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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00; One Square, one inch, one month... \$3.00; One Square, one inch, three months... \$6.00; One Square, one inch, one year... \$12.00; Two Squares, one year... \$20.00; Quarter Column, one year... \$30.00; Half Column, one year... \$50.00; One Column, one year... \$100.00.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, cash on delivery.

The Best That I Can. "I cannot do much," said a little star "To make the dark world bright! My silvery beams cannot struggle far, Through the folding gloom of night! But I'm only a part of God's great plan, And I'll cheerfully do the best I can!"

A CONFESSION.

Most men would hesitate at telling such a story of themselves. But I am convinced that it will afford a suggestion of mercy toward such as do fall, and some may be turned away from temptation by its recital. I had been an under clerk in a large establishment for many years. Naturally economical, my savings had attained to such a respectable sum that I ventured upon married life, quite as much as a refuge from the monotony of my inexpensive style of living as in obedience to those yearnings of nature which a man is either very foolish or very bad not to heed in due season. Like most men, however, whose adventures of this kind are not followed by the comfort and ease which depend upon money for their possession, in the course of time I came to repent the undertaking; for I was in debt, and my family had increased, while my income had not kept pace with my expenses. My wife lacked the courage to practice the proper self-denial which would be consequent upon a retrenchment of our expenses. I was daily annoyed by duns. I had borrowed money in every available quarter, and a walk in the public streets was literally denied to me by the fear of encountering some one to whom I was in debt for house expenses. Returning home late one night, jaded by a stilet stroll through the town, I found the junior member of the firm awaiting me. The house had received intelligence, after business hours, of a transaction entered into on their account, which secured the immediate transmission to an isolated inland town of several thousand dollars, together with certain papers and statements necessary to conclude the affair. It was too important a matter to be intrusted to the insecurity and uncertainty of the mail. Upon a consultation of the members of the firm I had been selected to perform the necessary two days' journey. I accepted the mission with alacrity, for the reason, among others, that it would be such a recreation as would divert my thoughts for a time from the perplexities of my miserable condition. With the usual foresight of the firm everything necessary to my prompt departure had been prearranged. The needed papers and accounts, and the indispensable money required to finish the transactions, were placed in my hands in an envelope addressed to the gentleman who had acted as agent of the concern in the matter. A letter of instructions was also inclosed. I remember well the bright September morning on which I started on horseback and alone on my journey, of which I accomplished half the first day, arriving at a farmhouse, whose occupants unhesitatingly granted my petition for a share for the night in its humble hospitality. The weather had grown colder as the evening came on, and by the time I had reached the house I experienced a sensible chill. I had with me a flask of liquor, and was furnished, at my request at bedtime, with a small quantity of hot water with which to compound a sort of punch, as an antidote to the cold I apprehended having taken. I had removed the package of money from my pocket and laid it on the table, with a view of putting it under my pillow before going to bed. As it lay on the table the address was uppermost; on the left-hand upper corner was a memorandum, "\$5,000 inclosed." I was standing with my back to the door. Succeeding a few moments of entire silence I heard a step behind me, and I almost thought a breath upon my face. Turning suddenly round I beheld my host with the hot water I had called for in a tumbler in his hand. He was quite beside me, and his eyes rested, or I fancied they rested, on the package upon the table. I must confess I was

