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Everything Old. Why talk so much of the "old" in art? There's nothing new in the land: The same old earth, the same old sea. # And the same bright yellow sand ! There's no other way than to dig, and dig, For the eilver and the gold; And the new but seemeth, to him who dream-

For the new is but the old.

For centuries, green, immortal green, Has mantled the mountain sides; While ships go out and ships come in, With the oldest of old tides. There's no other love but the old, old love, With its bitter-sweet unrest; The same in form, through calm and storm, That stirred old Adam's breast.

The same old moon, with its shining face. Repeated o'er and o,er; The same old stars that sang for joy When chaos was no more. There's no other way to live and learn, But the way of eye and ear-As the prophets learned, when the spirit burned

In their hearts while dwelling here, The fire we built upon our hearths-It is only now in name: Though it lesps and leaps in a youthful way, 'Tis part of an ancient flame, There's no other way to get one's bread

But to plant in the dusky mold; So the new but seemsth, to him who dreamoth-

Ave, the new is but the old ! -Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

"THE KING'S BUSINESS ."

Blowly and aimlessly out of the village wandered poor, half-witted Nat that pleasant summer afternoon. He had no particular destination, "only goin' somewhere "-his reply always to any question in regard to his movements. During the morning he had Leen parading the village street, his hat trimmed luxuriantly with feathers, while he sounded forth his own praise through the medium of a tin horn. Of course he had attracted attention. A small army of urchins had surrounded him, front and rear, and he had taken their shouts and teasing remarks for applause and admiration. But now his grandeur was gone. One by one his followers had forsaken him, until at last he was "left alone in his glory," and with poor Nat, like the rest of us, what does glory amount to when there are none to witness?

And so he moved onward in his drifting, uncertain way across the creek at the edge of the village, up the hill, un-til his stalwart form stood out against the sky-for Nat was strong in body though weak in mind; then he passed down on the other side to where the



claimed Nat, exultingly. "The King said take no money nor nothin' to est, an' He'd take keer of me. He says 'Go,' an' I'll obey orders," and instantly his tall figure was moving swiftly down the road.

Tommy gazed after him a ninute in bewildered silence, and then e: claimed emphatically as he turned away: " My | but ain't he cracked !

With rapid steps Nat hurried forward, swinging his huge stick and talk ng to He had taken the placard as himself. a veritable command to go to Tracey's, and thitherward he directed his steps. It was not the first time he had been there. On previous occasions when he passed that way he had been kindly treated by Mirs. Tracey, and perhaps that had something to do with the alacrity of his movement, and he hastened down the road till it brought him to a small stream, on the bank of which stood a sawmill. Mr. Tracey, the owner of the Half-way house, was engaged at work here, and he turned aside to speak to him.

I'm on business for the King, and I'm going' to your house," he announced with the dignified gravity that belonged to his royal commission. "On business for the King, and goin"

to my house, ch ?" answered the person addressed, a good-natured smile crossing his kindly face. "Well, I reckon that's a high honor to me. You've got a tramp afore you, though, Nat-a good seven miles."

"I must obey orders," replied Nat, simply.

"That's right-obey orders. Well, if you do go tell Mrs. Tracey I'll be home to-morrow night. Tell her, too, not to be uneasy about that money bein' in the house, 'cause I'll see to it when I come."

"What money's that?" asked a fellow workman as Nat turned away.

" My pension. My claim was allowed last week, and I got my money-five hundred dollars-yesterday. I was foolish not to put it in the bank right off, but I didn't, and as I didn't have time to go to town yesterday I had to leave it at home. I reckon it's safe enough, till to-morrow night, and then-

"Hist !" interrupted his companion, suddenly. "What's that ?" Tracey paused to listen.

"I didn't hear anything," he said.

"I thought I heard some one over there," pursued the other, pointing to a large, high pile of boards a few feet distant-the boards being piled in form of a square, with a large cavity in the "Most likely it was rate, center. though."

