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Night watch.
Slowly the silver twilight sailed
Down the purple bars;
And now the lonely lakelet holds
Its mirror to the stars.
All round the woods, when passed ashore
No insect buzz, do breeze;
No ripple on the gloomy lake,
No murmur in the trees.
Far down the dim reflected heaven's
Suffusing atmosphere
Orion drops his fiery darts,
Great Jupiter his spear.
Along the darkly wooded cape
Black cliffs of shadow lie;
The near oak rises their antlered tops
Against the solemn sky.
Above the quiet leopards' paws
The slow stars drift, and soon
Behind its fringe of pines, the east
Will brighten with the moon.
There reigns throughout the universe
A stillness of no death;
The world's great heart has ceased to beat,
Creation holds its breath.
Swift orb, whose passing leaves no wake,
Whose axis never burns,
How fast you cleave the trackless blue,
How noiselessly they turn!
By day, by night, through boundless space,
The marbling planet rolls
With all her oceans, lands and climes,
And all her freight of souls.
I hated till the silence roars:
What is the sound I hear?
The thunder of the parted heavens,
The rushing of the spheres!
Each moment from our place we speed,
And come to it no more;
Infinity behind us lies,
Infinity before.
Man has no fixed abiding-place;
Through pathless deeps we roam;
This native soil, this steadfast earth,
Is but a wandering home.
As evermore the whirling ball
Along its orbit flies,
Still evermore the sun leads on
To yet remoter skies.
Even while I pause to ponder it,
With headlong silent force
The orb has sped a thousand leagues
Upon her fearful course.
Oh voyager on the driving ship,
Where is thy destined shore?
Eternity behind thee lies,
Eternity before!
—J. T. Tronbridge, in *The Companion*.

THE MISSING WITNESS.

"I'm afraid it's a bad case," I said to myself, as I laid down my brief after reading it over for the third or fourth time, and leaned back in my chair to reconsider it for about the twentieth. "A bad case, and I am sorry for it."
I was a barrister, young both in years and in professional standing, and this was the first brief of any importance I had ever held. My client was an Italian sailor named Luigi Bernini, and the crime of which he was accused was robbery; the plunder being a life-long savings of a woman upward of eighty years of age, which the poor creature kept hidden in the thatch of her little cabin.
The witnesses were the old woman herself, who had been stunned by a severe blow from the perpetrator of the theft, and a neighbor, who deposed to having met the prisoner in the immediate vicinity of the cabin. When Bernini was arrested some days later a curious foreign coin, identified as a part of the stolen hoard, was found in his pocket. This, however, he accounted for by saying that he had picked it up on the road. The weak point in the chain of evidence was a scarcely perceptible hesitation on the part of one of the witnesses. She had at first declared positively that the prisoner was the man whom she had seen going toward old Joan's cabin, and had afterward adhered to this statement with what afterward appeared to be dogged obstinacy, rather than real conviction.
The prisoner himself positively denied having been in the neighborhood at all on the day of the robbery, but unfortunately he could not speak with certainty as to his whereabouts. He had been lately dismissed from hospital, scarcely convalescent, after a bad fever; his own ship had left the port, and he had been rejected by the captains to whom he had offered his services, as not being sufficiently robust for a sailor's work. He had a little money left, and therefore took to wandering aimlessly about the country, intending, as soon as the Columbia returned, to ship aboard of her again. His mind had been weakened and confused by his illness, and although he knew that for several days preceding and following that of the robbery, he had been in a part of the country fully twenty miles distant, he could not possibly say where he had been, or to whom he had spoken on the day in question. Many inquiries had been made and many persons interviewed who remembered "the poor foreign chap," but no accurate information as to dates was forthcoming. As the testimony of a person who had extended her hospitality to him, "either of a Tuesday or a Thursday, she couldn't rightly say which," would not, unfortunately, carry much weight in a court