sensibly startled by this incident. My concern was not diminished by observing that he had removed his boots from his feet, and was then standing as he had come up, in his stockings. My first impulse and act was to take the water out of his hand. Not being quite ready to use it I put the envelope of money on the top of it as the most convenient thing to keep it hot. I did not turn the superscription downward, because I feared it would betray the suspicion which I now positively entertained of evil intentions on the part of my entertainer, who had quitted the room as noiselessly as he had entered. I imagined a great many ways in which he could have become acquainted with the cause of my journey, and came rapidly to the conclusion that my employers' funds were in danger. That they were actually so became evident before the night had passed. I recalled the man's countenance vividly to my recollection, and examined from memory his features, so as to make some estimate of the character with which I had to deal. Physically he was more than my equal. When I first alighted at the house it struck me I had seen him before, and after some moments of further and profound reflection I distinctly recalled him to my mind as a merchant who had dealt with our firm during my early connection with it, and who had failed through the dishonesty of friends whom he had assisted. I remembered him as having been spoken of as disgusted with trade, and as having sought a home in the wilderness with his family, and earning a living literally by the sweat of his brow. There were but two bedrooms in the house, both on the same floor, a passage which commenced at the head of the stairs dividing them. While the thoughts which I have related were passing through my mind I heard voices in the other bedroom and quietly opened my door, which my host had closed behind him. Standing out in the passage I could distinguish a man's and woman's voice. At first their language was unintelligible, but gradually my ear became accustomed to the duty I endeavored to put it to, and I could distinguish that the burden of their talk was their domestic expenses, and the general current of their thoughts was the difficulty of getting through with certain undertakings they had in contemplation or had commenced. It was evident that the man was more hopeful than the woman. My excited imagination at once framed the theory that the treasure in my possession was designed by them to solve this difficulty, and that the reluctant man was being urged on by the less scrupulous or braver woman. A sudden movement of one of them toward the door caused me to retreat into my room. I heard the bolt of their door moved, and supposing it was to unfasten it, hurried back into my own apartment and caught at the envelope, intending to hasten it out of sight. In my eagerness to grasp it, it fell off the tumbler with the watered side uppermost and opened. The waters had been so far dissolved by the heat and moisture of the air that they were three on the flap, and the other half of each on the body of the envelope. Meanwhile, there was no sign or sound of an intruder into my room, which I had seen it was impossible to fasten the door save by moving some of the furniture against it. I became convinced that as yet everything was safe, and yielding to a feeling of curiosity I drew the money from the inclosure and counted it over. There were ten one thousand dollar bills! I was astounded, and for the time forgot the fear that so recently harassed me. I looked at the memorandum on the back of the envelope. It was "\$5,000." The letter was opened before me. I read it over. It named \$5,000 as the sum inclosed. There was evidently an error. I counted it over again. Ten thousand dollars was the sum before me! Again and again I counted it. I had been used to handling large sums, and counting large sums of money daily; but I actually found more difficulty in arriving at the actual count of ten bank bills before me than I ever before or since encountered in counting any sum, however large or however numerous the notes. Finally, putting a chair against the door, I spread the notes out singly on the little table, in a row, and counted them with my finger. Then I made two rows of five notes each and again counted them; then five rows of two each and counted them. I finally, though slowly, became satisfied that I had in my possession double the amount of money I was expected to deliver to my employers' agent. Temptation entered my soul. Five thousand dollars would relieve me of all my debts. Here it was within my grasp. I had but to seal up the envelope by rewetting the wafers, inclosing but half the money, and deliver it sealed to the agent, and my trust would be, to all appearances, faithfully discharged. Once the thought occurred to me that possibly it was a trap set for me by my employers. But their confidence in me was unbounded, and the suspicion was formed only to be dismissed. I do not attempt to gloss over the dishonesty of what I contemplated, but I had been so unceasingly worried by domestic troubles arising from limited resources, and so persecuted by creditors, that I almost argued myself into the conviction that appropriating the money was simply authorized self-defense. I would pay all my debts, get clear with the world once more, insist upon my wife's adopting my views of living, save money, get into business

