

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XV. NO. 33.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1882.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion	\$1 00
One Square, one inch, one month	3 00
One Square, one inch, three months	6 00
One Square, one inch, one year	10 00
Two Squares, one year	15 00
Quarter Column, one year	20 00
Half Column, one year	30 00
One Column, one year	100 00

Legal notices at established rates. Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, cash on delivery.

The Spirit Ideal.

[Posthumous poem attributed to Edgar A. Poe. This poem was not published until many years after Mr. Poe's death. It is written in the style of his "Laven," which fact will be readily recognized by all admirers of his poetry.]

From the throne of life eternal,
From the home of love eternal,
Where angel feet make music over all the starry floor,
Mortals, I have come to meet you,
Come with words of peace to greet you,
And to tell you of the glory that is mine forevermore.

Once before I found a mortal
Waiting at the heavenly portal—
Waiting but to catch some echo from that
ever opening door,
Then I seized his quivering being,
And through all his inward seeming,
Caused my burning inspiration in a fiery
food to pour.

Now I come more meekly human,
With the weak lips of a woman
Touched with fire from off the altar, not
with burning as of yore,
But in holy love ascending,
With her chastened being blending,
I would fill your souls with music from the
bright celestial shore.

As one heart yearns for another,
As a child turns to its mother,
From the golden gates of glory turn I to
the earth once more,
Where I drained the cup of sadness,
Where my soul was stung to madness,
And life's bitter burning billows swept my
burdened being o'er.

Here the harpies and the ravens,
Human vampires, sordid avens,
Preyed upon my soul and substance till I
writhed with anguish sore,
Life and I seemed then misnamed,
For I felt accursed and fated,
Like a restless, wrathful spirit wandering on
the Stygian shore.

Tortured by a nameless yearning,
Like a frost-fire freezing, burning,
Did the frost-fire pulsing life-tide through its
favored channels pour:
Till the "golden bowl," life's token—
Into shining shreds was broken,
And my chafed and chafing spirit leaped from
out its prison door.

But while living, striving, dying,
Never did my soul cease crying,
"Ye who guide the fates and furies, give, oh!
give me, I implore!
From the myriad hosts of nations,
From the countless constellations,
One pure spirit that can love me—one that I,
too, can adore!"

Through this fervent aspiration,
Found my fainting soul salvation,
For from out its blackened fire-crests did my
quicken spirit soar:
And my beautiful ideal—
Not too saintly to be real—
Burst more brightly on my vision than the
fame-formed Lenore.

'Mid the surging seas she found me,
With the billows breaking round me,
And my saddened sinking spirit in her arms
of love upbore,
Like a lone one weak and weary,
Wandering in the midnight dreary,
On her sinless, saintly bosom, brought me to
the heavenly shore.

Like the breath of blossoms blending,
Like the prayers of saints ascending,
Like the rainbow's seven-lined glory blend
our souls forevermore.
Earthly love and lust enslaved me,
But divinest love hath saved me,
And I know now first and only how to love
and to adore.

Oh my mortal friends and brothers,
We are each and all another's!
And the soul that gives most freely from its
treasure hath the more.
Would you lose your life you find it;
And in giving love, you bind it,
Like an amulet of safety to your heart forevermore.

MARRIED IN HASTE.

"I demand this, because I consider marriage with such a girl as I know Violet Du Hayne to be, the only hope left of reclaiming you from a life of dissipation. On no other condition will I advance the large sum for which you ask. In spite of all that has passed, your still affectionate mother,"

"EUGENIA ARDEN."

The written page looked as hard and unchanging to Max's fancy as its author.

There was that bill which Hardy had indorsed for him falling due within three days. It would be total ruin to poor Hardy if it was not met. That must not be. He had drawn Hardy into this scrape, and he must see him harmless, at all risks to himself. Max strode up and down the room, biting his long, fair mustache.

Marriage! He had never seen his mother's ward. She had arrived at Arden after the estrangement between mother and son; but, at all events, there was no one else he wanted to marry.

