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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., One Square, one inch, one insert) and Rate (\$1.00, 50c, etc.).

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.

Only.

Only a careless deed, Done half thoughtlessly; But its results are not measured here, But last through eternity.

Only—it may not seem much, But to many thoughts it gives birth; For only this and only that Makes up the sum of earth.

Only the weary toll Only the patient care And then, the home, the resting-place, Beyond our vision here.

It is only a little while, For our master tells us so; Only—He knows its meaning well, And, ere long, we too shall know.

Press on, Oh weary one! Does it seem so long to wait? Only a few more hills to climb, And we shall reach the gate.

The gate across the stream, The lights shine from within; Only to wait to cross the stream, And we shall enter in.

Never more to wander, But think 'mid Heaven's smile Throughout the years that never end, Earth was only a little while.

—Weekly Visitor

THE TWO DAWNS.

I was completely worn out, overworked, the doctor said, and decided to take a much needed vacation. I glanced around with a dissatisfied air at the articles of vertu I had prized so highly, many of which had cost me more than one meal, thinking how stupid I had been working and starving myself merely to gratify an absurd fancy for rare bits of china and must-old books. Every piece of work I had done with so much enthusiasm had proved a utter failure. I could conceive beautiful ideas, but had never succeeded in placing them on canvas. So far I had eked out a miserable existence; dreaming vain dreams about my unexecuted works; feeding my too vivid imagination and starving my corporeal self until my miserable body was so thin that it could scarcely reflect a shadow. I cured face after the orthodox fashion, declaring I would abandon my art, give up all foolish aspirations and turn bootblack.

An hour later I was standing in the Erie depot, without any definite idea as to where I should go, when a gentleman, holding a little girl by the hand, came along and purchased tickets for a station about eighty miles distant. I am unable to say why I concluded to go to the same place, but suppose the "destiny that shapes our ends" sent me there.

I took a seat in the car, and soon fell into one of my old reveries, from which I did not awaken until I reached my destination. Hastily picking up my traps, I quitted the car, and saw the gentleman and child standing on the platform. There was not a vehicle of any kind in sight; nothing but a long stretch of dusty roads and perhaps half a dozen farmhouses scattered widely apart. I approached the stranger to inquire if there was a hotel within walking distance, and was informed that the nearest place where I could obtain lodgings was about ten miles away.

I stated that my stopping at the station was due to an idiotic habit of mine—trusting to chance. "The habit has frequently led me into unpleasant predicaments, and this is only one more instance. However, I am glad to find a companion in misery," I concluded, with a lugubrious smile.

"I expected some one to meet us, but I suppose they did not receive my letter," he observed, "I could easily walk to the farm, but it is too far for the child, and I do not like to leave her alone while I go in search of a wagon." "You can appoint me her guardian pro tem, and perhaps your Jehu will drive me to the village."

self of it. During the drive he told me that he was book-keeper in a large importing house, where he had entered as errand boy some twenty years before. And I explained that I was an artist, with more aspirations than talent, living in a state of chronic discouragement, and dreaming dreams that would never become realities. "The life of an artist and one devoted to mercantile pursuits are so widely divergent that it would be difficult for me to fully sympathize with you," he said, thoughtfully; "yet we all have our ambitious dreams—some of fame, some of riches—and I have often thought there is more enjoyment in anticipating the fulfillment of them than in their actual consummation. When I was errand boy it seemed as if I would reach the very pinnacle of success could I but obtain a clerk's position and so on through each grade. My ambition is still aspiring, and happiness is—oh, so much—further off than it was fifteen years ago. This dear old home is the only spot where I can find peace, if not forgetfulness," he concluded, as we stopped before the low, vine-covered porch, where his mother, a sweet-faced old lady was waiting to greet us. I say us, for her welcome of me was very cordial.

Mattie was not visible, and I did not see her until she came to announce supper. She impressed me as being a low-voiced, shy looking girl, not pretty, according to the general acceptance of the term. Yet, I soon found myself admiring the pure sweet face and earnest blue eyes.

The next morning Mr. Allyne told me his man could not possibly spare the horses that day, as they would be required to bring in the hay, and proposed we should set out on a hunting expedition, which we did immediately after breakfast. This was the beginning of an unchanging friendship between Hector Allyne and myself. As time passed our friendship strengthened; and although I save him my entire history, I felt instinctively that there were events in his life which he kept concealed. When his vacation days were over he returned to his duties, but came back every Saturday, and I can safely assert that no member of the household looked forward to his coming with more gladness than I did.

