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Come for Thy Rights!

Come, honest manhood, not ashamed to toil, Stand in the garb or cause that honors thee! Come from the mill, the forge, or sterile soil, We crown thee king, thou shalt our sovereign be! Come from the ocean laden—fish or pearls; Come from the mines with all their precious ore; Come not as servant, serving moneyed chairs, But, in thy right, stand dignified before, Thou feedest kings; they tax thee in return; Thou clovest nobles, rich in courtly dress; Thou diggest coal for them to cherish burn; But savest little, each, thyself to bless, Thou art content, pushed by unkindly hands, Stand out, the rightful ruler of the lands! Come for thy rights, as constant as the sun! Stand for thy cause in eloquence of deed! Come with thy riches, when thy toil is done, As plants give bloom to multiply themselves! What though the rich and proud thy wages take— Still strive thou in faithfulness of soul, Till by thy care the fields a harvest make. That give a welcome to the living whole: Nor halting here, to moan with selfish sighs That others take as freely as they choose, Thou givest all to nations in supplies, And rarely break'st thy serving to abuse; Thou guard'st, thou honor'st here with high repute; Thou plant'st the seed—art generous with the fruit. Earth bears no blighting curse by thee imposed; Thou art her husband, toiling, royal wed! She bears no malice, when in death depressed; Thou sleep'st at last within her silent bed; But kings and despots, ruling to debase, Have wet her bosom deep with peasant gore— She keeps account, to settle by at last, When kings sleep well, but sleep as kings no more. How can a death-dethroned king relent? He lies a subject, humbled in estate; The peasant has no carnage sown or rent, And in the grave he is a king as great; He reaches forth in pleasure and in hope, Nor dies debauched, a morbid misanthrope. —C. C. Merritt, Springfield Republican.

THE TABLES TURNED.

A large, old-fashioned, quaint gray stone house, with a green, close-clipped lawn, extending down to a very picturesque portion of the Avon. Seated on the lawn were three young ladies in summer toilets with broad straw hats. Two were at work; while the darkest, prettiest, though smallest, was reading aloud. Suddenly, blended with the musical dip of oars, the still, calm air was broken by a strong, clear, manly voice singing: "When the lads of the village, Merrily ah!—merrily ah!" "It's Tom! It's dear old Tom!" cried the two girls who were dressed alike. "He's rowed up from Chesser-mill. Come, George, come." George, their cousin, appeared by no means backward, and the three eagerly hastened down to the river. Scarcely had they reached the edge than a light skiff, in which sat a handsome young English Saxon of about five-and-twenty, shot from the shadow of the willows to their very feet. "Here I am, girls!" he cried, cheerily, shipping his oars and casting the mooring rope round a post placed on purpose. "Yes, here you are, singing as much out of tune as ever," said George, roughly. "Now, please don't begin your sparring," laughed Rosie, the youngest sister. "We are so glad you've come, Tom, whether in tune or not. We have something to tell you and something for you to do." "Really? Prithce, fair sister, expound," he rejoined, walking up the lawn, a sister on either side of him, though his eyes oftenest sought out George. "But first," asked Lenore, the elder, "how long are you going to stay here?" "Whitehall has given me a week. My luggage comes by road." "Capital! Now, let us sit down and we will tell you." The girls sat in a kind of semi-circle; while Tom laid his whole length before them, his elbow on the grass, his cheek on his hand. "Now," he asked, "what is the matter?" "Well," said Lenore, who by general acclaim was nominated spokeswoman, "you must know, Tom, that there is a certain room in this old house papa has just bought which is said to be haunted." "Nonsense." "But it is true. Papa would not let us know when he bought the place, but we soon heard it from the people about here. He, however—as you says it's all nonsense." "Being a sensible, practical man," interpolated Tom. "Ah; still he gives us full leave to test it." "And are you going to?" "We wish to, therefore want you to sleep there one night, Tom." "Want me?" "Yes; so that you may inform us," remarked George, very gravely, "whether there is a ghost or not." "Really I feel exceedingly obliged," laughed Tom, "but I don't quite see the joke. I am not anxious for a ghostly acquaintance."

