and simple story, and I walk to the window and look out for a moment before I ask her what her son's name is. As I tell her we are but a few miles from Fort George, and that I will send over for him, a smile of extreme content illumines the withered face.

"His name is John Salter," she says. "He is a tall, handsome lad. They will know him by that."

I hasten downstairs and write a short note to Colonel Freeman, whom I know intimately, informing him of the circumstances and begging that he will allow John Salter to come over at once, and I dispatch my groom in the dog-cart that he may bring him back without loss of time.

As I return to the house after seeing him start, I meet Dr. Bruce leaving the house.

"Poor old soul," he says, "her troubles are nearly over; she is sinking fast. I almost doubt whether she will live till her son comes."

"How she could have accomplished such a journey at her age, I cannot understand," I observe.

"Nothing is impossible to a mother," answers Dr. Bruce; "but it has killed her."

I go in, but I find I cannot settle to my usual occupations. My thoughts are with the aged heroine who is dying upstairs, and presently I yield to the fascination that draws me back to her presence.

As Dr. Bruce says, she is sinking fast. She lies back on the pillows, her cheeks as ashy gray as her hair. She clasps my wife's hand in hers, but her eyes are wide open, and have an eager, expectant look in them.

"At what time may we expect them?" whispers my wife to me.

"Not before four," I answer, in the same tone.

"He will be too late, I fear," she says, "she is getting rapidly weaker."

But love is stronger than death, and she will not go until her son comes. All through the winter's day she lies dying, obediently taking what nourishment is given her, but never speaking except to say, "My lad, my lad! God is good; He will not let me die till he comes."

And at last I hear the dog-cart. I lay my finger on my lip and tell Mary to go and bring John Salter up very quietly. But my caution is needless; the mother has heard the sound, and with the last effort of her remaining strength she raises herself and stretches out her arms. "My lad! my lad!" she gasps, as with a great sob he springs forward, and mother and son are clasped in each other's arms once more.

For a moment they remain so. Then the little woman sinks back on my wife's shoulder, and her spirit is looking down from heaven on the lad she loved so dearly on earth.

She lies in our little churchyard under a spreading yew tree, and on the stone which marks her resting place are inscribed the words: "Faithful unto death." Our Laddie has gained far-spread renown for his good works, and as I sit finishing this short record of a tale of which he is the hero he lies at my feet, our ever watchful, faithful companion and friend.—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE NIHILISTS.

One of Them Describes the Attempt to Blow Up the Czar.

The New York Herald contains a long communication from Leo Hartmann, a Nihilist, now in this country, describing the mining of the Moscow railroad and the attempt to blow up the czar. In that enterprise he was assisted by Sophie Perovsky, who has since been executed; Goldenberg, who committed suicide in the St. Petersburg fortresses, and others. The work was prosecuted under many difficulties, and once they barely escaped discovery by the mine caving in the middle of the street during a heavy rain storm. They were unable to push it as far beyond the track as was necessary; the supply of dynamite was not as large as it should have been. On the night before the explosion the conspirators celebrated it with a bottle of wine. Hartmann describes the scene as follows:

"The windows of our house are closed and covered by thick draperies, leaving no chink through which a treacherous ray of light might creep. Around the dining-table eight persons are seated—seven men and a young woman, Sophie Perovsky. Two members of the administrative council, on their way from the South to the capital, are our guests for to-night. In the middle of the table eight daggers are stuck crosswise into the boards. Eight revolvers lay underneath. By the side of this pile a lurid flame—alcohol, with salt—burns, casting a ghastly, unearthly light on all the pale, emaciated figures sitting around the table. The effect of this flame may truly be called horrible. It gives to the face a livid hue as that of a corpse. We had naturally suffered much by our mining work. Our faces were deeply furrowed with wrinkles—the sleepless nights, the constant anxiety and suspense had left their marks on us. And now, in that ghastly light, the table seemed to be surrounded, not by living men, but by corpses who had risen from the grave for a midnight festival. The instruments of death before us, the deathly hue of our faces—all this spoke of the grave; only the eyes gleamed and glittered with a greenish light, perhaps still more ghastly to look at than the immovable corpse-like paleness of the faces."

"The flame burned unsteadily, sending long, dancing shadows on the walls and ceilings, and this added still to the ghastliness of the picture. I shut my eyes and distorted my face into the same horrible, convulsive grimace I had seen on the face of my friend Osinsky and three others whose hanging I had witnessed."

"That is how I will look, then!" I exclaimed.

"Stop that!" cried my neighbor, clenching his arm. "It is too horrible."

"Seeing what impression our ghastly 'experiments' produced on the others, I was involuntarily caught myself by the same feeling. The wine was poured out into the glasses, we drank to the success of our plan and began in a subdued voice our beautiful revolutionary hymn—matchless in its simple passion, in its glowing feeling for liberty, in its deep sorrow for the people's sufferings."

The work of firing the mine was left to one whose name he does not divulge, while Sophie Perovsky gave the signal. In the confusion that ensued they both left the house and repaired to quarters in another part of the city prepared for them. The same night they took the night express for St. Petersburg and witnessed the arrival of the czar at the capital.

