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Early Autumn.

Of seasons this the perfect type—
The earth, the teeming earth is ripe!
From regal heights of mountain glade
To inmost depth fenny shade,
The pulsating echoes fly
With rapt repetitions of this cry,
Yea, ripe, in full fruition, stand
The numerous plains, the meadow land;
This, yellow with its latter grain;
That, shadowed by the russet train
Of fair Pomona's fragrant robe,
Whose rustling steps full harvests bode.
Outlined in blue and palest gold,
The distant hills soft mists unfold;
A gentle wind just breaks the grass,
To let its whispers reach a mass
Of aureous and purple bloom
Propendent o'er a lowly tomb.
Some few cicadae try to sing
Their summer notes; the crickets ring
Their tiny cymbals far and wide;
White gandy moth-flies flout in pride,
Where homely spiders weaving glide,
And field mice covertly abide.
The river flows with broader swirls;
A brooklet glints and blithely perls
Amidst its dikes of stones and moss;
And here and there, leaves crinkled toss—
Forewarners of the latter fall
Which must proceed gray winter's pall.
Yet still the dreary season far
In future lies, and cannot mar
The peaceful scene of hearty life.
Whereof all nature seems so rife.
It leaps, this life, on maiden cheeks,
(Which deeper, bluer, and its course leaps
Through every muscle of the youth,
Whose ready hand strips from their boots
The juicy clusters of the grape,
Which cooling tendrils closely drape.
It beats, it throbs, ah yes, is told,
In joyous flow, to staid and old,
It measures full, yes, bounteously,
In both it seemeth good to be!
If but to feel the wholesome flood
Of quickened thought and freshened blood,
Which issues from the brain and heart,
And to each wish would zest impart,
Yielding the soul a cheering faith,
That love and joy are not a wraith.

—William Strathers.

Mrs. Whitaker's Deaf Ear.

Mrs. Whitaker was deaf in one ear. It was her right ear, and it was stone deaf.

Mrs. Whitaker had acquired a habit of sleeping upon her left side, with her deaf ear up, and this had often been a source of annoyance to her husband, who was nervous and irritable, while she was a woman whose calmness and serenity of disposition were remarkable.

Sleeping with her deaf ear up Mrs. Whitaker at night was rarely disturbed by noises which robbed her husband of his rest. The hum of the mosquitoes which maddened him was not heard by her. A passing thunder-storm which roused him in a summer night and sent him flying about to close the windows would leave her in perfect unconsciousness of its existence. The noises in the streets and the rattling of the window-sashes upon windy nights frequently filled Mr. Whitaker with vexation as they deprived him of sleep; but his wife slumbered sweetly on and heard them not. Indeed, it rarely happened that she heard the crying of the baby until Mr. Whitaker, indignant at its refusal to go to sleep, would rouse her by shaking her, and would ask her to try to soothe the little one.

Mr. Whitaker had often remonstrated with his wife about this habit of sleeping with her deaf ear up, and she had often replied good-humoredly with a promise to try to remember to break herself of it, but somehow or other it continued to cling to her.

One night in winter time Mr. Whitaker sat up in his library till a late hour reading a book in which he was very much interested. His wife retired early. Mr. Whitaker finally closed his book, and after locking the front door went down in the cellar, in accordance with his custom, to see if the furnace fire had been fixed properly for the night. While he was poking it a gust of wind came through the screen upon one of the cellar windows and slammed the door leading into the back hallway above, through which he had come. For a moment Mr. Whitaker did not think of the matter particularly, but suddenly he remembered that he had put a spring lock on the other side of that door, and the thought struck him that the catch might possibly be down. He ascended the stairs and tried the door. The catch was down; and he had no key. He was locked in the cellar, for the key of the out-cellar door he knew was in the kitchen.

He could hardly think what he had better do about the matter, but finally he concluded to try to make his wife hear him and come to his rescue. He seized the long and heavy furnace poker, and inserting the crook of it above the bell-wire that ran along the joist of the cellar ceiling he pulled. The bell jangled loudly, but it was in the kitchen, and Mrs. Whitaker was in the front room in the second story. Would she hear it? He pulled the wire again, twice, then he sat down on the steps and waited. There was no response. It then flashed upon the mind of the imprisoned man that Mrs. Whitaker was probably sleeping with the deaf ear up.

This increased his growing irritation, and he pulled the bell-wire with the poker fifteen or twenty times.

"I could hear that a mile from here if I were deaf as a post!" he exclaimed as he threw the poker on the floor and took his seat again, with the bell still vibrating.