"Oh, Tom!" exclaimed George, with a glance that sent the blood to her cousin's cheek. "I didn't think you were a coward!" "Coward! Come now, George, that's too bad," he cried. "Well, I think it cowardly," responded the young lady, pursing her pretty mouth. "I don't believe in ghosts any more than uncle does; and I want to sleep there, only he will not let me." "I should think not," said Tom, with quick approval. "But what kind of ghost is it? What is the story?" "Why, they say years and years ago the heiress of this large estate—for it was a large estate then—was one night cruelly murdered in that room by her cousin, who, on her death, inherited the property; ever since which period the lady's ghost, attired in white, pays the apartment a visit regularly at 12 o'clock midnight," and as Lenore ended there was a tremor in her voice. "Bosh!" laughed Tom, contemptuously. "Why, Lenny, you look absolutely pale!" "They will not even pass the door after dark," remarked George, with a toss of the head. "But don't you quiz them, Master Tom, for you, also, are too frightened to face it! What coward-ice!" with a little shrug. "I declare, if any man loved me and I found he was a coward, I'd never, never marry him!" "Perhaps it was accident, perhaps it was intentional, but George's dark eyes rested on Tom as she spoke. "There goes papa!" cried Rosie, at the instant starting up, as a tall, elderly man passed along the terrace in front of the house. "Let us tell him Tom has come." "Let us all go to him," said Tom. They rose and the sisters went on before; but Tom somehow managed to drop a little behind with his cousin. "So, George," he said, "you wouldn't marry a man who was a coward. I hope you meant that for me, because you might marry me if I were not. Oh, dear coz, you know how I love you! I'd face all the ghosts in Christendom if you would only say you would by my wife!" "Yet you will not face a probable one, Tom," she laughed. "I will without demur, if you would only say 'yes,' George," he whispered, earnestly. "Ghosts wouldn't frighten me!" "I'd like to have that proved. I am not so certain," she rejoined, saucily, as they came up to the rest. "Well, Tom," exclaimed Mr. Harrison, "these stupid girls tell me they want you to sleep in the haunted room, for our old house is respectable enough to possess one." "So I hear, sir, and will willingly test its ghostly character, if you have no objection." "None in the least, my boy, only I'll make this proviso—I'll have no firearms used. Should anything appear it will not be supernatural—in which I no more believe than that the moon is made of green cheese." So it was agreed that Tom should sleep there. "I hope he will see nothing," said his sisters. "I hope he will," said George, "and prove his courage." "I shan't sleep a wink to-night," remarked Rosie, as they saw Tom disappear down the long corridor. "I don't think I shall much," agreed George, very thoughtfully. The next morning Tom's appearance at the breakfast-table was anxiously expected. When he came his expression was certainly more serious. "Well," smiled Mr. Harrison, "what did you see, Tom? Giles Scroggins' ghost or anything else?" "I can't quite say, sir," answered his son. "I certainly thought once I saw something; but I was so dead tired that my half-dazed brain may have played me a trick. Consequently, I would rather say nothing until I've had another night's experience." "Sleep there again!" ejaculated the girls, George loudest. "Assuredly!" Tom's account but half satisfied his feminine hearers. "I am sure he has seen something," said Lenore, when they were alone. "I'm certain of it!" coincided George. "But he is going to show how brave he is. Why can't the silly fellow confess and have done with it?" Tom had seen something. About midnight, in the farthest corner of the room, he had beheld a shadowy female form, draped in grayish-white, occasionally waving its arms, while faint sighs burst from the lips. He had felt startled, alarmed! He had tried to think it the moonlight; but glancing at the window he saw there was none. So he had laid and looked half frightened, and half ashamed of being so. Abruptly, however, remembering George's words, he cared for nothing else; and being partially dressed, leaped up and advanced toward the ghost. For a second there was no apparition. Then it rapidly melted away—there was a click—and when Tom reached the corner—it was empty! Can there really be ghosts, he thought, groping his way back to bed. Impossible! Yet—his eyes turned to his pistol-case—that might prove; but no—it wouldn't do!