What a lovely face was that girl's! He had met at Mrs. Montfort's reception! She had made him feel like echoing Geraint's, "There, by God's grace, stands the one maid for me!"

"Pshaw!" shrugging his broad shoulders. "A man could not be in love with a girl he had talked to for one evening, whose very name he had failed to hear?"

What use in retreating? There was

but one course open to him to save Hardy's honor and his own.

He sat down, and dashed off in heavy black letters:

"MOTHER: You are using the power given you by my father's will—as you have always done—tyrannically. But I have no alternative—I accept your conditions on these terms: First, that the young lady be told that I am marrying as my only means of obtaining a sum of money which is a matter of life and death to me. Secondly, that the marriage take place to-morrow afternoon. I will run down to Arden on the 3 o'clock train. You can have a clergyman waiting in the grand drawing-room, who can unite the happy pair at once. Your son,

"MAX ARDEN."

There never was a gloomier wedding. A heavy fall of snow had impeded the train, so that the early winter twilight was already falling when Max Arden stood in the great, dim room by the side of his veiled bride.

The clergyman hurriedly repeated the solemn service. The responses were duly made, and it was done.

"Embrace your wife, my son," said Mrs. Arden, with a vain attempt at cheerfulness.

"Well!" cried the young man, drawing himself up to his full height, with a flash in his eyes. "I have no wife. This young lady understands the terms of our bargain. I have made her Mrs. Max Arden—to that you could compel me, mother—but no woman shall be wife in more than name to me whom I have not loved and chosen—ay, and wooed on my bended knees. Is my horse saddled, Stevens? I return to town to-night. In the future, as in the past, our paths lie separate.

Scene—the heart of the Black mountains. Time—September, when they are at their loveliest. Dramatis personæ—for one, a tall young man, with a wide-awake pushed back from his good-looking, sunburnt face, a gun over his shoulder, but little thought of shooting in his mind. He was peering through the boughs at what? Only a girl whom he had once seen in town, and of late watched many times from his leafy covert, feeling, as Olivia says, her "perfections with an invisible and subtle stealth to creep in at his eyes."

She sat on the other side of the mountain brook, busily sketching; and as he watched, her sketch-book fell into the little stream.

In a second he had sprung after it, fished it out, and was presenting it with a low bow, saying: "May I not claim acquaintance by virtue of this happy chance and our last meeting?"

"Our last meeting!" The young lady shrank from him in undisguised terror.

"God heaven, Miss Harding! how have I alarmed you? Do I look like a tramp in my shooting-clothes? Indeed I am respectable. My name is Arden—Max Arden. I had the honor of an introduction at Mrs. Montfort's reception, last winter."

A sigh of relief, then hesitatingly: "Oh, yes, I remember you quite well, Mr. Arden; but I—I—you must excuse me—I have heard of you since then, and I—I—"

"You have heard of me; nothing to my credit, I fear," he said, slowly, after waiting in vain for her to finish, "and you wish to decline knowing me. Is it not so? Well, I must submit to your decision, bitterly as I regret it. Then he lifted his hat and left her.

Now which of his wild doings had come to those dainty ears and brought this blow upon him? For blow it was. He was surprised to find how severe a one. For, after all, what did he know of her? And yet, with unreasoning intensity, he longed to look into her face once more, perhaps inquire the reason of the soft, regretful gaze that had followed him as he turned away.

Patter! patter! Big drops broke in upon his meditations. A trac pelting, blinding, mountain storm was coming up. Arden hastened to take refuge in a small cave he knew of. Was it kind chance or irony of fate? The cave was occupied. A sketch-book, an umbrella, a slim serge-clad figure presented themselves to his view. He began to retrace his steps.

"Don't go away," said the fair occupant, hastily.

"I would not force my company upon you," he returned, stiffly.

"Pray, pray, don't let me drive you out into this pouring rain," she entreated; "you are punishing me severely for my late rudeness. I was so surprised and frightened then—I scarcely knew what I said."

She put out her hand to detain him. Like a flash Arden's mind went back to the last time soft fingers had lain in his—on that strange bridal day.