of law, I had to trust for a defense to the cross-examination of the witnesses, whose character for veracity I hoped, by judicious management of the usual forensic weapons, to compel them to annihilate with their own lips. I much regretted this want of evidence, as I was strongly prepossessed in favor of the prisoner, something frank and honest in his face making it difficult for me to believe him guilty of the cowardly crime of which he was accused. Besides, it was as I have said, my first important case, and self-interest and professional instinct alike prompted me to desire its successful issue. But as this I had little hope of.
I laid aside my brief at length and went up to the drawing-room, where I was greeted by my cousin and pressed with a somewhat petulant reproach for having lingered so long over these rusty law papers.
"Alice and I had been children together—a big girl and a little boy—we had grown from playfellows into friends, and since her marriage her home at Carrigarran had been my resting-place in assiduous times. I was at no loss to understand the cause of her vexation at my tardy appearance. She was somewhat of a matchmaker, and having no one but myself on whom to confide her talents, she had devoted them exclusively to my service. She had lately decided on a suitable wife for me, and was exerting herself to the utmost to bring about the marriage. The chosen young lady was present, and I knew that Alice was much annoyed with me for devoting the evening to my brief instead of to Dora Lyne. The latter was the daughter of a solicitor in good practice, and was herself a very pretty, bright-looking girl, who would, I was compelled to admit, be a most desirable wife for a young unknown barrister.
I was thoroughly fond of Alice, and she was my chosen candidate whenever I needed one; but I could not tell her even that the true reason which prevented Dora Lyne's brown eyes and sweet voice making their due impression on me was the remembrance of a face seen but during a three-hours' railway journey, a face with dark gray eyes, and quiet, thoughtful expression, and of a voice heard at some rare intervals in the space of time, whose low-pitched tones still vibrated in my imagination. Alice would have been too good-natured to laugh at me, but I felt sure that she knew the state of the case, and would have entertained, and probably expressed, fears that overstudy had affected my brain—an opinion that would probably have been shared by all persons whose characteristic was common sense.
Miss Lyne, perceiving that Alice was vexed with me, and wishing, I think, to show that she did not share the feeling, called me over to look at some prints and photographs which she was examining.
"Alice," said Miss Lyne, at length, "did you show Mr. Lestrangle the sketch you found in that book?"
"No," said Alice; "I forgot it. You will find it in that volume of the 'Stones of Venice' on my table, Richard. It is really a beautiful sketch. I wonder how it came to be forgotten in the book."
I brought the book to Dora Lyne, who turned over the leaves until she found the drawing, which she put into my hands. The moment I saw it I uttered an exclamation of surprise, which brought my cousin at once to my side.
It was a spirited water-colored sketch of a man's head—a dark, foreign-looking face surmounted by a red cap. It was, however, neither the skill of the artist nor the picturesque beauty of the model that attracted my attention; it was in the fact that in the somewhat peculiar features of the latter I recognized those of my client, Luigi Bernini.
"What an odd coincidence!" said Alice, when I had explained. "I wonder who could have taken the sketch—some one who knows how to handle a brush," she added, looking critically at it. "See, here are initials and a date, but they are so faint that I cannot make them out."
"Let me try," said Dora; "I have good sight." She took the sketch over to the lamp and scrutinized it closely. "W. M. D., but I cannot make out the date. Stay, I have it. May 10th, 18—" "May 10—why, that was the very day of the robbery," I said. Then the full significance of this date flashed suddenly upon me and I absolutely turned giddy. "The alibi!" I gasped—"if we could find the man who did that sketch, we might succeed in proving the alibi." Dora Lyne grasped my meaning with ready quickness.
"Morrison's library that book came from, was it not, Alice?" They ought to be able to tell you there who had it on, or immediately after, the 10th of May."
"And the person, whoever she or he is, will have to be hunted up," I said, "and there's so little time. This is Monday and the trial is fixed for Wednesday. I suppose Morrison's is closed by this, Alice?"
"Indeed it is," she answered. "You would find no one there now but a caretaker. You must just wait patiently until to-morrow, Richard." I had perforce to wait; as to the pa-