The second night the same thing occurred—only this time the specter had sighed and moaned and wrung its hands as in direst distress, but it did not wait for Tom's advance. It vanished after a few moments. "It's curious, to say the least of it," he meditated, striking a light and sitting on the side of his bed. Then taking the candle he carefully examined the apartment. It was a spacious oak-paneled room, with casement windows. Mr. Harrison proposed to turn it into a ball-room, when, he had laughed, the ghosts would have a happy time of it. But Tom could discover neither ghost nor human. The door was locked as he had left it; the windows securely fastened. "It's confoundedly singular!" he repeated, finally throwing himself on to the bed. The next morning he told exactly what had occurred. Mr. Harrison pooh-pooh'd it, declaring it was Tom's imagination or that he was poking fun at them; but the girls took it differently. "There," cried the sisters, "you see, George, the place is haunted!" For a second George appeared defeated; he pouted, glanced at her cup, then exclaimed, with charming consistency: "I don't and I won't believe there are ghosts! As uncle says, Tom has been deluded!" "Well, Tom is going to give it another trial," laughed the young fellow. "Oh, no, don't do that!" exclaimed George, quickly. "We've had enough of it!" "I don't think so," rejoined Tom, delighted at this involuntary interest. "And if it comes a third time I'll take it for a sign—" "Of what?" "That I have proved my courage," he whispered, "and merited the reward for facing a ghost." "There are no ghosts," persisted George, blushing. "Then you do not believe me?" "I fancy you were deceived." That night the sisters implored Tom to sleep in his own bedroom; to which George, the bold disbeliever, even added her entreaties. They fancied that he had been more frightened than he cared to confess, for he had been remarkably quiet and thoughtful all day, had kept aloof from them, and wandered about the house like a ghost himself. But Tom was firm. He said he was resolved to believe his eyes and brain had deceived him, unless the poor lady-ghost appeared a third time. "But suppose she may not come again?" suggested George. "Then I'm resolved to sleep in this room until she does, or put it all down as nervous bosh and optical delusion!" With that Master Tom strode off to his haunted bedchamber, while the girls crept along to theirs. Scarcely had midnight chimed—for somewhere, no doubt, it did chime, though not in Mr. Harrison's house—than in the dark corner of the oak-paneled apartment again appeared the shadowy figure. That it was a woman's there could be no doubt; the loose grayish draperies flowed round it, drooping from the waving arms, while a gray mist apparently enveloped the head. It repeated the same evolutions as on the previous occasion, only its moans and tokens of grief were more earnestly expressed; but, after all, this night was destined to be materially different. As the ghost's time for departure arrived, lo! and behold, there was another ghost! The last was taller, clothed entirely in white, and standing behind the first, frantically waved his long arms with a hollow sepulchral moan. Evidently, however, the smaller spirit hadn't expected this ghostly companion, for, perceiving it, with a ringing shriek it fled toward the bed, crying: "Oh! Tom—Tom, save me! There is a ghost and it's here! Save me—save me!" But no Tom sprang to her rescue. Only the taller ghost pursued, exclaiming, in a very earthy voice and amid much earthly laughter: "So, Miss George, I've caught you, have I! The tables are nicely turned, upon my life." "Tom!" gasped George, the smaller specter, plucking the gray gauze from about her head, "is it you? Oh! what does it mean?" "Only that I've discovered the ghost," laughed Tom. "The second night I suspected the unsubstantiality of my visitor and employed the next day in minutely examining my room, which led to the discovery of a secret sliding panel, which conducted into a passage that had another secret outlet in the corridor near your room. I then speedily divined who was my lady-ghost." "Oh, Tom," she murmured, half angrily, "it's a shame you should so frighten me. I can scarcely stand. I really thought you a specter. Yes—I own it—I wanted to test your courage—and—"

