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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes One Square, one inch, one insertion; One Square, one inch, one month; One Square, one inch, three months; One Square, one inch, one year; Two Squares, one year; Quarter Column, one year; Half Column, one year; One Column, one year.

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.

SUNDAY READING.

Mission Work in China.

The London Telegraph says: There appears to be a very lively competition among the various sections of the Christian church for the honor of converting the "heathen Chinese." In his annual report Sir John Pope Hennessy states that one ecclesiastical resident in Hong Kong is the agent of no fewer than eighteen missionary bishops. These are probably Catholics, but the Protestants are quite as much to the fore, the governor observing that the number of ministers and priests now devoting themselves to the task of Christianizing China is extraordinary. It happens, however, that the results are not at all commensurate with the means employed, the number of Chinese Christians, we are told, being considerably less now than in the last century. As to the cause of this a Chinese official has made a statement to which Sir John Pope Hennessy attaches importance. He said: "The missionary enterprises that have their headquarters under your government would be treated by us with the same friendly toleration that we accord to the Buddhists but for their constant appeals to what they call treaty rights, which do not appear to us Chinese to be as serenely elevated above worldly considerations as their religiously-minded authors doubtless intended, and the consequence is that Christianity is making no way—is, indeed, declining visibly." Here we have matter for thought. Has the old missionary spirit become extinct, and must we support the gospel with gunboats? Formerly the pioneers of Christianity went forth "with their lives in their hands" and had no thought of "treaty rights." But we seem to have changed all that, despite a Biblical warning. St. Paul's career as a missionary closed when he stood upon his rights as a Roman citizen and appealed to Cæsar.

Religious News and Notes.

During 1881 182 Congregational ministers were ordained or installed, seventy were dismissed, and seventy-four died. Eighty-nine churches were organized.

A pretty Methodist Protestant church, and the only church in Uniontown, Kansas, was dedicated a few days since. A remaining debt of \$425 was wiped out at once.

Chicago has a larger proportion of Hebrews in its population than any other city in the world. There are fifteen synagogues in this city, with an aggregate attendance of 20,000.

Rev. Simeon Parmelee, D.D., nearly eighty years a Congregational minister, celebrated recently at Oswego, N. Y., his one hundredth birthday. He was licensed to preach in 1807.

The gospel is winning its way in the New Hebrides. Ten years ago there was but one island in the group that could be called Christian, and now they are all open to the gospel. One great drawback to the work is the fact that twenty different languages, or dialects, are spoken by the natives, requiring as many different translations of the Bible.

There are in Richmond, Va., fifty-five churches, with 30,146 members. The list of churches includes three Catholic, nineteen Baptist, ten Episcopal, ten Methodist, and four Presbyterian congregations. The Baptists number 16,554, of whom 12,219 are colored. The Episcopalians number 2,381, the Methodists 3,150, the Presbyterians 1,471, and the Catholics 5,051. The population of the city is 64,670, and nearly one-half are church members.

The statistics of the Reformed (Dutch) church show that during the past year 118 churches reported no additions on confession, sixty-four only one; thirty-six kept their own number; 194 lost more than they gained. In all 540 less than last year were received; net loss, 477. Seven theological graduates, thirteen ministers and one candidate died; 108 churches in their gifts ignored the foreign missionary board, 140 the domestic missionary board, 220 the education board, 341 the church building fund, 351 the board of publication, 380 the disabled ministers' and widows' funds; fifty-two passed them all.

Origin of Names in the Week.

In the museum at Berlin, in the hall devoted to northern antiquities, they have the representations from the idols from which the names of the days of the week are derived. From the idol of the Sun comes Sunday. This idol is represented with his face like the sun, holding a burning wheel, with both hands on his breast, signifying his course round the world. The idol of the Moon, from which comes Monday, is habited in a short coat, like a man, but holding the moon in his hands. Tuiseo, from which comes Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and popular gods of the Germans, and represented in his garments of skin, according to their peculiar manner of clothing; the third day of the week was dedicated to his worship. Woden, from which comes Wednesday, was a valiant prince among the Saxons. His image was prayed to for victory. Thor, from whence comes Thursday, is seated in a bed, with twelve stars over his head, holding a scepter in his hand. Friga, from whence we have Friday, is represented with a drawn sword in his right hand and a bow in his left. Sæter, from which is Saturday, has the appearance of perfect wretchedness. He is thin-riaged, long-haired, with a long beard. He carries a pail of water in his right hand, wherein are fruits and flowers.

