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# The Forest Republican.

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### The Light of Stars.

The night is come, but not too soon;  
And sinking silently,  
All silently, the little moon  
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven  
But the cold light of stars;  
And the first watch of night is given  
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?  
The star of love and dreams?  
Oh, no! from that blue tent above  
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,  
When I behold afar,  
Suspended in the evening skies,  
The shield of that red star.

Oh, star of strength! I see thee stand  
And smile upon my pain;  
Thou becomest with thy mailed hand,  
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light  
But the cold light of stars;  
I give the first watch of the night  
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,  
He rises in my breast.  
Serene, and resolute, and still,  
And calm and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whose'er thou art,  
That treadest this brief psalm,  
As one by one thy hopes depart,  
Be resolute and calm.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

—Longfellow.

### Matching the Banner.

"I never was so disappointed in my life," said old Miss Beckley, letting her eyeglasses drop hopelessly at her side. Are you quite sure, Belinda?"

"I've been everywhere," said Miss Belinda Beckley, the younger of the two ancient maiden ladies. "Everywhere! And there's nothing that corresponds with it in the least degree."

The two Misses Beckley looked at each other despairingly. And if one had been gifted with a fertile imagination, it would have been easy to fancy them a pair of elderly enchantresses in the midst of a magic palace. For the quaint, low-ceiled drawing rooms were filled with jointed bamboo screens, carved masses of ivory, hideous painted ware, and tiny cups and saucers as transparent as so many egg shells. And, by way of finishing up the harmonious whole, they had hung their walls with draperies and banners in wrinkled crape encircled with gold thread, lustrous satin, brocaded tapestry, even strips of gilt-ed paper, where Oriental plants blossomed, and phenomenal birds set all one's preconceived ideas of perspective at defiance. And a faint perfume of teak and sandalwood hung on the air, and dingy rugs blotted out the harvest roses and tulips of the carpet, which had been good enough for the half-pay captain who had once been uncle to the two Misses Beckley, and it only required a coffee colored native with wooden shoes and a braided queue to make one believe one's self in the Flowery Land.

"Japanese, you see," the two old ladies would say, frowning complacently at the astonished guest who had stumbled from an atmosphere of newly-fallen snow and New York sunshine into this half-lighted, strangely scented mosaic of the East—"entirely Japanese."

But life is not without its shadows, and upon this special evening, as the nephew and heir-apparent of the old ladies, one Frank Franklyn, sauntered in, just as the daffodil gold of the February twilight was turning to hazy purple, he found both his aunts plunged in the deepest abysses of gloom.

Mr. Franklyn looked from one to the other of the weird and agitated faces. He knew that Aunt Miranda's cap was never tipped at that particular angle over her false front except when matters were very bad indeed; and Aunt Belinda leaned against the mantel in an attitude of limp despair.

"What is the matter?" he asked, setting his hat on a lacquered tripod in one corner, and balancing his cane in the angle of the wall behind a stuffed ibis, whose speculative eyes seemed to glare at him from the partial shadow after a most uncomfortable fashion.

"Look there, Frank!" solemnly uttered Miss Beckley, pointing with her crooked gold-headed cane to the opposite wall.

"Beautiful!" said Frank Franklyn, at a venture. For he saw only a long and narrow parallelogram of black satin mounted in a border of glimmering gold brocade, with a roller of cream white ivory, and a background on which a pensive stork wandered through waves of lead-colored silk embroidery, and beneath the silver green shadow of sacred palms.

"Isn't it?" said Miss Belinda, her venerable face lighting up with momentary satisfaction, only to darken again into gloom. "But, oh! Frank, we haven't got a match for it."

"There's nothing—nothing," cried Miss Beckley, tragically lifting her hands, "in all this room that is fit to hang on the other side of my dear grandfather's portrait."

"Why," said this reckless iconoclast, "I should think that almost anything would do."

The two old ladies uttered a simultaneous cry of dismay and horror.