"Tom," she laughed, "this isn't a time to play Romeo and Juliet—not the toilets. Oh!" she added, hearing steps hastening along the corridor, "do keep my secret, Tom. Do, please!" she added, imploringly, as she fled through the panel. But the secret did creep out next day—and the laugh—as the tables were turned on George, who, trying to frighten Tom, had been awfully frightened herself. George angrily declared she would never forgive her cousin; but it is supposed she did, for the first ball held in the haunted room was in commemoration of their wedding day. Effect of Music on Sheep. The following pleasing anecdote of the power of music is related by the celebrated Haydn: "In my early youth," says he, "I went, with some other young people equally devoid of care, one morning during the extreme heat of summer to seek for coolness and fresh air on one of the lofty mountains which surround the Lago Maggiore in Lombardy. Having reached the middle of the ascent by daybreak, we stopped to contemplate the Borromean Isles, which were displayed under our feet in the middle of the lake, when we were surrounded by a large flock of sheep, which were leaving their fold to go to pasture. "One of our party, who was no bad performer on the flute and who always carried the instrument with him, took it out of his pocket. He began to play. The sheep and goats, which were following one another toward the mountain with their heads hanging down, raised them with the first sound of the flute, and all, with a general and hasty movement, turned to the side from whence the agreeable noise proceeded. They gradually flocked around the musician and listened with motionless attention. He ceased playing and the sheep did not stir. "The shepherd with his staff now obliged them to move on; but no sooner did the flute begin again than his innocent audience again returned to him. The shepherd, out of patience, pelted them with clods of earth; but not one of them would move. The fluter played with additional skill; the shepherd fell into a passion, whistled, scolded and pelted the poor creatures with stones. Such as were hit by them began to march, but the others still refused to stir. At last the shepherd was forced to retreat on Orpheus to stop his magic sounds; the sheep then moved off, but continued to stop at a distance as often as our friend resumed the agreeable instrument. "The tune he played was nothing more than a favorite air at that time in Milan. We were delighted with our adventure; we reasoned upon it the whole day, and concluded that physical pleasure is the basis of all interest in music." Two Singular Men. A stranger with long hair, a white coat, a white hat with a crape band and other evidences of lunacy, entered a Griswold street restaurant yesterday and said to the proprietor: "Sir, let me explain in advance that I am a singular man." "All right, sir. A singular man's order is as good as any one else's." "I want six oysters on the half-shell—on the left hand half, if you please." The oysters were opened and placed before him, and when he had devoured them he said: "Now take six oysters, run them through a clothes-wringer to remove the dampness, and fry them for me in olive oil." This order was also filled, when he called for a cup of salt water, added milk and sugar and drank it down and asked for his bill. "I also desire to explain in advance that I am a singular man," replied the proprietor. "Your bill is \$2." "Impossible!" "Just \$2, sir." "But that is monstrous!" "Perhaps it seems high, but that's my singular way of charging for singular lunches." "I'll never pay it!" "Then I'll sadden your heart!" The said proceedings were about to begin when the long-haired man forked over and walked out. The lesson seemed to sink deep into his heart, for he halted at a fruit store and, without any explanations in advance, paid the usual price for a banana and carried it off without asking the seller to dip the ends in rose-water.—Free Press. The metropolitan board of works in London controls an area of 122 square miles, covered by a population of nearly 4,000,000. The royal parks cover 1,742 acres and other open spaces 1,676 acres. The figures given of the losses by the strikes this summer are large. The loss to employers is estimated at \$12,000,000; to the general public, \$30,000,000. Ninety-two locomotives and 11,697 car wheels were exported from the United States last year. During the same period there were exported 2,164,648 pounds of iron rails.