" More likely to be rats than anything else, thero's so many about here," an-swered Tracey. Then he added,

to him what he should do when he reached Tracey's and had been supplied with food. At present he was "obeying orders"-and beyond that his thought did not go. It was indeed a long walk he had undertaken, and it was just at dusk that he reached his their necks!" he added, looking up bedestination. The Half-way house was a wildered. "Do you b'lieve a big rock lonely hostelry, situated at the intersection of two roads, with no other house in sight, and was a common stopping-place for persons passing to and from the city. Nat stepped boldly upon the broad plazza in front, and with full with full consciousness of his right walked unhesitatingly into the pleasant sitting-room. Mrs. Tracey came for-

ward to meet him.

"Why, Nat, is that you?" "Yes'm," he answered, gravely. "I

was told to come here an' get a square meal. The King sent me." "The King sent you? Well I guess

I'll have to give you a supper then,' said she. "And by the way, Nat, did you see my husband on your way here ?" "Yes'm; and he said for me to tell yon he'd be home to-morrer night, an' for you not to be uneasy 'bout that

money.

"Oh, dear! I did so hope he'd come this evening," she sighed. She was indeed uneasy on account of the money in the house. She had slept but little the preceding night for thinking of it, and had worried about it all through the day, and now another lonely night was before her. As she was preparing supper for her guest another thought came to her. Could she not induce Nat to stop there for the night? His notion of wandering made it an uncertain request, and even if he remained, with his beclouded intellect. he could not be depended on in case of trouble. Still he would be 'company, and perhaps he might aid her-she prayed for that-if she needed help.

"Nat," she said, as she poured out a glass of milk for him, "won't you stay here to-night ?'

"I don't know whether it be orders," he answered, uncertainly. " Parson said the King sent out His messengers, an' they wasn't to take no money nor nothin' to eat, an' I don't know if it be right to stop."

"Oh, yes, it is," replied Mrs. Tracey, catching at once an idea of his thoughts. "I heard what the parson said, too. When the King's messenger entered a house he was to abide there-that is to stop. Don't you remember?" Nat considered the proposition.

"Yes 'm, that's His orders. I'll stop,' he said.

"And, Nat," pursued the lady, ren-dered eager by her success, "there's another thing the King said—you heard it at Sunday school. He said, 'Suffac little children to come unto me '-that is such little children as mine there," road entered a forest which stretched for miles away. It was here quiet and lonely, but Nat fancied this. He occa-sionally liked to escape from human values and burglars that's been playin mischief 'round these parts for the last week or were hanged about his were cast into the sea.' The King doesn't wish any harm to come to His the chaps would have heard all I said little ones, in any way-you remember that?'

stooped and drew the two insensible forms toward him.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30. 1882.

"Now bring them ropes, and I'll hang a"-he paused, and left the sen-tence unfinished. "But there ain't no millstones 'bout here to hang 'round would do? I must obey orders.'

"No, I don't believe a rock would do," replied Mrs. Tracey, smiling in spite of her alarm. "But they will be coming to presently; I would just tie their hands and feet and leave them until morning."

"Yes'm, so I will. 'The King said tie 'em hand and foot-that his orders. They won't offend His little ones any more," and in a few minutes Nat had them safely secured.

I need not tell of the night that followed, of how Natkept sleepless guard over his captives, and of how, when morning came and help came with it, the burglars were safely lodged in the county jail. All that is easily surmised. But at last Nat was a hero-not only in his own eyes but in the eyes of all others. He bore his honors meekly and with dignity, as a right belonging to a servant of the King. He accepted the numerous congratulations and hand-

shakings, wondering, perhaps, what it all meant, and replying to the questions heaped upon him with the simple statement: "1 just obeyed orders." Nothing, however, could induce him to accept any reward for his services. The royal command was to take no bread, no money in his purse, and he would not. But Nat did not lack for friends after

that. He still continued his wandering, and, as the story spread, homes and hearts were open to him everywhere. But it was at Tracey's that he was more especially welcomed, and as the years came and went it was noticed that his visits became more frequent and his stays more prolonged. Indeed,

as Tracey expresses it : "He'll get his orders to come here and die yet, I reckon ; an' he's welcome

to all the care we can give him. An' I just believe that away up in that other world we read about he'll be as clearheaded as anybody, and in genaine carnest will be forever 'on business for the King."-Erskins M. Hamilton, in

A Fearful Swim for Life.