"Frank," reasoned mild Miss Beckley, "you don't understand high art."

"You're a dear, good-hearted fellow," added Miss Belinda, with that degree of charity wherewith a missionary may be supposed to regard a well-intentioned cannibal, "and in a knotty point of law I don't suppose you have your equal. But, you see, you are not aesthetic."

"N—no," confessed Mr. Franklyn, rubbing his nose; "perhaps I am not. But why don't you and Aunt Miranda go down to the stores and match the thing?"

"We have tried," said Miss Beckley. "It can't be done," added Miss Belinda, with a sigh.

"Give it to me," said Frank, who was great at an emergency. "I'll take it downtown with me to-morrow. There's a new place opened near the docks where they pretend to import novelties. Tado Anoko, I believe, is the name painted up over the door. Probably the concern is kept by an Irishman, with a staff of German clerks. But I've seen some nice things out at the door. Perhaps I can obtain something to suit you there."

"Oh, Frank, if you only could!" cried Miss Belinda, clasping her mitted hands.

"At all events, it is worth the trial," said Miss Beckley, cheering up a little. "Tado Anoko! That is quite a new name."

So Mr. Franklyn, on his way to the legal Mecca of Messrs. Waitstill & Lingerlong the next day, stopped at the newly painted and gilded establishment of Tado Anoko, where a plump, red-whiskered man who spoke excellent English (with perhaps a redundancy of h's) promptly placed himself at his service. Together they unrolled the ivory-mounted banner and viewed the stork and the palms of the wonderful needle-work wares of the Kyusi river.

"Very sorry," said the superintendent, as he called himself, of Tado Anoko's bazaar, "but I don't suppose, sir—I don't, indeed—as you'll find many things to correspond with this 'ere piece of high art. There never was but a few 'em imported. And they're all bought up. Law bless you, sir, the gentry they will 'ave 'em, sir, at any price."

A plump, fresh-colored old woman, the salesman's aunt, who had been arranging palm leaf fans on a gigantic revolving screen at the back of the store, now came forward, peeping at the satin scroll over her nephew's shoulder.

"It's quite true, sir, what Simpson says," pronounced she. "I know those banners. There ain't one to be had in the city. P'raps our house may import some more for the next holidays; but—"

"Call Alta Graves," imperiously interrupted Mr. Simpson. "She knows a deal about the stock. She can tell us."

Alta Graves was summoned—a pretty pink-cheeked little damsel, with hair brown and shining like a newly-ripened chestnut, and dark eyes which she scarcely ventured to lift from the floor.

"Oh, yes," she assented, in an innocent, bird-like sort of voice, "she had seen those banners. But there were none at present remaining in Tado Anoko's store of imported novelties. Unless, indeed, the gentleman would take a fine quality of paper, mounted on linen—"

But Mr. Franklyn shook his head. Paper would not meet the views of the ladies in whose behalf he was conducting the investigation, he said. The banner must be of satin, of the same black color, embroidered in a corresponding pattern. He was sorry for giving so much trouble; and he went out, leaving his card, so that in case any new vein of banners or decorations should be struck at the eleventh hour, he might perchance get the benefit of it.

Three days afterward, just as the hands of the office regulator were consolidating themselves at the figure twelve, and the bells of Old Trinity were pealing their musical non-jangle, there came the smallest of tap-taps at the outer door of the firm of Waitstill & Lingerlong, in which Mr. Franklyn was a silent partner. And there stood Alta Graves, rosy and palpitating.

"Why," exclaimed Mr. Franklyn, trying to locate the fresh blooming face in his mind, and associating it oddly with Chinese monsters, mammoth chests of tea, and a curious odor of fresh matting and sandalwood fans, "it's the young lady from Tado Anoko's place, isn't it?"

And Alta made a little courtesy, and answered, breathlessly, "Yes, please."