What Then?

We wreath our brows with fairest flowers, We quaff the cup of pleasure, We dance through hours of giddy mirth To music's gayest measure; The garlands fade—the cup is drained, The restless feet are weary, The eyes are dim with mists of tears, And hearts are sad and dreary; What then? We build us monuments of fame, We twine us wreaths of glory, Our names through deeds of honest worth Are told in song and story; But hand and brain grow weak at last By pain and age o'eraken; We watch the busy world go by Forgotten and forsaken; What then? Ah, then we sigh for blossoms fadeless, sweet Which once we might have nourished in our breast; We long to fill our cup from crystal rills And turn our footsteps to the vales of rest; We learn the worth of temples built above, Of names engraven in the book of life, Of hearts made pure by the furnace fires, Unharden by the years of toil and strife, Oh, thoughtless out, turn not from wisdom's ways, Nor all the higher aims of life forget, Else memory will mock your misery, And all the after years with vain regret. —Mrs. S. L. Howell.

MISS TILT'S NIECE.

"I wish very much I could do anything," said Ted Murchison. "I will go up to London on purpose, if you like, and call at your house. But don't they write to you?" "They think it better not. They would let me know if there were anything fresh to tell. I have to console myself with the proverb, 'No news is good news.'" Cecile Redding spoke with a ring of sadness in her voice, and for a minute her gray eyes looked misty as she turned them away. Directly after she glanced back at her companion and laughed merrily. "What is the matter?" asked the young man, somewhat taken by surprise, and looking quickly first on one side and then the other, with the expectation of finding some cause for her amusement. There was nothing to be seen but the smooth lawn with its neat flower beds, the high laurel hedge, and the brown gate, half open, as though in readiness for his departure. His astonishment only increased the girl's merriment, so that it was some minutes before she could answer. While they were standing thus in the porch a dogcart was driven by, its occupants being the village doctor and his groom. The former looked hard at the little group in the doorway, half raising his hand to his hat, but refraining on seeing that he was unobserved. "I beg your pardon," said Cecile, recovering her gravity; "but you do look so funny. Your coat is covered with green from the woodwork, and you were putting on such a sentimental expression."

"I wasn't aware that to have a few patches of green on one's clothes made one so irresistibly ludicrous. It would be much more practical and sensible to offer to give me a brushing before I go." His ill-used air caused Cecile's mouth to curl again as she shook her head. "I daresay it would; but you ought to have learnt by this time not to expect anything practical or sensible from me." "I expected nothing, Miss Redding. Candidly, I never knew what to expect from you. When I am inclined to sympathize with your troubles you shut me up by laughing in my face, and if I venture on a joke you look as solemn as if I were preaching you a sermon." "Your jokes are very, very bad," she said, naively; "I think I should prefer the sermon." "You're always down on me," said Murchison, in a mock despondent tone. "It is fortunate your aunt is more merciful." "Won't you come in again?" said Cecile, ignoring this speech. "You must be quite tired of standing." "Is that a hint that you wish me to go?" "Well, I have a great many things to do," she answered, laughing again. "What on earth can you have to do? A novel to read, I suppose?" "Perhaps," said Cecile, calmly. "Then good-bye for the present. I shall look in again this afternoon, as I rather want to see Miss Tilt. You think she is sure to be in?" "Oh, yes; auntie never goes out twice in one day." They shook hands, the young man holding hers rather longer than politeness required, and then the gate swung after him, while Miss Redding re-entered the house with a heightened color. She went into the pretty little dining-room and sat down to write a letter, which took a long time through her stopping every few minutes with the end of the pen pressed against her soft under-lip, lost in thought, and the writing forgotten. More than once she smiled and colored consciously, though there was no one to see or note how well she looked with that flush in her fair cheek. Cecile was one of those girls whom a severe critic would set down as decidedly not pretty, though under favoring circumstances she often seemed so. Her complexion was very fair, with a bluish, poschlike bloom upon it; her eyebrows by no means well marked but