ience, with which I did so, the less said the better.
The following morning found me at Morrison's library. On explaining my business, I was referred to the clerk in charge of the library department from whom I totally failed to obtain the required information. The young man who usually attended to that part of the business was away; if I could call next week—
I intimated with what appeared to me, at the time, most praiseworthy self-control, that next week would not do, giving a partial explanation of the circumstances. But the clerk, although apparently willing to help me, pressed himself quite unable to do so.
"You see, sir," he said, "if you wanted to know what book any subscriber had out at a given time I could probably tell you, but as for ascertaining the whereabouts of a special book—it's an impossibility. If you like to look over our entries for yourself, you are welcome to do so."
I accepted this offer, and spent a good part of the day in turning over the blotted pages wherein were inscribed the names and course of reading of the subscribers to Morrison's. And an unprofitable morning's work it was. The record was to all appearance imperfectly kept, and I failed to trace the second volume of the "Stones of Venice" through a period longer than three weeks, during which it had twice changed hands.
Some hours more were spent in hunting up the persons in whose possession it had been for that length of time, neither of whom could give any information concerning the sketch. An application to Bernini himself was equally fruitless. He remembered that a lady and gentleman whom he had met during his wanderings had asked him to sit to them, but he did not know who they were, nor could he even make it clear where the incident had occurred.
I returned home at dinner-time, tired and baffled, to report my failure to Alice and her husband, from whom I received much sympathy but no suggestion of any practical value. I had given up hope, and was endeavoring to dismiss the subject from my thoughts, when late in the evening the hall bell door sounded and a message came up that a person wanted to speak to Mr. Lestrangle. Going down I found waiting for me a bright-looking boy, one of the shop assistants at Mr. Morrison's, who had been for a short time aiding in my investigation of the entries.
"I think I have what you want, sir," he said, as I entered the room. "It was in my mind all that day that I had given out that book to some one, I couldn't think who, and a chance word that I heard this evening brought it all back to me like a flash. It was to Mrs. French, of Redcourt, that I gave it, and it must have been on the 3d or 4th of May. Here is the lady's name and address, sir," and he handed me a slip of paper on which was written "Mrs. French, Redcourt, Kilkerran." It was in Kilkerran or the neighborhood that, according to Bernini's own statement, he had spent the day of the robbery.
Thanking and dismissing the lad, I returned to the drawing-room with my prize. The next step was to communicate with Mrs. French. Kilkerran was fully fifteen miles from Carrigarran, and the trial was to begin the following morning.
"Hand me over that railway guide, Dick," said Alice's husband. "I thought so—no train before ten. There's nothing for it but for me to drive to Kilkerran the first thing in the morning—the mare can easily do it in two hours—and if I find that any one there can give evidence worth having, I'll bring them back with me, and have them in court before the case for the defense opens."
The trial began next morning, proceeding at an unusually rapid rate. It seemed to me that the learned counsel for the prosecution had never before put forth his wisdom and legal knowledge in so condensed form. The cross-examination of the witnesses was of course in my hands, and I did my best to make it as tedious as possible, totally failing, however, in my attempts to confuse them or cause them to contradict themselves. My only hope lay now in the unknown witness, and of him there were no tidings. The case for the prosecution closed and the court adjourned for lunch; I was standing in the barroom, thinking over my speech for the defense, and mentally rearranging my sentences after the manner of the most prosy member of the circuit, when a note was handed to me: "All right—the witness is in the sheriff's room."
Going into the sheriff's room I found my cousin, accompanied by a strange lady and gentleman.
"This is the prisoner's counsel," said the former, as I entered. "Allow me to introduce Mr. Lestrangle—Miss Darcy, Mr. French." I turned to the lady as her name was pronounced, and, I am afraid, forgot to bow, in my surprise and delight at recognizing in the tall, fair-haired girl before me my dream of the last six months; my unknown love, another glimpse of whom had been my chief desire ever since I lost sight of her as she stood on the platform of the little roadside station where she had alighted.

"It was Miss Darcy who did that sketch," said my cousin, "and she remembers all about it."
"Yes," said the girl, "the sketch was taken at Kilkerran on the 10th of May. I remember all the circumstances perfectly, and should have no difficulty in identifying the original."
Having by a few hurried questions convinced myself of the value of Miss Darcy's testimony, I took her and her brother-in-law, placing them where they had a full view of the prisoner. Miss Darcy looked attentively at the latter for a minute and then said, decidedly:
"Yes, that is the man."
I opened the case for the defense in as few words as possible, and then called upon my witness—Winifred Darcy. She gave her evidence very well, in grave, concise language, without irrelevant or circumlocution. She stated that she lived at Redcourt with her sister, Mrs. French, and that on the 10th of May she and her cousin had spent the greater part of the day sketching by the river-side at Kilkerran. At about 2 o'clock a gust of wind had carried her hat into the stream, whence it was recovered by the prisoner, who happened to pass by at the moment. Interested by something in his appearance, they tried to enter into conversation with him, but without much success, his English being very imperfect. They, however, managed to make him understand that they wished to employ him as a model, and he sat to them patiently for more than an hour, at the end of which time he went away with many expressions of gratitude for the money they gave him. Miss Darcy would have been certain as to the date, even if it had not been affixed to the drawing (which was produced in court), as her cousin had arrived at Kilkerran on the 9th of May, and left on the 11th.
Cross-examination failed to cast any doubt on the accuracy of Miss Darcy's evidence, while her veracity was of course above suspicion.
The jury professed themselves satisfied with the evidence, and, declining to hear counsel for the defense, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." The prisoner was seized upon by some of his compatriots, who were serving on the mixed jury, and carried off in triumph, somewhat dazed by the change in his prospects.
Some months afterward, a man, dying from the effects of a hurt received in a drunken brawl, acknowledged himself guilty of the crime of which Bernini had been accused. He also was an Italian, and bore sufficient resemblance to his countryman in height and complexion to account in some degree for the mistake of the witnesses.
As for me, I date the beginning of both my professional success and of my life's happiness from the day of Bernini's trial.

