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Marriage and death notices, gratis.

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Job work. Cash on Delivery.

Life's True Significance. Deeper than all sense of seeing

Lies the secret source of being, And the soul with truth agreeings Learns to live in thoughts and deeds; For the life is more than raiment, And the earth is pledged for payment Unto man for all his needs,

Nature is our common mother. Every living man our brother, Therefore let us serve each other; Not to meet the law's behests, But because through cheerful giving

We shall learn the art of living; And to live and serve is best, Life is more than what man fancies ! Not a game of idle chances;

But it steadily advances Up the the rugged heights of time, Till each complex web of trouble, Every sad hopels broken bubble, . Hath a meaning most sublime,

More of religion, less of profession; More of firmness, less concession; More of freedom, less oppression, In the church and in the state; More of life and less of fashion:

More of love and less of passion; That will make us good and great, When true hearts divinely gifted,

From the chaff of error gifted, On their crosses are uplifted, Shall the world most clearly see That earth's greatest time of trial Calls for holy self-denial, Calls on men to do and be,

But forever and forever Let it be the soul's endeavor Love from hatred to dissever, And in whatsoe'er we do, Won by love's eternal beauty, To our highest sense of duty Evermore be firm and true.

-Stratford Herald,

A VICTIM OF DUTY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF LOUIS

You have often seen him pass through the fields with a hasty step, recognizable not only by his blouse and his regulation hat, but also by the sustained activity of his movements, because for him the instants are counted and he has not the right to slacken his pace. An indefatigable walker, he ac complishes his task from the first to the last day of the year without ever rest-ing. No matter though a tropical sun invite all creatures to become motion-less, though the cold be Siberian, less, though the cold be Siberian, though it blow and snow, he must go to the last village on his route to carry the care of the post.

The highways are not made for him ; must be not cross the country, passing through woods and marshes, to seek the but lost in the depths of the solituda, far removed from any public

He travels from eight to ten leagues daily, making circuits, crossing brooks, scaling rocks, venturing into ravines and wounding himself among the hedges and briars. Lostering is forbidden to him, for the official hour of return is fixed; the letters he brings back must turned it over and over. depart by the next mail. They are waited for at the postoffice and the least variation of his programme may have grave consequences.

We cannot without ingratitude forget the services of this incorruptible messenger, whose probity and zeal are constantly put to the proof, who brings us at a certain hour our letters and our which keeps us full of anxiety; who take." contributes to soften for us the bitterness of absence and distance. Imagine the void the disappearance of these humble functionaries would leave in our existence !

I knew a man who for twenty years filled this position. A former soldier, thanks to irreproachable records of service strengthened by a little influ- him. ence, he had obtained the great favor of having placed to his credit fifty francs per month at the postoffice of the dis-

Pere Martin was not very fond of understood his responsibility and duties;

scrupulous observer of the regulation, door. he never refused to perform a service, provided it did not conflict with his

which he had not passed over, accompanied by his wolf dog. He knew to a meter the distance separating the small-est hamlet from the chief town of the "Bah! district, and was familiar with all the

paths and byways.

To spare himself half an hour's walk ditch some silly prospectus or some printed matter tearing a doubtful ad-drels; if he returned anything to the When they had c postoffice it was because its address of his orders, as punctual as the clock, as if he had not the full number. and so discreet as to discourage the most curious. Everybody greated him kindly when he arrived at a village; the children came to him, and even the dogs barked joyously at his approach. There was considerable rivalry as to you forgot it at the stoffice."
who should offer him a glass of cider "That is quite sible."
and a slice of bacon. But he rarely He said to hims if that it must be so.

he did not like to contract troublesome searched beneath the furniture.

Hence the notes made concerning him were excellent, and his chiefs retemptible gifts.

