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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes rates for one square, one inch, one insertion, and various other ad formats.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly.

The Undertone.

I lay upon the water's edge, The lapping waves creep to and fro With murmuring soft against rocky ledge...

The Romance of a Hammer.

Yes! I am, I believe, quite a disinterested person, and fairly well-known for both my courage and modesty. I was boarding in a retired neighborhood in New York...

is to take it to bed with you. At the least noise take your hammer and give it three raps on the wall. I will at once understand that by that is meant a precautionary signal.

"It's very dreadful, but quite kind and thoughtful of you, and so ingenious. I do believe that if I knew that some one was watching for my safety half my fears would be dissipated."

"Of course I could. I sleep on one ear," I replied. "It is true the idea is perfectly my own, but as introduced by me it is quite practical, for it has been put on trial; in fact, by means of the hammer system we might dispense with the police entirely."

The old lady, whose hair fairly stood up by this time—or would have stood up if she had had any—was profuse in her thanks. Just what I wanted took place. I was invited next evening to take tea, and the old lady in person showed me her garden, so that I might understand the lay of the land.

Now, I had reconnoitered the premises before, not that I thought anything ever would happen, but really out of consideration for the young woman. The fence was not a very high one, though adorned with spikes.

"Dear me!" said the old lady. "Terrible! and we are so entirely unprotected—two lone women!" "Awful!" I replied; "and when robbers get in a neighborhood they never let up until they clean out everything. I don't like to tell you, but I have seen some very strange and mysterious-looking fellows—tramps apparently—lounging around here lately."

"Yes; a simple hammer." "But I should be so terrified that if a robber were to break in I never could use it. I couldn't knock him down with it." The old lady was terribly flustered.

moved away from the fence. In a minute it flashed across my mind that did I once venture in the adjacent garden my retreat would be cut off, and that as the victim of some villainous trap, next morning I would be found dead—dead—my skull beaten in with a jimmy.

At last, however, at the expense of several severe excoications, I was over the fence. I gazed at the back of the house. All was still—still as death—there was a lull in the storm. I waited to hear the agonized scream of the victims, but there was nothing save an appalling stillness. Then something rustled, and I covered my face with my hands. I was awaiting some crushing blow on my head, when a stray cat bounded past me. No lights were visible. I waited ten minutes, exposed to the drenching of the pitiless storm, for it rained now harder than ever; then, feeling that if the worst had come it was all over now, and I could do nothing, I retreated, quietly, deliberately recimbled the fence, and at last regained my bed. I was miserable, chilled to the marrow, and so nervous and excited that I never went to sleep any more during the whole of that wretched night.

Next morning, having recovered somewhat from the effects of that night of terror, I awaited with much anxiety the appearance of that old lady at her door, for she always took in the milk herself. Should she not respond to the milkman's call then the mystery would be solved. But she did turn up. I at once went to the door, and I expected that she would have a story of some dreadful character to impart to me, and I was ready to tell her how I had saved her and her granddaughter from death, when, much to my disgust, after having exchanged an ordinary good-morning with me, she was about re-entering with her milk.

"If it had not been for me," I said, "you would have all been murdered in your beds. I was up and out. In three seconds after the first stroke of the hammer I was in your garden. I hope your charming granddaughter has suffered no inconvenience. I am quite positive that they—the robbers—were around last night, and my timely presence scattered them."

"God bless my soul," said the old lady, as she dropped the milk, "and I did not know it." "But you hammered away like a first-class blacksmith." "Indeed, I did not," said she; "and my milk, that's all gone. I slept uncommon well; better than usual. I always sleep soundly when it rains."

Would it be believed that the old woman denied the hammer incident in toto? Had I been dreaming? Was it force of imagination, the teaming of a delirious brain? A shocking bad cold in my head assured me that it had been a reality. I was quite out of heart all that next day, and went to bed at night in a most unhappy state of mind. Was my rest to be broken in upon again? I had hardly fallen off into a feverish slumber when I heard the accursed hammer again. I covered my head with the bedclothes. Rat-tat-tat it went. It could not be a hammering of my imagination, for I put my ear to the wall and felt the vibrations through the flimsy partition. Oh, the unutterable selfishness of that old woman! And what if she were robbed of a silver teapot or so or a dozen teapots! I was desperate now. I rushed downstairs. Fortunately it was not raining. I found my barrel at once, and that was reassuring. I excoicated myself again. I scalded the wall and landed with a crash on the other side on a pile of flower-pots some one had carelessly placed there. I waited a moment for the noise to subside. I knew that if any robbers were there the row I had made must startle them. I rubbed a very badly skinned ankle and waited and nothing came.