I hardly know when I first learned to love Mattie, for its growth was so subtle that it burst upon me full fledged almost before I was aware of its existence, and, strange as it may seem, it was into Hector's ears I first poured the story of my love for his sister. He did not appear surprised—only glad, very glad—when he wrung my hand, saying: "If you have won her heart, Ralph, you have a jewel beyond price."

I had won her heart—the purest, best heart that ever throbbed in woman's breast, and shortly after she became my betrothed wife. Summer waned, and October came, changing the bright green foliage into rich crimson and gold. Every week I determined to return to my studio, yet stayed on day after day, because once more destiny willed it so. While I was planning my own future, fate was blocking out an entirely different path for me.

One night I lit a cigar and started for a stroll I usually took while Mattie was engaged in some household duties. There was a frosty crispness in the air, which tempted me to prolong my stay beyond the customary hour, and it was nearly nine o'clock when I stepped upon the porch, where I saw a woman crouching in front of one of my sitting room windows, evidently so absorbed in gazing at the scene within as not to be conscious of my approach.

"Are you ill, Madam?" I asked, She staggered to her feet, and stood for a moment like a stag at bay, and shading her eyes with her hands, questioned in a low, frightened tone: "Is it you, Hector?" then away from side to side, and fell with a heavy thud upon the porch before I could reach out my arms to save her.

Mattie, hearing the fall, opened the door hastily. "A strange woman has fainted, dear," I explained; "go quickly and bring some restoratives, while I carry her into the hall." She returned with some brandy and water. Catching a glimpse of the dead, white face she uttered a cry of anguish that echoed through the old house. Mrs. Allyne came forward, but Mattie sprang before her. "You shall not see her, mother," she said, excitedly. "If you can bear the sight surely I can, dear. Bring her to the sitting room, Ralph."

was comfortably placed in the bed, which was brought into the sitting room, I went for the doctor, and sent the following dispatch to Hector: "Sylvia is here. Come."

I asked no questions concerning her, but readily conjectured she was Hector's true wife. The physician pronounced her beyond all human aid. The following day and night her condition remained unchanged. Hector arrived about five o'clock Thursday morning. He did not speak when I admitted him, but his haggard face told of his mental suffering. I pointed to the room I had just left, and he entered it, closing the door silently. Mattie and her mother were resting after their long vigil, and a death-like stillness reigned throughout the house. I remained in the kitchen for perhaps an hour, then I stepped softly to the sitting room door and opened it. The scene that met my eyes was strikingly pathetic—even tragic.

The old tree near the porch, with its richly tinted foliage, was in a blaze of glory. The first crimson beams of the rising sun, glimmering through its branches, upon the low, many paned windows, cast ever-changing fantastic flurries upon the walls and over the white coverlet. On a small table near the bed a candle was flickering feebly as if ashamed of its attempt to give light after the god of day had announced his presence. Hector knelt beside the bed with his face buried in his hands, which rested upon the pillow.

The position he had unconsciously assumed expressed the very abandonment of grief. The contour of his noble head and graceful, easy posture of his manly form touched my artistic fancy. Death had removed the mask of suffering from the woman's face, and it appeared young—almost girlish again. There was a smile of ineffable peace on the cold white lips, and the marble lids with their long black lashes, were closed as if in sleep. I stood, lost in admiration, forgetting all else save the picture before me, which, when traced upon canvas, brought me fame and the wealth I prized for Mattie's sake.

At last I approached the bed, and placing my arm around his neck and said: "Come, Hector, let us go out into the pure morning air."

He started and grasped my hand. His eyes were tearless, but his genial, handsome face was almost as pallid as the dead woman's.

"Oh, Ralph," he whispered, in tones of sincere regret, "what a terrible ending of a life that was once so bright and joyous." "We went out into the morning sun light, and with his arm linked in mine, he told me the story of his marriage with Sylvia, and the three years of perfect happiness which followed: of the blind devotion and infinite trust he heartlessly betrayed by the woman he loved and the man he called his friend. He generously covered up the still smarting wounds, and naught save words of pity fell from his lips.

"She opened her eyes just before the last sigh escaped, and she knew me, Ralph," he said, as if finding comfort in the thought; "for a smile just as she used to greet me with years ago, came to her face, when she saw me bending over her."

"I am glad she recognized you," I replied, soothingly; "for it was very touching to hear her plead for your forgiveness."

"Ah, yes, she knew I forgave, as I hope to be forgiven," he answered, with heartfelt emotion. The following day we laid her to rest, forgetting her weakness and evil behavior, and leaving in meekness her sins to her Savior.