One day in the middle of October he departed on is usual round. The weather was frightful; it had been raining incessantly for more than a habits of discretion which the postoffice week; the roads had become bogs and the brooks had been transformed into a distance all who do not appear to him and again, at the moment of opening trees was so impregnated with water that it could not offer a protecting shelter. The postman, wet to the skin, walked with the impassibility of an old soldier who does not discuss his orders.

He had distributed a portion of his mail, but his round was far from being finished when he passed an inn, or rather a miserable drinking-house, situated at the entrance of a wood; this place was mainly patronized by sabot-makers, who found there alcoholic drinks and a few

"Ho! Monsieur, the postman, stop here for an instant; while you are giv-ing me the information I need, the violence of the storm will abate."

This invitation was addressed to him by a man who, with a pipe in his mouth, was standing upon the threshold of the drinking-house.

The rain was pouring down at that moment; a fierce blast swept it into Pere Martin's face, prevented him from walking and bent to the ground the stalwart trees.

The postman was a little ahead of time, and the demands of the service do not go so far as to forbid the acceptance of a momentary shelter when it offers itself under such circumstances.

He, therefore, went into the house and sat down beside the fire which crackled on the hearth. The man who had invited him to enter threw upon it some dry branches, which were soon in flames; a heavy vapor arose from Martin's soaked garments.

The stranger interrogated the post-man as to the hours of the departure of the mails, and asked him a host of questions about himself, his service and

everything concerning it.
"You know me then?" said the post-

"Parbleu! Everybody loves and esteems you here; Pere Martin's value is well known. I hope you will not refuse to drink with me. Ho! Madam Rosier, two glasses of your best brandy."

A woman waited on them and returned to her occupation.

letters, newspapers and prospectuses You doubtless have yet to go to the direction. I tremble at the mere which trade confides by millions to the | Landa Grise, to Plessis. I know some one who is impatiently waiting for you there. I am obliged to pass in the vicinity. If you wish it I will relieve you of your letters." "Thank you; I will deliver them my-

self."

"That's yourself out and out, After all you are right. It is your duty to deliver them.

While talking with a loquacity which did not encourage the postman he took up the sack the latter had placed beside him, seemed to feel its weight and

"Let my sack alone, please," said Martin, coldly. "You have disar-ranged all my letters. I shall no longer know what to do."

The other humbly excused himself for his awkwardness.

"The evil is reparable," added he. Seat yourself at this table, and you will have no trouble to arrange the letjournals, the news, the expectation of ters according to the route you should

The postman emptied his sack before him, and began to arrange his letters. His questioner affected to keep discreetly at a distance, but found an opportunity to cast a furtive glance over his shoulder.

While Martin was busy with his work he heard furious growls behind

"Pere Martin, help me to prevent your dog from strangling mine," said his new acquaintance.

The postman arose and caught his dog by the skin of the neck. The snithis brilliant position, but he perfectly mal's fury contrasted with its habitual gentleness.

he never complained.

Everybody in the district was acquainted with this little gray-haired stranger grow up him. He was about to replace his papers in the sack about to replace his papers in the sack He was highly appreciated, for, while a the state of the weather, opened the

At the same instant the wind swept impetuously into the room, which it filled with a thick smoke, and lifting There was not a corner of his route the letters spread out upon the table scattered them in every direction.

The postman uttered an exclamation

"Bah! it is nothing," said the person who had caused the accident. "We two will speedily gather them up." And without heeding the refusal of he never would have thrown into a Martin, who wished to avoid his help all the circumstances and banished this and do the work alone, he began to

When they had collected all they could find the postman carefully excould not be found. He was the slave amined them; then he seemed worried,

> "Are any missing?" asked his com-"It appears to me that there was another letter."

> "Bah! either you are deceived or

found nothing and concluded that his memory had not served him faithfully, for he watched his companion's movegretted that the parsimony of the administration only permitted them to reward his loyal services with conments and it did not seem admissible to theless he hastened to depart, regretting that he had entered the drinking house. The man who had chatted with him inspired in him a veritable repulsion, and it was his rule, because of the

> The storm had somewhat abated its fury, the rain soon ceased to fall and bright sunshine lighted up the country when the postman reached the nearest

A woman was at the door of her house awaiting his passage. She was still young and, without possessing remarkable beauty, had a neat and sympathetic countenance.