But Mrs. Whitaker did not hear the noise, for no sound of her coming reached the ears of her impatient and indignant husband.

He grew angrier every moment. He felt a sense of injustice. It seemed unkind, inhuman for his wife to be sleeping away calmly upstairs, while he was locked up in the dismal recesses of the cellar.

"I'll make her hear me or I'll break something," he exclaimed, seizing the poker and looking it upon the bell-wire. Then he pulled the wire with such furious energy that he broke it, and the jangling of the bell died away into silence.

"It is a little short of scandalous," said Mr. Whitaker, in a rage. "I have spoken so often to Ellen about sleeping with her deaf ear up that it looks like malice—deliberate, fiendish malice—when she persists in doing it."

What should he do next? He could not stay in the cellar all night and he did not like to batter down the door with the poker. A happy thought! He went to the furnace, and, with the help of the hatchet from the kindling wood pile, he cut the tin flue which conveyed the heat up to Mrs. Whitaker's room. Certainly he could compel her to hear him now. He put his mouth to the broken flue and called, "El-len, El-len!" Then he stopped and listened. He thought he could hear Ellen breathing softly in her sleep, but he was not certain. He called again and more loudly, and then put his fingers in his mouth and whistled. "Probably I can wake the baby anyhow, and the baby will wake her," he said. But no response came down the flue. The baby seemed to be sleeping with almost supernatural soundness, and, manifestly, Mrs. Whitaker had her deaf ear up.

Mr. Whitaker was almost beside himself with rage. "A woman," he said, "who would treat her husband in such a manner as this is capable of anything. Either Ellen will stop sleeping with her deaf ear up or we will separate." A third time he applied his lips to the tin pipe and bawled into it until he was hoarse. He thought he heard his spouse walking across the door, but when he called again there was no response, and he knew that he was mistaken.

The soul of Mr. Whitaker was filled with gloom. In his anger he indulged in sardonic humor. "I suppose she rather relishes having me down in the cellar here all night; it is a good joke! But let her take care! She may laugh upon the other side of her mouth before we are done with this business!" And he laughed a wild and bitter laugh.

Poor Mrs. Whitaker, sleeping sweetly upstairs in perfect unconsciousness, would have been deeply pained to learn how gravely her husband wronged her.

"I must get out of here somehow or other," said Mr. Whitaker. "The window is small, but I can crawl through if I reckon, if I try."

He unhooked the frame containing the wire screen which protected the window and pushed it outward. Then procuring a wash-tub and climbing from it to the window-sill he thrust his head out and dragged his body through. When he reached the front pavement his face was covered with cobwebs and his clothes with coal dust; but he exulted in the thought that he was a free man.

He took his dead-latch key from his pocket and was about to try to open the front door when he remembered that he had locked the door and put up the chain bolt. There was no use trying to ring the bell. The wire was broken, and Mrs. Whitaker wouldn't hear the bell if the wire hadn't been broken. There was but one last hope of making her hear, and that was by throwing gravel stones against the window. Mr. Whitaker tried the experiment. The first handful produced no effect. The second did not hear it. Neither did she hear the second handful, nor the third, nor the tenth, which was dashed against the glass with such violence that Mr. Whitaker expected to see it shiver to fragments.

Mr. Whitaker was at his wit's end. There was a faint light burning in the room, and as he looked up at it and thought of his wife slumbering quietly on while he was in such great trouble, his wrath grew so fierce that he felt capable of doing something really terrible. But what should he do? The poor lady was as much beyond his reach, for the time, as if she had been in China. He thought for a moment of trying to borrow a ladder; but where could he get a ladder in the middle of the night? No; as his sense of personal injury deepened he more and more firmly resolved that he would punish Ellen somehow or other for her indifference. As he could not obtain admission to his own house, why should he not fly? Why should he not go off somewhere and give his wife something to worry over in repayment for all the wrong she had inflicted upon him by persisting, against his earnest and repeated remonstrance, in sleeping with her deaf ear up.

Mr. Whitaker turned passionately

away from the house and walked rapidly down the street. He had no particular destination in his mind, but he hurried along with a vague notion that he might perhaps go to a hotel when he felt calmer. In a few moments he came to the railroad depot, not far from his dwelling. It was brilliantly lighted, and, as he looked at it, he remembered that a train started for New York at midnight. He walked into the waiting-room. The minute hand on the huge marble clock indicated three or four minutes of twelve. Mr. Whitaker rushed up to the ticket office and bought a ticket for New York. Then he hurried into the car and took a seat. He had upon his head his velvet smoking-cap, so that his appearance did not excite remark. Presently the train started, and Mr. Whitaker actually felt a kind of malicious joy as he thought he would soon be far away from his wife.

