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The Forest Republican.

Vol. XV. No. 13. TIONESTA, PA. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1882. \$1.50 Per Annum.

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.

A Kiss for Sister.

She was a very little girl, And as I bent and kissed her, "There, that is for yourself," I said, "And this is for your sister."

FROM NATURE'S LIPS.

I.—WHAT THE NIGHT SAID.

John French leaned back in his seat in the dimly-lighted car and thought it was an uncommon thing for John French to think much, and either the thinking itself or the subject of which he was thinking was far from pleasant.

A man across the aisle from John French was studying him. Too full of the cares of business to sleep, he, nevertheless, was honestly trying to banish the thoughts of business by studying intently the face of a man whom he had never seen before, in the hope of fixing upon the nature and character of a man who would probably never cross his path again.

"This man has seen a great deal of life," said the gray-haired student of human nature to himself, "and has either found much evil in those around him or has had evil in his own heart which he has not found out yet. The world is not in harmony with him nor he with the world."

And the observer was right. "He is a man with tastes beyond his means; he has the courage of a man who believes he can trifle with evil habits and escape their natural results; he is noble in many things—mash in some; he drinks, while he takes a pride in never being under the influence of liquor; he has grand possibilities in his nature, but he wouldn't trust him."

But he knew as little of it all as we generally know of those whom we merely meet in the bustle of life. He would never have guessed that John French was on his way to a wedding, and that wedding his own, but so it was. And with every mile the frown was growing deeper.

The young man pressed his face against the window, shaded the glass from the light of the car and looked out into the night. A farmhouse, with a wooded hill behind it, dim and dream-like in the uncertainty of the night of mist and rain, shot, like a scene in a panorama, back into the obscurity, and the man who was flying with the wings of steam toward the woman who was to be his wife in less than twenty-four hours, followed the scene backward with hungry eyes, and envied the humble happiness which he pictured as the lot of those who lived there. He coveted a place in that humble home, with all that might fall to his lot because of it.

"Life couldn't be worse," he muttered, and then shut his teeth closer together with a sound that was half-way between a groan and a curse. A cool, dark lake, with little ridges of white rolling over its blackness, stirred his heart. It seemed to whisper of peace. The thought of suicide, which comes sometimes to every man, however sane, stole through his mind. Not death by any of the means he had at hand; not in any of the ways he might readily command; no, not that; but a thought that when life had become more unbearable than now, when heart and brain and nerves had grown wearied, he would seek out this little lake—seek it out in the night—find it with the white waves just breaking its surface, and lie down under it to rest and dream for ever.

goodness and truth of her nature. She was heiress to an enormous fortune when he won her, and with the unselfish trust of her sixteen years had given her love to him unreservedly. Had she been older or wiser this story would never have laid aside her bridal robes, made sacred by her tears, and proved herself a heroine; while he would have accepted freedom from her hands and proved himself a coward and a villain a week ago. But, not because of the love she had for him, but because of that which she was so sure he had for her, Geraldine Royal had not offered him his freedom.

And John French was hurrying to his wedding with a woman he did not love, lovely and noble though she was—a woman whom he had never pretended to his inner self to love—and over his heart her last letter to him laid like a lump of lead. For it told him that the fortune she had once enjoyed was gone; that her father would have nothing whatever left when all his debts were paid. And as he struggled slowly back to painful consciousness from scarcely less painful sleep, the beat of the hoofs of the magic steed of the rails was thundering in his ears: "You cannot escape! You cannot escape! You cannot escape!"

And the frown which had slowly deepened as he slept darkened into a fierce scowl as he said, between his set teeth: "No, I cannot escape! It is poverty—life-long poverty, toil, drudgery, for evermore!"

As he settled back into his seat to get a little more of that physical comfort which men always instinctively seek, whatever their mental pains may be, there was a crash. The car was torn and twisted and crushed; men and women and children went from the unconsciousness of sleep down into the unconsciousness of death. Others, less fortunate, were prisoned in the wreck, which took fire almost at once. As the car went over on its side the old man who had watched and studied John French fell across the aisle against him—fell with his head against a corner of the seat and was dead almost instantly. But in the one moment in which the spirit held the body in its control before giving it up forever the hand of the stranger had clutched the handle of John's valise with such a grip as might have been expected had life depended on his getting and keeping it.