Night after night went on that accursed hammering. Was I to be doomed to the terrible task of discovering thieves in that old lady's garden, and what was worse, my chivalrous conduct, my dallying with death, receive no recognition? Evidently there was some mystery. I was the victim whose sad end was being plotted. I never went to sleep after that without stuffing cotton in my ears and always in a most wretched frame of mind. I was a martyr of my disinterestedness. I was being robbed of my sweet sleep. Life became a burden to me. The old lady was either laboring under some hallucination or I was crazy. There was only one thing which made me suffer all these torments, and that was the belief that I was a hero in the eyes of the granddaughter. I cannot say that she ever directly expressed herself in that way, but looking at her at times when I met her in the street, as I addressed a few words to her, I thought I recognized an expression on her face which told me of her sympathy. These nocturnal visits at last preyed on my spirits. I went to bed now with my clothes on. I had bought a second-hand revolver. I had become reckless.

I am quite sure that had I met a small boy of about the size of Oliver Twist at night in the old lady's garden I should have shot at him.

The rapping would cease for a night or two and then commence again. I felt that this business must come to a stop. My employers, leading grocers, had noticed my sleepiness during business hours, and had complained about it.

One night this spring wearily I climbed the garden fence, pistol in hand—for it had become a mechanical process now—and I dropped into a wash-tub of water, placed with devilish ingenuity on a three-legged stool. As I fell over my pistol went off. The neighborhood was aroused at last, but I distinctly heard in the bath-room that overlooked the old lady's garden peals of laughter, and a young woman appeared at the window who was apparently enjoying the scene.

If this brutal conduct on the part of that girl were not sufficient, think of the impertinence of a young man who called next day on me at our place of business. As I have said, I am a clerk in the wholesale grocery line, and druggists' clerks are always stuck-up creatures. That young sprig twirled a stick in one hand and in the other he had a card. I am to suppose his name was written on it. "See here," said he, making his stick whizz through the air within a few inches of my nose. "See here, oleomargarine, codfish, prunes, pickles and glucose, you have been fooling around grandmother's place long enough, and you are a precious ass, and Mary Jane—that's my cousin, a lady I am going to marry—has had quite enough of your nonsense. What a prime proprietary idiot, with a revenue stamp on it, you must be not know that the old lady has got robber on the brain had when she's awake, but when she's asleep of nights, bless her, she snores away like a humming-bird. A Chinese cracker under her ear wouldn't as much as faze her. Now, the old woman never had any use for your hammer, but I guess from what Mary Jane has told me she has been pounding around with it quite promiscuously. Now, see here, here is your hammer, and do you take it before I make you swallow it, handle, claw and all, just as if it were a glass of cream soda, and the very next time I hear you have ventured to cross that fence, or to put that big foot of yours in my grandmother's house, I will just thrash you dizzy, and listen to some good advice—change your boarding-house, figs, even if you have to go back on your landlord."

Confidence generally inspires confidence. Venture not upon the threshold of wrong. People do not lack strength; they lack will. I hold him to be dead in whom shame is dead. Injure not another's reputation or business. He is the greatest who chooses to do right at all times. He who prays for his neighbor will be heard for himself. Where the mind inclines the feet lead. Love climbs mountains. Nothing is more dangerous to men than a sudden change in fortune. A prison is never narrow when the imagination can range in it at will. The days are made on a loom, whereof the warp and woof are past and future time. There are few things reason can discover with so much certainty and ease as its own insufficiency. Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth and a foot out of joint. A man's country is not a certain area of land, of mountains, rivers and woods—but it is a principle; and patriotism is loyal to that principle. Do not speak with contempt and ridicule of a locality where you may be visiting. Find something to truthfully praise and commend; thus make yourself agreeable. Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul, which every new idea contrives in its passage to scour away. It is the patrefaction of stagnant life, and it is remedied by exercise and motion.

WISE WORDS.