It was a slow train, and he had plenty of time to think, and as he thought his passion began to cool, and the conviction began to press in upon him that he had been behaving very foolishly. How absurd it was to blame poor Ellen because he had locked himself in the cellar! He pictured her lying by the side of the baby, calm in the belief that he was still sitting in the library. This recalled to his mind her deaf ear and her fondness for sleeping with it up. Then he had a revulsion of feeling and he began to grow angry again. But this was a mere flash. Steadily he advanced toward a more reasonable view of the situation, and as he did so he concluded that it would be a great act of folly to go all the way to New York. He asked the conductor the name of the next station. It was Bristol. He made up his mind to get out there and go home early in the morning. He really felt badly to think how much alarmed and distressed his wife would be when she discovered his absence.

When he stepped from the train at Bristol rain was falling quite rapidly, and one feeble light in front of the station shone through the deep darkness. Mr. Whitaker inquired of the man upon the platform the way to a hotel, and then he started to go to it. In descending the wet and slippery steps of the platform he lost his footing and fell. He was very much hurt and found that he could not rise. He called for help, and when the railroad man—the only man who was anywhere about—came to him, he discovered that further assistance would be required, for Mr. Whitaker's leg was broken.

The man soon brought three other men, and placing the hurt man upon a board they carried him to the hotel and sent for a doctor.

If Mr. Whitaker, sitting in the car, had thought himself a very foolish man, what did Mr. Whitaker, lying far away from home in a wretched hotel, with his leg broken, think of himself? Mr. Whitaker thought that if there was a colossal idiot on this earth he was that personage.

Early in the morning he sent a telegram to his wife, urging her to come to him at once, and right speedily came a reply from her, saying that she would take the train which ordinarily reached Bristol at 9 o'clock.

From the windows of his bedroom in the hotel the invalid could see the station and the railroad, and as he watched them, while he longed for the train to come, he tried to arrange in his mind, for his wife, an explanation of his conduct which would present it in its best possible light.

Senseless anger is one of the things that defies justification, and a man's very capacity for forgiveness almost illimitable, only tends to deepen his shame when he is conscious of having wronged her.

Mr. Whitaker resolved, after thinking the matter over, that the best thing to do would be frankly to confess his fault and to throw himself upon his wife's mercy.

He heard the whistle which announced the approach of the 9 o'clock train. The train came in view and drew up to the station. Mr. Whitaker looked eagerly at the persons who got out of the cars, but Ellen was not among them. She had not come. He fell back again upon the bed with a sigh and began again to grow angry with her.

But the poor woman was on that train. Alarmed by the discovery when she rose in the morning that Mr. Whitaker was not in the house, her alarm was increased when she received the telegram sent by him. What could be the explanation of the mystery of his disappearance? She was so agitated that she could hardly prepare for the journey. But she reached the depot and got into the car and began to move toward Bristol. Somewhat weary from too great nervous excitement, she placed her muff against the frame of the car window and rested her head upon it, while her veil covered her closed eyes. Unhappily she had arranged herself with her deaf ear up, and so she did not hear the conductor when he shouted "Bristol!" and she was so deeply absorbed in thinking of Mr. Whitaker that she did not notice that the train had stopped.

When he found that his wife had not come Mr. Whitaker made up his mind to go home at all hazards. A steamboat stopped at the wharf at half-past 9 on its way to the city; and borne upon a litter he had himself carried on board. In an hour he was at the city wharf, whence a wagon carried him to his house. He was shocked and disappointed to ascertain from the servant that Mrs. Whitaker had gone to see him on the train in which she said she would go. He could not comprehend why she had missed him, and all day long he lay in bed worrying about her and wondering why she did not come.

Mrs. Whitaker got back to Bristol about noon, and ascertained by inquiry that her husband had returned, with a broken leg, to the city. There was no train that she could take until 4 o'clock, and she spent the interval in inquiring about the accident to Mr. Whitaker and trying vainly to ascertain the reason of his extraordinary conduct.

About half-past 5 o'clock he heard her voice in the lower entry. He listened eagerly to her quick footsteps upon the stairs. Then she flung the door open. Mrs. Whitaker did not speak as she entered the room. She uttered a little cry, flew to the bedside and put her arms about her husband's neck and kissed him.