A year after I finished the picture, in which I endeavored to delineate the dawn of a new day upon earth, as I sincerely hoped, the dawn of eternal life for Sylvia.

I reside Owens.

The bright and ever cheerful companion of our homes in the winter time, the fire, has given rise to a host of omens and portents, many of which at times create no small consternation when the events supposed to be prognosticated are not of a very lucky character. A hollow cinder, for example, thrown out of the fire by a jet of gas from burning coals, is looked upon as a coffin if it be long, but as a money-box if it be round. Some, too, exclaim on seeing the fire suddenly blaze up that a stranger is near; whereas, in the Midland counties, if the fire burn brightly after it has been stirred, this is considered a sign that the absent lover, wife or husband, as the case may be, is in good spirits. A very popular charm for reviving a fire when it has burned down is to set the poker across the hearth, with the fore part leaning against the top bar of the grate. The poker and top bar thus combined form a cross, and so defeat the malice of the witches and demons who preside over smoky chimneys. One notion is that the poker when in this position creates a draught, but the real meaning of this harmless superstition is, perhaps, the one we have just given. Various items of weather lore, also, have been derived from the way fires burn, an enumeration of which we find in Willstord's "Nature's Secrets": "When our common fires do burn with a pale flame they presage foul weather. If the fire do make a buzzing noise it is a sign of tempests near at hand. When the fire sparkleth very much, it is a sign of rain. If the ashes on the hearth do clodder together of themselves, it is a sign of rain."

beauty, went out of the room saying: "I'll return to-morrow—rain or shine. If I am a living woman to-morrow I'll come back." The human decorator said to the reporter:

"I have a great many callers—the majority are ladies over thirty years of age, but a great many old bachelors and young gentlemen also come. The young men generally give a fictitious name; the old bachelors do not seem to be afraid of anything, give their right names, pay liberally and recommend their acquaintances to come. A bachelor in Boston gave me \$50 to take the wrinkles out of his face, when my charge is only \$3 a treatment."

"How is this effected and does your treatment conceal age?" "Yes; I can take a bachelor of fifty years, with 'crow's feet' under his eyes, and in three or four months the crow's feet will be gone, and he will not look to be over thirty. I treat the face once a week; this fine white powder is rubbed into the wrinkles, and the agreeable change is effected."

"Of course the same treatment is applied to ladies?" "Oh, yes; the majority of the ladies come here to have 'those horrid crow's feet' removed. Nothing worries a lady so much as increasing signs of aging. But a great many, who are really pretty, wish to be made even more so. The improvement of beauty is a laudable desire, just the same as fine dressing, and ladies should not be censured for endeavoring to make themselves more attractive. One lady came in yesterday—she was as pretty as she could be. I frankly told her that she was pretty enough, and that I could not improve her. She went away smiling, and seemed just as delighted as if I had improved her complexion."

"Do the ladies express any fear when being treated?" "Some wish to know whether the improvement will be lasting, and ask a thousand and one questions as to the ultimate effects of the treatment. I assure them that I use no cosmetics; nothing that will injure the skin or the health; and so eager are they to have their complexions improved that they would run the risk of losing what beauty they possessed had my preparations such effect. But such is not the case."

"Do I use my own treatment? Yes; I once had freckles on my forehead. Do you see any there now? I put on a preparation that took the outer skin off, and when it grew over the freckles were gone. I had to remain in the home three or four days, and did nothing but walk, wringing my hands in agony. What will a woman not suffer for her beauty?" There being no answer, she continued: "There is nothing of any value gained in this world without laboring and suffering, and as beauty is woman's chief distinction she values it above other gifts of nature, and will use all possible arts to enhance or make it durable."

Strict Silence. My dear young wife make no one your confidant in the inevitable troubles of your married life. Above all, if you live with your husband's people, do not confide in them. Be your mother-in-law never so good, never so wise (and the more virtuous she is the more danger to you in the course,) it will only endanger your future peace to give her this confidence. Not even your own mother should have it now; the time has come for you to have a new confidant and adviser, that one your husband. If you have a secret for some one to keep, he is the one; do you need advice—who so likely to give you the right? If you have differences—and you will have, however much you may doubt it now, there will come a time when the sun will seem to be blotted out from the heavens; when all the earth will be upside down; when Dick and you have the first "spat"—bury them deeply in your breast; you can preserve your self-respect in no other way. Your private life must be truly private; on this depends the happiness of your wedded life. If you live alone you may easily preserve this sacred silence; if not it will be harder, but the need will also be greater! If kept secret, trials soon pass away; to talk of them only increases their magnitude. You may say, "My mother-in-law is different from most; she loves me as well as my own mother." That can not be. In nothing are you like her own children. Do you yield her the homage and unquestioning obedience she claims and receives from her daughters? I trow not. Very likely you are a little self-important, in the first flush of your new dignity as a wife, and, all unconsciously, give offense to that excellent woman by your very manner. And she must be a wonder indeed if in her heart she does not resent your complete monopoly of her "boy"—always that to her, remember. In the natural course of things, then, her love for you cannot be of an intense character at first; but even if it be so, you certainly should refrain from wringing her heart anew with stories of your domestic grievances, which she feels must necessarily involve the unhappiness of her son, from whom, before your advent, she kept even the shadow of trouble.

