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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Then and Now.

I did not know thee then as now. For life was in its vernal May, I, careless, ran a devious way, Nor sought to learn thy hidden worth, Thy beaming eyes and placid brow I saw, but not the depths within— I did not know thee then as now.

Story of a Human Hand.

A SCOTCH LOVER'S RUSE.

When I tell you that in my story there is a broken wheel and a storm, perhaps you will accuse me of romancing; but I did not break the wheel or cause the rain, and as my narrative is true, I assure you that the wheel of Lord Fergus' carriage broke opposite the door of an inn; also that there was a terrific storm in the mountains.

Lord Fergus was not an ordinary man. That he was a gentleman was evident. Aside from that, however, it would have been difficult to decide whether he were young or old, good or bad, handsome or otherwise. Sometimes brusque, his manners at other times were of captivating gentleness.

Occasionally, without apparent cause, he had sudden accessions of wild glee or rapturous meditation. At such times all that was obscure and strange about this incomprehensible being was revealed, and seemed to concentrate, as in a double focus, in his eyes, intense, unfathomable and majestic.

It is needless to add that he was generally regarded as a magnetizer. In vain did he contradict this explanation with great sincerity that it was not by magnetism at all, but by irradiation, sympathetic projection, that he sometimes quite involuntarily exercised a sort of fascination over some refined natures.

Lord Fergus was dreaming in the large waiting-room of the inn. The rolling of a carriage and the cracking of whips suddenly disturbed his reverie. Curious and idle as are all travelers, he hurried to the balcony, and saw a young lady descend from a four-horse carriage, who, as well as he could judge from so great a distance, appeared to be marvelously beautiful.

The lady proved to be the Princess Gelsomina Cordileone. At that moment a heavy roll of thunder shook the house and made every window rattle. The princess, deathly pale, and with clasped hands, hurried toward Lord Fergus, exclaiming: "In heaven's name close all the doors and windows, and remain with me!"

In the midst of the frightful tumult of the elements they were imprisoned for two long hours. Every time Lord Fergus attempted to speak, the princess, with a gesture of terror, entreated him to be silent. But if speech were denied them, their eyes were eloquent, and when the last crash of thunder had passed away, their destinies were more indissolubly united than if their acquaintance had extended over a period of years.

"My lord," then said the princess, "I thank you for the service which you have rendered me. Now if you will be so kind as to order the carriage, my gratitude will be complete."

Lord Fergus, with lightning rapidity, went to do her bidding, and returning immediately announced the carriage. The princess bestowed a gracious smile upon Lord Fergus, who bowed profoundly as she passed. But at that moment an expression of pain distorted the face of the princess. She stopped, pressed her hand to her left cheek, and exclaimed, with a suggestion of tears in her voice:

parture with imperturbable calmness, but understood the language of love too well to suppose an adventure happening to two such powers as this lady and himself could end thus abruptly. I say two powers, for if Lord Fergus had a magnetic gaze, the princess possessed a voice of wonderful sweetness. The human ear has never heard anything comparable to its music. Clear, rich, and vibrant, it ruled, caressed and inspired. At the first word she uttered Lord Fergus thought: "It is inconceivable that if that voice commanded the sacrifice of my life I should obey without hesitation."

"Are you ill, princess?" and his intense look seemed to add: "Do you think I will permit you to suffer?" The princess raised her fine eyes confidently to his face—eyes doubly beautiful from the tears of pain glistening like diamonds in their depths. "Yes, suffering intensely from neuralgia," she responded. "Oh, if some one could help me!"

"I will relieve you immediately," said Lord Fergus. "Lift up your head and look at me." As he spoke he laid the point of his index finger between her eyes. Omnipotence of irradiation and sympathetic projection! The princess, without the slightest hesitation, with no embarrassment whatever, lifted up her head at once, and the operator passed his finger lightly along the right eyebrow. This prelude was so assured, so grave, that the most captious mind could not have refused to recognize it in a power sure of itself and of its infallibility.

Lord Fergus, as an experienced operator, had reasons for stopping thus at this first phase—preliminary phase, in fact—for in starting anew from the chin, the operator became more energetic and animated. He had sometimes encountered capricious resistance from the sick who were unable to bear his irradiations. He hesitated, then, to observe the result of his efforts. But in this case the expectant and completely resigned expression of the lady left him no doubt; and after remaining a moment with head thrown back and eyes closed, in order to collect his powers, he resumed his magnetic manipulations. Having laid both thumbs upon the chin, he described a fan with the fingers of each hand, inclosing the cheeks of the princess within it, moved his hands gently over all the surface of the face, slowly raising them to the temples, and lowering them until they glided below the ear to the back of the neck, and met in the fine, soft hair.

