The Forest Republican IS POWLINGED RVERY WEDDERDAY, NT

J. E. WENK.

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## Christian Roth's Story,

(Sinitgari, May, 1892.) Two called, Mr. Consul, this morning, to ask, if yo please, your advice On a matter that gives me great worry

hear It (wants movey I know)."

Hare's my ellism-paper-("All right.")--I was born in the Schwarzwalder Kreis, At Schramberg, and went to America forty-five ynars ago.

Tes, Pm near seventy now, and you see that my stop is unsteady-

Plenty of trouble. I tell you-I settled in North

And there, over since, I've been working and saving up, so that already

Pre got a nice farm, Mr. Consul, that goos by and bye to my boys.

How many children ? There's four, three boys and a girl. We're had seven ;

But when the war came along, my William and Carl marched away. Both of them fell on the field, and last winter the

good Lord in Heaven Called home our dear little Minnle-she's tweive

years old to-day.

Yes, the old woman is living. She's there with the Tes, the out woman is dving. She's have with the boys on the place.
And our Lina keeps house for them all. Next spring she'll be just twenty-four.
She's the handsomest girl in the county; there's surphine all over her face;
I can hear even now her sweet voice as she told me farewell at the door.

Why I left 7 Well, perhaps, Mr. Consul, 'twere bet-ter the train weren't told.

Hat no matter-it wasn't my fault. My old woman

and I had a fight. She is sick and can't work any more, and she's idle

We're both getting old ; Bo she's cross, and will have it that I'm always

wrong and that she's always right. It hasn't been always that way. In the days when

we worked for our bread And hadn't a dollar laid by in the bank, she and 1

were all good And happy together; but since we began to be get ting shead

She has tried to be bess over me, and I didn't in tend that ahe should.

And when our poor dear Minnie died, I had hoped that the fight would die, too,

But no! It lived on just the same, and one day, abou

four weeks ago, The old woman sent out for a lawyer, and then, fo the first time, I knew

That she wanted to separate from me\_from me, which have borne with her so.

And the boys they all tried to make peace; sh would listen to naught that they said, But my Lina stood up by my side-though she spok

not, 'twas easy to see, As she put her sweet arms round my neck and rested

her beantiful head On my breast, that her dear heart was full of the cost pity for me.

And I said: "My Christina, we've labored and

straggied together till now ; Our children are grown, and you want us

rate, now we are old ? No lawyer can part us, Christina, no lawyer can

sever our vow, But 1'll leave you and go forth alone on my sthrough the rain and the cold."

Then my poor Lina cried, and she bade me re-

before she had held the Gasette under the light of my student-lamp, and point-ing with her finger to an advertisement, said to me: " Please read that." It was said to me: " Please read that." It was the well known appeal, the cry of de-spair from a bleeding heart, addressed "to good people." A child was offered for adoption to persons well off. "What would you think of our taking it?" my wife had said, and I had returned the

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paper to her with a shrug of my shoul-"But, Martha, what have you done?"

cried I, in a tone vibrating with anger. "You have really-"

deed."

"Is it not so, little one ?-you will be

years to act independently of each other? Our marriage was not a happy one, although we had not married for love. During the noise and bustle of the crowded exchange, our fathers had contracted this union. She had to tear But parental wishes conquered. We

At the commencement we were to each other a silent reproach; after which followed a declared war, until finally we came to a polite but gloomy peace

To be sure she was beautiful, she was good and bright and sparkling. Others called her an ngel. And I? Well, I believe that I was no monster either. The analysis showed the brightest cclors, still the sun was missing. We were six years married and had no children. Perhaps had heaven sent us them-weil, Perhaps had heaven sent us them-weil, this child belonged entirely to her! I heard later that she had given the mother a thousand dollars, the price of

a set of jewels which she sold secretly. "Why did you not tell me of it?"