Mr. Franklyn graciously bade her enter. Mr. Waitstill was at his lunch, and Mr. Lingerlong was in the back office arguing with a dusty old client who believed himself a better judge of law than Blackstone, so that the coast was clear. What on earth did she want with him? he asked himself. Had the firm got into a lawsuit, and had she been sent to bid his immediate presence on the scene? Or was she herself about to sue her principals for breach of contract?

"Can I be of any service to you?" he courteously asked, as she stood there, still breathless, and changing from pink to pale.

"Would you please look at this, sir, and see how you like it?" said she, hurriedly unrolling a little parcel which until now she had carried in her hand.

It was a long strip of black satin, with a scariet-plumed ibis wading through white silk deeps of water, with the Sacred Mountain Fusi-yama rearing its peak beyond, while in the foreground waved a picturesque tangle of reeds and rushes.

The very thing!" exclaimed Franklyn. "But it isn't mounted."

"Almost any store will do that for you, sir," said Alta, her cheek brightening into still deeper carmine at his evident satisfaction.

"But why didn't you show me this the other day?" he questioned.

"I—I hadn't found it then," answered Alta, in some confusion.

"And what is the price?" Mr. Franklyn asked, putting his hand in a business-like way into his pocket.

Here again pretty Alta seemed to be puzzled. She didn't know, she said. Could the gentleman tell her the price of the other one?

It was ten dollars, Mr. Franklyn believed.

"Then," said Alta, speaking with an evident effort, "would you think this too dear at eight dollars, seeing that it isn't mounted?"

"I should consider it a very fair price," said Mr. Franklyn, kindly. And he paid her the money, a gold half-dollar and three crisp, clean one-dollar bills; and she vanished away down the long hall like a gray shadow.

"What a fool I was," thought Mr. Franklyn, suddenly rousing himself from a reverie, "not to ask her to take it to Anoko's to be mounted on ivory! And now I shall have to go around there myself. Very stupid of me; but then I often am stupid. But how pleased my aunts will be, bless their dear old hearts! And what a wonderful pair of limpid hazel eyes that little girl has got!"

And all day long Alta Graves' sweet face came between him and the dusty pages of his proxy law-books, like a vague dream of what might have been, had she not been a shop-girl and he a bachelor close on the forties.

He went home early, and on his way he stopped at the establishment of Tado Anoko.

Mr. Simpson uttered an exclamation of amazement at the sight of the ibis and the sacred peak Fusi-yama. "Well, never!" cried he. "Aunt Sarah, look 'ere. Where on earth did you get this 'ere, sir, if I may make so bold as to ask? For I didn't know, I give you my word of honor, as there was one like it in the city."

It was now Mr. Franklyn's turn to open his eyes. "The young lady whom you call Alta Graves brought it to me," said he; "and I supposed, of course, that you had sent it."

"Alta Graves!" repeated Mr. Simpson.

"Our Alta!" shortly spoke Aunt Sarah. "Then as true as my name is Sarah Simpson she has stole it—and out of our very stock. And she knowed of it all the time, the ungrateful minx, while we was a-turning over everything to find a match for the banner that you brought here. And you paid her, you say, sir? Her?"

"Certainly I did," said Mr. Franklyn, becoming more and more puzzled and uncomfortable. For as to the oval-faced little maid with the liquid brown eyes being a thief, he did not believe a word of it.

"Very well," asserted Simpson; "this settles the 'ole affair. There can't be no doubt about it now; for she 'ave never paid us the cash for this 'ere satin banner."

"I always suspected she wasn't reliable," said Aunt Sarah, slowly wagging her head to and fro. "She's a deal too good-looking. I never had no faith in good-looking shop-girls myself. Didn't I tell you so, Simpson?"

And Alta Graves, who was unpacking a large hamper of cups and saucers and fantastically patterned plates down in the moldy basement, was promptly summoned up by mouth of an eager, panting little errand-boy. She came, coloring and a little abashed, but prettier than ever.

"Young woman," uttered Simpson, majestically, "what does this mean?"