He then requested the princess to move her head gently, that he might advantageously press and rub the cervical articulations and muscles. This movement had also the advantage of permitting the fingers to be thrust more deeply into the capillary mass, which is pre-eminently adapted for the transmission of electricity, as every one knows. The fingers of Lord Fergus executed then, in the perfumed dresses where they were buried, a series of passes exquisitely delicate. It was in fact the decisive moment of the operation, for the cure entirely depended upon the perfect correspondence between the fullness of the rachidian bulb, situated at the brain, and the depletion of the nervous ganglions of the zygomatic arch, whose plethora occasioned the neuralgia in question.

This finished he undertook the third and last part of the operation, by far the most beautiful of all. His face expressed an inspiration truly august. As his hands fluttered over the surface of this almost divine face he resembled an artist designing an angel's face, or a sculptor modeling the head of a goddess. He, with beating heart and cheeks red with enthusiasm, seemed like Pygmalion animating his statue. At last, in a transport of power and triumph, placing the index finger of his right hand between the eyebrows of the princess, he said, with the air of a conqueror:

"You are cured." The lady, lifting her magnificent eyes to his face, and taking his hand, replied in her melodious voice: "It is true. I thank you."

An rising, she went to the stairway leaning upon the arm of the lord. He conducted her in perfect silence to her carriage. The postilion was already in the saddle. She stepped into the post-chaise, offered her hand to Lord Fer-

gus, who kissed it respectfully, and said:

"Drive on," "Princess," observed Lord Fergus, "the hand which has rested on your face shall never touch anything else. I dedicate it to you." And before she could reply he made the signal of departure to the postilion and bowed deeply; after which he re-entered the inn, and remained dreaming before the fire until a late hour of the night.

Eight days later the Princess Gelsomina was established in a little secluded village of Tyrol. A man on horseback, who claimed to have come from Berne by easy journeys, was inquiring for her. Riding up to the door of the inn, he leaned from his saddle, called for the innkeeper and asked: "Is the Princess Gelsomina Cordileone here?"

"She is." "Is she in her room?" "Yes." He dismounted, went upstairs, was introduced, and drawing a small case of white wood from a game-bag which he carried, presented it to the amazed lady, saying:

"This is from Lord Fergus Mac Forfar."

Giving her no time to ask any particulars, he hastily descended the stairs, leaped upon his horse, and set off at a gallop. The princess, greatly agitated, ordered her servant to open the box. Having taken off the cover with many precautions, he informed her that it contained a package. The princess immediately dismissed him. As soon as she found herself alone she feverishly lifted from the case an object enveloped in white cambric. The cambric removed displayed an envelope of violet satin, with the arms of the princess and another person embroidered in silver upon it. Under the folds of satin something hard and angular was delineated. The lady unfolded the satin, and a silver box exquisitely chased, shaped like an Egyptian sarcophagus, appeared before her eyes. A tiny golden key hung from one of its feet. The princess took it off, inserted it in the lock, and opened it.

Upon a crimson velvet cushion bordered with a fringe of fine pearls, lay a human hand. The hand bore upon the little finger a ring, whose setting was a magnificent bezel stone. The princess gazed a moment spell-bound, then carefully reclosing the sarcophagus, and concealing the key in her bosom, she shrieked aloud. After which she threw herself upon a couch, arranged the folds of her dress, rang for her maid, and fainted. That hand was the right hand of Lord Fergus; that bezel, was the ring of Lord Fergus! In two hours she left the village, and was never seen there more.

We will not attempt to depict the state of maddening love in which this fantastic and surgical gift had plunged the unfortunate Gelsomina Cordileone. Never before did horror, astonishment, gratitude and pity so blend in a woman's heart. Many a man had offered her his hand, but to have it amputated and present it to her upon a velvet cushion fringed with pearls, was indeed a novelty. In regarding herself in her mirror, she could truly say that no other woman in the world had ever been the object of such adoration. And then, as the hand was perfectly embalmed, she must needs take it often from its concealment to caress it, fancying this the best way to fulfill the wishes of the testator who had willed it to her.