for myself and finally pay back the sum. I concluded to leave the envelope unfastened until the morning, so as to give myself that much more time before finally deciding upon an act which all my arguments with myself had not made entirely reconcilable. Arrived at this conclusion, my attention again turned to my host and his wife. I could hear his voice alone now. It had been sounding alone in an elevated tone for some moments. I crept quietly to the partition dividing their apartment from the passage. The bright autumn moon, which was on their side of the house, shone through their window, and through the spaces between the shrunken planks of the partition and out into the passage, and upon its floor in brilliant bars of light. It was easy for me to see what was passing within the room. Man and wife were kneeling at their bedside in prayer. The man with uplifted head and closed eyes, uttering an earnest supplication, his wife beside him and one arm passed affectionately through one of his, and her head resting against his breast. They were kneeling at the side of their bed opposite me, and his face was plainly visible. His calm and pious expression at the moment was a sufficient rebuke to my unjust suspicions. I began to listen in time to hear him say: "Pardon, Oh, merciful father, not only the sins of Thy humble servant and his household, but turn the hearts of those who have done evil unto him, who have wished him injury, and who harbored unjust suspicions of him. Bless such, Oh, Lord, and preserve them in order that they may turn from their ways and seek the path of righteousness." His serious, earnest and manly voice struck a chord in my heart, not only in sympathy with the honest and tender supplication that was passing his lips, but contrition for the wrong I had done him by my suspicions. I involuntarily compared him, whatever were his good or bad deeds, at least a humble penitent before his God, with the wretch that I had decided but a few moments ago to make of myself by the misappropriation of my employers' money, and still, however, by the relief it could obtain for me would not quite give way to the feeling of repentance which was knocking for admission at my breast. I had half decided to turn away and drive these better thoughts from my mind, when I observed something move in a small crib that was placed at the side and toward the foot of the bed. Its occupant, a grandchild, whose parents they had informed me were dead, awakened probably by its grandfather's voice, rose up, looked around, and settled down upon its knees, and clasping its little hands as its grandfather's were clasped, and looking upward, out through the window at the moon whose bright light fell full upon its darling face, began moving its lips as if trying to repeat the words. Nothing so like an angel ever met my sight. The grandfather began the Lord's prayer. The little fellow seemed to have this by heart. He repeated it word for word, his tiny, silvery voice sounding in sweet accord. I could not turn away nor any longer resist the better emotions which I had hitherto kept down. A rush of repentant feeling passed through me with an effect that shook every fiber. I fell upon my knees, and with tears streaming from my eyes joined in the concluding words of the prayer. I need not say I changed my mind with regard to the money. I passed a quiet night and rose early, hastening away toward my journey's end, so as to give myself the least possible time or opportunity for changing my new-formed resolution. In handing the package to the agent I said to him that, as there was money in it, it might as well be opened in my presence to see that it was all correct, etc. He, of course, discovered the error and handed me back the amount that was over, with which I returned home and delivered it up to its proper owners in due time. It was fortunate for me in every way that I pursued the course I had adopted. It appeared that the money had been obtained from the bank after bank hours, in the absence of the teller, from one of the officers. There were no loose notes on hand of the larger denominations, but there were sheets of thousands and five hundreds signed by the president and cashier. Either two sheets were picked up in mistake for one, or the wrong batch of sheets selected from—that is, thousands were taken instead of five hundreds. The notes were hurriedly clipped, strapped and indorsed "\$5,000," without recounting, and so enveloped and handed over to me. The bank had discovered the error, and no doubt was entertained but that the missing money was with me. Whether I should have had the face to withstand the imputation, even with the apparently undisturbed condition of the envelope in my favor, is more than I can say, but I doubt it. But the notes, in pursuance of a precaution still in use in some banks, were payable to the order of one of the clerks and had not been indorsed by him. I could not, therefore, have used them, or if so they could have been traced back to me. I found also that the numbers had been carefully ascertained of all I had taken with me, and thus another chance of detection existed. What an escape! Upon returning and entering the counting-room I handed the surplus back to my senior, with a feeling somewhat of pride, but mixed up with other feelings not easily described. My precaution of having the money opened by the agent in my presence

