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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Here's to our Starry Flag. Here's to our starry flag: No matter where it fly, Over the polar snow, under the tropic sky, On the silent prairie, or on the restless wars, Over the lonely camp, over the marching brave Or in the busy city, where'er men fling it forth; In the East, or the West, or the South, or the North, Here's to the starry flag, The flag that flies above us! Here's to the land we love! Here's to the hearts that love us!

A SUMMER IDYL.

The train was approaching Rhinebeck. Miss Barrow raised her eyes from the novel between which and the river, the cloudless sky and the green banks opposite, fresh in all the freshness of early June, she had been desultorily dividing her attention, and her maid began gathering up her wraps. One of two passengers in the same car did the same for theirs, and among them a young man of twenty-eight or so, with a fair mustache, who had traveled opposite Miss Barrow from New York absorbed in a scientific magazine. He was a handsome fellow, but more distinguished-looking than handsome, and dressed with quiet, unimpeachable correctness. These two qualities Miss Barrow had noticed in a casual way when her eye happened once or twice to fall on her fellow-traveler, for she thought a great deal of both of them. The latter, indeed, is a subject to which women pay more attention than men are aware.

As the young lady alighted on the platform at Rhinebeck an urban servant met her and announced that Miss Hamersley's carriage was waiting and that Miss Hamersley regretted not feeling strong enough to drive down herself. The man remained behind to see to the luggage and the carriage drove off. In rounding the corner to the other side of the platform Miss Barrow saw again her fellow-traveler with the fair mustache; he was speaking to Miss Hamersley's man, the latter having possessed himself of his portmanteau, and as they passed she heard him say, "Never mind; I'll take another vehicle."

Apparently, then, the gentleman was a guest of Miss Hamersley. Two or three years before the knowledge would probably have afforded Miss Barrow some gratification, very natural under the circumstances. The prospect suggested possibilities which would certainly have added an unexpected zest to her solitary visit to an elderly maiden lady in delicate health at an isolated country house. But a disappointment which Miss Barrow had experienced not long since, through a man to whom she had been engaged, had changed all such feelings. As she herself had said to her old friend, Miss Hamersley: "I not only feel as if I never again would care for any man, but the whole sex has grown indifferent to me."

The drive was quite a long one, and the sun was shooting rays of slanting light between the trees and across the lawns of the well-kept grounds when the old Hamersley mansion came in sight. On the vine-clad porch stood Miss Hamersley herself, looking like a picture of Revolutionary times with her small, delicate face, her gray silk dress and wealth of puffed white hair. "Well, my young friend," she said, "so I have you at last. Let me look at you." She raised Miss Barrow's veil and kissed her cheek. "As pretty as ever. Now let me take you to your room—why, what's this? Jack Travers, I declare!"

It was Miss Barrow's fellow traveler, whose vehicle had followed hers at a little distance, and who now drove up and sprang to the ground. "I expected you to-morrow," said Miss Hamersley, laying her hand affectionately on the young man's shoulder. "I should have telegraphed—"

"Never mind. You're always welcome. Maud, let me introduce my nephew, Mr. Travers, Miss Barrow."

"I daresay I shall like him," replied the young lady. "I know, of course, that you will not except in a friendly way, and that's just why I asked him up while you were here. The fact is you are very similarly situated. Jack has not gotten over an unlucky love affair, and if I had him meet some girl who would have fallen in love with him it would have been a bad thing for the girl, as it would be a bad thing for any man who should invite and who would fall in love with you. As it is, you and Jack are both invulnerable to the tender passion, and can be the best of friends accordingly. You will get on nicely, and your visit will be less of a bore than it would be in the solitary society of an old woman like me."

A little later Jack Travers came upon his aunt and asked: "Who is this young lady you have with you, dear aunt?" "Some one," was the reply, "whose heart is full of a memory—though, really, why she should still think of that brute of a man who treated her so outrageously is a mystery to me—and who not only will not expect you to fall a victim to her charms and begin a flirtation instantly, but would think anything of the sort a great bore. So you need not exert yourself."