"If you grant me shelter, it is equivalent to accepting my friendship," he said, allowing himself to be drawn into the cave and seating himself so as to shield her from the rain which now began to beat in.

"Now, you might almost as well be outside as do that," said the girl, reproachfully. "What a deluge it is!" peering out over his shoulder.

The damp air heightened her color and sent little rings of golden brown hair curling madly over her pretty forehead, her violet eyes shone, and her face—it was the fairest that e'er the sun shone on.

Max Arden thought so as he answered dreamily: "I wish it could last forty days!"

"What a good conscience you must have!" gaily; "now, I should be too afraid of being drowned with the rest of the sinners."

"Miss Harding—"

"Who told you my name was Miss Harding?"

"My guide, Luke Smith. He claims to know everything."

"He certainly seems to know a great deal."

"I am camping out near here, and seeing you so constantly, naturally inquired about you. It is a lonely spot to see a lady."

"I am staying at the Mountain house, six miles from here," she explained. "I drive over every morning to sketch this lovely glen, and the carriage comes for me again at 4 o'clock. I should be going to meet it now but for the rain."

"Blessed rain!" murmured Max.

The young lady frowned and appeared to regret the momentary intimacy into which she had been drawn. There was a few minutes silence while she turned over the contents of her portfolio. Once more nature favored Max. The wind blew a loose sketch to his feet, which he looked at in amazement.

"Why, it's me!" he cried, exultant and ungrammatical, "and a capital likeness, too."

"You—you are quite mistaken in—in any conclusions you may draw," stammered Miss Harding, blushing, and clothed with shame as with a garment. "You need not imagine I sketched you because—that is—you are not to think—anything."

"I don't. My mind is entirely vacant except for a strong desire to possess my portrait. You probably do not prize it very highly."

"I do not prize it at all."

"And I would give—even unto the half of my kingdom for it."

"Would you give that ring which looks like an heirloom?"

Instantly it lay in her hand.

"Oh, no! I was only jesting. I cannot take it."

"You must. You named your price and I agreed, so the bargain is concluded. It is an heirloom, as you supposed; and I rejoice to see it in your possession. I always meant—losing his head a little as he gazed at her flower-like face—to give it to the girl I loved; but now—"

"Well, now?" she echoed, softly, with averted face.

"Now, I may never tell my love, because—with an effort—I am a married man."

"Mr. Arden!"—angrily—"because of that foolish sketch you think that I— You say this as a warning—"

"A warning to myself, perhaps."

"As if you needed any!"

"You are right. I am past that." He buried his face in his hands. There was a long silence. Then the girl said, in an altered voice:

"The rain has stopped; I think I will go."

Max Arden stood on the dark veranda of the Mountain house listening to strains of music from the ballroom, and watching the dancers dancing in time for queen among them moved the girl he loved. How more than fair she looked in her white evening dress.

Presently she seemed laughingly to dismiss her little court, and came out alone upon the veranda. Max stepped forward. He had to apologize for starting her, but he was afraid she was sick, he said, as he had not seen her for so long.

"Only a week," she answered, cheerfully. "It is my mother who was ill; but she has recovered now, thank you. So we are going to-morrow."

"Going where?" with an eagerness he could not repress.

"Why should I tell you, Mr. Arden?" with cold surprise.

"That I may follow you. By what right? Because I love you."

"So soon?"—incredulously.

"Ay; even so quickly one may catch the plague," he quoted, with a bitter laugh. "And the pursuit of happiness is one of the unalienable rights of man, you know."

"But when man fancies his happiness to be a woman and she does not like pursuit, has she no unalienable rights?" merrily.

"Do not jest with me."

She was silent for a moment. Then, in soft, vibrating tones:

"No, I cannot jest. I have something serious to say to you, Mr. Arden. I, too, am married, and, alas! to a husband who casts me off. Hush, and listen. I was persuaded into a hasty marriage, partly by love of his mother, partly, perhaps, by—interest in him, which she had educated me to feel. Besides, I met him accidentally in society and fancied I could—like him, Max, take your arm away. Believe me, I was not told by what means he was forced into marriage! What! kneeling to me, Max? Suppose some one should come. Do get up."