Our Continent.

the treacherous Colorado. Barney Coleman and Benjamin Gooch, accompanied by two Indians, started up the river one morning recently in a skiff for the purpose of catching drift-wood. After reaching a point between twelve and fifteen miles up the river the boat. steep cliff of rocks, whose walls were two hundred feet in height, and the Indians, observing that the eddy was kitchen door and was—in heaven. The about swallowing the boat and crew, jumped out and clung to the rocks and Gooch endeavored to do the same thing after them. He secured a slight hold to the perpendicular sides of the cliff, clung to it only for a moment, then fell into the water and was seen no more. Coleman sprang from the stern of the skiff out into the river and got beyond the eddy, where he watched for the appearance of the boat. He had not long to wait, but it seemed to him ages, when he caught sight of it, bottom upward, a few yards down the river, when he swam after it, overtaking and clinging to it. In this condition, for three miles, the went 'shooting " past rocks, plowing through breakers and whirling about in eddies, when he came face to face with one of those roaring rapids and treach erons eddies so numerous and so dread-ful in the Colorado. There was no time to lose. Another chance between life and death, and that chance perhaps was the only one in a thousand. The resolution was formed one moment and executed the next. The skiff was in the midst of the rapids, standing on end; another breaker and over it went. This was an indescribable moment to Coleman, whose sole reliance had deserted him, as he felt a prisoner in the hands of death, and though he had scarcely known his strength before here was a desperate opportunity for its test, and he says that he felt that he was a more straw at the mercy of a wave one second and an eddy

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

WISE WORDS.

Fortune can take away riches, but not courage.

Small oheer and great welcome make merry feast.

Fortune does not change men, it only unmasks them.

Love can gather hope from a marvelous little thing. -

Do not yield to misfortimes, but meet them with fortitude.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions; they hold him.

Those who plot the destruction of others often fall themselves.

That which is beiter to be endured may be sweet to be remembered.

Trees in the forest may be barren, but trees in the garden should be fruitfal

We might as well have no opportunities as not to use the one that we have.

Hypoorisy is a hard game to play at. for it is one deceiver against many observers.

The folly of others is ever most ridionlous to those who are themselves most foolish.

Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of result was the formation of tubercles in genius.

Nature has given us two ears and but one tongue, in order that we may repeat but one-half of what we hear.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy. Selfcommand is the main elegance.

~ Life's Brightest Hour.

"I will tell you when was the happiest hour of my life," said a man of great wealth the other day. "At the age of one and twenty I had saved up eight only strong, but stout; a little slender hundred dollars ; I was earning five did not take it from me, only requiring that I should pay my board. At the age of twenty-one I had secured a pretty cottage just outside the city. I was to pay two-thirds of the money down, and nifies one dull and rude; a soft hand, also to furnish it respectably. I was married on Sunday, a Sunday in June, at my father's house. My wife had come to me poor in purse, but rich in wealth of womanhood. The Sabbath and the Sabbath night we passed A correspondent, writing from El Dorado Canon, Nev., says: Another of our old-timers has been swallowed up by the treacherous Colorado. Barney ter to help in preparing my home. On Monday evening, when the labors of the becoming unmanageable, was drawn door of the cottage and entered. I we are told that the itching of the into an eddy and disappeared in an in- laid my hat upon the little stand in the right hand signifies that it will shortly

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriages and death notices graffs. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be haid for in advance. Job work, cash on delivery.

HEALTH HINTS.

Sugar has been denounced by modern chemists as a substance, the effects of which on dyspeptics are deplorable. A writer in the *Medicin Practicien*, how-ever, does not partake of these fears. He cites the case of a dyspeptic doctor, who, for twenty years, had a terror of sugar, but who now consumes three and three-fourths ounces of sugar daily, without inconvenience. Entering the field of experiment in this direction, he found that a dog ate eighty grains of sugar with two hundred of other food, and six hours afterward its stomach showed but little food; the mucuous lining of the stomach was red and highly congested, and the congestion of the liver was notable. An animal opened after eating two hundred grains of food and no sugar, showed ninety to one hundred grains of food undigested. Sugar, then, favors the secretion of the gastric juice.