"Indeed? That's a comfort. But what a singular girl," and if he had spoken his mind he would have added, "and what a beautiful girl, too," for just then Maud entered, having laid aside her traveling dress and thick veil for a long dinner dress of pale blue, which showed to remarkable advantage the brilliancy and the piquant charm of her face; the warm fairness of her skin, and the light glossy brown of her soft hair.

Miss Hamersley's explanations to both her guests had the effect of putting them thoroughly at their ease with each other, and the dinner was a gay one. By the time it was over they had discovered that they had many ideas in common, and many points of sympathy. The long June twilight had not yet faded, and Miss Hamersley suggested that her nephew should take Miss Barrow to the parapet to see the view.

"For," she said, "I can't go about much, and you must entertain each other."

The view was extended, for the Hamersley place stood high. Jack Travers leaned against the parapet, while Miss Barrow looked around her. Suddenly she glanced up and caught his eyes fixed on her.

"I often think what a delightful existence your aunt's is in this place," she said. "There is such a harmony in it. She fits the place, and the place fits her."

"My aunt is a charming woman. It is a pity she never married."

"A pity. I don't see that her condition as it is could be bettered. If she had married she would have run the chance of getting some obstinate man with not a thought in sympathy with hers, who would have been putting down his foot eternally and making her life a bore."

"You don't take a sentimental view of marriage," remarked Travers. "No. I am not sentimental. Perhaps I am hard."

Travers glanced at her, with the black lace she had thrown around her head as a protection from the dampness clinging about her soft, piquant face and white throat, and thought she did not look so.

But Miss Barrow did not seem inclined to pursue the subject further. She turned to go back to the house. In doing so she brushed her fan from the parapet. Travers stopped to pick it up, and noticed that it had a large metal ring attached. Instead of laying it in Maud's outstretched hand he slipped the ring over her wrist. The wrist was very pretty, and so was the hand, and Travers experienced a subtle pleasure in performing this familiar little act. He glanced up quickly; but the young lady's eyes were averted.

The next morning Travers proposed to take advantage of the cool, fine day for a horseback ride. Miss Barrow was willing, and a couple of hours later they were under way. The roads were in good condition, the air was exhilarating, and Miss Hamersley's horses were capital. The color came into Maud's cheeks and her eyes shone like stars. As for Travers, it did not seem to him that he had ever enjoyed such a ride before. By-and-by, however, he said: "Don't you think we had better turn back, Miss Barrow? It may be too much for you."

"Oh, I am not tired. I am thirsty, though."

Travers looked around him. "I think I could get you a glass of water at that little house on the top of that slope, but I don't like the idea of leaving you alone."

"Oh, I shall go, too. It will be a change from riding," said Maud. "You can tie the horses here."

The climb proved to be a rougher path than she had imagined, but she would not be persuaded to take Travers's arm.

"Oh, no, no." "Miss Barrow, this is really unreasonable. I must insist." And without more words he raised her in his arms and began descending the slope again. Maud crimsoned and a faint flush rose in Travers's cheeks also. The wind blew a stray wisp of her hair against his face, and with it the faint perfume of violets she had on her handkerchief. When he reached the foot of the slope and lifted her on her horse his heart was beating rather fast, and Maud was trembling a little.

"Does your ankle still pain so much?" he said, softly. She shook her head. "They rode slowly home through the green fields, almost in silence. Travers, while constantly watchful of his companion, seemed to be drowsy. "I suppose he is thinking of that girl he was in love with," said Maud to herself, and for a young lady to whom the masculine sex had grown indifferent she certainly allowed the supposition to give her a considerable pang.

Miss Barrow, for the next week, lay on a couch which was wheeled from the house to the grounds as she felt inclined to sit indoors or out. Miss Hamersley and Travers took turns in reading to her, but the latter's office in this respect was rather a sinecure. He always found after a few moments that it was much more pleasant to have Maud talk to him, and to be able to look at her. This tendency, indeed, in a few days grew into such a distracting wish to be always near her that Travers might have been alarmed had he chosen to question himself and his feelings. But he did not choose to.

