

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

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XV. NO. 38.

TONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1882.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00; One Square, one inch, three months... \$3.00; One Square, one inch, one year... \$10.00; Two Squares, one year... \$15.00; Quarter Column, one year... \$5.00; Half Column, one year... \$7.50; One Column, one year... \$10.00.

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

Wandering from Home to Home.

When swallows were building in early spring, And the roses were red in June; When the great white lilies were fair and sweet, In the heat of the August noon; When the winds were blowing the yellow wheat, And the song of the harvest night, The beautiful world lay calm and sweet, The joy of a cloudless sky— Swallows were full of glad content To hope of their Northern nest; Sure that the land they were tarrying to All other lands was the best. They had heard in those blissful days, Voices they must heed say, "Go," And left their nests with a keen regret, Their flight had been sad and slow. When summer was gone and flowers were dead, The brown leaves fell with a sigh, They watched the sun setting every day From in the northern sky. A voice was sweet when it bid them go, They were eager for southward flight, To beat their wings to a new-born land, They went at the morning light. The way was long, yet the way was glad, They brighter and brighter grew, As they dipped their wings in the glowing heat, They still to the southward flew; They found the land of the summer sun, The land where the nightingale sings, Joyfully rested 'mid rose and song, Their beautiful weary wings. Swallows we wander from home to home— The birds of passage at best— A spot we have dwelt awhile, Have built as many a nest. But the heart of the Father will touch our hearts, He will speak to us soft and low, We shall follow the Voice to the better land, And its bliss and its beauty know. —Mary A. Barr, in Harper's Weekly.

CHRISTINA.

BY MRS. REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

She was the result of an experiment—a desperate experiment. How desperate it was some of the girls who read the Companion no doubt know from experience. Mother and I lived alone in the dear old homestead, just outside of a drowsy village in Delaware. Old Sanders worked the farm and lived in the tenant house, as he had done for thirty years, but he was getting old and cranky, and threatened every month to leave us. But our great misery—the messenger of Satan sent to buffet us—was the "girl" who was not in the kitchen. With all the neighborhood we depended for servants on the free negroes, who invariably decamped in a body to the fields or the great canning-houses as soon as the peach crop came in. We tried a wandering woman; she drank. A genteel woman who had seen better days; and she disappeared with my one silk dress. During the whole spring and summer mother and I worked, cleaned, canned berries, milked and churned, and "tried" a succession of poor creatures who left us with our patience worn to the last thread. One night mother announced: "I am going to try an experiment. It shall be with a foreigner who cannot speak a word of English, who never heard of 'privileges' or canning-houses, of the fashions or the beer-shop. I will go to Philadelphia to-morrow, board an emigrant ship and carry off an untamed savage—a woman Friday." I laughed at it as a joke, and was a good deal startled that night when mother at prayers asked that she "might be successful in her undertaking," adding, after a little pause: "May the woman I shall bring be of help to us in making our daily life more cheerful and peaceable, and may we help her upward in her way through life." "Well, mother," I said, doubtfully, as we started up to bed, "I never knew you to ask the Lord before to control the kitchen affairs." "Some people," she said, gravely, "think it an insult to the Almighty to suppose that He concerns himself about our little worries. Perhaps He has His messengers for such small work in the upper world, just as He has in this. I don't know. But I do know that He does attend to all the things that I ask Him about." Mother was as simple and direct as a child; even in her religion. The next day she visited the city, and I heard a Bremen vessel and a young woman—Christina. She was fifteen; fat and round as a churn; with a skin, blue eyes, a funny little top of hair atop of her head, a muslin waist, short gray woolen stockings and heavy shoes. She could not speak a word of English, said mother, looking half scared, as a Norwegian. The agent said she had a terrible history. But her face tempted me. I seemed to see a voice saying: "Take this one." I said, "That guiding voice is a little mother, induced you to