"Because it would have been too have if I had waited for your return to the city; and besides I wanted to have it entirely for myself; I want to call it

for herself alone, that was too much for me. one, two days long. On the third day,

done for our child ?

also be a quite pretty name." "One the loneliness of these last six years? count of the domestics," answered she, shortly; and then called out loudly:

was it not our child! Once, though, I played my justifiable part toward our child. At dinner it was always served at a little table in an ad-joining room. At such times we could hear, between the scantily-dropping phrases of our conversation its merry prattling, accompanied by the clatter-ing of its spoon. My wife had no rest; there was a continual going and coming between us and him; the soup might be "Certainly, as you see. And then it belongs to me; I myself have settled everything with the poor mother, who is in reality to be pitied. I have sworn to take good care of it; and so I will innow with its two years.

She took the little head, with its blonde silk curls, between her white hands and fondled and caressed it. From that time on "It" atejwithjus. prince, close to my wife; both opposite prince, close to my wife; both opposite to me like declared enemies, as it were. loved ?" But the somewhat sickly and delicate little face showed no sign of understand-ing, except that out of the heart-shaped little month came one of those sighs that sound so strangely from children. I at once gave up all serious objec-tion. Had we not been accustomed for years to act independently of each wife and I had archanged a for model wife and I had exchanged a few words, and now again we sat silent. Apparently on account of this silence, its large eyes began to open wider and wider. They stared on me, stared at my wife, with a surprised, almost frightened expression, her heart from a beloved one, and in as if they had a presentiment that all mine glowed a passion not yet outspoken. was not right between us. I confess was not right between us. I confess that these eyes embarrassed me, and chose to be obedient children; and so that I had a feeling of relief when Frederick entered with a dish. And I think that my wife felt the same.

And the following days there were the same large, wondering eyes, like an appealing question, staring into the pauses of our conversation. It sounds ridiculous, but it is nevertheless true; we were culprits before the child, we two grown persons! And by degrees our conversation became more animated. The occasional prattlings of the little one were noticed and spoken about; indeed sometimes there was mutual laughter at his attempts to speak.

Ah i how light, how bell-like pure sounded her laughter! Had I never then

began to play in the garden, which I my own," said she, poutingly. My horses, my dogs; her canaries, her gold fishes—that I could endure; but that she wanted to have her child office. She was generally with him. I could hear the sound of his little feet The thought of it tortured me two days long. On the third day, my wife having gone out in her carriage, laughter. Now she would catch him very sick," moaned she, "It will surely there came a veiled woman and de- and kiss his checks over and over. Once die!" I tried to comfort her. Only a there came a veiled woman and demanded entrance. It was the mother. I opened my window; a warm, balsamic Like a shadow she glided into the room, air streamed around me and a butterfly Like a shadow she glided into the room, and, with a half-suppressed sob, begged fluttered in and lit on my inkstand to see her child once more. She could not Just then she came out of a green, vine Just then she came out of a green, vine part from him forever without imprint-ing one more kiss upon his cheeks. I grown bower; she was dressed in a dazzling white negligee, trimmed with costly lace; all over her streamed the opened my safe quickly: "Here, my good woman," said I, "take that, they golden sunshine, except that her face have not given you enough." Hot tears fell down her wan cheeks; she begged was overshadowed by the pink of her parasol. me not to judge her too harshly; she had another child, a cripple and help-How slim she appeared ! how graceful in her movements! Had I been blind? less; she herself was sick and would not Truly the sunts and cousins were right; live much longer, and what was to be-come of the children? Then she thought-I myself had to finish the then. she was in reality beautiful! A sweet smile transformed her features; she was happy-certainly in this moment she sentence, which a violent fit of cough-ing had interrupted. "Yes," she had thought, "I will sell the healthy one, was-and her happiness came from her child. Then a voice made itself heard in my breast, which said very plainly: in order that the money may help the "You are a monster?" I got up and walked to the window. "It is a beauticripple when I am dead and gone. No, she must not be judged harshly; ful day," called I. I know how cold and we rich ones know but little of the trials prosaic it must have sounded to her. It came like a heavy cloud-shadow over a and temptations of the poor. When my wife returned I gave her sunny landscape. She answered some-thing that I did not understand; but an account of the call I had had, adding that I had given to the unfortunate one the brightness was gone from her little exactly the same amount as she had. face. Then she took up the child, who "And now," said I, "you see the child belongs to both of us." She bit her lip was stretching out his arms to her, and kissed and caressed him before my with her little white teeth. eves. "It is all the same to me," said she There it was when the first feeling of after a moment's reflection, and with that she pressed a tender kiss on the jealousy was aroused in me; a jealousy truly, but what a strange jealousy, little boy's month. It sounded almost like a challenge. which could not make clear to itself who was its object! If "It" said "Our child I" I scarcely ever saw it. "mamma" to her, there came a pain in And the changes that were made in our the heart; and the caresses with which household for his sake were made entireshe overwhelmed him almost drove me ly without me. Sometimes, after the most important things were decided, my consent was then asked. "We are wild. I was jealons of both! It pained me that I had no part in this weaving of love; that I was not the third in the union. I exerted myself obliged to have a nurse, I hired" one, Anselm"-I nodded silently-"We to gain a part of their love. I did it must fit up a nursery ; that room is too warm for the child." I nodded silently, very clumsily. The child persevered in a certain shyness, and she-had I but I heard the sound of the workmen, not kept myself foreibly away from who were already busy in the hall What could I do better? Was it not all her during these long, long years? One day at the dinner-table, after a skirmish of words, came a great still-My wife and I did not talk much about the child, and when we did menness between us, a stillness more painful than it had ever been. I glanced tion it we used only the name "It.' But this "It" could be heard through down at the flowers on my plate of Saxon porcelain, my displeasure showing in my fibe; but I folt plainly that "It" had its eyes fixed on me, and also her eyes | It was as if those four eyes barned on my forehead. Then soundtaken out for a drive. It has hurt ited suddenly in the stillness, " Papa !" self!" And so the whole house began to turn round our "It." This nameleas and again louder and more courageous, "Papa!" I shuddered. "It" sat there were days. I to great the state of the state and stared, now very much frightened, over at me, wondering, perhaps, whether a storm would be raised by its "Papa," But her face was suffused with glowing redness, and her half-open lips trembled slightly. There came a flood of gladness over my heart. Certainly no one but her had taught him this "Papa." Why did I not spring up, bound toward her, and with one word, one embrace, sirike out