Many months rolled away. The princess, overcome more and more with passionate regret, reproached herself for every imaginable wrong. At last she became frantic. Every effort that she made to find Lord Fergus was of no avail; the detectives of Europe, America and Australia could not discover his retreat.

In the meantime what was the eccentric lord doing. He had bribed all the attendants of the princess; just as soon as she arrived at a hotel he controlled that house; and during all this time he had watched her unceasingly, being concealed night and day in some one of her rooms. From such secret observatories he watched the progress of the malady which he had sown in that poor heart, until one day, deeming the time at last propitious, he stole from his hiding place during his beloved's absence. Upon her return the innkeeper announced to her with exceeding candor the arrival of an unknown gentleman. She had a presentiment as to his identity, as may be imagined. Hurrying to her dressing room, she arrayed herself in the deepest mourning, after which she descended immediately to the salon, opened the door, and perceiving Lord Fergus, advanced a few steps toward him. He, with great nonchalance, pointed with his left hand to his right sleeve, which hung flat and empty at the end. The princess opened her arms.

But when Lord Fergus sprang forward in a transport of joy easy to imagine, she recoiled, and with a cry of horror hid her face in her hands.

"I cannot," sobbed she. "I will never be able to."

Then falling upon her knees before the dismayed lord, she explained to him with tears that her gratitude toward him was boundless; that she had missed days and nights thinking only of him; was distracted for being the

cause of his mutilation. Since that fatal day she had suffered the torments of the lost; she had kissed the hand a hundred times a day; had twenty thousand masses said for his repose; prayers in every church and convent in the universe that a new hand might grow. She loved Lord Fergus; adored him; but his mutilation inspired her with repugnance and horror absolutely unconquerable. She would die of it, but she could never be his wife.

Lord Fergus listened attentively. He slowly raised his hand, gazed at the princess as if he would read her soul, and said:

"But you love me. And if my hand had not been amputated you would not have loved me."

The princess made a gesture which signified assent.

"And if my hand were not cut off, you would render me happy?" The princess assented.

"Will you swear it?" "I swear it."

"Upon your lost hand," responded the weeping princess.

"Very well," said Lord Fergus, solemnly; "dry your tears, and be happy. God has answered your prayers, and performed a miracle. Behold!"

And throwing out his right arm, as a swimmer makes a stroke, Lord Fergus thrust from his sleeve a hand full of life and vigor.

They were sitting in a boat upon the Lake of Como, and as they drifted were enjoying the light breezes perfumed with the sweet scents of jasmine, violet, and orange blossom. As they idly floated they were talking about their courtship. Lord Fergus, with adorable fatuity, explained how he had won her.

"The hand I sent you, my love," said he, "I purchased from a thrifty nurse in the hospital at Berne; a skillful embalmer prepared it for me. The rest you know."

The princess looked at him, and struck him on the lips with a rose she bore in her hand.

"False, false!" cried she. "How could an unsophisticated woman resist such a diabolical ruse? But you remember our first meeting?"

"Yes." "When I had the neuralgia?"

"Yes." The princess laughed merrily as she exposed two rows of perfect pearly teeth. "Well, my love, I never had the neuralgia in my life.—Argonaut.

Poor Humanity in London.

Many a sad sight is to be seen in London, but few are more melancholy than the spectacle of those poor, broken-down creatures who are hired to saunter in the gutters of our great metropolis with advertisement boards on their backs. Their hopeless, famished faces, their listless gait, their tattered garments, often drenched with rain, and the thought of the precious pittance which a hungry child or two may be waiting at home to share, are too much for sober contemplation; and more distressing than all, perhaps, is the look of shame about these poor wretches. Of course, they are glad enough to earn a shilling in this way; and yet—especially on a cold, raw, rainy day—it does seem an outrage almost for one man to put another to such uses. But when these poor wretches are forced to wear ridiculous costumes, then we have no doubt about the outrage at all. Here, too, the "sandwich man" has no choice; he has to conform to the demands and illustrate the humorous invention of his employers if he does not wish to starve and does not like to steal. In this case, also, he is glad enough to earn a shilling; but though there can be no doubt about that, yet should we be delighted to see the man admonished who adds to the humiliations of failure, friendlessness and poverty by making "guys" of these poor strollers. It is done, however. Here we see a row of them, with tall extinguisher caps on their heads; there another, rigged with pig-tails, like Chinamen, and all looking so piteously ashamed. As for that, however, we all know where the shame, the disgrace of the thing really lies, and a deep disgrace it is.—St. James Gazette.