French was unhurt. The man behind and the woman in front were killed instantly, and French, who had thought with pleasure of a grave in the lake among the hills, had not even a scratch. He aided those others who were not disabled, and those who came from outside, in the rescue. Most of those not killed at once were saved. But when the dead were dragged from the burning car, after the living had been aided, no friend could have identified them. The man who had made John French his study might have been young or old for all that one could say when it was all over, and he lay among the ruins of the disaster, still clutching the remains of the valise.

French was thoughtful of the woman he was to marry—thoughtful despite the lack of love, and he wrote a telegram to send to the station a mile and a half away. It was as follows:

"A terrible accident. I escaped unhurt. JOHN FRENCH."

As he went to hand the message to the train hand who was to go to the station with messages for help, he passed the man who had died at his side. The accident had happened in the dawn; the clouds were going away with the night. The spirit of the darkness seemed to say: "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." The strength of day, which grows out of the weakness of night, was coming into the lives of the men who had escaped, and that, too, despite the ghastly record night had made. The blush upon the eastern sky deepened as John paused—it brightened and strengthened—the sun rose as brightly as though there were no care nor sorrow in the world. The voices of the night were dumb; day reigned again.

And a man stooping over the body of the dead said: "We can identify this one." See, the name is deeply engraved on the plate which still remains on his valise. His name is John French.

So it happened that Geraldine Royal read, a dozen hours later, how her lover had died. So it happened that John French lived to prove himself a scoundrel, and to widow the heart of the woman who loved him by the use of the weapon which death had put in his hand. He did not send the message.

II.—WHAT THE DAY TOLD.

Unless bad men prospered for a time there would be no bad men. If their prosperity never ended there would be a dearth of good ones. The prosperity of the bad does not belong in romance; it is an inevitable conclusion of logic. Nature is truth; and so John French prospered. Or, rather, since "John French" had been carved on a white slab in the churchyard at home, and written in tears on the heart of a frail young girl, left desolate by worse than death on her wedding-day, let us say that John French prospered. For John French was the name he chose in that new life which accident had offered him, and which he was not brave enough to refuse.

John French (or Arlington) had no father nor mother, sister nor brother to mourn for him. But to out himself off entirely from those he had known and

loved was hard enough, even though there were no ties of kindred to bind him to them. John Arlington went among strangers; he allowed his beard to grow; he welcomed the ruddy tint which travel and exposure gave to his face; he visited various countries; he tried many ways toward wealth and he succeeded in them all.

So the strong man who took steamer for America ten years after the night when John French died and John Arlington first appeared among men was a rich, a contented, almost a happy man. He had acquired his possessions by honest toil—by mental thought and endeavor; no one could say that any act of his had been an act of fraud; so far as business went he was the soul of honor. Arlington never touched liquor; he had no bad habits; his life would have been to him the straightforward, honest, open, manly one which it seemed to other men, but for the blot he had placed upon it when he found a woman with a loving heart needing tenderness and mercy, and deliberately resolved to give her neither.

The passage was a stormy one. Most of the passengers kept to their rooms for days at a time. But Arlington was too much used to travel to mind a rough sea. He staid on deck many hours each day.

John French had failed to love a most beautiful and worthy girl when he was a young man; and John Arlington, now in the bright days of a strong manhood, sometimes sought to excuse it to himself by the plea that he had no capacity for loving; in all his wanderings he had never seen a woman who had claimed his serious second thought or love. So it is not to be wondered at that he smiled a little contemptuously at himself when he found, as he did one day, that he was getting in the habit of listening anxiously for the voice of a woman, in a room not far from his own, who read for long hours at a time in a full rich voice, evidently unconscious of any listener. She never went on deck, and Arlington found his room becoming more attractive than the storm outside. He wondered what it meant. He felt he would be a fool to fall in love with a voice when he had passed fair faces untouched by love. He found out that the woman only read by day, and he took to spending the evening hours outside, while in the daytime he waited and listened. He found out early in the long voyage, made longer by adverse winds, that, read what she might and as long as she might, she always read one poem after a while, and then read no longer.

And John Arlington used to go up to the deck in the gathering darkness and look away over the storm-tossed waves while thinking of his past, and beginning to dream a little of his future—of a future for even him—with the words of Jean Ingelow ringing in his ears: "We shall part no more in the wind and the rain."

Where thy last farewell was said; Where perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again; When the sea gives up her dead."

He never doubted that the poem was a favorite with the woman because of some bereavement in her past life; the sadness in the tones told him that. He believed that the verse stood in her mind as a finality, the end of some heart history; the woman read as though waiting for something that could only come into her life when death indeed gave up its own. He wondered if he would find her face as fascinating as her voice. He found himself trying how he might plan some way to see her. She seemed to baffle him.