One warm afternoon he came into the library, where she lay on a lounge near the open window, with a cluster of red moss-roses in his hand.

"They are the first of the season," he said. Maud raised her hand for them, and he stood looking down at her. She wore a thin white dress, and looked prettier than he had ever seen her. Her cheeks were a little flushed, and her hair tossed about a trifle as if she had just been asleep. She seemed too listless and comfortable to move, but thanked him with a bright glance, and pressed the roses against her face. Presently his persistent gaze appeared to embarrass her, for she said, not a little uneasily: "How hot it is! Why don't you sit down?"

Travers sat down mechanically, still without speaking. Miss Barrow glanced at him, and her eyes began to sparkle mischievously.

"Perhaps I should not have asked you to sit down, though," she said demurely. "You might have been contemplating a speedy exit for the purpose of smoking a cigar."

"I assure you, I was thinking of nothing of the sort, Miss Barrow."

"Not thinking of smoking? I fancied there was no hour of the day a man did not think of that."

"He may make an exception when he is in the society of ladies."

"Indeed he does not, or I have yet to learn it. Oh, women are not of as much importance as that to men!" Her tone had changed, and she spoke the last words bitterly.

"That is what that brute of a man she was engaged to has taught her," thought Travers. "I should like to—" He started up, and completed his pious wish with regard to the said man at the window.

But Maud was in a strange mood this afternoon. When she spoke her tone was quite different again.

"Are you angry?" she asked, softly. "Angry—no," he replied, coming back and standing before her. "How tantalizing you are to-day," he broke out after a pause.

She took no heed. "To show you I did not intend to be rude, I will give you a rose," she said—"shall I?"

"Yes," he whispered. "Sloop down," she murmured. He knelt beside the lounge, and she passed the stem of the rose through his button-hole. Her little white fingers were very near his face, and he saw that they began to tremble. Suddenly he caught them both in one of his, and before she could stir, without knowing himself what he was doing, he threw his arm around her and kissed her.

The next instant he was on his feet. Maud, crimson and palpitating, stood before him, supporting herself against the lounge.

"You have insulted me—"

"Miss Barrow—Maud! Forgive me! Pardon me! I did not know what I was doing, I love you so!"

"It is an insult," she cried again. "Leave me—leave me!" And throwing herself back on the lounge she burst into a passion of tears. Travers, cursing his folly, left the room.

That evening he told his aunt he should have to go to New York for a few days. Maud heard the announcement calmly and took leave of him very coolly. During the days that followed she never spoke of him to Miss Hamersley, except once when, in an elaborately careless way, she inquired whether the girl to whom Mr. Travers had been engaged was very pretty. On the other hand she did not seem at all averse to hearing her old friend's eulogies of her favorite nephew. This Miss Hamersley noticed, as well as that, as the week wore on, her young niece grew very restless and nervous. But, whatever her thoughts were, she kept her own counsel.

After Travers had been gone a fortnight Maud came out of the house one evening toward sundown. She was slowly crossing the lawn, with her long dress trailing over the grass, when she

raised her eyes and saw him standing not six feet from her. She stood quite still, not startled; she was too overwhelmingly glad for that. She had just been thinking of him—indeed when, for days had she not?—and saying to herself that of course he would not come back, that she could not expect it when she had dismissed him so summarily; and now there he was before her. Still she spoke lightly as he came forward and took her hand.

"You reappear like a ghost," she said. "Did you spring from the ground or drop from the skies?"

Travers laid the hand she had given him on his arm and led her toward the parapet where they had stood together on the first evening of her arrival. When they reached it he said: "I know you will have come back, Maud. I love you with my whole heart and soul and strength, and I have come back to tell you so; to tell you that I cannot live without you—Stop," he continued, as she was about to speak, "I know what you will say, that it is too sudden, that I have not known you long enough. Well, I don't ask you to accept me now. I will wait—only let me think that you will care a little for me by-and-by. Will you, Maud?"