bring in Blue Peter out of the almshouse, who set fire to the barn. Well, I'll show her about the supper." Christina followed me—dumb and watchful—from kitchen to dining-room, while I laid the table, prepared the muffins, fried chicken and made coffee. She did not offer to touch anything or to help me. But the next morning, when I went down to make ready the breakfast, there was the table laid, and the chicken, muffins and coffee precisely as she had seen them the night before. She was faithful and imitative as a Chinaman, and she was already a good cook and dairy maid. She learned a few words of English, and with them she showed her gratitude for any simple kindness shown her. We fancied, too, that she took pleasure in the beautiful country about her. She never looked more beautiful than it did that summer. The great orchards were red with fruit, constant showers kept the forests pure in tint, the wild rose and sweet briar covered every field and roadside. But the poor Norwegian was wretchedly unhappy. Her unsmiling face and wide sad eyes seemed to carry misery into the barnyard and dairy, and leavened the very bread we ate. When she was safely in her own room I heard her stifled sobs until late in the night. "One is almost tempted to remember your convict theory," said mother, anxiously, one day. "It doesn't matter. We'll keep her if she were Lucretia Borgia herself," I said, luxuriously leaning back in the rocking chair on the porch. "The idea of being free from pots, pans and brooms at last!" We tasted our comfort at leisure; brought out some fancy work and books which we had never hoped to find time to read. Then came a letter from Julia Webb. It was a thunder clap in our clear sky. Julia was a cousin only by the sheerest courtesy; a beauty; a spoiled heiress; a belle with a dozen lovers. She was coming en route to Newport, to spend a week with us. "Very likely some of these troublesome men will follow to find how your hermitage suits poor little butterfly me," she wrote. "But you will make them welcome, darling auntie? There is a Count Pasco who is my chief nuisance just now. Such a charming, ridiculous creature! I shall be delighted to give him a peep into an American middle-class interior. And it will be a good opportunity for you and Cousin Martha to have a glimpse of a foreign nobleman. Your gloomy life needs a little cheering." I tore the letter up, a little viciously, I confess, and mother laughed. "Never mind, Mattie," she said. "It is true; we are middle-class people." "It isn't that. But you know, mother, even if potatoes turn out well, we shall not have a dollar over when the year is out. How are we going to meet this high tide of company and fashion and foreign nobility? Julia is quite capable of staying a month if the whim for 'hermitage' life seizes her." "We can do without our winter dresses," said mother, thoughtfully. "But even with that the table must be very plain." I wondered secretly if the blessed woman had put this calamity in the care of the angels. Afterward, I believed that she had. Julia came; so did the lovers; so did Count Pasco. There was a regiment of them at the village inn, but they took our house by storm all day. There were chateaux-parties, picnics, excursions. Julia trailed her magnificent silks or gauzy lawns up and down the wet meadows; she called the old homestead "a charming old rookery," pointed out the magnificent sweep of hill and valley to the east, with the great glittering plane of the bay beyond, as a "nice little effect," and told Count Pasco that mother and I were "queer bits of human bric-a-brac." But she was so pretty, and brilliant, and willful that nobody could be angry with her. One day I found her in the kitchen with a blue silk wrapper perched on a flour barrel, while Christina, standing before her, poured out a flood of words, sobbing and wringing her hands. Tears, too, had wet Julia's rose-leaf cheeks. "What is the matter? Can you understand her?" I asked. "Pretty well. You know I passed a summer in Norway and picked up a good deal of the language. Poor thing! She was brought here by mistake." "By mistake?" "Yes. It seems they were frightfully poor—her mother and brother and herself—and she went as nurse with some tradesman's wife to Bremen. When her time of service was out she was sent home, but by some mistake, at night, was put aboard the steamer for Philadelphia instead of for Christina."