scanty; her mouth a little too wide and her teeth large and irregular. Her chief beauty was her brown, wavy hair, that had never been marred by scissors, but grew all over her head to its natural length, the shortest part being about her temples, where it curled and waved unassisted by art or curl-papers, gleaming with touches of gold shaded into the darker hue of the rest. Envious friends admired this becoming growth, and endeavored to imitate it, with unvarying ill-success. Even her aunt, Miss Alethea Tilt, had tried her hand at it, but her straight tresses absolutely refused to be tortured into anything resembling a curl. Before the letter was finished Miss Tilt came in, accompanied by her friend and companion, Miss Pelham—a large lady, with very round, protruding eyes, and a good-natured smile. "How nice and cool you look, Cecile," said Miss Tilt, sinking into a chair and fanning herself with a Japanese hand-screen. "I was so afraid we should meet some one—and my face I know is flaming!" "Mr. Murchison has been here," said Cecile, adding a few words by way of postscript, and looking absorbed in her writing, so that she did not see the conscious way in which her aunt dropped her eyes on to the grotesque figures on the screen. "What did he want?" Miss Pelham inquired, as she unfastened the strings of her bonnet. Cecile carefully folded her letter in half, and answered, demurely: "To see aunt." "Dear me. How very strange!" said Miss Tilt, blushing. "He is coming again this afternoon, as I told him you would most likely be in then." "Whatever can he wish to see me for? I can't imagine." Her aunt's tone was so odd that at last Cecile raised her eyes. "Poor aunt! She thinks he is in love with her!" was the thought that flashed into her mind, and her cheek became as rosy as her lips. "How can she, when he is twenty-four and she six-and-thirty?" "Now, if it had been the doctor," said Miss Pelham, with a ponderous attempt at looking arch, "I should have said he was coming to ask you a very important question." "For shame!" said Miss Tilt. "Sophia, how can you? Poor Mr. Parry! What a shame to put such ideas into one's head." "He certainly is very fond of coming here," said Cecile, thoughtfully. "And he is about your age, auntie, and a very nice, kind man." "My dear girl! He is years older than I am. He must be at least thirty-eight."

Her niece did not smile when Miss Tilt made this announcement, but she had hard work to keep her rebellious mouth straight. That afternoon Cecile went by herself to call on a friend who lived some two miles away. As she was returning she met Murchison. "You should not walk alone, now that the hop-pickers are in the neighborhood," he said, severely. "You must let me see you home." As she made no opposition he walked by her side, stealing many a side glance at her face. "Promise me," he continued, after a minute, "that you will not go out alone again until they are gone. I don't like to think of it. They are an awfully rough lot." "They won't interfere with me. I am not afraid," she said, laughing. "But I am. Pray don't think me interfering, but it is not safe for an unprotected girl in these lonely lanes." Cecile was silent and half embarrassed for a few minutes, but soon recovering herself changed the subject. They were both surprised when they found themselves at the gate; the time had passed so quickly, owing to an interesting conversation. "Oh, here we are at home!" said Cecile, blushing directly after for the dismayed tone of her words. "I am sorry," he answered, extending his hand. "It has been a delightful walk to me at least. May it soon be repeated!" He held her small gloved fingers lingeringly, and when her shy look met his, as she said, "Good-bye, and thank you," there was something in his eyes that made her hastily withdraw and run into the house, with her very neck suffused with color. She went straight upstairs and had removed her hat when her aunt's voice called her into her bedroom. She found Miss Tilt sitting on the side of her bed with her handkerchief to her eyes. "What is it, auntie?" and Cecile hastened to her side in some apprehension. "Oh, not—not—bad news from home!" "Oh, dear, no!" Miss Tilt hurriedly responded. "Nothing bad has happened. I am only a little agitated. Cecile, dear, I am engaged to be married."

