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...ing within her lot was east, ending to her father, to feel so than content.

...latterly a strange new element altered her life, that seemed likely to give it a wider scope and deeper meaning. Into the garden came, one day, when she was delving with her trowel among the flowers, a young girl, who, as she was introduced to her father from some distant relation; as frank and debonaire a young wielder of the brush and mahl-stick as had ever spoiled a yard of good canvas.

From the hour of that eventful meeting just four months ago, there had sprung up an intimacy between the two which now seemed destined to disturb their peace of mind. Lionel had stayed on, taking up his quarters at a neighboring farmhouse, and feeling it week by week more difficult to bear himself away, yet, happily, finding with the weeks an added stimulus to work, as if his very bread depended upon his labors—as, indeed, it almost did. During those four months, it is scarcely necessary to observe, his steps had tended frequently toward Bella Luce. The doctor, good man—was it because of the inornate affection the young fellow had conceived for the ancient remains?—had taken to him marvelously, and so far from discouraging his visits had encouraged them. Thus it fell out that Doris and he had seen much of one another; and to see much of Doris was to love her.

Lionel was not long in making this discovery; and as he sat at work in the little room he had fitted up as his studio, his brain would often be busy in the evolution of day-dreams. Though the little income he was making was, he knew, painfully diminutive as incomes went, he nevertheless did not ignominiously rail against fortune, but set himself manfully to redress her deficiencies in so far as regarded himself.

“And if thou lovest me as I love thee, we require little else,” he would say, half aloud, as his hand would fall to his side, and he would bend in a sudden accession of tenderness over the picture which he was limning Doris’ fair form. “Love will make our cottage pleasant; and I love thee more than life.” But then he wasn’t a lord of Bureleigh, as he would a little ruefully reflect, and the only acres he had to offer her were a few acres of rather indifferently painted canvas.

“But the hand, lady, shall grow stronger as the days pass on!” he would continue, still apostrophising the picture; and judging from the draughtsmanship, it really did begin to look as if the hand were growing stronger. The picture bore for title “Good Advice,” and was being painted surreptitiously.

Its subject was the Lady Doris giving admonition, out of the fullness of her experience of the world, to her little handmaid, Lizzie Syret, daughter of David, who was about to leave her on domestic service in the great city of St. Peter Port—Doris, supple, sylph-like, with her hazel eyes full of wisdom looking well into the future; Lizzie, reverential and receptive, in the crispest and daintiest of mop caps, kerchiefs and aprons; the two wending their way through the water-lane which skirts the garden of Bella Luce; their setting, a tangled wealth of dog-rose and bramble—emblematic, mayhap, of the thorns to be carefully avoided in little Lizzie’s path.

But to return to the Lively Polly, which, coquetting with each wavelet as she scatters it into spray, sensibly nears the shore. David is sitting forward, meditatively pulling a pipe of honeydew, while Lionel, with his hand resting on the tiller, is directing the course of the boat, and, judging from his expression of dreamy abstraction, is still lost in the reverie which concerns the Guernsey Lily. Suddenly addressing his companion, he exclaims, solemnly:

“David, the masterpiece shall be unveiled to your eye this evening. The private view shall take place.”

“What, the picture, sir?” asks David, removing his pipe from his mouth in deference to the subject.

“The picture, David, the picture; and if your little daughter and Miss Doris don’t walk before you to the life, why—rip the canvas from the frame and trice it up as a new top-sail for the Lively Polly.”

“Thank’ee, Master Lionel,” replies David, looking well pleased—whether at the invitation to the private view or the prospect of the new top-sail, does not appear. After a pause he adds, regretfully: “How Lizzie will miss her, sir!”

“Nay, David,” says the younger man, with quick sympathy, “we mustn’t call it a parting. Miss Doris will be often getting over to see the little woman. What, after all, is five miles?”

David slowly withdraws his pipe from his mouth, and, gazing across to Lionel with a face which betokens wonder tempered with incredulity, gasps out:

“Why, hast thou not heard the news, lad?”

“News? No, what news? How could I? I’ve been staying away at Ancrese for the last two days.”