FOR THE LADIES.

Superstitions About Love. From the earliest times no event in human life has been associated with a more extensive folk-lore than marriage. Beginning with love-divinations, these are of every conceivable kind, the anxious maiden apparently having left no stone unturned in her anxiety to ascertain her lot in the marriage state. Some out the common brake or fern just above the root to ascertain the initials of her future husband's name. Again, nuts and apples are very favorite love tests. The mode of procedure is for a girl to place on the bars of a grate a nut, repeating this incantation: If he loves me, pop and fly; If he hates me, live and die. Great is the dismay if the anxious face of the inquirer gradually perceives the nut, instead of making the hoped-for pop, die and make no sign. One means of divination is to throw a lady bird into the air, repeating meanwhile the subjoined couplet: Fly away east and fly away west, Show me where lives the one I like best. Should this little insect chance to fly in the direction of the house where the loved one resides, it is regarded as a favorable omen. Another species of love-divination once observed consisted in obtaining five bay-leaves, four of which the anxious maiden pinned at the four corners of her pillow and the fifth in the middle. If she was fortunate enough to dream of her lover it was a sure sign that he would be married to her in the course of the year. Friday has been held a good day of the week for love omens; and in Norfolk the following lines are repeated on three Friday nights successively, as on the last one it is believed that the young lady will dream of her future husband: To-night, to-night is Friday night, Lay me down in dirty white; Dream who my husband is to be, And lay my children by my side, If I'm to live to be his bride. In selecting the time for the marriage ceremony precautions of every kind have generally been taken to avoid an unlucky month and day for the knot to be tied. Indeed, the old Roman notion that May marriages are unlucky survives to this day in England. June is a highly popular month. Friday, on account of its being regarded as an inauspicious and evil day for the commencement of any kind of enterprise, is generally avoided. In days gone by Sunday appears to have been a popular day for marriages. It is, above all things necessary that the sun should shine on the bride, and it is deemed absolutely necessary by very many that she should weep on her wedding day, if it be only a few tears; the omission of such an act being considered ominous of her future happiness. In Sussex a bride on her return home from church is often robbed of all her pins about her dress by the single women present, from the belief that whoever possesses one of them will be married in the course of a year, and evil fortune will sooner or later inevitably overtake the bride who keeps even one pin used in the marriage toilet. "Flinging the stocking" was an old marriage custom in England. The young men took the bride's stockings and the girls those of the bridegroom, each of whom, sitting at the foot of the bed, threw the stocking over their heads, endeavoring to make it fall upon that of the bride or her spouse. If the bridegroom's stockings, thrown by the girls, fell upon the bridegroom's head, it was a sign that they themselves would soon be married, and similar luck was derived from the falling of the bride's stockings, thrown by the young men. There is a superstitious notion in some places that when the bride retires to rest on her wedding night her bridesmaids should lay her stockings across, as this act is supposed to guarantee her future prosperity in the marriage state.

Fashion Notes.

Carnations, marsh-mallows, poppies and ox-eye daisies are the most fashionable flowers for trimming fall round hats of dark straw. Handsome "Roman" and "Egyptian" pens, clasps, jeweled bands and buckles, made in the United States, are a prominent feature of millinery and cloak garniture this season. The proper colors for elegant wrappers are cream white, pale blue, pale rose, shrimp pink, mauve, terra cotta, hussar blue, dark reds, dark blues, gray and black. The trimmings should be embroidery, ribbons, velvet and lace. The center parting of the hair is now made as inconspicuous as possible, and many ladies obliterate it altogether by cross partings taken above the forehead, while the greater part of the chevelure is combed back without any parting at all. Small capotes of white or tinted satin, completely covered with soft fluffy white ostrich tips, are worn. They are very pretty and becoming to youthful ladies. For their elders the same fashion in black, bronze, brown, garnet and dark green is much followed.