The Manufacture of Tiles.
Tiles, being a thinner ware than bricks, have to be made of a purer and stronger clay. They also require more careful treatment, but the process of manufacture is not essentially different. There are many varieties of tiles, but for practical purposes they may be reduced to three, namely, paving tiles, roofing tiles and drain tiles. In weathering, the clay is spread in layers of about two inches thickness during winter, and each layer is allowed the benefit of at least one night's frost before the succeeding layer is put upon it.
Sometimes the process is affected by sunshine. The comminuted clay is next placed in pits and allowed to mellow or ripen under water. Then it is passed through the pug mill, and the tempered product cut in thin slices with a piece of wire fixed to two handles, in order to detect any stone, and then passed through the pug mill again, after which it is generally ready for molding. To take the case of paving tiles (hand molded) the molder turns the flat end of the flat mold on to the wash-up-off frame, on the covered surface of which, with very wet hands, he washes it into a curved shape. Then he strikes it with a semi-cylindrical instrument called the slobber, and conveys it on to the flat block, where he deposits it, with the convex side uppermost, and, removing the slobber, leaves the tile to dry. The tile is afterward beaten on the thwacking frame, to correct any warping that may have occurred, and trimmed with the thwacking knife. In the kiln, which is constructed with arched furnaces as a base of a conical erection called the dome, the tiles are closely stacked in upright position, on a bottom of vitreous bricks. The fuel used is coal, and burning continues usually about six days. In making pipe drain tiles, the clay is first molded to a proper length, width and thickness, then wrapped around a drum; the edges are closed together and the tile is carefully shaped by the operator's hand, sometimes assisted by a wooden tool. Tiles as well as bricks can be made by machinery; with suitable dies almost any form of the ware may be thus had, which is producible by the advance of a given section of clay parallel to itself. In other machines pressure is exerted on the clay in a mold.—*American Pottery Reporter*.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Experiments conducted between Munich and Miesbach have proved conclusively that electrical energy capable of being converted into motive power can be sent over an ordinary telegraph wire.
Captain Webb seems to think that the use of porpoise oil rubbed all over the body and even the face prevents the chilling action of cold water affecting the vital parts of swimmers who remain a long time in the water. All professionals, he says, now use oil.
Artificial ivory of a pure white color and very durable has lately been made by the inventor of celluloid. It is prepared by dissolving shellac in ammonia, mixing the solution with oxide of zinc, driving off the ammonia by heating, and afterward powdering the residue and strongly compressing it in molds.
F. J. Faraday is inclined to the belief that the breathing of air devoid of the usual quantity of oxygen is apt to develop germs otherwise harmless into those which produce consumption. As giving support to his hypothesis he cites the decrease of consumption in well-ventilated barracks, and the relief afforded to patients by sea voyages, the air of pine woods and the inhalation of carbolic acid.
The new liability to fire resulting from the introduction of electric lighting apparatus lends new interest to a method of preparing the wire lately brought to the attention of the French Academy of Sciences by M. Geoffroy. A copper wire is insulated with asbestos and threaded through a lead pipe. A sample of the conductor of this wire was entirely volatilized without affecting the leaden pipe in the slightest degree, the volatilization taking place in the fraction of a second.
After all, M. Fays maintains there is nothing very difficult about understanding the reasons why comets undergo sudden changes of form as they approach or recede from the sun. Two causes are assigned. First, solar attraction tends to decompose bodies of very small mass and great bulk when they come within its influence. And comets are concededly very light in comparison with the quantity of matter they contain. Secondly, there comes into play the action of solar repulsion, which arises from the incandescence of cometary materials when freed from great pressure and subjected to intense heat. What was relatively solid becomes nebulous. But these theories do not appear to cover the whole ground.

WISE WORDS.