Renewed confirmation of the infections character of consumption has been obtained by M. Giboax. In the experi-ments made, air which had been expired by consumptive animals was introduced twice a day for 105 days into a wooden case containing young rabbits, the case being closed each time for two hours to prevent the access of other air. The the lungs of the rabbits. Other rabbits, similarly treated except that the infected air was passed through carbolized wadding, remained entirely unaffected.

Superstitions of the Hand.

The hand has been honored with a very extended folk lore, and the following extract from an old writer shows that nearly every peculiarity of the hand has been emblematic of some personal trait of character. Thus, we are told: A great thick hand signifies one not hand, one not only weak, but timorous; hundred dollars a year, and my father a long hand and long fingers betoken a man not only apt for mechanical artifice but liberally ingenious. Those short, on the contrary, denote a fool and fit for nothing; a hard, brawny hand sigone witty, but effeminate; a hairy hand, one luxurious. Long joints sig-nify generosity; yet, if they be thick withal, one not so ingenious. The often clapping and folding of the bands note covatous-ness, and their much moving in speech, long and lean as witty. If his fingers crock upward, that shows him liberal ; day were done, I went not to the pa- if downward niggar ly. Long nails rental shelter, as in the days past, but and crooked signify one to be brutish, to my own home. The holy atmos- ravenous and unchaste; very short phere of the hour seems to surround me even now, in memory. I opened the door of the cottage and entered. I we are told that the itching of the stant. The skiff at the time was near a hall, and passed on to the kitchen, our receive money, whereas if the left hand



voices and human habitations, to get away by himself and talk with the birds, the trees and the flowers. Here in the wood the wild vagaries of his brain found full play. Here no one disputed his claims to greatness, no one denied his being a noted general, a gifted orator or mu ician, when the fancy seized him to be such. In fact Nat always had "greatness thrust upon him;" he was never an ordinary man in his own estimation, and he was not now.

But on this occasion a new fancy had taken possession of him-he was on business for the King. What King, or what was the particular business he did not precisely know, but he had derived his idea from various sermons he had heard at the village church and Sundayschool, which he attended with scrupulous punctuality through all weathers, aud although he understood but little of the proceedings, yet chance sentences had fastened themselves on his sluggish brain.

"I'm on business for the King," he muttered, reaching up his great strong hand and wrenching a huge overhaug-ing branch from its place and speedily converting it into a walking stick. "Yes, I'm on business for the King, the Kivg of all around here, the birds, the trees, the flowers and the bumble-bees. He sent me, He did. Parson said so t'other Sunday. He said the King sent out his messengers to do his work. He sent out twelve on 'em once't, an' they wasn't to take no money in their purse nor nothin' to eat. He sent me, 'cause I hain't got no money an' hain't had nothin' to eat all day."

He strode onward, murmuring his thoughts as he went, until after a time he came upon a public road which ran through the wood. A placard fastened to a tree by the roadside attracted his attention, and he paused to consider it. He could not consider it. read, but as his eyes were fixed apon the printed cheracters the tinkle of a cow-bell was heard down the road, and presently a cow came into view, followed by the short, sturdy figure and round, freekled face of Tommy Brock. Tommy was flourishing a large stick and thouting at the cow in his efforts to keep her in a proper homeward direc-As he came up he exclaimed: tion. " Hello, Nat! What are you doin'

bere? "I'm on business for the King," re-

plied Nat, with dignity. " "iness for - who ?" asked "Or arprise.

Tom', arprise. "For the King. He sent me," said Nat, again. "That's his orders there, I take it," pointing to the placard, "What is it, Tommy ?"

"That? Why that's only an advertisement," answered Tommy, his eyes His tall form, with long and steady sistance, but he was like a child in the to which we cannot opening wider in his astonishment. "It stride, was hastening forward "on busi- hands of rigiant, and in a moment he, against the stream.

so-maybe they're stowed away in that pile of lumber. My! if I really believed that 1'd be uneasy myself, for about my pension."

"What burglars is that?" inquired the other.