"Monsieur Martin," said she to the dostman, "have you a letter for me?" "No, Madam Andre, I have not."

"That's strange; my husband should have written to me to-day; you cannot imagine how much his silence troubles

She grew pale and seemed scarcely to have the strength to sustain herself. The postman assisted her into the house and handed her a chair upon which she let herself fall. Two charming children fixed on her sad and anxious looks.

"You will receive a letter to-morrow, Madam Andre," said Pere Martin; "the delay of a day is easily explained: your husband was disappointed, some unforeseen business suddenly demanded his attention and he missed the mail."

" No; I know him and cannot understand his silence. You are aware that this evening; he had made his arrangements to that end. To-morrow the farm of La Mane is to be sold; he has decided to purchase either all or part of it. It is an opportunity which will never again present itself, but I would prefer a thousand times that he should miss it to having him return without notifying

"Why ?" "Because some one has wicked designs against him and at night a terrible blow is soon struck. You know there are two routes by which to return here; one is longer than the other, but | character of the landscape. thought of it. If I only knew-"

The postman strove to calm her fears, but she shook her head. "You cannot think," resumed she,

what certain men are capable of when they have a grudge against anybody.' She seemed to hesitate, and then

"If I tremble it is not simply because my husband will have to pass through a dangerous spot with money in his pocket, but because there is in the district a wretch whose dearest wish is to put five feet of earth between them.

"This hatred dates from long ago. When I was a young girl he wanted to marry me, but he filled me with horror. He has never pardoned me for having repulsed his offers, and has enveloped in the same animosity the man I preferred to him. He hates Georges and myself for being in easy circumstances while he vegetates in want, as if honest people were responsible for the mistakes of idlers and drunkards. This is not all. A crime was recently committed; suspicions were aroused, but the proofs were wanting. I possess them, and the guilty man knows it. Ah! it is a dangerous secret for a woman who has only children around her."

"Yesterday he accosted me to sound me; I did not hide from him my contempt. He saw clearly that he was unmasked in my eyes; he overwnelmed me with insults and threats. I took the unfortunate notion to say to him that soon, when my husband had returned, when he had a man before him, he would be less presumptuous. Oh! if you knew what glances his eyes shot at me, what an expression of hatred his features wore! I know that often during the night he haunts the ruins of the Moulin-Brule. If this man should discover that my husband is to pass through that place, I tell you, Monsieur Martin, he is lost!"

"What is the scoundrel's name?" "Jean Bruno. It is not astonishing that you are unacquainted with him, for since his return to the district he has

not publicly shown himself." The postman was silent. He remembered having heard the woman at the drinking-house call the man he had met there by that name. He asked himself in consternation if the letter had not been stolen from him, but he recalled supposition. He felt certain that the epistle had not been in his sack; he reassured himself and sought to reassure the woman, yet he resolved to await her husband's arrival at the chief town of the district to advise him to be prudent.

He hastened away and when he was alone his fears regained possession of him. He again began to doubt and little by little was seized upon by a terror he could not explain. He inwho should offer him a glass of cider so who should offer him a glass of cider sud a slice of bacon. But he rarely He said to hims if that it must be so. Hedges and ditches with unusual nimber of bacon. However he resumed his hunt and bleness. Unfortunately, his round that

He day was exceptionally long, and the bad his weather in addition had considerably delayed him.

He reached the postoffice a little later than was his custom. The woman who distributed the mails on being consulted by him affirmed that he had taken away a letter for Madam Andre. One of her assistants confirmed this declaration.

mented when he remembered that time and again, at the moment of opening the mail bags, a man had presented him-self, asking if there was anything for Madam Andre!