"Confess at once, you base, unprincipled girl!" said his aunt.

"Look here, Miss Graves," spoke Franklyn, "I'm awful sorry to startle you so, but there seems to be something wrong about your sale of this banner to me."

"There is nothing wrong," said Alta, quietly. "I did sell it to you."

"And where did you get it?" sternly demanded Aunt Sarah. "Confess, base girl, that you stole it. Provarications won't do here."

Alta's cheeks crimsoned; her eyes blazed into sudden brilliance.

"I never stole it," she cried. "Do you think I am—a thief? Oh, Mrs. Simpson, how can you, a woman, be so hard upon me, a friendless girl? I made the banner myself. I bought the satin and the embroidery silk, and the gold thread out of my savings, and I sat up two nights to embroider it, so that I could earn a little more money than the poor wages you pay me, to buy fruit for my mother, who lies at home dying of consumption. There! If that is being a thief, then I stand condemned."

And here poor Alta's dignified bearing gave way all at once and she burst out crying like a child.

"Don't fret, my dear," soothed Aunt Sarah, who was a kind-hearted woman in the main. "It's a misunderstanding, that's all. Don't fret."

"It's a very good imitation of the expensive style—very," remarked Mr. Simpson, closely scrutinizing the gleaming lines of embroidery. "Really, Alta Graves, I think you 'ave genius."

"Pray forgive me for my blundering awkwardness," said Mr. Franklyn.

And Alta tried to smile through her tears and said she would. "She was ashamed of having made such a scene. The whole thing was a matter of no consequence whatever."

The satin banner was lined and mounted and Mr. Franklyn took it to his aunts, who could scarcely be ecstatic enough in its praise. It was a gem, a beauty, a marvel of art. Such a thing could never, never be gotten up anywhere but in Japan. And it was so good of Frank to find it for them, after they themselves had scoured the highways and by-ways in vain. That love of an ibis! And that exquisite sacred mountain! They never could thank their nephew sufficiently.

Mr. Franklyn went the next day to see Alta Graves' mother, on the dreary top floor of the tenement house, where the uncompromising sunshine that poured through the curtainless window revealed every flaw in the plastering, every mildewed stain on the ceiling. He came home grave and reflective.

"Aunt Belinda," he observed, "you said the other day that you were not intending to use your seaside cottage at Asbury Park this year?"

"Not if we go to the mountains," said Aunt Belinda, looking up in some surprise; "and I believe that is our plan."

"May I borrow it of you?" asked Frank.

"Borrow it?" repeated Aunt Belinda. And then Frank opened his heart, and told them all—about pretty Alta with the limpid eyes; about the pale invalid, with the two little girls who played at cat's-cradle so quietly at the foot of the bed, and hushed their baby laughter so as not to disturb mamma; about the hand-to-hand contest with want and disease, in which the sick woman was getting so sorely worsted.

"She shall have the cottage," said Aunt Belinda, enthusiastically.

"And I will send my own maid down to help make it all comfortable for her as soon as the month of May comes," added Miss Beckley.

And so, perhaps, the old ladies were not so much amazed in the autumn when they heard that their nephew Frank had engaged himself to marry Alta Graves. She was very pretty, that was certain, and men like pretty faces, and also they knew that she had been very good and dutiful to the poor mother who had just been laid under the yellowing autumn leaves. And if Frank was determined to marry, he couldn't do better, they thought, than to marry Alta Graves.

But there was one thing which Frank never told them, nor did Alta, his wife. And that was the secret of the embroidered banner. And to this day the old ladies point it out to their aesthetically-minded visitors with conscious exultation, and say, with many twists and wags of their venerable cap strings:

"Imported, my dear. No; of course you can't get anything like it, because it came direct from Japan."

"Oughtn't we to tell them, Frank dear?" whispers Alta. And her husband answers:

"No, dear, no. It would only be breaking an illusion. Don't you see how much happier they are in believing that it came 'direct from Japan'?"

—Basar.