was highly commended, and the possibility of his misappropriating the undue amount, as very little personal knowledge of him was possessed by the firm, was duly discussed. What was said on this point brought blushes to my own cheeks. In course of time my senior accountant was taken into the firm. I was put in his position, and with his salary I saved money, finally got into business on my own account, and am now, as you know, rich. I never forgot my former host and his grandchild; but at the death of the former I took charge of the boy. He is now my partner and the husband of my daughter. New York's River Thieves. New York has a large number of professional thieves, many of whom apparently lead an honest life and are not known as dishonest members of society except to a small circle of friends. Chief among the class referred to, says a metropolitan paper, are river thieves or pirates, all of whom at some period of their lives learned the art of handling an oar either as an accomplishment or in the line of duty. If one of these should be found basking in the sunlight and mentally mapping out his duties for the night, he could easily plead that he was an honest man out of employment. Groups of these fellows can be seen lounging around the Erie basin in the daytime, playing cards or gazing at the vessels at anchor. As a rule these men are rough-looking fellows, although many appear honest enough. Some of them live in tenement houses in New York or Brooklyn, and have good reputations not only among their neighbors but also in their own families. Many are young men, the sons of honest parents with whom they live. Each one knows how to dispose of the articles which find their way into his possession. There are a number of persons who make money by buying stolen goods from river pirates. The junkmen, at best, are regarded with suspicion. Some of them, beside purchasing junk from the masters of vessels, will steal whatever they can lay their hands on. If a boy or an apprentice should be found alone on a vessel the junkman will offer him a trifling sum for some of the gear or stores. Watchmen on vessels at anchor in the stream are sometimes in collusion with the junkmen, by whom they are well paid. According to the genuine boatmen, such as those at the Battery, the junk business, although it is licensed by the authorities, is dishonest, and the men who follow it should be classed as pirates. On dark nights the watchmen of the vessels at anchor in the bay are told to keep a sharp lookout. Every approaching small boat is viewed with suspicion. If the latter should be hailed and should fail to answer, but row hastily away the watchman can feel himself free to fire at the retreating boat without being called to account for his conduct. There are usually two or three pistols in the cabin of a vessel, and a crew, when warned, is able to repel a boatload of river pirates, or at least to attract the attention of the vessels in the neighborhood. Consequently, the pirates have to proceed with great caution. They usually select a dark night for making an attack on a vessel at anchor. If it is summer they generally pass themselves as honest workmen enjoying a quiet row, but if it is winter they go on their dishonest mission with the expectation of meeting with danger. If the captain of a schooner anchored in the bay is known to have money in his possession the pirates are apt to select that vessel. When trade is brisk and quantities of rum, molasses or other liquids are left on the piers, the river pirates row in under the docks and bore holes through the planks in the flooring and into the hogheads above. The liquid pours through the holes and is caught by the men in the boat below. One night in the spring of 1880 a boat containing four river pirates approached a fleet of coasting schooners anchored in Flushing Bay. But the alarm was given in time and the crews were prepared to defend themselves. One of the pirates in endeavoring to escape fell overboard and was drowned. Several of the crews in the neighborhood were aroused and the three remaining pirates were caught and were arraigned before the authorities next morning. In a day or two the trio were "railroaded to Sing Sing." This proved a wholesome lesson, and for some time afterward no attack was made on a vessel at anchor. There have been a number of cases of collusion between dishonest dock watchmen and river pirates. The former wait until the coast is clear and then give their confederates the signal to approach and begin operations, while they mount guard and stand in readiness to give them warning of the approach of any one. But for the watchmen on the vessels the river pirates would come on board and cut all the ropes below the belaying pins and carry them off. George M. Pullman, the palace car man, got his start financially in mining in Chicago. He was worth less than \$100,000 when he began the sleeping-car business, and now has a \$400,000 home at Chicago, besides elegant summer places on the St. Lawrence and at Long Branch. The Pullman palace car company now has over 1,200 cars running in this country which cost over \$15,000,000.