But waiting for anything always brings it. Not always as we wish it, not always to be a possession of the life, but across the path which we walk the thing we long to see and know will pass. John Arlington listened to the voice and waited for the woman. The time was coming.

It had been a terrible night, but was a more terrible day. The voices of the day were speaking of the infinite power of nature, and as officers and sailors listened to them as they shouted and raged around the vessel they were learning the lesson of human weakness and human despair.

At noon the captain called the passengers together. The boats were frail in the eyes of the women and children who looked at them. But he had done his best, and in half an hour the boats must stand between them and eternity. He could not save the ship.

Stern discipline held control there; the boats were loaded rapidly and with care; the men went last, and the captain last of all. No braver man among the passengers helped the captain in his control of a brute force which could have crushed all physical opposition, but could not dare a contest with the moral might of will-power, than did John Arlington. He was no coward now whatever his past had been.

A woman came slowly across the deck just as the last boat-load was almost ready to go. There was no fear in her eyes as she looked on the waves and the storm. But one would have guessed that she cared but little for life by the look on her face as she came to the boat. She evidently had no faith in the boat saving them; she looked upon death as inevitable; and the words she muttered were almost the words of a prayer this time:

"Perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again; When the sea gives up her dead."

John Arlington heard the words and turned toward her. More beautiful in womanhood than girlhood had promised, more beautiful than he had ever dreamed was possible, this woman

stood before him. In her eyes he saw that a love she had not long years ago had never faltered for an instant; but it was a love for dead John French. She neither knew nor noticed living John Arlington. And he stepped into the boat by her side, knowing that he must be saved with or die with Geraldine Royal; knowing that the voice from out the past had done its full work; knowing that he loved her with the full strength of his life, and that he always should, feeling that death on the wild sea with her would be better, much better, than life anywhere without her.

III.—WHAT THE STORM SAID.

Had Geraldine Royal been earlier when the ship was sinking she and John Arlington would have gone in different boats, and the story of either would have been a fragment. Only one boat-load of passengers was saved; but the boat which left the ship last was the one.

Geraldine Royal had had a hard life. One year before she had a little money left her; not a great fortune, but enough to give her a year of travel in the Old World and allow her to settle in comfort in the New. John Arlington followed her. He had money to spend freely. He found out where her home was to be made, and he bought a large estate, with a great house, a quarter of a mile from the cottage she had rented. He journeyed to it one day, over the road he had gone so long before toward the wedding which had never taken place. He was glad she had not gone as far as the place where the accident had been. He never wanted to see that place again. He found the home he had purchased to be all that the agent had said it was. A large roomy house stood in the midst of a broad green park, surrounded by great trees. Beyond the park was a lake, all his own; further away, hidden from sight of the house, but not from sound, by the noble trees, was the railroad. Not far away in the other direction was the house where Geraldine Royal lived with a hired companion. Around all were the eternal hills.

Miss Royal had received some favors from the man who had been saved with her. She liked him. She was pleased to find that he had settled near her. Time had aged the man, and her loyalty to the past left her no thought of the possibility of this man loving her. She enjoyed the society of this genial neighbor of hers, and that was all. But Arlington never looked in the great rooms in his house without thinking how much she would brighten them and his life if he could win her.

He did not try in one year; he did not try in two; but one hot August afternoon he stood with a letter from her in his hand. He remembered burning a half hundred letters she had sent to John French; this was the first one she had ever written to John Arlington; his servant had carried her a letter telling his love; her companion had brought him a letter which he almost feared to open. He removed the envelope after a while. The letter was very brief. She respected him, but she had loved a man, John French by name, who had died while coming to marry her; her heart held his memory sacred; she had no room for other love; she should always love John French; she hoped to find him and know him and love him when the weary earth-life should be done; she kindly, but firmly and beyond appeal, declined the offer on which John Arlington had staked his future happiness.

John Arlington stood with a white, stern face and fought the most terrible battle with himself that he had ever fought. It was the battle of a man mad with despair. Should he respect John Arlington live and try to live content without that which loved John French might have had? Or should he love John French go to the woman he had wronged, tell her his shameful secret and dare the worst?

He made a coward's choice for a second time in his life, and went. The wind was rising and the big drops of rain were beginning to fall as he knocked at the door. The woman received him kindly; she liked him yet.

But they both stood, and the face of each was whiter and sterner than usual. "Is there no hope?"