that made me a stranger in my own house. A precious sunshine brightened the rooms, even when the one in the heavens was hidden by clouds. The face of the servants and even inanimate objects streamed back this radiance. But me, only, the sunshine did not touch

I felt myself always more and more unhappy in my loneliness. Jealousy grew in me; it gave me all sorts of fcolish thoughts. I wanted to rebel against the little antocrat, but that would be ridiculous. I wanted to give her the choice between him and me. I, audacious one. I knew very well which side her heart would choose. At another time I was ready to take steps in order to find the mother, and, with the power of gold, force her to take back her child-behind my wife's back. That would be cowardly. I could no longer fix my mind on

business. I mistrusted even myself. man. People asked what was the matter with me. I feigned illness. The sunshine would not let itself be

banished, and the spirit of love was stronger than I. With his flaming sword he drove me out. "I must take a long journey, Martha." My voice trembled as I said this. My wife must have noticed it; for something like moist, shining pity shone in her beautiful eyes. At my taking leave she held the little one toward me and asked in soft, caressing tones: "Will you not say adien to our child ?" I took up the little one, perhaps too roughly; at all events, he began to cry and resist my caresses. Then I put him down and

hastened away. \* I traveled in uncertainty through the world and behold! after the first few days in addition to an ordinary traveling companion, bad humor, there came another fellow who told me plainly that I was a fool. First it sounded like a whisper, then louder and louder: "You heard that before? And what was the matter with me, that I sometimes bent over my writing desk, listening, as though I heard from a distance these same silvery tones? With the first sunny spring days "It" whisper, then louder and louder: "You are a downright fool." Finally, I read it in the newspaper before me; it was traced on the blue mountains; the loco-motive shrieked it to me. Yes, I be-lieved it; why did I not then and there turn my face homeward? Well, the fool must first travel it all off before everything would be right again.

At last, one day, with a violent beat-ing of the heart, I again entered my dwelling. What a solemn stillness reigned there! I could now hear the sound of whispering voices; my wife came toward me: "It is very sick, short time, however, proved that fears were but too well grounded. During the night we both sat by the little bed; she there and I here. Each of us holding one of his little hands. Ahl those feverish pulse beats!-every stroke sounding like an appeal: "Love each other, love each other; be good!" We felt eventually these throbbings and we understood the appeal. Our eyes met full and earnest through the glittering tears, as in a first holy vow. Words would have seemed a asorilege

ARCTIC HEROES.