"Did you, dear?" Her aunt bestowed on her a surprised glance, and then surveyed herself in the mirror which happened to be opposite. "I like him so much," Cecile went on; "he is so unselfish, and so quiet and grave and gentlemanly. Is it to be a long engagement?" "No; on the contrary, Edward wishes to be married as soon as possible." "Edward! I thought—I did not know his name was Edward?" "Ted, then!" said Miss Tilt, with diffidence. "I can hardly bring myself to speak of him so familiarly." Cecile started, opened her lips and closed them again without speaking, while the blood rushed to her face and then receded, leaving it unusually pale. "He came directly you had gone. Of course people may be rather surprised at my accepting a man so much younger than myself—but after all age is more in feelings than in years; and he looks older than he is." "Yes," she answered slowly, and placing her arm about her aunt's third figure, she gave her a loving kiss. "I hope you will be happy," she whispered; then moving toward the door, she added, "I remember that my letter is not posted. I'll just run and take it myself." She walked down the road with her head in a whirl, and it was some minutes before she could collect her thoughts. When they assumed definite shape Cecile knew that she had been very near falling in love with Ted Murchison. So near that just now she felt as though she had lost something out of her life, and as though she would give a great deal to be at home. A dangerous and infectious disease having appeared in her family was the reason of Cecile's exile, which had now been of two months' duration. During those two months she had been thrown much into contact with Ted Murchison, and Mr. Parry the doctor, it being the latter of these to whom her thoughts had flown when her aunt announced her engagement. "Aunt has a nice income of her own, and I have none," she would not avoid thinking, though despising herself for the base suspicion. "But he has always sought me out, and oh! how could he—how dare he—talk to me as he has done, and look at me like that! How stupid I have been not to see through him!" She walked straight past the post-office unconsciously, and hurried on with the letter in her hand; but soon recollecting herself, she turned sharply and crossed the road. Too preoccupied to notice the sound of wheels behind, this unexpected movement of Cecile's very nearly resulted in an accident. She was awakened from her reverie by a loud exclamation, and looked round quickly to see a horse pulled back on its haunches, its head having almost touched her shoulder. The next minute some one had leaped down, and Cecile found herself confronted by the doctor. She kept her face averted slightly, lest it should betray the mortification she was feeling, and spoke carelessly: "I shall have you taken up for furious driving, Dr. Parry. Your man was going to run over me, it seems." "It was a narrow escape," he said, briefly, and waved his hand to the groom to drive on. After a pause, he continued: "I look upon myself as your medical man, Miss Redding, since I attended you when you first came down. That is my only excuse for remarking on your appearance. What is the matter with you?" "If anything you ought to tell," said Cecile, laughing. "Perhaps I can if you describe your feelings," said Parry. "There is nothing the matter—I am perfectly well," she protested, adding, as though the words were forced from her by his searching eyes. "I am only a little surprised at some news I have had."

"Nothing bad, I hope?" "No—oh, no. It is only that my aunt is engaged to be married to Mr. Murchison." Cecile had no sooner said this than an uneasy conviction came across her that she ought not to have spoken out so frankly. She had received no permission to make the affair public. "Perhaps I ought not to have mentioned it," she said, hastily. "You won't say anything about it just yet, will you?" Looking at him fully for the first time, she was startled to see that he was deathly pale. "Oh! I am so sorry!" she exclaimed, struck with dismay, as she remembered his frequent visits to her aunt's house. "It was very thoughtless of me to tell you that!" "Why? what do you mean?" He looked down with an amused smile at her troubled face, reading it with the greatest ease. "Don't get it into your head that this piece of information affects me one way or another. If anything, it is rather welcome." "Then you are ill?" "No, Miss Redding. The truth is I nearly ran over you just now, which made me feel awfully queer, though you appear to regard it as an incident of no importance." "Doctors ought to have stronger nerves!" Cecile remarked, lightly. "Don't!" he said, quickly. "It isn't like you, Cecile! It is the greatest wonder that I am not taking you home seriously, if not fatally, injured! Don't be so flippant, for heaven's sakes!" "I will say good-afternoon now, as I have a letter to post!" and Cecile extended her hand, anxious to get away before the tears that had started up at his grave, reproving tone should make themselves visible; but the doctor's perception was keen, and he caught the wet gleam under her drooping lids. He took her hand, but not in farewell. Instead, he drew her to a stile by the side of the road, so as to be out of the way of a passing vehicle. "A minute longer! Have I hurt you or are you grieving for that young idiot, Murchison?" "Please let me go!" she entreated, trying to withdraw her fingers from the tight clasp in which they were held. "My letter will be too late!" "The box will not be cleared for another hour. You shall go if you wish it, but first give me absolution for what I am afraid you think my impertinent interference."