He flew rather than ran to the office of the coach which carried passengers from the nearest station on the railway to the chief town. Georges Andre had arrived, but had set out immediately on foot for his village.

This news gave Martin a violent shock. The prospect of a catastrophe for which he would be responsible arose before him. He saw this man, who had returned with joy in his heart, encountering death at the threshold of his home through his fault, and misfortune overtaking the widow and the orphans. The darkest clouds troubled his imagination.

He did not hesitate, and, without taking time to enter his dwelling, started off again. Those who saw him pass, absorbed in his thoughts and noticing no one around him, asked themselves what grave affair could have caused this breathless haste on the part of a man who must have come back trom his round broken by fatigue.

After having passed over a fourth of the distance he inquired concerning the traveler and asked if he had been seen. He had gone by some time before. he departed two months ago for the city. Some work was to be attended to his feet, as the thought of a missional city. Some work was to be attended to be averted had increased the speed which promised to bring him in a great to be averted had increased the speed of the postman. There was no longer even the shadow of a doubt; the fated to be averted had taken the path which led man had taken the path which led straight to the Moulin-Brule. Pere Martin calculated that by passing over another path, which, however, was rough and dangerous, he could yet arrive before him.

He hastened on and reached the fatal spot when the night was already advanced. The place was well fitted for an ambuscade. There was a species of cut through the rocks. On both sides bushy trees formed an almost impenetrable shade; rapidly moving clouds at each instant veiled the moon, the wan rays of which added to the sinister

He paused; amid the rusiling of the foliage agitated by the wind he thought he heard the sound of approaching tootsteps; it was, doubtless, George Andre, whom he had preceded only by a few instants; he was about going to meet him when the report of a gun rang out and a ball struck him full in

the breast. The assassin emerged from a neighboring thicket; but on appreaching his victim to finish and rob him he found himself in the presence of a new actor and vented his disappointment in a horrible cath; he had recognized George Andre. The blade of a knife flashed in his hand, but he was not allowed time to use it-a club descended vigorously upon his head and felled him to the ground.

A woman, distracted with terror, at this moment threw herself on the post-"Oh! how wretched I am !" cried she.

"I foresaw it; he has killed him!" Madam Andre had not been able to subdue her uneasiness and, at the hour she supposed her husband ought to arrive, she had come to wait for him; at the report of the gun, she had run for-

ward precipitately.
"Jeanne," said her husband to her, reassure yourself; I am unhurt!"
"It was not you? Who then has he assassinated?

They bent over Martin's body, and recognized him in the moonlight which at that instant illuminated his face and

The husband and wife carried him to their home, where he lived only twentyfour hours. He related how he had allowed to be stolen from him the letter in which Georges Andre had announced his return, and how he had decided to prevent, at any price, the consequences of his negligence, even if he should be compelled to offer his life in exchange for that of the factor of a family whom he had involuntarily helped to place in

Obscure victim of duty, he had added another act to the list of those unknown sacrifices which are made daily, without being encouraged by the hope of any recompense, without even baving for indemnification the remembrance they should leave behind him.

The Cost of Living.

The cost of living, says the Chicago Tribune, has greatly increased during the past twelve months, and this will fall most heavy on the poor people. The Tribune makes up the following table of the increase in the price in the wholesale markets of that city:

II ATT A COUNTY ATTENDED	NA THEFT STORY
Per cent. of increase,	Per cent.
Pork 7 Lard 52 Riba 24 Hoge 30 Wheat 40 Corn 68 Oats 36 Rye 28 Barley 46 Flour 40 Butter 155	Cheese Eggs Potatoes Apples Sugar Hay Lumber. Coal. White fieh Corn meal
THE RESERVE OF THE PARTY OF THE	THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF T

The Work of Years Spolled by Rats.