David gives vent to a long, low whistle, and leans forward:

“Why, the news is just this, sir: Somebody or another that nobody’s ever heard of afore, has gone and died, and the doctor’s come in for thousands upon thousands o’ pounds!” he says, in a sepulchral whisper, “thousands and thousands!” As soon as I heard what folks said I upped and asked the doctor himself, and ‘Thousands and thousands!’ he says. ‘Them were in the words; and, lo! Master Lionel, now he did rub his hands together and laugh, and now he’ll be off with Miss Doris to London town, I suppose, afore the city; and—Put your helm down, Master Lionel; put your helm down—G-r-r-r! Bless me! if she hasn’t gone and jibed!’

And the Lively Polly, which had been flapping her sail ominously to draw attention to her unheeded tiller, had swung up to the wind, and now lay rolling uncomfortably from side to side. Requiring her sheets to be let go and hauled in before she would consent to proceed on her course, the little craft distracts David’s attention from the deep effect his news has produced on his young companion; and there is no time, even if there were inclination, for questions and answers, for after one more short board the boat is beached. Leaving the task of hauling her up to David and a fellow-fisherman who happens to be standing near, Lionel hurries off, and ten minutes afterward is seated in the solitude of his studio, dazed and bewildered, with a great sorrow clutching at his heart.

Thousands and thousands! Yes, there they were; repulsive in their coarse, barbarous glitter, whole battalions and battalions of them, forming an impassable barrier between him and the woman he loved!

The woman he loved! He started up from his chair, and restlessly crossing the room stood before the easel which supported his recently finished picture, and gazed upon her face. Ah, how he did love her! He had never quite realized how much till then.

Subjected to one of those mental freaks by which, with strange oversight of relative magnitudes, some trivial issue is temporarily obtruded in place of one of vital moment, his eye became arrested by some trifling technical omission; and taking up his palette and brush he proceeded to rectify it. Yes, that was better, he reflected, as he leaned back and regarded it critically. While he gazed his thoughts hurried tumultuously into the future. Her father would settle down in England; and the exigencies of her wealth would throw her much into society, and the old life in the little island would fade in her memory till it remained only as a dream—a pleasant dream, perhaps, but still a mere dream—and she would grow conventional and worldly-wise; the pity of it!

A knock at the door. Ah! he had forgotten.

“The private view,” he mutters to himself, with a ghastly attempt at a laugh. “Come in, David.”

Enters the Guernsey Lily, and with folded hands and meek eyes which seek the ground, says, “Sir Painter, Sir Painter, I am no David, but a simple maiden, who has just had tidings of your return, and bears a mandate from her father bidding you come and smoke a pipe with him over some beautiful, new, old fossil remains. And the chamber of Bluebeard being invaded, perhaps he would stand on one side and let me gaze upon his treasure.”

The hazel eyes are raised demurely, and a gleaming of a smile is lighting up the fairest of her face.

Lionel steps silently from before the easel, and discloses the picture; and with a rapturous little cry of delight Doris recognizes its subject. For a moment or two she stands leaning forward and gazing intently upon the canvas; and then, dimpling and blushing in her confusion, timidly holds forth her little hand and exclaims:

“Oh! What am I to say, Mr. Painter? Can’t you find me words to express my appreciation? Can’t I—” Her eye suddenly catches the title of the picture, and she clasps her hands. “See!” she cries, “I can give good advice. Let me promise to give you good advice whenever you may ask for it.”

His forehead is clammy and cold, and his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth.

“Tell me the news, Doris; tell me what has happened,” he says, hoarsely.

“The news?” she repeats, surprised.

“About this death and this will,” he blurts out, almost angrily.

“Oh! haven’t you heard?” she asks; then, with a laugh which bubbles forth spontaneously, protests, “It was too cruel!”

Crnel! If she had any intuition of the anguish he was suffering could she allude to the tragedy in that light way? He motions her to a chair, and with the laughter still dancing in her eyes and dimpling her sweet face, she sits down and recounts.

“You must know, Sir Painter, that many years ago my dear innocent father was seized with a passion for business, and persuaded an equally inexperienced friend to enter a gigantic scheme with him for supplying London with iced soda-water at some abnormally small sum per bottle.”