"I am sorry, but there is none. I loved John French too truly to ever marry another."

"Miss Royal—Geraldine—I am John French!"

For a long minute she stood looking at him, her face growing older and whiter and more sad as she looked. Then she sank into a chair with a sob. "Why is all this as it is?" she moaned.

He told it all; he did not try to spare himself; he saw it would be useless before he had gone far with the dreadful story. She heard it all in silence. He did not ask for her love when he had finished. It would do no good. She slowly rose to her feet.

"If it is possible for a woman to love a man and to despise him utterly at the same time, I do it. I did love you—to my shame I say it. To my deeper shame I say I love you yet. But in all the universe I can conceive of no more hideous crime than you have done. I despise you as much as I love you. God I never want to see you or know you or hear of you again in this world or any other. God! Go forever!"

they found nothing. They might have used more care if they had known of the eyes that watched its white waves with longing twelve years before. But they might have found nothing even then. He went away; he has never returned; he never will; that is all that can be said.

All that was ever found that might have served as a clew was a little scrap of paper with a few lines written on it which might mean much or little. They were these only:

"Forever is a long word. I hope to outlive her forever." And on the other side: "The storm is abroad. It speaks to me. It tells that terrible truth: 'Whoever a man saveth that shall he also reap.'"

The Center of Population.

What statisticians understand by the term center of population, it may be well to explain, is the point at which equilibrium would be reached were the country taken as a plane surface without weight, but capable of sustaining weight, and the inhabitants distributed over it in number and position as they are found at the period under consideration, each inhabitant being supposed to be of equal weight, and consequently to exert pressure on the pivotal point in direct proportion to his distance therefrom. The first census of the United States, taken in 1790, showed the center of population to be on the eastern shore of Maryland, about twenty-two miles from Baltimore, and near the thirty-ninth parallel of latitude. From that point it has moved westward at the average rate of about fifty-one miles in a decade, never deviating as much as a degree to the north or south of the thirty-ninth parallel.

In 1880 the center was near the village of Taylorsville, Ky., about eight miles west by south of Cincinnati, the westward progress being fifty-eight miles, and the deflection to the south about eight. The census of 1890 will probably discover it in Jennings county, in Southeastern Indiana. If there is no great change in the rate of Western movement of population, the central point, still traveling, as it doubtless will, on a line closely corresponding to the thirty-ninth parallel of latitude, will not cross the Mississippi river until 1950, when it will be found not far from the mouth of the Missouri. It is not improbable, however, that it will never reach that stream, but will remain nearly stationary somewhere in Southern Illinois. There are large areas of country in the far West unfit for habitation, save where deposits of the precious metals are found, and other considerable areas where grazing, which supports but a scanty population, will always be the chief industry. The increase of population in the trans-Mississippi region may not, therefore, be much more than counterbalance the increase in the older settled portion of the country after the close of the present century. In estimating the changes and progress of the future we must not forget that, marvelous as is the growth of the new West, it is only a little more rapid than that of the great middle region between the Hudson and the Mississippi. The State of New York, it must be remembered added 700,000 to her population between 1870 and 1880. Pennsylvania 400,000, and Ohio 532,000. The increase in each of these old States would make a Western State as populous as Nebraska.—New York Tribune.

Cannibalism in Fiji.

It certainly is a wonder that the Fiji Isles were not altogether depopulated, owing to the number who were killed. Thus, in Namena, in the year 1851, fifty bodies were cooked for one feast. And when the men of Bau were at war with Vavata they carried off 250 bodies, seventeen of which were piled on a canoe and sent to Rewa, where they were received with wild joy, dragged about the town, and subjected to every species of indignity ere they finally reached the ovens. Then, too, just think of the number of lives sacrificed in a country where infanticide was a recognized institution, and where widows were strangled as a matter of course! Why, on one occasion, when there had been a horrible massacre of Namena people at Viwa, and upward of 100 fishermen had been murdered and their bodies carried as bokola to the ovens at Bau, no less than eighty women were strangled to do honor to the dead, and corpses lay in every direction of the mission station! It is just thirty years since the Rev. John Watsford, writing from here, described how twenty-eight victims had been seized in one day while fishing. They were brought here alive, and only stunned when put into the scorching bed of red-hot stones, but only to be driven back and buried in that living tomb, whence they were taken a few hours later to feast their barbarous captors. He adds that more human beings were eaten on this little island of Bau than anywhere else in Fiji. It is very hard, indeed, to realize that the peaceful village on which I am now looking has really been the scene of such horrors as these, and that many of the gentle, kindly people around me have actually taken part in them.—Cunningham.