"Why! We ought to send her back again!" I cried, feeling as if I had been concerned in a case of kidnapping. "No. Better bring her family out here. She says it is so beautiful; so plenty to eat; it is like the Garden of Eden. If her mother and Jan could come, she would have nothing more to ask." "She might save her money and send for them." "It costs a good deal. It would take her years to earn so much. Besides, Jan is under bonds to pay a debt of his father's. I don't know how much. One or two thousand dollars. No; she'll have to carry her burden like the rest of us. Where's the count?" and she skipped out of the kitchen humming a song, while Christina turned hopelessly to her work. The few stammered words in her own tongue, however, had made the poor girl a slave to Julia. She followed her around from that day, waited on her; told her her story a hundred times. "I am horribly bored by this unending talk of 'mutter, mutter,' and 'Jan, Jan,' said Julia, stretching her tiny mouth in a yawn. "It is the only thing she knows," said mother, gently. "Do keep her away from me to-day, then," impatiently. "To-day was to be signalized by an oyster-bake on the shore of the bay. The count and four other worshipers were supposed to act as cooks and servants, but Christina did all the work. She built the fire of driftwood; cut the bread; made the coffee and baked the oysters, running incessantly to Julia with the biggest, her round face red as a peony. It was a gray, gusty day, too gusty for us to use the little sailboat which was drawn up on the beach. This disappointment offered Julia a chance for petty willful pettishness. "Too provoking! I had set my heart on a sail!" she cried, pouting. "I will wager a rose against a pair of gloves that I have it yet, count!" her eyes suddenly sparkling. The bet was taken. Half an hour afterward we missed Julia, and the next moment saw her in the cockpit of a boat drifting out of the little cove, the sail half raised, flapping in the wind. She stood on the bow, her red ribbons fluttering, kissing her hand saucily. "I have won! I have won the bet!" she cried. "Put about!" shouted the count. "You are going out to sea!" We rushed down to the edge of the water, all shouting orders at once. Julia, terrified by the sudden consciousness of her danger, sprang on the floor. A heavy flaw came just then and the boat was capsized instantly. "Mon Dieu! I cannot swim," cried the count. The other men were in the same case. Two of them, however, threw themselves into the water manfully, but were washed back. A solid body leaped into the surf with a splash! It was Christina divested of shoes, stockings and outer petticoat, striking out boldly for the place where the girl went down. "Hurrah for old Norje!" cried the count. "She swims like a frog!" She came back with Julia, a very wet and drabbed butterfly, in her arms. "There was no justice to my mind in the end of the accident. Julia, when dry again, was rosy and pert and charming as ever; but poor Christina had been thrown against the hull of the boat. She was quite badly injured, and was laid up in bed for a month. Mother and I had her work to do, while Julia took wing to Newport. "Things are strangely ordered in this world," I said, as I laid down a half-read letter from her one day in October, full of her gayeties and successes, and glanced at Christina, beginning to limp heavily about in the kitchen. "They always come out right," said mother, quietly. "What is that on the other side?" I turned the letter and read: "Oh, by the way, I thought I owed 'Old Norje' some reparation for her injuries in my behalf. So I wrote to our consul in Christina to pay Jan's debt for me, and to send him and his mother out by the next steamer. You told me that old Sanders had finally grumbled himself into his grave. Why not take Jan as farm hand and put him and his mother into the tenant house? I have ordered from New York a few odds and ends to make it comfortable for them. They will arrive in Philadelphia on next Monday." I could hardly finish; the tears choked me. "I have been very unjust to Julia," I said. We agreed not to tell Christina, but to surprise her. We had grown very fond of the patient, affectionate creature with her everlasting chatter of "mutter and Jan." The "odds and ends" proved to be a very complete, though plain, plenishing for a house. Christina helped to clean the house for "the new farmer," and to arrange the pretty furniture. On Monday mother went up to Philadelphia to meet the steamer. She was to come down in the morning train next day. I watched it pass on to the little station. A handkerchief waved out of the car window the signal that all was well. I saw from the porch three figures alight on the platform and take their way across the field.

When they had time to reach the tenant house, I said, carelessly: "Come, Christina. There is something yet to be done for the new farmer." "I hope," she said, in her pleasant broken English, "he will be good neighbor. It is nice house. It is as good as our pastor lives in at home. This is fine country for the poor, Mamsel Martha." I nodded. I was too excited to speak. When we reached the steps mother came out, her face all in a glow. "They are inside. They are all we could wish," she whispered eagerly. "One minute, Christina," and she ran to the astonished girl, smoothing her fair hair, retying the gay handkerchief about her neck, while I hurried into the room. A heavily-built man in the Norwegian dress, with honest blue eyes, stood waiting, and beside him a tall erect old woman, with a peculiarly gentle, kindly countenance. They were both greatly agitated and scarcely noticed me, their eyes being on the door. It opened. I heard mother say, with a half sob: "Go in, child. God bless you," and Christina came in. She stood one moment dumb and still, her hands stretched out in amazement. Then came the cry: "O, Mutter! Mutter! O, Jan!" It was the pent-up love and longing of years forcing its way into speech. We came out and left them alone together. Mother and I had prepared a little feast for them; a good substantial supper as foundation, and frosted cakes, flowers and grapes as embellishments. After awhile we brought them out to it, but they only ate to please us. They were too deeply moved for such little pleasures. After supper we went into the kitchen and the old mother, looking at the fire upon the hearth that had been kindled for them in a strange land, said a few words in a low voice, and they all sank reverently upon their knees while she prayed. Mother and I knelt with them. What did it matter that the words were in a strange tongue. We understood her, and the Great Father of us all heard us as we kneeled side by side. "I think, dear little mother," I said, as we went home that night, "God heard your prayer when you went out to find your savage that day." "He always hears," she said, quietly. —Youth's Companion.