He bows. Yes, he recalls the doctor having alluded to the scheme in some reminiscence.

“Somehow,” she continues, demurely, “the soda-water fell flat. It was a laughing matter now, but it was a very large sum of money, and what he felt far more, his friend lost a very large sum, too. He never forgave papa—except—that is, till he died the other day.” And her face, from which the laughter had momentarily faded, again becomes dimpled over with irrepressible smiles.

“I see,” murmurs Lionel, with his heart, sunk to an abyssal depth, feeling like lead. “And so he came to think better of his foolishness, and now has died and left a will in the doctor’s favor?”

“Yes,” whispers Doris.

“Made over those thousands and thousands of which David spoke?” contiques Lionel, as if the words would choke him.

“Dear David! How papa will exult!” murmurs Doris, with another irrepressible gurgle of laughter. “Yes, thousands and thousands,” she assents, lowering her voice in an awe-stricken whisper.

“Ah!” he groans, as his worst fears are confirmed.

“Of the empty soda-water bottles, you know,” she continues, softly.

“Now, wasn’t it too elaborate a joke, Sir Painter?”

“What!” he almost shouts, as he takes a sudden step forward, the revulsion of feeling sending the blood coursing like wildfire through his veins.

But she has risen, and is already at the door.

“Here’s the dear legatee come to look for me,” she says, as she opens it and takes her father’s hand in hers. “You shall tell him how David took his joke, while I run away and look after the chairs being taken out into the garden. And as to your picture, Sir Painter—here her musical voice became very earnest and subdued—“I can’t tell you all I think of it; but, as I said before, if you ever should require any good advice—”

The rest of the sentence was lost, for she had tripped down the stairs and passed out of the house into the summer air like some sweet melody.

Then Lionel seizes the astonished doctor by the hand, and forcing him into a chair tells him from out the depths of his heart the story of his love for the maid Doris. And the doctor, returning the honest grip of the hand, abruptly asks:

“And you really do take an interest, Lionel, in ancient fossil remains?”

“I—yes, sir; certainly!” replies the bewildered lover.

“Then, perhaps, you’ll have the goodness, my boy, to regard me in that light,” he says, with a merry twinkle of the eye, “and let me pass the few remaining years of my life in your home. I mean, if your suit be successful, you must take up your residence at Bella Luce; for I can’t afford to part altogether with my little girl.”

And then, with feeling too deep for utterance, Lionel again wrings the kind hand that is stretched out to him, and leaving the doctor to inspect the picture, goes whirling out of the house like a tornado and tears off in pursuit. It is just at the end of the water-lane that he overtakes the object of his quest, threading her way daintily among the dog-roses and brambles; and there, then, in a voice which thrills her gentle heart with emotion, he tells her a tale of an artist who loved an island maiden with all the passion of his soul, and with his arm still round her waist asks her for, good advice as to the course the artist should pursue.

What advice was given is not reported. Rumor says that it came rather indistinctly; it being impossible for lips to acquit themselves with anything approaching to justice of two tasks at once. That it must have been good advice is, however, clear; for not only is the artist alluded to making very decided headway in his profession, but he is also wedded to the most blithesome little wife in an island where blithesome little wives abound—a fact attested by the musical laughter which now comes echoing from out of the shady alcoves of Bella Luce garden, and anon rippling from the deck of the Lively Polly over the dancing waters of Moulin Huet bay.

Five Million Baseballs.

“Baseballs are like human beings—you never know what’s in them until you cut them open,” said Al Reach, the old-time second-baser, as he placed one of his professional league balls before a circular saw, and after some little trouble halved it. “There! What do you think of that? A great deal of science and hard work is required in the manufacture of balls. For instance, the ball known as ‘Reach’s professional,’ adopted last week by the American and the Interstate associations, is patented. In the center is a round piece of the best Para gum. Then there is the best stocking yarn. This is stretched first by machinery to its utmost tension. Then it is wound by hand so tight that, as you see, it resembles one solid piece of material. The winding is done by single strands at a time. This makes it more compact. A round of white yarn is now put in, and the whole covered with a rubber plastic cement. When this becomes hard it preserves the spherical shape of the ball, and prevents the inside from shifting when the ball is struck. You have seen some balls knocked egg-shaped the first blow they are struck. Well, with this cement covering that is impossible. Then comes more yarn, and finally the cover. The covering for all the good balls are made of horse-hair. Long experience has shown this to be the best. Cow or goat-skin will become wrinkled and wear loose. Why, there is as much change in the making of baseballs in the last ten years as there is in the game itself. The sewing on of the covers is done by hand, and the thread used is catgut.”