**Toledo Beggars.**

The populace are instinctive, free-born, insatiable beggars. The magnificently chased doorways of the cathedral festered with revolting specimens of human disease and degeneration, appealing for alms. Other more prosperous mendicants were regularly on hand for business every day at the "old stand" in some particular thoroughfare. I remember one especially whose whole capital was invested in a superior article of nervous complaint, which enabled him to balance himself between the wall and a crutch, and there oscillate spasmodically by the hour. In this he was entirely beyond competition, and cast into the shade those routine professionals who took the common line of bad eyes or uninterestingly motionless deformities. It used to depress them when he came on to the ground. Bright little children, even in perfect health, would desert from their amusements and assail us, struck with the happy thought that they might possibly wheedle the "strangers" into some untimely generosity. There was one pretty girl of about ten years, who laughed outright at the thought of her own impudence, but stopped none the less for half an hour on her way to market (carrying a basket on her arm) in order to pester poor Velasquez while he was sketching, and begged him for money, first to get bread, and then shoes, and then anything she could think of.

A hand opened to receive money would be highly a suitable device for the municipal coat of arms.

My friend's irrefragable pencil, by the way, made him the center of a crowd wherever he went. Grave business men came out of their shops to see what he was drawing; longgers made long and ingenious detours in order to obtain a good view of his labors; ragamuffins elbowed him, undismayed by energetic remarks in several languages; until finally he was moved to get up and display the contents of his pockets, inviting them even to read some letters he had with him. To this gentle satire they would sometimes yield. We fell a prey, however, to one silent youth of whom we once unguardedly asked a question. After that he considered himself permanently engaged to pilot us about. He would linger for hours near the fonda dinnerless, and, what was even more terrible, sleepless, so that he might fasten upon us the moment we should emerge. If he discovered our destination, he would stride off mutely in advance to impress on us the fact that we were under obligations to him; and when we found the place we wanted he waited patiently until we had rewarded him with a half-cent. If we gratified him by asking him the way, he responded by silently stretching forth his arm and one long forefinger with a lordly gesture, still striding on; and he had a very superior Castilian sneering smile, which he put on when he looked around to see if we were following. He gradually became for us a sort of symbolic shadow of the town's vanished greatness; and from his mysterious way of coming into sight and haunting us in the most unexpected places, we gave him the name of "ghost."

Nevertheless, we baffled him at last. In the street of the Christ of Light there is a small but exceedingly curious mosque, now converted into a church, so ancient in origin that some of the capitals in it are thought to show Visigothic work, so that it must have been a Christian church even before the Moorish invasion. Close by this we chanced upon a charming old patio, or court-yard, entered through a wooden gate, and by dexterously gliding in here and shutting the gate we exercised "Ghost" for some time.—Harper's Magazine.

**An Old-Time Outlaw.**

The death of Jesse James in Missouri, and the frequent references to his robberies and to his notoriety as "the most conspicuous and formidable" scoundrel of the Schindlerhannes and Cartouche type ever known in this country, may suggest to some of the *News* readers, with long memories, that forty years ago or more there was a robber, and a band organized and directed by him on the lower Mississippi, more famous than Jesse or Frank James, or the "Blue Cut" gang, more dreaded, more wide-reaching in crime, and far more bloody, for they made it a rule to leave no victim to become a witness. John A. Murrell was a name of terror from the mouth of the Ohio to the Yazoo, and far back in the interior of the States bordering the Mississippi, on the east side. The west side was too wild a woods for travelers or robbers in those days, but the east was beset for hundreds of miles along the roads leading northward from New Orleans, which were largely traveled by dealers from the North, who had taken down droves of horses or flatboat loads of grain or pork or whisky. The depredations were not confined to the land, by any means, but unsuspecting "broad-horns" were captured and pillaged and their crews fed to the fish, while tied up at night out of the way of steamers and rafts that might sink them in a fog. It is said that the Murrell gang had hiding places in caves and stored their plunder in them. Western Tennessee was said to be their favorite ground, but they ranged from the north of Mississippi to the Ohio. Many efforts were made to capture the leader and break up the band without effect, till an adventurous young fellow named Virgil Stewart undertook it of his own motion, partly to clear the country of a terror, and partly to employ his superabundant energy and daring. He became a member of the gang and continued so for some considerable time—a year or two, possibly more, and finally trapped the greatest villain ever known on the American continent since the days of the buccaneer chiefs, Montbars and Morgan. He was sent to the penitentiary at Nashville for a long term on conviction of robbery, it is to be presumed, as a conviction of murder would have hung him. It may have been that no legal evidence of direct participation in murder could be advanced even by his captor, however complete might have been the moral certainty of his guilt. Stewart published an account of his adventures in a large pamphlet forty years ago or thereabouts. The robber chief died in the penitentiary, or, at all events, before he got a chance to resume his old career, even if he had been so disposed. There are, no doubt, persons in this city who retain an accurate recollection of the man's adventures and notoriety.—Indianapolis News.