"What burglars? Why, man, don't you read the papers? Why, only yesterday the sheriff and his deputies rode by my house on the hunt for 'em. Last Saturday night they broke into Lawyer Barke's house in the village and carried off about a hundred dollars, and then on Sunday night they got into the railroad station, broke open the safe, and made off with about three hundred more. That's the biggest of their hauls, though they've entered several other places.

The conversation was continued on this topic for a few minutes, and then dropped. Neither of the men thought it worth while to investigate the cause of the noise, and they pursued their work for a short time and were then called over to the other side of the mill. Just as they disappeared a face peered over the top of the board pile from the inside, another followed a moment later, and presently two rough, villainouslooking men came into view, and seeing they were unobserved, sprang quickly to the ground and hastened into the forest.

"Close shave that, as bein' as we was hid there all last night and all day till now," said one, as he pushed through the underbrush.

"Yes; I thought as once them mill chaps was a comin' to look," responded the other. "Good for 'em as they didn't, an' took us for rats ; 'cause the p'lice be on the lookout now an' we don't want to use no shootin' irons an' make things too hot. We must move out lively from 'ere, Bill."

"Not till we get that 'ere pension, " That answered Bill, significantly. lay-out were as good as pitched at us, an' it 'd be a pity not to take it. 'Sides, the gov'ment owes me a pension for all the time I've lost in jails and prisons, an' this ere's a good chance to get it. I knows where the crib is, 'cause we stopped there last week for somethin' to eat, don't you mind? This fellow that owns it was there at the time. There is nobody but a woman an' two little uns, an' they're easy fixed, an' there ain't no other house nigh.'

"But there's that 'ere other chap as said as he was goin' there ?"

"Him? He's orazy, an' if he goes there at all he'll only stop a bit an' move on. A tap on the head 'll settle him, anyway, if he's there—but then he won't be there."

During this time Nat was not idle.

"Yes 'm," replied Nat, absently. "Well, then," continued Mrs. Tracey,

driving the concluding nail into her argument, "if any bad, wicked men should come here to-night and try to hurt me or these little ones that belong to the King, you would help us, wouldn't you?"

She waited anxiously for the reply, Nat looked at her vaguely for a mo ment, and then his eyes wandered aimlessly about the room, and then back to her. Finally he said, quietly :

"The King sent me. I'll obey or ders."

How far he understood she did not know, and all her effort could draw out no more definite reply, and with that she was obliged to be content. As the evening grew late she provided her guest with a sleeping place, in an ad-joining room, by throwing a few quilts on the floor—for Nat would sleep nowhere else-and then she lay down. without andressing, on a bed beside her children. But it was a long time before slumber visited her troubled spirit.

As for Nat, no thought of worry or anxiety for the future was on his mind, and he "slept the sleep of the just" and his dreams were peaceful. But after a time those dreams became dis-turbed and discordant-a voice voice seemed to be calling him from his King, and presently he awakened with a start.

"Nat! help! Nat, the King wants you I" came in smothered tones from the other room.

In an instant he sprang lightly to his feet, and grasping his stick he strode forward and opened the door. A fearful struggle met his view as he entered. Two rough, evil-looking men were there -one holding Mrs. Tracey, the other the children-and the villains were evidently trying to bind and gag their victims. As Nat witnessed the scene his tall form seemed to tower yet higher, and a strange, fierce light gleamed from his eyes.

"I belong to the King !" he thundered. "How dare you offend His little ones ?"

At this unexpected intrusion one of the burglars released his hold of Mrs. Tracey, and sprang forward with an oath to meet him. But it was in vain. The great stick was whirled in the air, and then came down with fearful force on the head of the villain, and he sack senseless to the floor. The remaining burglar hastened to his comrade's as-

the next. Here was waged a fierce and pro-tracted struggle for life between a powerful man and skillful swimmer, weighing 225 pounds, and first a whirlpool and then a rapid, whose force and size and danger can never be realized except by the man whose life was trembling in the balance, but courage and human strength at last prevailed, and the brave man swam on over rapids and through whirl-pools for the distance of

pools three of as perilous miles as was probably ever won by man. Who can imagine his feelings as he reached in safety and crawled upon the river bank, where he lay for some time completely exhausted? As soon as he had regained sufficient strength, Coleman set out for the canon, and, shoeless and naked, after a tramp of six miles over the barren, rocky mountains and through deep canons of burning sand in the heat of a broiling sun, he arrived, his feet bleeding and fearfully lacerated by the