Rats are destructive wretches, and they have seldom used their powers as effectively as they did in the case of poor Thomas Edwards' collection of insects. There are very few cases on record of such untiring patience and unwearied search as that displayed by the unlettered Scotch naturalist. The story of his many collections, the difficulties under which he made them, the courage and perseverance that enabled him to bear up under them, is more like imaginative romance than reality. Among the different collections was one of insects. He had carefully pinned them down in boxes, and laid them away, until by dint of endless labor and writing to other naturalists for information he should be able to catalogue them correctly; if he was too poor to buy the sheets of figures necessary for his pur-pose and could not print, he got a lot of old almanaes and multiplication tables and cut the numbers out. It was a long and tedious process, and when it was at last completed the naturalist proceeded to the garret where he had stored the insects after preparing them. There were twenty boxes, containing in all 916 specimens. On lifting up the first case be found that it had been entirely stripped of its contents. Horrifled he tried the others. All were empty; they contained nothing but the pins that had secured them, and there a leg or wing. The rats had done their work! His wife, seeing the empty case, asked what he would do next? "Weel!" said he, "it's an awful disap-pointment, but I think the best thing

will be to set to work and fill them again!" The work thus destroyed had occupied four entire years. It will be remembered that Audubon had a somewhat similar experience with rats. Upon leaving Kentucky he placed his drawings of more than a thousand insects in the care of a friend, to find upon his returns after a few months that a pair of Norway rats had entered upon possession and gnawed his precious drawings into bits of use-less paper. He, like Edwards, un-daunted by his loss, set off on fresh ex-peditions, and in three years had refilled his portfolio.

Wheat and Corn Crops.

The wheat and corn crops for 1881 are given in a summary published by Bradstreet's, of New York. A recapitu-lation of the returns shows a total amount of yields of wheat in 1881 as

TANK HOL	7.8	
Western States. Pacific coast Colorado and Territories. New England. Middle States. Southern States.		333,25,000 12,000,000 1,000,000 34,500,000
Total This is against 480,000,000		

bushels. Returns of the corn crop are less favorable than those of wheat. Summarized the corn crop of 1881 is as fol

Į.	lows:	
	Western States	Bushels,
и	Southern States	247, 500, 00
D	Middle States	7,000,00
u	Pacific coast	2,500,00
	Total	-

per cent.-Virginia and Texas forty per one-third of a usual yield.

Coffee Taverns.

An English lady writes that coffee taverns are not only great promoters of temperance, but also pay their way as investment. One of the best coffee taverns is in a town in Hertfordshire. The window is painted half-way up, showing the words "Coffee Tavern," and above hangs a small sign telling that lodging can be had, and nice, neat rooms they are, with pretty frilled muslin curtains, fit for a lady's boudoir.

The large shop is fitted up with coun ters for the huge tea and coffee urns; small tables are dotted about, as in a foreign restaurant, and at the side there is a large table given up to newspapers and magazines; in the bar parlor there is a bagatelle board.

If properly managed, the experience of most of those who have established coffee taverns over the country is, that they are not only self-supporting, but remunerative; and to bring this about the eatables and drinkables must be of the best, and the place rendered as attractive as possible. Such establishments are calculated to improve, raise and refine the general character of the people. A breakfast cup of tea or coffee is sold at the rate of two cents, and a slice of bread and butter for one cent. The cheap coffee restaurants here charge five cents, and the stuff is anything but inviting; the places, too, are dingy and miserable-looking.

Let the temperance people get up a company to establish coffee taverns such as they have in England, and not only will they advance the temperance cause, but also obtain a good dividend on the investment,

If a boy gets on the wrong "track' it shows that his father's "switch" has not had a fair chance.

never interrupt any conversation with a back ing Cough; it creates a bad impression. Better invest a quarter of a dollar in a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and ours it.

An Unexpected Rise.

I stood on the porch at evening, When the sin went silently down, And the June bug bright in the starry night Flew merrily through the town.

, swoot were the gentle sephyra That blew from the balmy South, And red were the lips and sweet the That I took from the pretty mont .