Within the last twelve years the population of Russia has increased very rapidly. The total amount is said to be 14,500,000. For the various divisions of the empire the following are the present returns: Russia in Europe, 75,067,788; Poland, 7,219,077; Finland, 2,928,021; Siberia and Central Asia, 15,180,455, or a total of 100,938,348. Twelve years ago the total was 85,570,846. Poland during the last sixty-five years has increased from 1,717,267 to her present total, 7,219,077.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Austrian Ladies. It is said that there are no ladies in the world so capable of doing many things, and doing them well, as the Austrian lady. An Austrian lady of high birth who cannot swim or does not know how to ride a horse well is an exception. Needlework of every kind, even to the making of lace, is a part of every girl's education. Her pedestrian accomplishments are noticeable. Her efforts of memory are another source of wonder to us. As linguists they are famous. It is only among the nobility and higher classes that one finds these accomplishments. The burghers' daughters will not condescend to the learning of dressmaking and cooking, which the titled lady and do without thought of its reflecting on her social position. The higher the position abroad the more simple the attire in public.

What a Country Girl Can Do. "What can a country girl do to earn money at home?" There are ten things the average country girl can do to earn money—as follows:

- 1. Let her turn her attention to silk culture. 2. If her neighborhood offers an opportunity, let her open a kindergarten school, or let her establish a home for the taking care of young children when the mothers are otherwise employed. 3. Let her can fruit. This will make it necessary that she should have a garden. 4. Let her run a poultry yard. Eggs, chickens and feathers are all profitable. 5. Let her raise honey. This is not a hard or unwomanly occupation. It requires intelligence, as all occupations do. 6. Let her raise strawberries. 7. Let her raise flowers. This is a most profitable industry. Choice flowers, wreaths for weddings and funerals, evergreens for public occasions, all command a good price. 8. Let her prepare Christmas evergreens. 9. Let her, like her grandmothers, make butter and cheese. 10. Let her make jellies and preserves for the market. These ten suggestions may be of service to some country girl who is looking towards the city for employment, and she would become more intelligent and more useful, more healthy, and make a better marriage by remaining at home.

Fashion Notes.

Waists grow longer. Floods and cascades of Oriental lace are worn on every dressy toilet.

White clematis, lilacs or geraniums form the crown of dressy lace bonnets, and there are entire bonnets made of these small flowers.

Daisy pompons, very small and fluffy, are made of white silk for trimming the turbans of velvet and straw so fashionable this season. The small pelerine that has one fichu end caught up to the left shoulder and fastened there by a bow is in great favor with summer dresses.

It is proposed that ladies shall adopt the Turkish style of wearing their veils next winter—that is, over the mouth, chin and nose instead of the eyes.

When the German empress travels summer the roof of her railroad carriage is covered with a layer of turf, which is watered frequently during the day as a device to keep her cool.

Vellings and cashmeres in the aesthetic shades of color, with plumetis embroidery in contrasting color to the grounds, are used in combination with rich silken and velvet stuffs for the handsomest seaside ball toilets.

Silk and lisle thread mitts and gloves come in all the new shades of terra cotta, shrimp pink, hussar gray or gray blue, fellee, cream and olive; but, after all, more black and ivory-white ones are worn than all the rest put together.

A very effective, dressy costume is made by wearing a dressy pounce of small blue sarah trimmed with cuffs, plastrons and collar of cut work, and ruffles of Moresque lace over a skirt of shepherd-checked taffeta in blue and white.

For infants' dresses are embroidery patterns manufactured in imitation of Venetian point of every color. A dainty robe is made of cream-colored creponne, finished by a deep flounce of baby-blue satin, completely covered with a flounce of pale blue Venetian point lace. With unbleached fabrics fellee or pack thread lace in Venetian designs is much used—a trimming which is now considered the height of elegance.