Mr. Whitaker felt that if he should have exact justice dealt to him he would be sent to the scaffold.

When she had nearly smothered him with kisses she sat down beside him, and taking hold of his hand said:

"And now, dearest, tell me what causes all this strange trouble?"

"Why, you know, Ellen," said Mr. Whitaker, "it was your deaf ear!"

"How do you mean?"

"You slept with it up."

And then Mr. Whitaker related the whole story, and as he did so his wife began to cry.

"I am so sorry," she said. "I will promise you never to sleep with my deaf ear up again; never, never, never!"

"Ellen," responded Mr. Whitaker, "you will do me a favor if you will always sleep with it up and stuff cotton in your other ear beside! I have behaved like a wretch."

Then the doctor, who had been vainly pulling at the broken bell-wire, knocked upon the front door and came in to examine Mr. Whitaker's fractured leg.—Our Continent.

The Beautiful Ruins of Tanis.

M. Edourd Naville has lately returned from a short tour of exploration in the Eastern Delta, where he visited the ruins of Tanis.

The ruins lie high above the marshy plain, upon a kind of plateau surrounded by an amphitheatre of low hills. These hills are the rubbish mounds of the old crude brick city, surrounding the great wall within which lay the temples and palaces of Tanis. M. Naville found himself standing in the midst of a vast waste strewn and piled with columns, architraves, obelisks, statues and enormous blocks of hewn stone, all shattered, overturned, and showing marks of willful destruction. Traces of the tools with which the ruin was done are visible on almost every stone. In one superb colossus, which has resisted the hand of the destroyer, M. Naville found wedged holes into which wood blocks had been inserted for the purpose of splitting the granite. He inclines to think that this was the result of war and not of iconoclasm. The temple was probably occupied as a fortress in Roman times or during the middle ages, and both besieged and besiegers may have used its materials for offensive and defensive purposes.

The principal temple was built entirely of red granite brought from the quarries of Assouan, on the Nubian frontier. The difficulty of transporting these enormous blocks is quite incalculable. Fourteen obelisks, described by M. Naville as the largest in Egypt, strew the mounds with their gigantic fragments. All these and nearly all the statues and sphinxes, which appear to have lined the avenues to the principal temple, were erected by Rameses II. Not only do their inscriptions celebrate the glory of this great Pharaoh, but even the bases of these overturned monuments which rested on the ground, and were intended never to be seen by human eyes, were engraved with his well-known cartouches. Many of the colossi still retain their traces of color.

M. Naville is of opinion that there is a great work to be done at Tanis in the way of excavation. The little, comparatively speaking, which has yet been accomplished there was by Mariette Pasha; but his discoveries were limited by want of time, health and funds, and much that he uncovered is again buried.

"In severe grandeur and solemnity these ruins," says M. Naville, "surpass even those of Karnak, Hierodotus, who had never seen Tanis, expatiated at much length on the beauty of Bubastis. To judge by what is left of the one end of the other, Tanis must have greatly surprised its rival. Supposing that some part at least was left standing—that all was not, as it now is, overturned and shattered—I have no hesitation in saying that Tanis would have been the most beautiful ruin in Egypt."

Though exempt, by reason of its inaccessibility, from the depredations of tourists, Tanis is suffering from the fatal effects of an atmosphere laden with saline exhalations. M. Naville reports that the surface of these granite monuments are rapidly decaying.—London Atheneum.

The Rising of the Nile.

Measuring from the cataracts of Sayene, where the Nile enters Upper Egypt from Nubia, to the most northerly points of the Delta, or Lower Egypt, there are about six hundred miles of country, the settled population of which is peculiarly dependent upon the great river for very existence, and every year swayed by hopes or fears as the waters of the stream are sufficient or scarce or too abundant. The welfare of the Egyptians is, in truth, intimately bound up with the annual recurrence of a natural phenomenon known as the "Rising of the Nile." The river, issuing from a valley a few miles north of Cairo, enters the low, wide plain, which, from its resemblance to the fourth letter of the Greek alphabet, received from that people the name of the Delta. The stream divides itself into two branches, that of Rosetta, or old Canopic, and that of Damiat, or Phatnic. The river at Rosetta is about 1,800 feet wide, and at Damiat nearly 800 feet. The rise of the Nile, occasioned by the periodical rains of Central Africa, begins in June, about the summer solstice, and continues to increase until September, overflowing the lowlands along its course. The Delta then looks like an immense marsh, interspersed with numerous islands, with villages, towns and trees just above the water. Should the Nile rise a few feet above its customary elevation, the inundation sweeps away the mud-built cottages of the fellahs, drowns the cattle, and involves the whole population in ruin. Again, should it fall short of the ordinary height, bad crops and death are the consequences. The inundations having remained stationary for a few days, begin to subside, and about the end of November most of the fields are left dry and covered with a fresh layer of rich brown slime; this is the time that the lands are put under cultivation. During the winter in England, which is the spring in Egypt, the Delta, as well as the valley of the Nile, looks like a delightful garden smiling with verdure and blossom.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The original land league—Three miles.