Virtue dwells at the head of a river, sistance, but he was like a child in the to which we cannot get but by rowing

sharp rocks.

table was set against the wall-the and loving face, stood my wife. I tried clasp the waiting angel to my bosom, thus showing the ecstatic burden of my heart. The years have passed-long, long years-and worldly wealth has flown in upon me, and I am honored and sought after; but, as true as heaven, I would give it all, every dollar, for the joy of the hour of that June evening in the long, long ago.'

Its Father's Complexion.

Mr. Blanket sat looking at the baby with a wistful, far-off look in his eyes, trying to think of the usual idiotic, unmeaning and unmeant things that people say about new babies, and at last, in spasm of originality, remarked that the baby had its father's complexion." Then all sat and looked at the rich cardinal hues that made the wrinkled countenance of the unconscious infant glow like a mountain sunset, and nobody said anything until a feeble voice from an adjoining room said : "It was a good thing that the baby had it naturally, then, as it required about fifteen years steady practice, and the co-operation of three scientific clubs and five political campaigns to acquire it." Then a sad, quiet smile stole over the room again, only broken by the hard breathing of the baby's father looking at the thermometer to see what time it was, while Mr. Blanket, feeling that he could add nothing to what had already been said, stole down the stairs, softly whispering to himself about some old fool ; but the company couldn't catch the name, and the company didn't know whom he meant.

Parliamentary.

He was a member of the Maine legislature and had been sweet toward an Augusta girl all winter, and had taken her to attend the sessions until she was well posted in the rules.

On the last day of the session, as they came near the peanut stand near the door, he said to her:

"May I offer you my handful of peanuts?"

She responded promptly:

"I move to amond by omitting all after the word hand."

He blushingly accepted the amendment and they adopted it unanimously.

It was a hand-some wedding that followed.-Free Preto.

The nails also have their folk fore, the evening meal was ready-prepared by little specks which are seen on them the hands of her who had come to be being regarded as ominous. Many my help-mate in deed as well as in have their particular days for cutting name; and by the table, with a throb- the nails. Of the numerous rhymes on bing, expectant look upon her lovely the subject we may quote the following as a specimen, from which it will be to speak and could not. I could only seen that every day has its peculiar virtue :

"Cut them on Monday, you cut them for health :

Cut them on Tuesday, you cut them for wealth; Cut them on Wednesday, you cut them for

news; Out them on Thursday, a pair of new shoes; Out them on Friday, you cut them for sorrow; Out them on Saturday, see your true love tomorrow ;

Cut them on Sunday, the devil will be with you all the week."

This old rhyming saw differs in various localities, although in the main points it is the same; as by general consent both Friday and Sunday are regarded as most inauspicious days for outting both the nails and hair.

An Oyster Factory.

In the upper story of the northeast tower of the new Fulton market building there has been established, within a few days, the only cyster factory in the United States. These cysters are brought into being, carefully nurtured and cared for, and there may be seen swimming around in tanks, looking as happy this warm weather as if they were not being raised only to be boiled and eaten. Professor Rice, who, in popular parlance "has the oyster down fine," is there experimenting, under the patron age of Mr. E. G. Blackford, Mr. Blackford predicts the ultimate extermination of the oyster tribe, unless the intelligent animal can be propa-gated and reared artificially; and he hopes, he says, by bringing them into the world scientifically, to be able to produce them in such large numbers and at so little cost that orster stews will be sold for five cents. There is no trouble about propagating oysters -this has often been done, and is easy enough. It is the baby oysters that make the difficulty. The youngsters toss around in the tanks as lively as possible till they are five or six days old. Then they die. Nobody has even yet been able to propagate oysters artificially and rear them to mature oysterhood. Nobody has even kept them alive for a month, except by scattering the spawn in unconfined salt water. which is so near to the natural process that it can hardly be called artificial. What Professor Rice is trying to find out for Mr. Blackford is, how the young oysters may be raised and kept alive and healthy until they are big enough to eat .- New York Times.