The Fortitude Displayed by De Long and

The Fortitude Displayed by De Long and His Compasions-Loval to the Last. The diary of Lieutenant De Long, found beside his body, extends from October 1 to October 30, 1881. It is the record of terrible suffering borne with indomitable, heroism and ending in death. There is not in literature a nobles or more methodic states

nobler or more pathetic story. De Long and his men died of cold and hunger. They supported life during thirty days by the adoption of every means known to shipwreeked men except cannibalism. No one seems to, have thought of that horrible expedient. At first they had a little dog meat, and they managed to shoot two or three ptarthey managed to shoot two or three ptar-migans : then they were reduced to tea made of willow twigs and to algohol. At last they gnawed the leather of their boots and bits of deer-skin, and then, too weak to continue their march, lay down to die. They were slowly dying of starvation for fully three weeks, and in this condition had to resist as best they could the terrible cold. Through it all they never lost their courage. "All hands weak and feeble, but cheer-ful," wrote De Long when it must have ful," wrote De Long, when it must have been perfectly clear that nothing but a miracle could save the party from death. There is not a line in the whole diary of complaint or murmuring against God or

It too often happens that discipline vanishes among shipwrecked men, and that the selfish desire for life leads to inhumanity, if not to actual crime. There is no such stain in the story of the crew of the Jeannette. De Long seems to have maintained his authority seems to have maintained ins authority inquestioned to the last, and his men evidently shared his generous spirit. For days they dragged a sick comrade with them lashed to a sled, and never seem to have thought of abandoning him in order to increase their own chances of reaching a settlement. The officers and men never manifested the slightest hesitation between duty and selfishness. They clung together and helped one another loyally while living, and so long as the survivors had strength their dead comrades were given Christian burial. There was apparently no difference in the bearing and devotion of De Long, the American, Erickson the Dane or Ah Sam the Chinaman. Every man of the little band was a hero, knowing how to do his duty and doing it with unflinching faithfulness.

In their distress the shipwrecked men turned for help to G.d. In De Long's diary there is constant mention of religious services. When the faithful Alexy was dying the surgeon baptized him, and when all hope had gone we are told that "all hands united in saying the Lord's prayer and Creed." The humble, cheerful trust in God and submission to His will, of which De Long's diary gives constant evidence, show us that it was a band of Christian

Two Equares, one year Quarter Column, one year Half Column, one year

quare, one inch, one most

RATES OF ADVERTISIEG.

one inch, one year.....

Legal notices at established rate Marriages and death notices grav All bills for yearly advertiseme quarterly. Temporary advertiseme paid for in advance. Job work, cash on delivery.

## Life's Lesson.

ired? Wall, what of that ?

s fancy life was spent on beds of ease, Finitering the ross leaves exattered by the breene?

Come, rouse thee ! Work while it is called day Coward, arise ! Go forth upon thy way.

Lonely? And what of that? Some must be lonely; 'tis not given to all To feel a heart responsive rise and fall, To blend another life into its own.

Work may be done in loneliness. Work on I

Dark? Well, what of that ? Didst fondly dream the sun would never set ? Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet Learn thon to walk by faith, and not by sight Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard? Well, what of that? Didst fancy life one summer holiday ? With lessons none to learn and naught but play?

Go, get thes to thy task. Conquer or dis ! It must be learned; learn it, then, patiently.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Has it ever occurred to baseball men that a milk pitcher is generally a good fly catcher?

"I am a broken man," said a post Well," said his friend, "I inferred that from your pieces."

"A babe," says a writer, "is n mother's anchor." We have often heard that the first thing she does is to weigh it.

It makes very little difference what the weather may be in other parts of the country in April and May, they always have Hot Springs in Arkansas.

always have not springs in Arganas. "What makes Colonel — so pop-niar? I'm sure he's very stupid. He cau hardly see beyond his nose," said a lady to a friend, who replied: "My dear, sharp-sightedness is not what makes a person popular. It is what the colonal doesn't see that gives him such popular-its." ity."