Of Nihilism and Nihilists Hartmann says:

"Solovieff, the author of the third attempt against the life of Alexander II., was unable to see an animal killed. He was an uncommonly good and delicately organized man. And yet he surmounted his almost unconquerable aversion to bloodshed in order to kill the czar. For myself I may say that, though a good shot, I have always had an inseparable aversion to shooting other than wild animals, such as wolves, vultures, mad dogs and such like. But I would calmly and cheerfully kill a man who treats under his execrable foot 90,000,000 of human beings, bathing in their blood. For I consider such a man a thousand times worse and more dangerous than a wolf or a mad dog. An animal can kill five, ten, perhaps twenty men, while our barbarous despotism has destroyed thousands and thousands of lives and stifles the spark of liberty and intelligence out of 90,000,000 of our lives. But I hear the moral and virtuous reader remark, in your attempt to blow up the czar many innocent people might have suffered. That is true. But to this we have to answer—first, that as in all warfare so in our struggle against czarism, those who serve our foe are our enemies too; and secondly, that even if a few innocent lives should perish, this is a necessity which no great war, no great movement for the freedom of mankind can escape. We deeply regret this necessity. But we are deeply and gratefully conscious of the fact that until now the Russian revolution has cost much less innocent victims than other similar movements. We remember that during the great war which the American nation waged for the abolition of slavery, General Sherman was compelled, by the stern necessity of war, to sack the city of Atlanta, whereby hundreds of women and children perished indiscriminately. We consider ourselves happy that the Russian revolution has heretofore not been stained by one single drop of a woman's or a child's innocent blood."

"And yet, in the eyes of many of my readers I shall nevertheless remain a criminal. Those readers are exceedingly moral persons. They shed tears over the dreadful fate of Alexander II., and pass whistling and humming a merry tune beside the misery of 90,000,000 bathed in their own blood by the monster in human shape they mourn over. They consider every attempt of a people to shake off a dastardly yoke criminal."

"Be it so. But to those for whom liberty is the true, the supreme goddess of their life, whose hearts throb for the suffering, the struggle and the heroism of other nations—to those true and best men, who are the honor, the strength and the hope of every people, let me address these parting words: What we Nihilists want is liberty for our people. As soon as our struggle shall have resulted in a republic such as the one we find here in the United States, we shall be the first to welcome it. We shall be unspeakably happy to be at least able not to hate the chief of the State, our President. A republic in its present form does not, it is true, give every citizen the full produce of his labor, does not banish social as well as political injustice and inequality. But it teaches every man to think for himself; raises him from the degraded state of a slavish brute to that of a self-conscious, liberty-proud citizen."

A Philanthropist's Mail.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the well-known philanthropist of New York, is constantly beset by applications for assistance from all parts of the country and for a bewildering variety of objects. In an interview with a New York reporter, she thus describes one morning's mail: "This is my morning's mail, you see, and the first letter I opened was a request to buy a bell for a church not a hundred miles away. I am daily appealed to for money to build churches, buy bells and organs, or assist clergymen to means for a few months' vacation, or to increase their meager salaries, till I am lost in amazement. I wonder why there are not more communions in one, why so many creeds, why so many empty pews and so few practical advantages! Now I believe in churches and the sacraments; I believe in all that is essential to the growth and exaltation of humanity, but I cannot for my life comprehend the necessity of so many different ways of worshiping and honoring our Maker, and the necessity of so many different routes to heaven. I believe that greater good on earth and honor to His holy name would be attained if some of these numerous churches were turned into school-houses or workshops. Just look over the pile of letters and you will find applications for means to accomplish all sorts of things. Here is an application for a contribution to build a church in Arkansas costing \$30,000, which, if I grant, I am promised that the name and the amount given are to be engraved on a tablet and placed in the church. This is a solicitation for money to publish a medical book, which the writer says is a 'gigantic benevolent work.' This is from the financial agent of a Western college. He says: 'I desire you to enjoy with us the luxury of building up and sustaining it. We need a larger endowment and new building—would like the pleasure of giving you a prominent place in the history of the college.' This letter is from a woman asking for \$200 in cash, or, if she cannot have that amount, \$25, to enable her husband to join the Odd Fellows, when, if he gets sick, he will receive benefits. A man in Chicago writes and says that he wants \$4,000 to buy a grocery with, and that if he had such a start he could 'manage to support himself and family.' This is one from Missouri. A physician with a family and an income of \$1,200 is in need of surgical instruments, and requests me to send them at once. He incloses me a long list of articles that I never heard of before. Here is one from a temperance lecturer, who invites me to aid him in the broad field of philanthropy, by sending him about \$75 worth of illustrated views. And a married lady from — city, in this State, writes to ask, 'would I be kind in my gracious goodness to provide her with pocket money, as her husband is one of those kind of men who thinks more of his money than of his family, consequently keeps a tight hold upon his purse-strings.' Then here are a dozen or more solicitations for money to start or sustain newspapers, etc., ad infinitum et ad nauseam. These letter applicants are easily disposed of by filing their letters. Not so with those who are within personal reach of me. They come. And if by chance I am induced to give aid or even audience to one of those who have a request or a scheme to benefit mankind, I am at once possessed of an affliction worse to get rid of than the neuralgia. To give, to assist, to investigate and then refuse to continue, is to be just like a woman—whatever that means. But after all said and done, to become disgusted with trying to do good, because the object benefited is unworthy is to render charity a worldly calculation, and not the impulse of a grateful heart. That a fellow-creature suffers is sufficient reason for us to try to aid him, and the remembrance of that act is, I believe, ample recompense."

Little rush baskets take the place of shopping bags. They are open, worked and lined with fine ruby, peacock blue or olive cashmere or silk, with a deep bag top drawn together by ribbon strings.