"Not till you forgive me."

"Well, in that case—with pretended reluctance—"I had better forgive you at once."

It is not five years since Max married in haste—but he has not yet repented of his choice—nor has his wife.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

A Glance at the Belles of Early Ages.

Undoubtedly there is much idle talk about the wonderful extravagance of ladies of the present day, their pursuit of constantly changing styles, and the luxuries demanded by those who can, or think they can, afford the expense. One would be led to suppose, in the absence of knowledge to the contrary, that these were things of modern growth. But just look at the "style" they used to put on in early ages, and their enormous extravagance.

We are told that the ladies of Lesbos slept on roses whose perfume had been artificially heightened. And in those times court maidens powdered their hair with gold.

Marc Antony's daughter did not change her dress half a dozen times a day, as do the Saratoga graces, but she made the lamproys in her fish-pond wear earrings.

The dresses of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Agrippina, were valued at \$2,664,480. This did not include her jewels. She wore at one supper \$1,562,500 worth of jewels, and it was a plain citizen's supper. The luxury of Poppea, beloved by Nero, was equal to that of Lollia.

The women of the Roman empire indulged in all sorts of luxuries and excesses, and these were revived under Napoleon I. in France. Madame Tallien lathered herself in a wash of strawberries and raspberries, and had herself rubbed down with sponges dipped in milk and perfumes.

Ovid says that in his day girls were taught to smile gracefully.

The beauties of ancient times were just as vain as modern belles, and spent the greater part of the day at their toilet. The use of cosmetics was universal among them. Aspasia and Cleopatra (models of female beauty, it is said) both used an abundance of paint, and each wrote a treatise on cosmetics. Cleopatra used bear's grease to keep her hair from falling out. Roman ladies were so careful of their complexions that to protect them they wore masks. The Athenian women of antiquity were very studious of their attitudes and actions, and thought a hurried and sudden step a certain sign of rusticity.

We have certain styles of beauty nowadays; so had the Greeks. They went wild over the "ideal chin"—neither sharp nor blunt, but gently undulating in its outline, and losing itself gradually and almost insensibly in the fullness of the neck. The union of the two eyebrows was esteemed by the Romans as a beauty. It is said they admired the air of dignity it gives to the face.

An Albanian belle of the day presents a rather striking appearance. She is, as a rule, gaily coiffed with seed pearls and coins, and enveloped in a black serge pelisse. She uses paint on her face profusely, and her taste runs to cherry lips and cheeks and jet black eyebrows strongly drawn. An Albanian bride discards paint for a while, and if wealthy wears a suit something like this: Rose-colored under robes, with an over-robe of dark green velvet, the idea being taken from a rosebud half folded in its leaves. Thus arrayed, the girl of handsome features is said to look really bewitching.

The Tartars despise prominent nasal appendages, and the woman who has the smallest nose is esteemed the most charming, but to outside barbarians she is a perfect fright.

The women of Spti, in India, wear tunics and trousers of woolen stuff, with large boots, partly of leather, partly of blanket, which come up to the knee, and which they are fond of taking off at any time. In order to get greater warmth they often put a quantity of flour into these boots. Their taste in regard to ornaments runs much to all sorts of rings, including nose-rings.

A typical woman in the interior of Africa is thus described: "Her skin was leathery, coarse and wrinkled; her figure was tottering and knock-kneed; her thin hair hung in greasy locks; on her wrists and ankles she had almost an arsenal of metal links of iron, brass and copper, strong enough to bind a prisoner in his cell. About her neck were hanging chains of iron, strips of leather, strings of wooden balls, and heaven knows what lumber more."

Fashion Notes.

A great deal of red will be worn by little people.

Street costumes are either very gay or very sober.

The fishwife's poke is the novelty for little girls' wear.

Arabi red is the newest and liveliest shade of this color.

Tan-colored, long-wristed loose gloves are the first favorites of fashion.

