

The Forest Republican.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes rates for one square, one inch, one month, one year, etc.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Light work—The incendiary's. The banana skin generally opens the fall business. 'Why stand ye here idle?' as the missionary said to one of the heathen gods.

WISE WORDS.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from impatience. No life can be utterly miserable that is lightened by the laughter and love of one little child.

MINUTE WORKMANSHIP.

The Salem (Mass.) museum has in its possession a cherry stone containing one dozen silver spoons. The stone is of the ordinary size, the spoons being so small that their shape and finish can be distinguished only by the microscope.

the noise. Ah! caro, when these things gobbled so frightfully all night long, I said, I will love them, for this is the custom of his country—perhaps a part of his religion.

Story of an Indian Captive.

General John R. Baylor furnishes the San Antonio (Texas) Express with the following incident connected with his late visit to Corpus Christi, where he met a Spaniard by the name of Tito Rivera, whom he rescued from the Comanches a quarter of a century ago.

In 1856 I was United States Indian agent at the Comanche reservation on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, then Throckmorton county. One day I found a note on my table from a boy, who asked that he be taken from the Indians.

After hearing his story I sent for the Indian who claimed to own the boy, and when he came I told him I must have Tito. He replied that I could not, and I told him I would or we would fight. He said that fight it would be then; the boy could not go. I went to see General Robert E. Lee, who was then lieutenant-colonel of the Second United States cavalry, at Camp Cooper, and who had been stationed there to protect the Comanche camp.

The oldest, and doubtless the richest, convict in the Ohio penitentiary is Horace Brooks, age seventy-four years, whose long imprisonment is likely to be soon terminated by a large rose cancer which has appeared upon his forehead.

Take little annoyances out of the way. If you are suffering with a Cough or Cold, use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup at once.

making progress; but the countess seeing him dare to look happy again, started her rallery again. 'Now tell me about your festa days. What do you do at Easter?'

'Nothing much where I live. Some people eat a few eggs or put a few flowers in the churches.' 'How sad! No Easter! But you have a carnival?'

'No carnival! But an Italian would die without the carnival. Pray what do you have?'

'We have Fourth of July.' 'Porterhull—and what is that?'

Thorn explained in few words, adding: 'We make all the noise possible; send off fireworks all day and all night; but it's very hot and disagreeable.'

'It must be dreadful. But you have holidays. There's Christmas.' 'Oh yes; we go to church then.'

'Stand up and hear prayers?' 'Yes.' 'Then we have Thanksgiving.'

'Thanksgiving?' 'Yes; that's a great day in late November, when we have turkeys.'

'Turkeys! where?' and the countess opened her soft eyes so wide that Thorn quite lost himself in their brown depths.

'Is it?' said Thorn, and shut his teeth in good New England fashion. 'We'll see.'

Then he lounged about town for days, making acquaintances among the nobility. Counts and marquises in plenty he came to know, for Thorn was only pleasing a Bohemian fancy by lodging in an old palace, and could afford to stand dinners for even the hungriest nobles in Italy.

But no luck. Invariably he found the Countess Comparini inaccessible, frequenting a small circle, but not inclined to foreign society. Sometimes he saw her piquant little face on the Pincian, as she drove alone in an open carriage, and then he went home and laid the maddest schemes.

He even knocked some mortar out of the solid wall in his apartment, and told Giuseppe that he required, as a tenant, to see the countess about some repairs.

'The signore will go to the agent on the Corso,' said Giuseppe.

At last Thorn became horribly jealous of this old porter, who was sure of a smile and a pleasant word, or perhaps a little confidential talk, as the countess would come in from her drive.

Gloomily pondering Giuseppe's good fortune, an idea struck the American. The countess was out. Giuseppe was something of a connoisseur in wines.

Now Thorn had a certain flask containing a certain liquid that might easily be called American wine. Giuseppe, without much persuasion, swallowed a good pint of whisky straight, and swore it was better than Montepicciolo.

Soon he lay senseless in the court yard, and then Thorn coolly sauntered into the street waiting for the countess' carriage. Before long it came, and he lounged discreetly in the porte cochere.

All for Nothing. Happy the man whose far remove from business and the giddy throng fits him in the paternal groove.

THE COUNTESS.

'It's the loneliest old place in Rome, this Palazzo Comparini,' said Thorn, an American painter, to Giuseppe, the porter. Giuseppe always lounged at a door that led from the court-yard into a darkness and a dampness supposed to be his apartment.

'Certa, signore, the palace is lonely enough no days, but the Comparinis used to be rich, and kept up a great state. No grass in the court then, no mold on those marble steps, no silence, no foreign painters on the top floor (without offense to you, signore).

Then the young count—ah, well, he was a rare one—here the old porter fell to laughing—and a gay one, and a careless one. He went to Paris, and when away went the money. The villa was sold, the property on the Corso was sold, the palace at Naples was sold, and back came the count, as merry as ever and got married—Married a young wife, and then away went her fortune.

'Very pleasant man,' said Thorn grimly. 'Then he squandered everything?'

'Except this palace; and that would have gone if he had lived.'

'How about his wife?'

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