A Reasonable Request.

He had never told his love, their acquaintance had been a very short one, and when suddenly he had placed her arms about his neck and imprinted a kiss upon her rosebud mouth, she was naturally startled.

"Sir," she said, "this is insufferable." "Forgive me," he cried. "I was mad to act thus. I beseech you, pardon me!"

"No, I can never forgive you, never. You have forfeited my friendship. You must leave me at once and forever."

Vainly he pleaded; she was obdurate. So glaring an offense could not be condoned.

And so he said he would go. His whole life would be embittered, for he felt that her image could never be effaced from his heart.

"I will go," he said, sadly, "but before I leave there is one boon that I would ask. I feel that I am not unreasonable in desiring and expecting that you will grant this one little final favor."

"What is it?" she asked, gently, touched by his emotion.

"Won't you please take your arm round my neck?"—Saturday Night.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The reason why the thermometer does not always accord with the comparative discomfort of hot weather is owing to a variation of moisture in the air. While the human body is all the time giving off perspiration, either sensible or insensible, this evaporation will go on more rapidly when the air contains but little moisture than when it contains a great deal. Evaporation is cooling when it has no obstruction; but when it is obstructed by moist air, the reverse effect is produced, and a temperature of eighty degrees is quite as oppressive as that of ninety when the air is dry.

Dust mixed with air is found to be, under certain conditions, a dangerous explosive. Thus, if a large log of wood were ignited, it might be a week before it would be entirely consumed; split up into cord wood, and piled up loosely, it would, perhaps, burn in less than an hour; cut into shavings and allow a strong wind to throw them into the air—or in any way keep the chips comparatively well separated from each other—and the log would perhaps be consumed in two or three minutes; but if ground up into fine dust or powder, and blown in such a manner that each particle is surrounded by air, it would burn in less than a second.

The first screw boats ever built in America, and so far as the engineer knows, the first iron hulls, were the Antheistic and the Black Diamond, constructed on the plans of Captain Ericsson, and employed in carrying coal through the Delaware and Raritan canal. The first sea-going propeller built in America was the frigate Princeton, also after Captain Ericsson's designs, but under the superintendence of Captain Stockton. This vessel was a full-rigged ship, and it was the intention to use steam only as occasion might require as an aid to the sails. [But Ericsson did not make the first propeller. It was first used by an American some forty years ago.]

One of the most interesting computations which have engaged the attention of scientists is that relating to the amount of force imparted to the earth by the sun's heat. According to some of the French investigations there is received in one minute enough heat to raise the temperature of five and one-half cubic miles of water one degree centigrade. Comparing this with the work done by a given amount of heat, as utilized in a steam engine, it would appear that the heat sent to the earth in the sun's rays during the space of one minute is equal to the accomplishment of as much work as would be done by 2,000 steam engines of 100 horsepower each, working continuously for the space of 4,000 years. By far the larger part of this heat force expends itself upon the earth in actual work, only a small portion of it being radiated into space. Necessarily, the result thus accomplished—such as the maintenance of the temperature of the earth, ocean and atmosphere, the stimulating of animal and vegetable life, etc.—must be the equivalent of the power retained by our globe; but a vast amount remains unaccounted for still.

President for One Day.

General David R. Atchison, ex-senator of the United States, and who became vice-president at the death of W. R. King, and was, by the operation of the constitution, the legal president of the United States for one day, is now living on his farm in Clinton county, Mo. General Atchison tells as follows how it was that he was president for one day: It came about in this way. Polk went out of office on the 3d of March, 1849, on Saturday at 12 o'clock M. The next day, the 4th, occurring on Sunday, General Taylor was not inaugurated. He was not inaugurated till Monday, the 5th, at 12 o'clock M. It was then canvassed among senators whether there was an interregnum. It was plain that there was either an interregnum or I was the president of the United States, being chairman of the senate, having succeeded Judge Magnum, of North Carolina. The judge waked up at 3 o'clock in the morning and said, joyfully, that, as I was president of the United States, he wanted me to appoint him secretary of state. Other senators came to me and advised me to claim the franking privilege for life under the law giving a president of the United States that emolument. I replied that I would not assume any doubtful powers. The office of president was vacant from Saturday at 12 o'clock M. to Monday noon, when General Taylor was sworn in.