Push artificial flowers and leaves are striking, elegant novelties in millinery.

Push is as frequently used for children's dressy wraps as for larger people.

Little girls wear pelisses similar to those of their mothers and older sisters.

Little girls' dresses are even more quaint and picturesque than in summer.

Fashionable women wear laced shoes, but the button boot is by no means discarded.

Combinations of materials in contrasting colors appear in Paris imported costumes.

A skirt of bright plaid worn with a jacket of imperial blue makes a very attractive costume.

Jersey waists in new forms will be worn by little children, and to a limited extent by ladies.

English walking hats are trimmed with birds and bows of velvet and have long streamers of ribbon at the back.

The clematis of the East is taking the place of the wistaria, holding its bloom longer and being more hardy.

Close toques and English hats, that have been worn for driving all summer abroad, are now heralded in New York.

Copper shades with electric blue; strawberry red with rifle green, and brown with green, are the contrasts of color favored for autumn toilets.

Castellated edges make a tasteful finish for basques and skirt-front breadths of cloth and cashmere dresses. They are made more effective by being welted with a cord or fold of bias silk.

New basques are single-breasted. When ornamental bust drapery is added it takes the form of a long guimpe, or a short plastron, either square or oval, and made very full by gathers and folds.

Corded silks outnumber satins in imported dresses. These are to make a long, slender overdress, with skirts of rich brocaded silks that have the figures of plush or velvet thrown up on a corded silk surface.

Students' caps of velvet with a soft crown, a shirred band, a large bow in front, and a bird's wing on the left side, are worn by young ladies, and are chosen to match the color of the costume with which they are worn.

Silk squares for the neck are doubled and pointed low in front, and the open space filled in with two frills of lace. Sky blue, crushed strawberry and crevette squares are used, with the edges scalloped or trimmed with lace or hemstitched.

Velvet round hats with high, square crowns and straight brims in sailor shape, are becoming to youthful faces. They have two wide bands of velvet folded around the crown, and a dagger or arrow of gilt, bronze or silver is thrust in the band.

Last year's dresses may be easily brought into style by arranging a panier draped sash of satin surah on the edge of the basque. The plaits of last year's basques are taken out and the seams are sewed up and bound to the edges. A surplice drapery of surah over the bosom is added, and the sleeves are trimmed to match, with a puff at the top, if the wearer is slender; a plaited scarf at the wrist if she be stout. The large buttons of last year are replaced by small round ones, the old buttonholes being concealed either by making the dress lap the other way, or if that cannot well be done, by inserting a pointed vest or a plastron. Fashion authorities say that a great many plastrons or vests are to be worn, some embroidered, some plain, some plaited; these may be either of the dress material, or with band of similar ribbon, which is more frequent, of the fabric used for trimming.

The Origin of the Thibetans.

The Thibetan legend of the origin of the people is that in the beginning only one man and his three sons lived on the table-land. They had no houses or tents, but led a migratory life, without being troubled with the cares of existence, for the land was not then desert, or poor, or cold. Trees were growing which afforded choice fruits, rice flourished without man having to labor to raise it, and the tea-plant thrived in the fields that Buddha afterward changed into stony places. Thibet was then all the more a fortunate, rich land, because these four men, then the only living creatures in the world, knew nothing of war and contention, but lived in unity and peace. At last the father suddenly died. Each of his sons wanted his body, to dispose of it in his own way. This was the first dispute. The corpse lay for some days on a large rock, and the sons avoided one another. At last the eldest son made a proposition: "Why should we be alienated because a misfortune has happened to us all in common? Let us be agreed and divide the body." They all accepted the proposition. The corpse was divided into three parts, and each son took a part. The eldest son got the head. He went away toward the east and became the father of the Chinese, who excel in craft and have great skill in trade. The second son was satisfied with his dead father's limbs. He also left his home and settled where the great Desert of Gobi gives his posterity, the Mongols, plenty of room; their characteristic is restlessness. The youngest son received the breast and bowels. He remained in Thibet, and from him are descended the Thibetan people, who are distinguished in ordinary intercourse by good nature, openness and cordiality, in war by courage and enthusiasm.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

"John, what is that scar on your chin?" "That scar? Oh, that's a relic of Lubarissau."