How to Make an Orange Grove Pay.

A man who owns a full-bearing grove of 1,000 orange trees, covering twenty acres of land, has a perfect independence for himself, for his wife, and for his children who live after him. It is clearly within the province of any man of moderate means and energy to secure his great boon. The quality most needed for such a venture is patience. A man who wants an orange grove must make up his mind to wait ten years before he can realize the promise of his enterprise. As to the cost I submit some figures given me by Colonel Markham. Said he: "A man should not start an orange grove and depend on making it support him while the trees are maturing. The orange region is not worth a cent for anything but oranges. A man may raise his vegetables, but he can do nothing with corn, grain, cotton or grass." "What money would you say was required?" "No man ought to start with over 500 trees unless he intends to hire some one to help him. This is all he can attend to, and this will make him independent for life when he gets it in full bearing. A model investment, and one that could not fail to bring wealth and prosperity, would be this: Let him take \$1,000 and buy twenty acres of good orange land at \$50 an acre. Then let him get 500 young trees at fifty cents each. It would cost him twenty-five cents each to set them out, or say \$500 for the trees and planting. Then for \$1,000 he could build a pretty good house. This would represent \$2,500 outlay for his home and grove. To be safe make it \$3,000. Then he should have in cash \$6,000 to support his family for six years. In the fifth and sixth years he might hope to get some return from his grove, but he should not count on this as part of his support. All the revenue from the grove for the first five or six years should be devoted to putting out new trees and in fertilizing and improving his place. With what vegetables he could raise, and poultry, etc., he ought to keep his family very well on the \$1,000 a year. He might supplement this by working at a profession or trade when able, but he would need all his cash. This would make \$3,000 for his investment and \$6,000 for his expenses, or \$9,000 in all. Now, add \$1,000 for exigencies and make the total \$10,000. This is as little as any man ought to start with and feel certain of getting through." "But," continued Colonel Markham "see what he would have when he got through. He would have five hundred trees in bearing and good for \$2,000 income for the seventh year and a steady increase until it reached \$4,000 from the five hundred trees. But these five hundred trees would only occupy about eight acres of his twenty. In the meantime he should have set out, say one hundred new trees a year (at seventy cents to the acre, the trees twenty-six feet apart) until on seventeen acres of his twenty he had one thousand trees ranging from seven years to two in age. This property would then be worth \$25,000 at least. In three more years, or ten years from starting, it would be worth probably \$40,000, and would increase in value every year." "What would it represent?" "It would represent ten years' work and an investment of \$10,000. Half of this would be invested the first year, the other \$5,000 would be used during the first six years as needed. This expenditure might be decreased by an active man, and the result might be bettered by a shrewd one. But I put the figures at a fair average, and even at this I do not think \$10,000 or ten years' time could be put anywhere that it would pay better, or more certainly." Colonel Markham's caution against a man without capital undertaking an orange grove is a wise one. From the first day of planting the trees need cultivation from the day they are planted as long as they bear. A great many men with only capital enough to buy the ground and put out their trees have settled in Florida, and wasted two or three years, only to see their trees die and themselves return to the homes they left. They were misled by the idea that they could scratch the soil and it would laugh a harvest, and live like princes by hunting and fishing. Of course, failure has overtaken all such people. A number of poor men who are carpenters or mechanics have built up fine properties by living cheaply and sticking out a few orange trees whenever they had a surplus dollar. There is plenty of work for almost any workman in Florida, and every orange tree he brings to maturity is worth from \$50 to \$100, and will give him from \$5 to \$10 every year. As they cost only fifty cents for three-year-old seedlings, any hard-working, economical mechanic ought to put out fifty or a hundred a year.—[Lake Harvey (Fla.) Correspondence.]

Newfoundland is the oldest of the British colonies. It is nearly as large as England. Agriculture is much neglected, and her flour, oat-meal, peas, potatoes, hay and straw have to be imported.

Alas, the idol is shattered; Osear Wilde snores.