You cannot tell much about the truth or falsity of the sentiments expressed in the "old songs" without experimenting with them. Take, for instance, that old and well-known song, "Are We Forgotten When We're Gone?" The only way to tell to a certainty is to go away, and to make it more binding take somebody else's pocketbook with you.

Harvey U. Benson, of Paw Paw, Mich., has brought suit against a lady for \$5,000 damages because she married one Black after having engaged herself to Benson. She pleads in extenuation that her Paw Paw compelled her to marry the Black man.

The Evening Trains.

Whet'er rainfall or the snowing Hasens daylight swiftly by, Or slow twilight, still and shadowy, Sets her lights along the sky, Cut across the mystic's waters Lying cold, and dark, and deep, Evening trains, with precious burdens, Slow, like bright professions creep, Far behind are din and tumult, Doubt, anxiety and fear; Past the river's silent flowing There are rest, and peace, and cheer.

Precious freights are hearts of loving Nearing lights and smiles of home, Where with faith that knows no doubting Tired feet, joy-winged, may come. Homes are waiting, high and low; Onward still the bright trains move: Oh, 'tis well, halls rich in splendor May not richest be in love.

Homeward going, heavenward going, Friends pass onward one by one, When the day is calmly shining Through night's shades, at set of sun. Through the daises we may follow, Through the snows with pleading hands, We may only watch them going, O'er death's stream to heavenly lands. Yet for us the way seems brighter: Light gleams o'er the mystic tide When beyond its silent flowing They have reached the restful side. Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

To be disposed of under the hammer—A carpet-tack. It is not always the flower of the family that furnishes the bread.

A cynical old bachelor says that "lovers are like armies; they get along well enough till the engagement begins."

"There," she said, waving her marriage certificate in the air, "there is the flag of our union!"—Philadelphia Chronicle.

A race between a carrier pigeon and a man kicked by a mule would be very close if the pigeon had half a mile the start.—Texas Sittings.

Lightning killed a bull in central Ohio the other day. It is getting bolder every day and may tackle mules with impunity.—Toledo American.

A stamp like a boy; it is said ninety millions of postage stamps are annually sold in this country and all of them have to be licked before they will do their duty.—Pleasure.

A stock breeder in New Mexico has a horse pasture of sixteen square miles all fenced in. It must worry a man to have to run all over the lot in the wet grass to catch a horse to drive down-town after a half gallon of coal oil.—Cheek.

"Mamma, what makes angels?" asked a little boy who had been reading of the heavenly inhabitants. The mother glanced out into the orchard, and with a warning look, solemnly replied: "Unripe fruit, my dear."—New York Commercial.

A man may be right in the bosom of his family, sitting down to a big meal, knowing that he is rich and all right in every way; yet will the sight of a telegraph messenger make him as nervous as a well-fed dog is made when he sees a boy pick up a stone and throw it in the opposite direction.—Puck.

A woman in France slept seventy-three days in one inning—and when she awoke and learned that her husband had been taking his meals at a restaurant during all the time, instead of getting out of bed at daylight and going to market, she was so mad that she declared she wouldn't go to sleep again as long as she lived.—Norristown Herald.

Some men have tact. Said the bridegroom, who didn't wish either to offend his bride or die of internal disturbance: "My dear, this bread looks delicious; but it is the first you have ever made. I cannot think of eating it, but will preserve it to show to our children in after years as a sample of their mother's skill and deftness."—Boston Post.

Supplies for Old Sol.

A writer in the Kansas City Review says: The effect of cometary precipitation on the sun cannot be detected on the earth except by the most powerful instruments. What is the sun? It is a colossal ball 86,000 miles in diameter, whose mighty mass is 331,654 times greater than that of the earth. What is a comet falling into this awful furnace? Nothing but as one firebrand in the conflagration of Chicago. Explosions are always taking place on the face of the sun, causing greater upheaval than the downrush of a dozen comets. Can cometary collision on the sun injure man? Indeed, such impact serves to keep him alive. The sun does not radiate too much heat now, and astronomers are agreed that part of the present supply is kept up by a comical bombardment. We are flung away in some nook of the universe chained to an expiring world—a home that is already suffering encroachments of polar ice. We exist only by the heat of the sun. The real danger lies not in cometary downrush, but in the fear that not enough meteors and comets will gravitate into solar fires. The longer comets can strike the sun the longer may man inhabit the earth.