By and By.

What will it matter by and by
Whether my path below was bright,
Whether it wound through dark or light,
Under a gray or a golden sky,
When I look back on it by and by?

What will it matter by and by
Whether unhelped I toiled alone,
Dashed my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel high,
Bidding me think of the by and by?

What will it matter by and by
Whether with laughing joy I went
Down through the years with a glad content,
Never believing, nay, not I,
Tears would be sweeter by and by?

What will it matter by and by
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain
Close by the pallid angel, Pain,
Soothing myself through sob and sigh,
"All will be otherwise by and by."

What will it matter? Naught, if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God—
Questioning not of the how, the why,
If I but reach him by and by.

Ah! it will matter by and by
Nothing but this: that Joy or Pain
Lifted me skyward, helped to gain,
Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh,
Heaven—home—all in all, by and by.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There's very little or no oppositor to a red-hot poker.

A boy is never so happy as when the family is moving and he walks through the streets to the new house wearing a table on his head.—*Texas Sitings.*

Asks a humanitarian: "Do you not feel for the poor fly, as cold weather approaches?" We do? And if we feel where he is, he gets smushed flat!

An exchange contains an article on "Young Women Who Die Early." This frequently occurs; but the cases of old women who die early are very few indeed.

A Chinaman has written a poem on a grain of rice. Let American poets follow his example. Grains of rice won't fill up a waste basket very fast.—*Boston Post.*

An easy job; Robinson (after a long whist bout at the club)—"It is awfully late, Brown. What will you say to your wife?" Brown (in a whisper)—"Oh, I shan't say much, you know. 'Good-morning, dear,' or something of that sort. She'll say the rest."—*Quiz.*

"Well, how are you making it now?" we asked of a former merchant, who had abandoned a lucrative business to embark in stock speculations. "I think," said he, "if I retain my health for another year I will be able to retire on a very handsome incompetency."—*Saturday Night.*

She can work a fancy screen,
The nicest ever seen,
In a style that all her "enchanted" set on
chants.
But, my friend, twirl your eye and me,
It would chill a man to see
How she stitched a patch upon her old man's
pants.

"I don't believe a word of it!" exclaimed Brown. "This theory that man descended from a monkey is all nonsense. The two races are no more alike than nothing at all. You can't tell me—" "Oh, yes, I can," interrupted Foggy; "the monkeys don't wear clothes."—*Boston Transcript.*

"See, here, my dear, how beautifully the sun brings out the dewdrops this morning. They glisten like—like—" "Like diamonds, pa. They remind me ever so much of some I saw yesterday." The old gentleman turned the conversation immediately, but the diamonds have got to be bought.—*Boston Globe.*

According to the veracious New Orleans *Picayune* the king of Holland sometimes walks all night in the populous part of the Hague. When he reaches home he personally supervises the frying of his potatoes, which he takes with several glasses of beer. He has a heap more fun than the czar dares to have. This is the only crowned head on record who walks all night and fries potatoes all day.

A traveler was leaning at night against a railing at Harper's Ferry railroad station. A locomotive came along and he sprang lightly over the rail to escape possible danger. He thought it was a meadow on the other side, but knew his mistake when he struck in a muddy stream forty feet below. On being rescued he was asked his name. "I wouldn't tell you my name for a thousand dollars," he replied; "describe me as simply a fool."

A pearl-making industry has sprung up in the Thuringian forests of Germany, and a large demand for the goods from abroad has made a boom in wages. The secret of making the so-called "lack-luster" pearls was accidentally discovered by a workman who put one of the original samples in his mouth and felt a tiny grain of sand upon it. Previous to this acids had been tried without success, but the lucky workman tried "robbing up" the pearls with common sand, and in less than a week hundreds of his fellows were making a living at the same work, and handsome goods were produced that now find a ready sale in the markets of the world.