Western Siberians. The Yuraki and Samoyedes wander about clad in winter in reindeer skins from head to foot, leaving exposed only a small portion of the face. They are excellent archers, and in hunting they still use the bow, fire arms and powder being not yet easily within their reach. The women use a good deal of ornament on their dresses, in the shape of pieces of bright colored cloth, while on their tresses, thrown behind, dangle a number of trinkets, as odd sometimes as the lock of a gun. Their shamans or priests cover their dresses with pieces of metal, which make a noise in their religious dances. They use also a magician's drum, which is found among the Laplanders. The Yuraki are among the least Christianized of the Siberian tribes. In many cases they transform the trunks of trees into idols. Among those furthest north, dogs are used for draught, and occasionally are allowed to come within the owner's habitation, but they are not affectionate animals, having to be ruled by fear rather than by love. The Russian exiles living on the Obi are not in confinement, but are placed in the villages to get their own living, or partly so. This they do by commerce, fishing and hunting. They go about in winter on snow-shoes. Occasionally the better educated among the exiles find employment in teaching and in photography. Mr. Lansdell, in his recently issued "Through Siberia," says: "That the commercial value of the basin of the Obi, and a large part of Western Siberia, is not yet realized by European capitalists is the opinion of most of those who have been there." He speaks of the Altai mountains as rich in silver, copper and iron, and of a belt of black earth, 600 miles wide, like a vast tract of garden land, well suited for the production of wheat, oats, linseed, barley and other cereals, and from which the inhabitants can easily obtain a great deal more corn than is needed for their consumption. —London Graphic.

Living and Gaining. Though the river to the sea Is forever flowing— Though the blossom greets the bee, All its sweets bestowing; Still the river floweth fleet— Still the rose's heart is sweet. 'Tis the grand eternal law, Giving is but gaining; Nature knows no single law In her wise ordaining: He who gives 'mid plenty stands— Who withholds hath empty hands. —Charlotte Perry.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It may be set down as an axiom that when a person grows fat he grows wasteful. Late in life George Washington rode in his own carriage, but in his earlier years he took a hack at the cherry tree. We sneer at the Siamese for worshipping the elephant; but think of the money that is paid here annually just to see it!—Saturday Night. Charming frankness: "You have lovely teeth, Ethel." "Yes, George," she fondly lisped; "they were a Christmas present from Aunt Grace."—Puck. When a man gets into a fit of temper, do not allow his example to become contagious, for there is a law against counter fits.—Boston Transcript. It is said that trained dresses for evening wear are coming back into favor. It is very evident that if they were not trained it would be very hard for the wearers to manage them.—Lovell Citizen. First masher: "Well, did you make the acquaintance of that strange girl who were raving over?" Second ditto: "Yes, followed her home." First M.: "How did she strike you?" Second ditto: "She didn't at all; she got her big brother to do it."—Philadelphia News. The difference: A young gilded (or, as they now say, nickel-plated) youth of New York ordered a pair of pantaloons of his tailor and returned them as too tight. "You told me to make them skin-tight," said the man. "Yes," said the youth, "but I can sit down in my skin and I can't in these."—Puck. It was at the house of the bride's parents after the wedding. On a table were exposed the costly presents. Two gentlemen were examining them. Said one suddenly: "These, you say, are the bride's presents, but what does the groom get?" "Oh," replied the other, "he gets the woman." First gentleman: "Is that all? Poor fellow!"—Boston Transcript. A chicken at Alliance, Ohio, went to roost upon an axle of a freight car. During the night the car was attached to a train, and when the feathered bird descended from his unsteady perch he failed to recognize the scenes of his childhood. He was in Lima, Indiana, and the man in whose garden the fowl went to scratching got into a fight with the whole neighborhood by accusing everybody of owning the bird.—Boston Journal. This country may not be ready to go to war with a foreign power on a day's notice, but she could soon find a substitute for cannon balls, provided there were a shortage in this particular. It is estimated that there are a million baseballs in this country, and if they were fired from a cannon at the enemy the destruction would be terrible. The American peace society might object to such an exhibition of cruelty, however, and want scrap iron used in their stead.—Norristown Herald. Sad accident: "A man while shaving accidentally cut off his nose. In his excitement he dropped the razor and decapitated one of his toes. Hastily picking up the dismembered portions of his anatomy he clapped them to the bleeding wounds and bound them on tightly. After the flesh had grown fast and healed up he removed the bandages and was filled with horror when he found a well developed toe in lieu of a nasal organ, and vice versa. Now, whenever he gets a cold, he has to remove his shoe and stocking in order to blow his nose."—Baltimore American.

The Steam Which Keeps Business Moving.

"A reporter dropped into our largest retail establishment Wednesday. 'You have a great rush of business,' remarked the reporter. 'Yes,' replied the proprietor, 'partly because it is holiday season, but mainly on account of advertising.' 'How can you tell whether advertising pays?' 'I can tell that advertising pays by stopping it. I've tried it. Trade drops; the tide of purchasers flows some other way.' 'Suppose you should give up advertising?' 'I should save a big pile of money, but should lose a bigger pile. You must keep the boilers heated if you want steam. If you bank your fires too long, it takes time to start up. Advertising is the steam which keeps business moving. I've studied the matter.'—Boston Journal.