Does the night mail go by the bed post?

Song of the tramp—Gobble, gobble, gobble!

A piece of steel is a good deal like a man; when you get it red-hot it loses its temper.

If it wasn't for the belles a good many people would miss being church members.

"Life is a riddle," says a Western exchange. Yes; lots of people give it up every day.

"Misery may like company," says a colored philosopher; "but I'd rader hab de rhumatiz in one leg den ter hab it in bofe."

It is curious that the pig must be killed before he can be cured. A yacht can stand on a tack without saying naughty words.

"Don't put in no muskeeter nottin' for me," said Aunt Hannah. "I don't want to breathe no strained air."—Boston Transcript.

"Amateur Gardener" wants to know the easiest way to make a hothouse. Leave a box of parlor matches where the baby can play with them.

Bashful lovers must have a streak of spiritualism in their composition, as they always turn down the light when there are to be any manifestations.

The sting of a bee is only one-thirtieth-second of an inch long. It is your imagination that makes it seem as long as a hoe handle.—Free Press.

"Don't you think it is about time that I exhibited something?" asked an ambitious artist of a critic. "Yes; a little talent, for instance," was the ready retort.

A Philadelphia mule has killed a mad dog, but it is still a matter of doubt whether a mule of a mad dog is the safest thing to have around.—Lowell Citizen.

You can buy a real Mexican manila hammock for \$1.75. And then you can fall out of it and drive your backbone up clear through your chin for nothing.—New Haven Register.

"Does your wife take much exercise?" asked Fenderson of Fogg, whose family is at the seaside. "Exercise!" exclaimed Fogg; "I should say so. She changes her dress six times every day."—Boston Transcript.

Yes, I went to church one day
With some money—by the way,
I'd been saving from my pay
For some socks;
But she sat across the aisle,
And she snomed me with a smile!
So I placed my little pile
In the box.

—Hawkeye.

Governor Tabor and the Parrot.

M. B. Curtis and his wife have a pet parrot which is their constant traveling companion, and which speaks the king's English with amazing fluency. The loquacious bird caused quite a panic at the Windsor hotel last night. The Curtis family occupy rooms directly adjoining Governor Tabor's apartments at the hotel, and last evening, as the governor was entering his apartments, he heard what he thought was a female voice, saying, "Hello, baby." The governor was a trifle startled. He is a very gallant man, but he could not for the life of him imagine what he had ever done to warrant any female in addressing him so familiarly. The salutation appeared to be intended for him, and came from the transom over the door of the room directly across the hall. The governor was nonplussed. "Hello! baby, pretty baby," said the voice again, and the governor blushed as he stroked his fierce moustache, and tried to brace up and look dignified. "Won't you come and kiss your baby?" called the voice again, in a deliciously seductive sort of a way. Now, the governor seldom takes a dare of any kind. To do him justice, he is a brave man, and at this particular moment he felt big enough to tackle an army. He crept softly over to the door and asked: "Are you talking to me?" "Nice baby," said the voice; but no sooner had the voice spoken than another voice from inside the room—a big, burly man's voice—called out: "Go away from that door and let the parrot go to sleep!" It was Mr. Curtis who spoke.—Denver (Col.) Tribune.

Our Increase in Wealth.

Mr. Medhall, in Bradstreet's, says the wealth of the United States is \$49,800,000,000, or \$920 per head; of Great Britain \$44,100,000,000, or \$1,262 per head; of France \$37,200,000,000, or \$1,045 per head. In 1800 the wealth of the United States was but \$1,100,000,000, or \$210 per head. Such a development he regards as the most remarkable in history. Of the above forty-nine billions, the wealth of the United States, there are in houses thirteen billions, farms nine, furniture five, manufactures five, public works five, railways five, forests and mines two, cattle one billion and over. Since 1840 population has increased three-fold and agriculture five-fold.