There are a number of circumstance that will take the conceit out of a m that will take the concett out of a man, and one of the chief is, after taking a turn up the street and judging by the way they look at you that you are making a stunning impression on the girls, to find on your return that your hat has been on wrong side foremost all the time.

The onion was prevalent in the Middle Ages that the diamond, taken internally, is a deadly poison. Ben venuto Cellini details an attempt to poison him by causing diamond powder to be mixed with his salad, and attributes his escape to the rascality of the lapidary employed, who kept the diamond, and administered powdered obse glass.

"This is a funny doctrine!" exclaimed Brown, who had been reading of meterspsychosis. "The idea of the human soul entering the body of an animal! According to this doctrine, my soul after I get through with it, may inhabit the body of a jackass!" "And why not?" asked Fogg, demurely. "It would cer-tainly feel more at home there than anywhere else." Bome years ago, at a public dinner, a Dutchman, just from Holland, was one of the company; and during the banquel he paid so much attention to a roasted sucking-pig immediately in front of his plate that he devoured the entire animal. As he finished the last morsel, asked him what he would like to be helped to next. "Oh," replied the feeder, "I'll dank you for yon more of dem lestle hoks!" A commercial traveler, who is some-thing of a wag, thus relates his ex-perience: He and his companions were the sole occupants of the smoking car. They tried to converse, but the road was so rough they were pitched from was so rough they were practical from side to side like a ship's passengers. At last they were able to make each other understood. One said, "Dan, the old thing is rouning smoother." To which Dan replied: "Yes, I guess she has got off the track." SUCH IS LIFE. A girl. A whirl, A dance. A glauon, Some coy, coquettish intrigue. A walk, A talk, A sweet Betreat, A pensive sigh half stifling. A gate, Quite late, Oh, bliss, A kiss ! What would my mamma say, air ? A thick Ash stick, A whack I My back ! "You're getting quite too gay, sir." Conversation turned on a late marriage between December and May, some the gentlemen pooh-poohing the atch. But the lady stoutly chammatch. ploned the frostbitten Benedict."Why, pioned the frost intern man ought to keep himself married as long as he lives. Now, here's my husband ! What would he be good for without a wife? If I should die to-night he would ges another wife to-morrow, I hope Wouldn't you, Josiah ?" Josiah breather heavily and seemed to sum up the connubial torments of a lifetime in his calm response: "No, my dear, I think I should take a rest !"





And I naused for a moment and looked at Chris ---- she said not a word. One word would have kept me. But no, it came not, and I hurzled away. And my Lina's sweet voice, "Oh, dear father, co. fck," was the last that I heard.

And so I have wandered back here to the scenes of my childhood and youth ; Have stood by the grave of my father and mother-

have seen the old home On the hillside at Schramberg-and yet, Mr. Consu

to tell you the truth,

I find that I cannot be happy while far from loved ones I roam.

For my sweet Lina's words, "Oh, dear father, come back," always ring in my cafe, And I'm going this day; but for fear there should

e on the journey some ill,

There's no telling, you know," what might happen perchance, to a man of my years,

I have come, Mr. Consul, this morning to ask yo to draw up my will.

And I want you to make my old woman entitled to all that I've got

In case of my death. After all I can trust her to do what is fair

By the children in case she survives me. Just say

that J, Christian Roth-" What! In your name Christian Roth? Here's a letter ad-dressed to you here in my care."

A letter! My Lina's handwriting, and postmarked at NeptL, Illinois I.

Here, quick, let me read it: "Dear father, my mother implores you to come.

She tenderly asks your forgiveness; and now, she and I and the boys

Are lovingly waiting your coming, and cager welcome you home." -George L. Cutlin.

"IT."

FROM THE GERMAN OF ALEX V. ROBERTS FROM THE GRHMAN OF ALEX V. ROBERTS. [The original of this translation, by Mrs. Rosalis Orthelior, of Albany, N. Y., is a prize story written for the Vienna Allgemetre Zeitung. There were seven hundred and fifty contribu-tions handed in, and of these Mr. Roberts' "It" took the first prize, 500 florins. The judges were some of the most emlightened men of German [literature-Bauernfeld, Laube, Gross and se "gral others.] Returning from a businees trip, I entered m., wife's boundoir, and found

entered main wife's bondoir, and found her knee before a low-chair, on which saterpy-baby with large, round which sat OT py-taby with inter of up and the house at almost any time of the came rrD We in her sliken robe de day. "Hush! not so much noise! It sleeps! chambrante met me. She reached out "I greeted me not more It must have its dinner. It should be her he more formally than we acons hearti' days, I to greet each other in yere -

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Not long after we laid our darling in the warm spring earth.