He leaned over her and looked into her eyes. "Alas! Maud could have said that she cared much more than a little for him then. But she was wise and knew that a man should never be given more than he asks for, but rather less. So she only murmured, "Perhaps I may," and Travers, with his eyes fixed on her sweet face and the roguish dimples at the corners of her mouth, was content. Presently he said:

"Am I pardoned my misdemeanor of the other day? Yes? Then you should let me repeat it to show that I am forgiven."

But this time Miss Barrow drew herself away with much dignity.

"Not at all. For shame, Jack. Give me your arm and we will go back to the house. And, mind you, let me explain to your aunt first."

And she did. But, to her surprise, Miss Hamersley was not surprised at all. Indeed, some months later, when they were both talking about Miss Barrow's approaching marriage, such a gleam of mischief came all at once over the older lady's face that the younger one suddenly said she believed Miss Hamersley had invited Jack and herself to her place in June with an ulterior motive. "Well, frankly, I did," owned Jack's aunt. "You were the two nicest young people I knew, and it was my opinion you should make a match of it. As to the fact of your both having been in love before being a barrier, that was absurd, of course. All you needed was a chance to unfold a charming little idyl, and I knew no better place than this for such an idyl!"

Swords.

The first weapon used by man was probably a club; and it is also likely that in time this was made of very hard wood, and somewhat sharpened on one or more sides, so as to inflict a more deadly wound. Wooden weapons of this kind are now in use by some savage races. Then it was found that more effective weapons of the sort could be made of a harder substance, and short, unwieldy swords were hewn out of stone, very much as our Indians made their arrow-heads of flint. But a sword of this kind, although a terrible weapon in the hands of a strong man, was brittle and apt to break; and so in time, when the use and value of metals came to be understood, swords were made of these substances. The early Romans, and some other nations, had strong, heavy swords made of bronze. But when iron and steel came into use it was quickly perceived that they were the metals of which offensive weapons should be made.

By a careful study of the form and use of the sword, from its first invention until the present time, we may get a good idea of the manner in which in various ages military operations were carried on. At first men fought at close quarters, like the beasts they imitated. But as the arts of warfare began to be improved, and as civilization and enlightenment progressed, men seemed anxious to get farther and farther away from one another when they fought, and so the sword gradually became longer and longer, until, in the middle ages, a man's sword was sometimes as long as himself.

But there is a limit to this sort of thing, and when the use of projectiles which would kill at a great distance became general, it was found that a soldier was seldom near enough to his enemy to reach him with his sword; and at the present day it is seldom used in actual warfare except by cavalrymen, and these frequently depend as much on the firearms they carry as upon their sabers. It is said that cavalry charges, in which the swords of the riders are depended upon to rout the enemy, do not frequently occur in the warfare of the present day; and those naval battles of which all have read, where the opposing ships are run side by side, and the sailors of one, cutlass in hand, spring upon the deck of the other and engage in a hand to hand fight, are now seldom heard of. Our iron-clad ships fire at one another from a great distance, or one of them comes smashing into another with its terrible steel ram; and a sword would be a very useless thing to a modern sailor. Our armies lie a mile or two apart and pop at each other with long-range rifles and heavy cannon, and to the great body of the opposing forces swords would only be an incumbrance.

—St. Nicholas.

General Skobelev's Career.