A European firm has patented a newspaper printing press which, it is claimed, prints in four or five different colors at the same time. It is somewhat similar to presses used in printing wall paper.

FOR THE LADIES.

News and Notes for Women. There are in Paris a hundred women journalists.

Many St. Louis ladies are learning to play on the banjo.

Widows, says Clara Bell, writing from New York, are fashionable just now. A young widow with any charms at all can have all the suitors she wants.

Miss Rosa Rosenthal, of Atlanta, Ga., has the honor to be the first young lady in the State to receive a diploma which entitles her to write M. D. after her name.

The employment of a female physician as the head of a female insane retreat at Harrisburg has been so successful that Dr. Alice Bennett has been placed in charge of the 400 lunatic women at the Norristown (Pa.) asylum.

Certain philanthropic young ladies of Fort Smith, Ark., have organized a band called the "Orphans' Friends," for the purpose of sewing buttons on, etc., for the young bachelors who are away from home and without domestic assistance in keeping their harness in repair.

Worldly mutation never had a more powerful illustration than in the death in London, the other night, of Lady Agnes MacLean. She was the daughter of an English marquis, the widow, first of the Comte de Montmorency, and afterward of a clergyman named MacLean; and she was ejected from her poor tenement in London and died in the waiting-room of St. Pancras work-house.

A fashionable novelty in perfumery has been invented in Austria, and is called "the book of soap." Each leaf is enough when torn out for one good wash. The books vary in sizes; the smaller are for the hands only, and are no larger than pocket-books. The leaf is soaked in a basin of water for three seconds, then it floats and is placed in the center of the hand, where it soon, with gentle friction, froths. A page of soap sounds strange, and stranger yet, the soap is excellent; it is no unlike an ivory tablet.

Fashion Fetters.

Lace frills are worn around the neck and wrists as much as ever.

Lace of various kinds is the preferred trimming for silk underwear.

Large sagging puffs form the paniers of many new model costumes.

Stamped gold-colored stockings come to imitate the gold embroidered ones.

New table linen of the finest grades comes in tinted grounds, with damask designs in white on one side, while on the other the order is reversed.

Baby dresses without waists, the skirts attached to the yokes or bands around the shoulders, will be the popular summer garments for little girls under ten.

Dress skirts are surely growing fuller and wider, and this decided tendency to bouffant styles has, as history plainly shows, been almost invariably the forerunner of crinolines.

Pretty damask towels, with Mother Goose's melodies illustrated in the colored borders at the ends, are out in two to make fancy bibs for children. The figures and the legend in verse are both put into the designs.

The most startling parades exhibited thus far are those of vermilion satin, lined with old gold silk and trimmed with double ruffles of wide gold lace. The ferns are surrounded by a wreath of brilliant scarlet roses mixed with small yellow sunflowers.

For small boys and girls there are Mania hats with wide brim springing up in basin shape from the crown. The brim is faced with velvet. The trimming for girls' hats is ostrich plumes; boys' hats are trimmed with a large cord and several silk pompons.

Pleasant costumes are made of camel's-hair cloths in dark colors, finished with many rows of stitching done on machines which make the chain-stitch, in silk twist, shaded colors. The effect is unique, and this finish is peculiarly suitable for dresses worn on the street.

Velvet is used as drapery and finish on the most most ethereal materials. A late costume is of nun's veiling in grounding pale maize color, with a floral design thrown up on the face of carnations in shades of moss-green, made up with scarf drapery and other finish of moss-green velvety.

The newest caprice in French lingerie is to combine laces of two tints in one article of underwear; for instance, flat collarettes and vests of the flax-gray twine lace have ruches and plaitings of ivory white Languedoc lace with them, and the same arrangement is seen in fichus and doubled frills.

Paris millinery presents many new caprices this season, such as a snappy sailor hat called the Boston, a handkerchief bonnet larger than the Fashion, soft crowned turbans of new shapes, and finally the climax is reached in a revival of the calèche bonnet with a shirred ratan top, that this generation has only seen worn upon the stage.

Wash dresses of linen lawn, chambray and Scotch gingham, preparing for summer mornings in the country, are made as simply as even the latest dress could desire, with a round basque, apron overskirt and gathered flounces, but they are given an elaborate effect by their garniture of embroidered muslin for collar, vest, cuffs and edgings on the flounces.