When we again sat down at our table there was a stillness between us; but it was not the same stillness as that which the little stranger had broken in upon with his parting "Papa." By the wall stood his high arm-chair, and on the little board before it lay his spoon scepter. My wife reached her fine, white hand over the table, and asked: "Did you also love it ?--at least a little ?" Her voice trembled. "My wife! my sweet, my own wife !" called I. Then ] fell at her feet and held her hands fast "I love thee, my wife, oh, in mine. wife !"

After the first emotion had subsided I pointed to the arm-chair: "The little one came to teach us love," whispered I. "And when it had finished its teaching it went again to the angels," added she, through her tears.

One day the physician stepped out of my wife's room, with a smiling face. He touched the little arm-chair as he passed it, saying: "Let it stand there; you will need it again." Really? Was it possible? Had I de-

served such happiness? As I held my wife close to my heart

in my irrepressible joy, I could not for-bear to bend down to her blushing little face, and say: "We will love it dearly, very dearly. Is it not so ?"

## Peter Helm's Gratitude.

Peter Heim was menaced by a mob near Fort Wayne, Ind., twenty years ago. He had killed a popular man in a drunkon wrangle and was in imminen langer of being lynched. He had summoned John L. Farmar, a lawyer, but the orowd was inclined to hang the prisoner without listening to his coun-sel. In this emergency Farrar drew his client aside as if for consultation, and then advised him to run for the woods which were close by. Helm did so and was not caught. The lawyer got no fee and narrowly escaped vicarious lynch-ing. He never heard of Helm again until recently, when he received a let ter from Merico containing a draft for \$500, with the information that the

heroes that perished in the Siberian snow.

Bitterly as we may at first sight regret that so many noble lives have been lost, the men of the Jeannette's crew did not die in vain. Their fate suggests that beautiful passage in the prayer-book where we thank God for those who have departed this life in His fear. DeLong and his men have made us prouder of our humanity. They have shown us to what sublime heights of heroism educated officers and ignorant seaman can alike attain. They have given an example of calm and cheerful performance of duty which is without price. They have shown us once more that faith in God can survive all suffer-

ing. Let us thank God for the life and death of these heroic men. It is im. possible that their heroism can fail to bear its priceless and perennial fruit. But let us have no more costly sacri fices of life in the vain search for the

pole. It is idle as well as ungenerous to blame the projectors of the Jeannette expedition for its disastrons failure. The vessel was to follow a route hitherto untried, and there was ample justification for testing the question whether the pole could be reached by that route. Exploration becomes unjustifiable only when it is demonstrated that the end sought cannot be attained in spite of When the every effort and sacrifice. Jeannette sailed it had not been demonstrated that the pole could not be reached by steering northward from Wrangell Land. Her experience has now proved that the ice barrier is as impenetrable in that direction as it is wherever else it hus been attacked, The chances that the pole can never be reached are now so infinitesimally small that we are not justified in wasting any more lives in polar expeditions. To send out another expedition would show a reckless sindifference to human life of which any nation ought to be ashamed. Let us close the record of hopeless heroism and useless suffering in the frozen sea with the story of the noblest of all the Arctic heroes, George

W. De Long .- New York Times.

Countered on the Doctor. Dr. Louis, of New Orleans, who is something of a wag, called on a colored minister, and propounded a few puzzling questions. "Why is it," said he, "that you are not able to do the miracles that the Apostles did? They were preceded against all poisons and all nds of perils. How is it you are p rotected now in the same way?"

The colored preserved and promptly: "Don't a cont that, doctor. I spect I is. I've taken a mighty sight of strong medicine from you, doctor, and I is alive yet." sponded

Every man is occasionally what ha ought to be parpetually.

A man never looks so likes red-hand-ed villain as when he is told by the pho-tographer to "look pleasant."