The late General Michael Skobelev was probably the most popular man in Russia and the most picturesque soldier in Europe. In peace he excelled the swells of the kingdom in his fondness for the luxuries of dress and the daintiness of his tastes. In war he was the embodiment of bravery and the personification of reckless fury. Clad in a white uniform that glittered with gold braid, and mounted on a white horse, he led his men to victories snatched out of the very gulfs of death, and it was said of those he commanded that they idolized him, and seemed to prefer death at the heels of his horse to victory under any other commander. He was of soldierly carriage and fine physique, black-eyed, brown-haired and full-bearded. He came of a race of soldiers. His grand-father, rather and himself were all generals and chevaliers of St. George, and valor got each one his title and honors. Michael was the youngest Russian general. He was graduated from the Military Academy in St. Petersburg in 1868, and, without serving in the Guards, he at once pitched into battle in Turkestan at the head of a corps of Cossacks. He was then twenty-five years old. He remained in Turkestan until 1871, and went thence to the Caucasus on the staff of the Grand Duke Michael. Later he commanded a battalion of the Seventy-fourth regiment of the line, and in 1873 he was transferred to Khiva, where the czar was fighting the khan. When the formality of military discipline hampered him in this campaign, he deliberately disobeyed orders and at the same time gave evidence of his genius as a soldier. In the same campaign, in order to finish and deliver his report to General Kaufman, he and MacGahan, the famous war-correspondent, remained in the palace of the khan when it seemed madness to tarry there. For this and a reconnaissance in disguise to the Turcoman desert he was given the cross of St. George of the fourth class. When Don Carlos was fighting for the throne of Spain Skobelev joined his staff avowedly to study war out of Russia, but probably because he could not keep away from war.

As a cavalry commander he fought in Turkestan, and here, at night, with 150 men, he dashed into the main camp of the enemy, who, imagining the Russian army upon them, fled without taking even their turbans. Not one of Skobelev's men was killed or wounded. Temporarily left in command he stormed and took the city of Namanyah, which had revolted. For this, though he was but thirty-two years old, he was made a major-general. In the second war with Khokland he compelled the khan to surrender, and when that country was annexed was made its governor and given the third class cross of St. George. His next brilliant feat was in the Russo-Turkish war. He had been on the staff of the Grand Duke Michael, been transferred to the staff of his father, a lieutenant-general, and his father's command being broken up, he found himself out of employment where the fighting was heaviest. He remained in the army as a volunteer, and sent his name ringing through Russia by crossing the Danube on horseback, sword in hand, at the head of a few men, and driving the Turks from their positions overlooking S-stowa. Again, almost in the next dispatches, he was reported at the siege of Plevna, at the head of a whirlwind of cavalymen, actually penetrating the fortifications. But the infantry upon whom he relied failed, and Skobelev had to retire. In the second battle of Plevna he captured two redoubts, and, after defending them for twenty-four hours against the incessant hail of lead from a vastly superior force, he was forced back, still fighting like a bulldog. He lost 8,000 out of 12,000 men, had seven horses shot from under him, and when the last had gone led the way into the redoubt on foot, waving his diamond-hilted sword.

His greatest military feat was, when, with 20,000 men, he stormed and took Lovtcha in Bulgaria, and won a strategic point behind Osman Pasha's army. The war was not half over when he was made lieutenant-general and commander of the Sixteenth division. When Radetzky and Prince Meraky had both been repulsed by Versel Pasha at Shenova, Skobelev made the Pasha surrender. At the czar's order he entered Adrianople. With his already famous command he was long before Constantinople, and finally had charge of all the Russian forces retiring from Turkey.

Since the war the world outside Russia heard but little of him, though two-thirds of his countrymen worshipped him as the foremost champion of Pan-Slavist theories. Love for him was said to be one of the few things in which the country and the czar were wholly in accord. Last February his soldierly bluntness gave him world-wide prominence. It was at a dinner of Serbian "talents in Paris that he declared a struggle between the Slavs and Teutons inevitable. He said it would be long and bloody, but the Slavs would conquer. He had the world for his hearers, and Europe waited anxiously for an explanation. Skobelev disavowed any desire to make trouble, or any authority to speak as he did, and the czar reproved him with signal mildness, and sent him to Turkestan for a time. He was thirty-nine years old.

Children wear Mother Hubbard and Kate Greenaway dresses of Turkey-red calico, with white muslin pokes or guimpes and sleeves.

A Leap for Life.