A man's life is an appendix to his heart.
Sorrow is not a blessing until it turns to joy.
The more an idea is developed, the more concise becomes its expression; the more a tree is pruned, the better is the fruit.
Our notions of life are much the same as they are about traveling—there is a good deal of amusement on the road, but after all, one wants to be at rest.
We learn wisdom from failure more than from success; we often discover what will do by finding out what will not do, and he who never made a mistake never made a discovery.
The longer I live the more I am satisfied of two things: First, that the truest lives are those that are cut rose-diamond fashion, with many facets answering to the many-plated aspects of the world around them; secondly, that society is always trying in some way or other to grind us down to a single flat surface.
A mind, knowing itself and its own proper powers and virtues, becomes free and independent. It sees its hindrances and obstructions and finds they are wholly from itself, and from opinions wrongly conceived. The more it conquers in this respect the more it is its own master, feeds its own natural liberty and congratulates itself on its own advancement and prosperity.
It is not always the value of what we lose that leave us so desolate. It is what it was to us that makes us so lost without it. It may have been very insignificant in itself, but so much to us that our hearts feel lonely, lost without it. We are continually looking, reaching out in the darkness for—a something. These strong affections of ours give us, we sometimes think, more sadness than joy, yet they are very necessary to us. They are to us what the leaves are to our plants. Without the adornment how disagreeable would be human nature.
From *Hand to Mouth*.

A Farewell.

Come not to my grave with your mournings,
With your lamentations and tears,
With your sad forebodings and fears;
When my lids are dumb,
Do not come!
Bring no long train of carriages,
No hearse crowned with waving plumes,
Which the gaunt glory of Death illumines;
But with hands on my breast
Let me rest.
If, in my fair youth time, attended
By hope and delight every day,
I could span the sweet baseness of clay,
Can you honor me, try
Till you die.
Insult not my dust with your pity,
Ye who're left in this desolate shore,
Still to suffer and lose and deplore—
'Tis I should, as I do,
Pity you.
For me no more are the hardships,
The bitterness, heartaches and strife,
The sadness and sorrow of life,
But the glory divine—
This is mine!
Poor creatures! Afraid of the darkness,
Who groan at the anguish to come,
How silent I go to my home!
Cease your sorrowful bell;
I am well.

RUMOR OF THE DAY.

Although an expert penman may rise to distinction he will never make "his mark."
The cultured no longer call it hash. Mosaic nutriment is the correct form.—*Transcript*.
A Milwaukee woman has kept a kettle of boiling water on the stove for the past twenty-two years in order to scald burglars.
A young lady of Missouri slashed an insulting fop with a knife. She probably wanted to cut a swell.—*Courier-Journal*.
A woman has suggested that when men break their hearts it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws, another sprouting immediately and growing in its place.—*Hartford Times*.
A trade journal gives directions for preserving harness. Preserved harness may be considered very palatable to those who like that sort of thing, but we don't want a bit in our mouth.—*Norristown Herald*.
A man advertised for a "helpmate, who shall be a companion of my heart, my head, my lot." A candidate for the situation wrote: "I don't care to know anything about your head or heart; but how big is your lot?"
The postoffice department has ruled that a husband has no control over the correspondence of his wife. But this decision will not prevent a man from carrying his wife's letter in his inside coat pocket three weeks before mailing it.—*Picayune*.
A poet wooed a beautiful maid,
And by his honeyed rhymes
Did win her heart; but when had passed
The tender courting times
He found her obstinate, and asked
The fair one to release
The reason; she replied 'twas cause
He'd gotten her per verse.
—*Yonker's Gazette*.
Mrs. Yerger is one of the most extravagant women in Austin. On the recent occasion of her husband's birthday, she presented him with an elegant pocketbook, saying: "Now, my dear, whenever you take out this pocketbook, think of me." "You bet I will," he replied, with a vociferous heartiness that surprised her.—*St. Louis*.
"Papa, what is a tornado?" asked a young hopeful. "My son," said the father, glancing cautiously around to see if the coast was clear, "did you hear your mother tell me this morning what she thought of a man who would stay out all night to see the comet?" "Yes, sir," replied the awe-stricken boy. "Well, that was about as near a tornado as a man can get without being hurt. But you needn't tell your mother I said so."—*New York Commercial*.
A well-known and eccentric minister of Newburyport was many years ago being ferried over to Ring Island to see a sick brother. The night was stormy and the timid divine was praying audibly, when the ferryman said: "Parson, I shouldn't think such a good man as you are would be afraid anywhere." "Good gracious!" said the minister, with considerable display of temper, "You don't suppose I want to go to heaven by water, do you?"—*Boston Journal*.

Pay of the First Congress.

Some antiquarian has just dug up these figures as the pay received by the first United States Congress: The Continental Congress met on the 16th of May, 1775; the number of members was sixty-four. At this time a member appeared from St. John's Parish, Ga., and afterward the colony of Georgia sent an entire delegation. Each colony paid its own delegation. New Hampshire allowed to each all expenses, a servant, two horses, and a guinea a day; Massachusetts, expenses and \$3 a day; Rhode Island and Maryland, forty shillings a day and expenses; Virginia, a half Johannes per day; North Carolina, £200 per annum; South Carolina, £300 per annum; Georgia, £100 per month while in session.