The Cradle of the Bootblack. New York lays claim to be the place where the street bootblack first appeared, but Boston says the professional bootblack is essentially an institution of the "Hub." The Traveller of the latter city says at first the business was associated with window-washing, chimney-sweeping, clothes cleaning and waiting and tending. In time, however, it became a distinct branch, and many of the bootblacks of that day acquired a handsome independence and became real estate holders. The custom then was to call at the homes of the gentry, take the boots and shoes, string them on long poles and carry them to their respective places of business, polish and return them at an early hour the next day. These poles would hold a dozen or more pairs, and it was a novel sight to see the bootblacks passing to and fro.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The telephone is gradually developing into rivalry with the telegraph—at least for limited distances. It has been used to advantage between Brussels and Dover—a whole distance of 240 miles, sixty of which were under water. If submarine difficulties have been sufficiently overcome, the time may not be far distant when New York and London will be talking to one another.

The value of babies has been fixed. A child less than 1 year is worth \$14; between 1 and 2 years, \$19; 2 to 3 years, \$28; 4 years, \$31; 5 years, \$35; 6 years, \$40; 7 years, \$50; 8 years, \$60; 9 years, \$70; 10 years, \$90; 11 years, \$125. These are the valuations made by a baby insurance company of Cincinnati. The parents pay five cents a week for the insurance of their child. The rates for colored children are twice as much, owing to their two-fold ability for contracting contagious diseases.

A Cleveland man named Jones has a cow addicted to the uncomfortable habit of switching her tail in his face while milking her. The other day Jones took the tail and tied it firmly to his leg. The cow, irritated by the flies she could not drive away, started off and feeling the curious attachment to her tail became frightened and ran. Jones is now walking about on crutches and remarking: "About the tenth time I had been hauled around that lot I began to see where I missed it. I oughter tied her tail to her leg and not to mine."

The possibilities incident to the general use of electricity and its presence in all parts of a large city, are suggested by an incident which happened in New York a short time since when at a certain point in Nassau street, horses, no matter how old and worn out, or lively and spirited, jumped and curvetted and pranced to the great delight of the crowds who witnessed the performance. Much to their disappointment word was sent to the Edison Electric Light company and the current was turned off from that vicinity. A wire pressed upon the steam pipes that had been laid down in the street, these communicated with the surface, and every time the horses' iron shoes closed the circuit the animals received a shock which set them to curvetting and even to running.

A New York reporter has been investigating the footsteps of the many millions who walk the streets of New York. "Investigate" is a good word for it, too, because in the original Latin it means to look after the tracks or footprints of anybody or anything. Nearly all the steps of public buildings are worn hollow, and the wear upon the elevated railroad stations is so great that a combination of iron and india rubber, to prevent wear and slipperiness, has been devised. The curbstones where people wait for vehicles are hollowed out. A deep furrow is worn upon the steps of buildings, like those in front of A. T. Stewart's, running the whole length of the building, where people have left the sidewalk and walked along on the step. The renewal of stone steps, curbs and stairways in a large city is not infrequent.

Remarkable Italian peasant custom has just been brought to notice at Naples. A year ago the daughter of Carolina Garguilo was married to a sailor named Giuseppe Esposito. It is the usage among the lower classes for the bridegroom to visit his mother-in-law on the morning following the marriage. Esposito was reminded of this custom but neglected to make the visit. The mother-in-law then became angry and urged her son, Vincenzo Garguilo, to kill Esposito. The son at once went to his sister's house and waited for the husband, who on coming welcomed him and begged him to stay and dine. Vincenzo thereupon drawing a knife, threw himself on his brother-in-law, stabbed him and laid him dead at his feet. Vincenzo has been sentenced to imprisonment for life and his mother to "seclusion" for three years.

Under the constitution of Switzerland any federal law, before it can take effect, must, if demanded by 30,000 citizens, be submitted to a vote of the people, and be approved by them. At the recent session of the federal chambers two laws were passed, which upon demand were submitted to a vote of the people and were both rejected. One of these was a national law for the regulation of epidemics. It made vaccination compulsory throughout the republic and it gave the federal authorities power to take persons affected with epidemic diseases away from their families and isolate them under government care. This law was rejected by the overwhelming vote of 220,000 to 60,000. Its rejection, however, leaves to each canton its present power to enforce vaccination when it thinks it necessary. The other law was one authorizing the federal government to establish a system of patent and copyright laws, none of which laws, it seems, exist in Switzerland. A Swiss inventor can obtain no patent in his own country. This law was also rejected by a vote of 126,500 for to 138,500 against it.