The citadel of Cairo, Egypt, stands on a steep, rocky bluff above the city, the relative positions of the two being very much those of the capitol and the lower town at Washington. It was the favorite residence of the famous Egyptian dictator of the last generation, Mehemet Ali Pasha, who strongly fortified it and kept a number of heavy cannon constantly pointed from its walls at the city below to overawe the disaffection which his iron rule inevitably produced. The walls are still in tolerable repair, and might give some trouble to a force unprovided with heavy siege artillery. Above the ramparts are visible at a considerable distance the tall, slender, white minarets of the Mohammedan mosque, built by Mehemet Ali. This is one of the principal ornaments of Cairo, its interior being decorated with a richness of coloring unmatched in the world, except, perhaps, by the Alhambra palace at Grenada. In front of the main entrance lies a vast paved quadrangle surrounded by a low colonnade, which has acquired a tragic historical renown as the scene of the famous "massacre of the Mamelukes" by order of the pasha. Mehemet, finding in the turbulent independence of these warlike chiefs a formidable obstacle to his cherished scheme of absolute power, invited them to a banquet in the court-yard of the citadel. They rashly accepted the treacherous courtesy, and were suddenly fired upon in the midst of their revel by a detachment of soldiers concealed in the encircling colonnade. All perished save one, the son of the principal chief, who, alone preserving his presence of mind, threw himself upon the ground and succeeded in reaching his horse, which was tied to an adjoining pillar. Springing upon its back he cut his way through the swarming assailants, and, finding the gates shut against him, took a flying leap from the top of the wall, a height of eighty feet. The horse was killed on the spot, but the daring Mameluke, escaping with a broken limb, crawled away and hid himself before he could be overtaken.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The transpiration from a forest is nearly twice as great as the evaporation from an equal area of free soil. There is reason to believe that ants produce sounds of such high pitch that they are inaudible to the human ear.

Remains of a remarkable bird of the Eocene epoch have been found near Rheims by M. de Lemoine. The bird was at least ten feet high when erect, with a much larger skull than that of the ostrich, and affinities—it is believed—to the duck.

It is reported that a telegram and a telephonic message from Brussels were recently received simultaneously over one wire at Paris. The system is the work of the Belgian meteorological bureau, Herr Van Kesselbergh, and if successful must prove very valuable.

Colors fade under the influence of the electric light, as in sunlight, but M. Doucaud finds that the effect is weaker. With an arc light of 200 candle power the influence upon oil and water paintings and colored wool seemed to be about one-fourth as powerful as sunlight influence.

A Wealthy Newsboy.

"Without doubt the richest newsboy in the country is Mike Mykens, of Denver, Colorado. He is supposed to be worth \$50,000, which he has invested in Denver real estate. He is not yet ready to retire from business, but from early morning until midnight may be seen upon the streets crying, 'Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Kansas City morning papers.' In connection with his paper stand he has a bootblack's chair, which he generally leaves in charge of an assistant. He sells his papers at a uniform price of ten cents each, and long experience has made him very expert in detecting at a glance from what part of the country any one of the strangers who throng the streets of Denver hail. 'Run after that old man with a white choker and sell him a Boston Herald,' he will say to his assistant; or 'Work off a San Francisco Bulletin on that sippy-looking cuss under the awning.' Mykens is no longer a boy, but he is likely to remain a newsboy for years to come."

Tower City, Dakota, has a water supply from a remarkable artesian well, the nature of which seems to deserve close examination by geologists on the spot. When the earth was penetrated 560 feet salt water was obtained. Twenty feet further down a gravelly stratum was struck, yielding also salt water. After boring down 604 feet fresh water mixed with quicksand came up. Now, from a depth of 675 feet, there is a flow of pure water of steadily increasing quantity.

Who can deservedly be called a conqueror? He who conquers his rancorous passions, and endeavors to turn his enemy into a friend. Thou shalt not say, "I will love the wise, but the unwise I will hate;" but thou shalt love all mankind.

After trying his hand at many things in various parts of the country, James Harris one day took it into his head to plant a few orange trees at Ocala, Florida. He now owns 75,000 of the trees and has an annual income from them of \$80,000.