### An Elephant Story.

The elephant seemed to get tired first, and just as the first streak of dawn began to show itself in the sky he turned and walked leisurely away. For a minute or two I heard him crashing among the thickets, and then all was quiet again, as if he'd gone right away.

"Now," I thought, "is my time to decamp, too," and down the tree I slipped as nimbly as an acrobat. But I soon found I had been reckoning without my host, for I had hardly touched the ground when there came a crash like fifty mad bulls charging through as many glass-houses, and out from the thicket, with his great white tusks leveled at me like bayonets, came my friend the elephant, who had been on the watch for me all the time.

Whether I should have ran or stood my ground, and how I should have fared in either case, can never be known now, for just at that moment my foot slipped and down I came, close to the tree. The next moment there was a crash as if two trains had run into each other, and I made sure that I was knocked into a hundred pieces at least, and that it was all up with me.

I soon became aware, however, that I was still alive and sound, while a shrill, frightened cry overhead told me plainly that it was the elephant who had got the worst of it this time. I scrambled to my feet gingerly enough, for the brute's great forelegs were stamping and pounding like steam hammers within arm's length of me, and there I saw a sight which, scared as I was, made me laugh till I could hardly stand.

I had fallen just in time to escape the blows of the elephant's tusks, which had stuck themselves so deep into the tree that he could not pull them out again, and there he was, hard and fast, like a ship run aground. The animal's look of disgust and bewilderment at finding himself in such a fix was as good as a play to behold; but just then I was in no humor to stop and admire it, for I knew that he might break loose yet, and that if he did it would be all up with me. My first impulse was to take to my heels at once, but the next moment I thought better of it, and decided to settle Mr. Elephant instead. I quickly picked up and reloaded my gun, which had luckily escaped his notice, or he would have trampled it to bits, and scrambling into the tree again, sent a bullet into his forehead, which did his business, and left him standing bolt upright in a very picturesque attitude indeed.

Prudery is a perfume that occasionally vitiated air.

### HEALTH HINTS.

**INSTANTANEOUS EMEIC.**—Two teaspoonfuls of mustard mixed in warm water. For a child with croup it relieves at once. A tablespoonful of lard warmed and given is said to be an instantaneous emetic.

**CURE FOR DANDRUFF.**—A preparation of one ounce of sulphur and one quart of water, repeatedly agitated during intervals of a few hours, and the head saturated every morning with the clear liquid, will in a few weeks, remove every trace of dandruff from the scalp, and the hair will soon become soft and glossy.

**ANTIDOTE TO POISON.**—Stir a heaping teaspoonful of salt and of mustard, one of each, in a glass of water, and drink at once. Repeat the dose if necessary. To counteract the effects, swallow the whites of two or three eggs, and drink one or two cups of strong coffee. Drinking sweet oil freely is also highly beneficial in poisoning cases.

The secret of felicity is a judicious interruption of routine.