The Pasture Bars.

If all the skies, I do believe, Had all the year withdrawn Their gait tints to gild that eve, It would no been more golden; The wee birds would na sing so fine If they had been invited; The cows came proudly in a line, As if they were delighted. We linger'd by the pasture bars Till sunset changed to gloaming, Till twilight clustered into stars, And through the clouds went roaming; And when the moon glowed up the sky It found us still belating; Yet none but my own Joe and I Know why the cows were waiting. —James Judson Lord.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A man is known by the company he keeps away from.—Piquette. Pretty new ballad by the house-keeper, dedicated to the grocer: "Take Back the Flour." "Something left over from the fight of yesterday," was the Duke of Wellington's definition of hash. Albert Schwill is an Indianapolis man who has had nineteen fights because somebody said: "Give him to the hogs."—Boston Post. What is the difference between freight and cargo? A horse-car conductor says the passengers make the freight and the horses make the cargo. It has been ungalantly said that the telephone does what society rules have always been unequal to—compels women who use it to talk one at a time. Yesterday we saw a man with a black eye, a skun nose and arm in a sling. He had a revolver and wanted to know who invented hammocks.—Boston Post. When a man kums to me for advice I find out the kind of advice he wants and I give it to him; this satisfies him that he and I are two as smart men as there is living.—Josh Billings. A sad-hearted poetess asks in the columns of the Philadelphia Bulletin: "Why do we sing?" Perhaps it's because you don't know what the public feeling is in your immediate neighborhood. When Hood wrote "There is a happiness that makes the heart afraid," he was probably thinking of one evening when he sat up very late with his girl and did not know what minute the old man might come thumping downstairs. In some of the mountainous sections of Pennsylvania real estate has taken a sudden downward tendency. About two hundred acres slid down into the valley the other day. It will be some time before it goes up to its former height.—Sittings. An easy time of it—"I don't want any man's advice," said the man with the big bump of self-esteem. "I do my own thinking." "Yes," murmured Fogg. "I should think you might and not be greatly overworked either."—Boston Transcript. The title of the lesson was: "The Rich Young Man," and the golden text was: "One thing thou lackest." A teacher in the primary class asked a little tot to repeat the two, and looking earnestly into the young lady's face the child said: "One thing thou lackest—a rich young man." "Where are you going, anyhow?" asked an irate conductor on the Central Pacific the other day to a "beat" whom he had kicked off five or six times, but who always managed to get on again just as the train started. "Well," said the fellow, quietly, "I'm going to Chicago, if my pants hold out."—Chicago Tribune. A contemporary tells a yarn about a setter dog which trotted up to a small boy and dropped from his mouth into the boy's hand a new jackknife which the dog had just found. This is, however, no circumstance to the Philadelphia dog which trotted up to a boy and dropped at his feet a tin can and a piece of string.—Philadelphia News. The Cats of Cairo. Among the curiosities of Cairo is an amateur branch of the humane society, for the especial benefit of poor Puss. A curious legacy was some years ago left by a wealthy burgher to enlarge the permanent income of the cat, on condition of his nourishing and cherishing all the unclaimed cats in Cairo. Like most Mohammedans, he must have shared the feeling which made the Prophet cut off the wide sleeve of his robe, so that it should not disturb a favorite cat which had fallen asleep thereon. Consequently a large courtyard has been devoted to their especial benefit, and here the nice, soft, furry creatures lie and bask in the sun, and are fed at stated intervals, and altogether have a very good time of it. It is a curious fact, however, that although daily additions are made to this large feline home, the inmates rarely amount to more than fifty. This (in the absence of sausage machines) is a very remarkable problem. I suppose that a candidate for the office of cat has to produce a medical certificate to prove that he is not troubled with that unconquerable aversion to dear old Puss with which so many of the masculine genus are afflicted.—Gentleman's Magazine.