Pictures of Ancient Extravagance. Crassus, when a candidate for the consulship, gave a feast of 10,000 tables, to which all the citizens of Rome were indiscriminately invited. Cæsar, to celebrate the funeral of a daughter, gave one of 22,000 tables, with accommodation for three guests at each. This entertainment was repeated and exceeded for his triumph. He brought together more gladiators and wild beasts than were ever produced on any former occasion in an amphitheater, but his exhibitions of this kind were so completely outshone that it was a waste of time to dwell upon them. In a document annexed to his testament, Augustus states as a title to public gratitude that he had exhibited 8,000 gladiators and brought more than 3,500 wild beasts to be killed in the circus. In the course of the festivities instituted by Titus to celebrate the opening of the colosseum, 5,000 wild beasts were let loose and killed by the gladiators. The Emperor Probus collected for a single show 100 lions, 100 lioneses, 160 Libyan and 100 Syrian leopards, 300 bears and 600 gladiators. Having caused the circus to be planted with trees to resemble a forest, he let loose 1,000 ostriches, 1,000 stags, 1,000 does and 1,000 boars, to be hunted by the populace, who were to keep whatever they could catch or kill. The fiercer animals were encountered by the gladiators. It does not appear how long the show lasted. Tiberius, whose life at Capri was a disgrace to human nature, was fonder of saving money than of spending it, and he left an immense sum in the treasury, which his successor, Caligula, managed to dissipate in two years by extravagance of the most senseless kind. As if in rivalry of Cleopatra, he swam loved precious stones dissolved in vinegar, and caused his guests to be helped to gold (which they carried away) instead of bread and meat. One of his favorite amusements was showering money among the populace from the Basilica of Julius Cæsar. He built galleys of cedar, covered with jewelry, and large enough to contain vines and fruit trees, and had canals cut for them along the coast. The stable of his favorite horse, which he talked of naming Consul, was of marble, the trough of ivory, the harness of purple, and the collar of pearls. The set of emeralds and pearls worn by one of his wives, Lollia Paulina, was valued at £400,000 sterling. The principal extravagance of Claudius was in public games. One of the shows organized for him was a naval combat on a lake, in which the galleys were manned by 19,000 men. He was fond of good cheer, and was in the habit of inviting himself to the tables of the rich. He came on one occasion with 600 persons in his train. It was to Nero that Tacitus applied the expression, incredibilium capitor. What he not only desired but achieved in the way of cruelty and vice would be declared incredible if Roman history had not already shown what revolting atrocities may be conceived by a diseased imagination and executed by irresponsible power. After the burning of the city he gratified his taste, in entire disregard of the proprietors, in rebuilding it. He at once appropriated a number of the sites and a large portion of the public grounds for his new palace. The porticos, with their ranks of columns, were a mile long. The vestibule was large enough to contain the colossal statue of him, in silver and gold, 120 feet high, from which the colosseum got its name. The interior was gilded throughout, and adorned with ivory and mother-of-pearl. The ceilings of the dining-rooms were formed of movable tablets of ivory, which shed flowers and perfumes on the company; the principal saloon had a dome which, turning day and night, imitated the movements of the terrestrial bodies. When this palace was finished he exclaimed: "At last I am lodged like a man." His diadem was valued at half a million. His dresses, which he never wore twice, were stiff with embroidery and gold. He fished with purple lines and hooks of gold. He never traveled with less than a thousand carriages. The mules were shod with silver, the muleteers clothed with the finest wool, and the attendants wore bracelets and necklaces of gold. Five hundred asses followed his wife Poppæa in her progresses, to supply milk for her bath. He was fond of figuring in the circus as a charioteer and in the theater as a singer and actor. He prided himself on being an artist, and when his possible deposition was hinted to him he said that artists could never be in want. There was not a vice to which he was not given, nor a crime which he did not commit. Yet the world, exclaims Suetonius, endured this monster for fourteen years; and he was popular with the multitude, who were dazzled by his magnificence and mistook his senseless profusion for liberality. On the anniversary of his death, during many years, they crowded to cover his tomb with flowers. The utmost excess in gluttony was reached by Vitellius, who gave feasts of which 2,000 fishes and 7,000 birds were served up. He prided himself on his culinary genius, and laid every quarter of the empire under contribution to supply materials for a dish, which contained livers of mullet, brains of pheasants and peacocks, tongues of flamingoes, roe of lampreys, etc. Tacitus states that he spent what would be tantamount to several millions less than eight months in indulging to eat.—London Quar