Her tiny waist was encircled By my arm so strong and true. Said I, "Whose ducky are you, love?"
"Yours," she murmured, "and whose are

Oh, the hallowed hours of that evening ! Oh, the cruel caprice of fate"! Her father, unkind, came up from belling, And fired me over the gate. -Chicago Tribune.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The artist's adieu to his picture-Tot

be hanged. A fool in high station is like a man in a balloon. Everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to everybody.

"Old age is coming upon me rapid-ly," said an urchin, who was stealing apples from an old man's garden, as he saw the owner coming furiously toward him with a stick in his hand.

Johnny had a little sister who was suffering with the toothache, and her mother put some camphor in it to eve the pain. The young man watched the operation and then went out and to'd the neighbors that his sister had moth in her teeth and his mother put campher in her mouth to drive 'em away. - Sten-

benville Herald. His name was Presto Magico, and he was giving his great entertainment in a small village. "Will any one in the audience let me have a five-dollar note?" he asked, with his blandest smile. The entertainment ended abruptly, as the audience rose and left with precipitate haste. It was more than they could stand. -Philadelphia

The life of a queen is supposed to be one long summer day, breathing the fragrance of sweet peace and content-ment, without a cloud to mar the sunshine, and so forth. There never was a greater error. The London World says that a "Scotch piper plays under Queen Victoria's window every morning at 8 o'clock." How the fiend manages to escape after each serenade is a mystery.

-Norristown Herald

A Shocking Story. The St. James' Gazette recounts the particulars of a shocking crime which as committed recently at a mo near the forest of Vranyo-Selo, in Hungary. This monastery, which was inbabited by eight monks who were believed to be very wealthy, was attacked 1880, showing a loss of 111,038,000 by a band of brigands, but an alarm aving been given, a body of soldiers came to the rescue. The brigands endeavored to barricade themselves in the monestery, and exchanged several shots with the soldiers, who were more than an hour before they could force an entrance. When they did get in they found the monks lying gagged on the floor, but could find no trace of the brigands. After the monks had been set at liberty they informed their deliverers that the brigands had escaped The Southern States suffered largely by an underground passage leading from the drought, and the corn crop in the cellar into the forest. The soldiers Kentucky reaches only 40,500,600 in at once searched for the passage, while 1881 against 86,039,000 in 1880. Tennessee reports a shortage of forty-eight | thanks for their delivery. The soldiers, having explored the cellar, and having cent - and nearly the same for West failed to find the door of the passage, Virginia. Altogether the corn crop of came back to ask one of the monks to act the United States of 1881 is short about as their guide; but they were nowhere to be seen. In the course of further investigations, however, they found the dead bodies of the eight monks in a small room, and the mystery was then solved. The brigands, seeing that they could not escape, had murdered the monks and hidden their bodies in this room, having first stripped them of their clothes and put them on themselves. They then gagged one another to deceive the soldiers, and while the latter were searching in the cellar had made off to their fastnesses in the forest.

Baron G. F. Kolb, a German statist's cian, has recently published the results of his researches upon the duration of life in countries where records of this character are kept with some approach to accuracy. His figures show conclusively that every advance in healthful and profitable labor, in morality and in useful knowledge, increases the longevity of the people. Baron Kolb gives statistics which are startling in the enormous difference of the mortality rates they disclose; for they show that while among infants suckled by their mothers 18.2 per cent. die during the first year, no fewer than eighty per cent, die among those brought up in institutions. The influence of the anxiety of providing for b re subsistence is a potent factor in shortening the lives of the laboring classes, for the baron finds that, taking a thousand well-to-do persons and the same number of poor persons, at the end of five years there will remain of the prosperous 943, of the poor only 655, a difference which goes on increasing, until at the end of seventy years the numbers will be respectively 234 and sixty-five. The average duration of life among the prosperous he puts at fifty years; of the poor at thirtytwo years

Bituminous coal is produced in 27 counties in Pennsylvania, and the estimate out-put of 1881 is over 25,000,000