Slippers for full dress are out exceedingly low, and adorned with buckles of Rhine pebbles. They are made of fine French kid of every fashionable shade of color, but black is the most seen. They are also made of satin or silk to match the toilet. Charles IX shoes, with straps across the instep, are shown for demi-toilet, and in black satin are new slippers a la Chinese, the pointed toes embroidered on the tips with silver threads, and laced over the instep with silver cords.

Farm laborers are said to be scarce in Montana that \$40 and \$50 a month is in vain offered for them. Farmers are forced to let their cows browse about on the meadows with full udders because they cannot get help enough to milk them.

Two Lives.

He sat in honor's seat, And rapturous ladies gazed into his eyes; She stood without, beneath the wintry skies, In snow and sleet.

He spoke of Faith's decay; The ladies sighed because he spoke so true— She hid her face in hands frost-numbed and blue, But dared not pray.

In church, in court and street, Men bowed and ladies smiled where'er he went, She stole through life, by shame and hunger bent, With bleeding feet.

Upon his wedding day She stood with burning eyes that fain would weep, And heard the dancers' tread, the music's aw' p Sound far away.

The bride so pure and true He took unto himself in haughty mood; And all the petty world applauding stood, Though well it knew

The while in frost and snow Half-clad she stood upon whose maiden breast He pledged his faith, for love's supremest test In joy and woe.

HUMOROUS.

Mark Twain remarks that all we need to possess the finest navy in the world is ships—for we have plenty of water.

"Pulverized meat" is what the Belgian government is about to give out for army rations. This must be Belgian for "hash."

"How far is it to Manayunk?" asked a weary Irishman, who was going there afoot. "Seven miles," was the reply. "Whom would you wish to see there?" "Faith, it's meself I'd loike to see there," was the retort.

General Howard made some pretty lively marches when trying to head off the elusive red men of the West; but it is said that he never knew what rapid manœuvres were till he attempted to put a stop to flirting at West Point.

"You write a beautiful hand. I wish that I had such a hand," said Mr. Flasher to a lady clerk at the hotel. "Am I to consider this as a proposal?" asked the bright lady. "Well—er—vee—if my wife is willing to let me off," replied the accomplished Flasher.

"Oh, Harold," said she, as she clung closer to his arm, "how very quiet and restful the sea seems to be this evening." "Just as I would like a wife to be," was the response. "And would you, as a husband, be the quiet, restful complement of such a wife?" He thought he could, and the launch into the sea of matrimonial difficulties was thus quietly made. There's sure to be a gale, however.

Res-arches on Lung Disease.

Fresh proof has lately been obtained by M. Giboux of the danger in air expired by consumptives. He experimented with four young rabbits of the same litter and born of healthy parents. Two of them were kept one hundred and five days in a large wooden case with side gratings, into which was introduced daily a quantity of air expired by animals in a consumptive state.

This operation was performed at mid-day and in the evening, and each time the gratings were kept closed for two hours. In another quite similar case the two other rabbits were similarly treated, except that the impure air was made to traverse, in its way to the case, some wadding impregnated with carbolic acid. The rabbits in the first case before long showed loss of appetite, intense thirst, listlessness, diarrhea and loss of flesh. On being killed both were found to have tubercles in the lungs, the liver and the kidneys—those in the lungs being the most advanced, and the upper lobes being chiefly affected. The other couple of rabbits presented nothing abnormal while alive, and no organic alteration was observed in their organs after death. They were eaten without repugnance by the author and his family.

Again, observations have been recently made by MM. Grenant and Quinquand, both on man and the lower animals, regarding the influence of injuries of the lungs (or of the bronchæ or the pleural envelope) on the exhalation of carbonic acid. They prove that the amount of this gas exhaled is less where such disorders exist, even where there is fever. Two explanations are conceivable—the pulmonary change might bar the elimination of carbonic acid, which, in that case, would accumulate in the blood, or the injury might have the effect of diminishing the production of carbonic acid by affecting the general nutrition. Experiment favored the latter hypothesis.

A Human Beautifier.

A lady at one of the principal hotels in New York advertises to make persons beautiful. She says the treatment is "delightful, balmy and pleasant." A reporter called upon her, and while waiting to be shown into the august presence of the beautifier, looked over her patrons. The callers were all beyond the budding period. One of them was old enough to be studying decorative art for the next world. She was an illustration of the cynical remark that "the last sigh of the dying woman is not so much for the loss of life as the loss of her beauty." Another woman who seemed over-jubilant at the promise of future youthful appearance and

More terrible than big guns: England should have supplied the Egyptians with toy pistols.