How to Make a Man Mad. There never have been more than three men who have cared a snap what the papers said about them. We recall to mind a New Hampshire man who said he hadn't the least interest in anything of the sort. And when he heard that a certain weekly had spoken of him as a prominent citizen, he drove seven miles in a pouring rain and over a muddy road to get a copy of that paper, because he wanted to see the market reports in it. We have had that little transaction in mind for some time, and it suggested to us a racket which we have worked with great success. We select as a victim some man, ambitious of fame but who never has had the privilege of gazing upon his name in print more than two or three times in his life. We go to him and say: "Did you see that item about you in the paper the other day. Great skid, wasn't it?" Immediately his face lights up. He is all interest. There is an eager look in his eye. "No," he says, "I didn't see it. Didn't know of it! When was it? What paper was it in? What did it say?" And we reply: "Oh! hold on! One question at a time." "Well, what paper was it in?" he asks. He is breathlessly eager for an answer. The reply, deliberately: "What paper? Well, we don't exactly remember. Think it was one of the city papers, but wouldn't be certain. It may have been a suburban paper. Possibly it was a Western exchange." He looks gloomy, but hope springs eternal in the human breast. You think it was a city paper?" he asks. "Yes." "How long ago did it appear?" "Don't know exactly. Saw it only two or three days ago, but it might have been an old paper." "Well, what did it say?" he asks, in desperation. "Oh, it was a very pleasant little item." "Yes, but what did it say?" "Oh, we don't remember what it said. Just remember seeing it." "Why didn't you save it for me?" "Why, thought of course you'd see it." "Well, I'll go and look over the files of the city papers and see if I can find it." "Dear boy," we say, "you'll find it much easier to find a needle in a bundle of hay. Think of the interminable task of examining the files of seven or eight daily papers for a month back." The utter hopelessness of his ever seeing that paragraph dawns upon him. His face assumes a look of abject misery, despair and baffled curiosity. When we meet him three days later he is just getting over the feeling of gloom and settling down to solid hatred of us for not saving the item for him.—Boston Post. Vinegar's Votaries. "Do you know or have you ever heard why it is that negro women drink vinegar?" asked a gentleman of a Times reporter one day last week. The scribe professed the profoundest ignorance in regard to the matter, but he immediately set to work to find an answer to the question. In the first place he inquired of several negro women if they ever drank vinegar. "Yes," said one, "I drink it all the time, especially when I am ironing, and the women in our yard drink it, too." "Does it do you any good?" "Yes; it is cheaper than whisky, and it keeps up a person wonderfully. I don't know why I began it—because the others did, I reckon. It hurt me at first, made me feel sick at the stomach, but when I got over this feeling I felt a good deal better. It's especially good after smoking a pipe, and leaves a kind of cooling feeling behind." "How much of it do you take at a dose?" "About two table-spoonsful. The first dose I took was about a teaspoonful, but I know some ladies who take as much as a quarter of a teacupful. If I took that much it would make me sick." "How did the habit first begin?" "Some of the ladies used to take it, when feeling badly, and it did them so much good that others followed the example. The men folks can't drink vinegar, and don't like the women folks to take it, but they do it though." The reporter subsequently saw an uptown lady who is at the head of a large boarding-house. In answer to questions propounded to her, she said: "Oh, yes, I have had a number of colored women in my employ who were great vinegar drinkers. The way I found it all out was in this way: I had a washer and ironer who ate very little. I always kept a bottle of vinegar in my kitchen where I could get it easily. One day I went to take it from the shelf and found that the bottle was nearly empty. I was not annoyed at this, although a little bit surprised, but concluded to keep the vinegar under lock and key. The next day the servant came to me and asked for a little vinegar. I asked her what she wanted it for and she answered, 'to drink.' She then told me that she always drank it, and that it did her a power of good. I have noticed that those women who are the greatest vinegar drinkers, are also the greatest whisky drinkers."—New Orleans Democrat. It appears that bromide of potassium, which is so extensively used as an antidote for sleeplessness, is largely composed of lead, and those who employ it are exposing themselves to lead poisoning. This statement is made by a German chemist.