If you want to find out how great a man is, let him tell it himself.

Sleep.

Lift me from life's sharp rocks and flint me, Sleep, Far out upon thy waters all alone. There let me sink beneath the soft sea moon Of wind and wave into the stilly deep. Nor any jot of my wrecked fortunes keep. To float me with, no face that I have known Of friend or foe, nor that worst face—my own; I would be dead and cease to laugh and weep. In soft forgetfulness my spirit still, Till busy morning sees me cast ashore, To face the grind of custom's daily drill, To find life's apple rotten at the core; So but God's arm were round me 'twere not o'er. If sleep were death, and life's dull fit were o'er. —H. J. D. Eyder.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

What Adam said on beholding the first sunrise: "Go West, my son, go West!" Steamships have rolling stock when they carry live cattle. —Saturday Night.

Some hotel clerk must have originated the expression, "There is always room at the top."

Timid persons afraid of steamboats will be pleased to know that George Decker, who made the first trip on Fulton's craft, is still alive and hearty. —Chest.

"Good-morning, Fred," said Brown; "how is your wife, better I hope?" "Yes," replied Fred; "better but not out of danger. The doctor calls regularly every day."

At a recent sale in London a medal struck off in 1565 brought \$840. Our readers missed a bonanza by not having a few medals struck off that year. —Norristown Herald.

A handsome London butcher stands five times the show to get married that a handsome clerk does. It is a wise girl who, in looking out for her rib, sets her stake for steak. —Free Press.

The corn husks are heavy, a sure indication of a hard winter. If Vennor and the voracious goose bone should occur, as no doubt they will, it will be wise to take your ulster out of pawn at once.

Why does a duck go into the water? For divers reasons. Why does it come out? For sun-dry reasons. Why does it go back? To liquidate its bill. Why does it come out again? To make a run on the bank.

The toothpick boot is going out of fashion, 'tis said. But the broad, easy-swinging boot worn by vigorous men of about fifty, with marriageable daughters, will never go out of fashion, young man, never. Keep out of its reach. —New Haven Register.

Said the practical man: "You can talk all you want to about phrenology. I think it is all stuff. The only important bump I ever found on my cranium was here—right in the middle of my forehead—and it was made by a baseball bat. I concluded to call it the bump of ignorance—because I didn't know enough to get out of the way."

"Suffering sisters," exclaimed the speaker, energetically shaking the hairpins from her head in her excitement, women will never obtain their rights until they display more courage. Let me say to you, in the words of a famous French orator, 'Courage! courage! courage!' At this stage of the proceeding somebody threw a box of caterpillars upon the platform and the meeting broke up in great terror and confusion.

He lay in a swoon by the roadside. His helmet was broken; his visor was cracked; his gorget was tarnished with the smoke of battle; his breastplate was indented like a milk can; his halberd was as dull as a five-cent barber's razor; the lock of his cross-gun was shattered; his arquebuse was shivered; his quiver shook like a canal horse with the heaves; his tabard was in shreds; his ears were off; one eye was gone; his nose was out of plumb, and his jawbone was paralyzed. He had been trying to umpire a baseball game.

"Do you think so, darling?" "Yes," said the girl, passing her plate for more pie and smiling archly as she spoke; "kisses and embraces and fair words are very pleasant things—sweet lips and warm arms and loving eyes—but truth and sincerity and loyalty and purity are very much fairer and rarer." "You are right," replied her husband, looking at her with loving tenderness, "you are right, sweet-heart, and I will not deceive you any longer." "What do you mean?" she asked, a look of horror passing over her face. "There is but one piece of pie," said George W. Simpson, "and I shall tackle it myself." —Chicago Tribune.

An elderly gentleman of Benton, Montana, the father of Katie McGroarty, learned that his daughter intended to elope with John Cleary. Early that evening he took his blankets and spread a comfortable bed under the buggy which he expected the young people to take. He slept soundly the whole night through, and in the morning found the buggy over him safe. But the young people had taken another buggy, and were quietly married in Bodie the next day.