No one man makes a ball complete. One person becomes proficient in the first winding, then some one else takes it; another man will fit the cover, but there are few of the workmen who become proficient in the art of sewing the cover. A dozen men in the course of a day will turn out about twenty-five dozen first-class balls, and as a rule they make good wages. Some manufacturers put carpet list in the balls, but this can easily be detected when the batting begins, because the ball soon loses its shape. Of course, for the cheap balls, such as the boys begin with, not so much care is exercised in the manufacture. They are made in cups, which revolve by fast-moving machinery. The insides are made up of scraps of leather and rubber, and then carpet listing is wound around the ball. It takes a man about ten minutes to turn one of these out complete. The Reach professional ball weighs from five to five and one-quarter ounces, and is nine and one-quarter inches in circumference. All the other balls used by the professionals and high class amateurs are of the same proportions. It is calculated that about five million baseballs are made each year, and these are not extravagant figures, when it is considered that upon every vacant lot in the large cities and upon every village green in the country there are crowds of men and boys banging away at a ball whenever the weather permits. And yet people say the national game is dying out.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Gold Product of California.

We clip what follows from an article in the *Century* on “Hydraulic Mining in California,” by Tallieson Evans: The gold product of California from the discovery of the precious metal by James W. Marshall, in the tail-race of Sutter’s Mill, January, 19, 1848, to June 30, 1881, amounted to \$1,170,000,000. Of this sum \$900,000,000 is estimated to have been extracted from the auriferous placers. The remainder represents the yield of gold quartz mines, of which the State contains many. The yearly product of gold in California is from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000. From the date of discovery to 1861 inclusive, the gold product of California aggregated \$700,000,000 derived chiefly from the modern river beds and shallow placers. A large proportion of the remaining \$200,000,000 has been obtained in the deep gravel deposits by the hydraulic method. Strange as it may appear an industry which has contributed so largely to the wealth of the world, and has been the means of the settlement and development of California, has reached a period in its history when it is claimed by a large portion of the community to be a greater evil than blessing, and the question of suppressing the hydraulic method of gold-mining has been the subject of earnest discussion in and out of the halls of legislation. The law has been invoked to suppress or control it. Even the State, through its attorney-general, has commenced a suit to suppress it. The trouble grows out of the immense amount of debris which the hydraulic miners are discharging constantly into the water-courses of the State.

Most attractive is a toilet of white Indian silk, with flounces bordered with white Spanish lace; the skirt is made rather short to show the little red satin shoes, with bars across the foot of the stockings of Spanish lace. The jacket corsage is of red satin, with frills and flounces of Spanish lace and a large bouquet of white gardenias at the side.

FOR THE LADIES.

Household Decoratives.

The latest oyster plates are of plain white china and represent six single shells.

Something new and unique in a Japanese teapot comes in the form of a dragon.

Huge candlesticks of brass have taken the place of flowers for dinner-table decoration.

Open fireplaces become more and more extravagant and have now reached the acme of elegance.

The floors are becoming quite common for the kitchen. They are easily washed, and if properly laid do not wear out.

Animals’ heads, pugs, spaniels, mice, cats and chicken cocks are an important feature of many new and odd decorative articles.

A pretty wall-pocket for a small parlor or bedroom is made of two Japanese fans joined together at the edges with narrow satin ribbons.

Carnations are a good plant for window decoration. They should be potted in fine soil, and not kept very wet, particularly if the soil is retentive.

Very bright-colored shades on wax candles for the dinner table should be avoided, as the reflection of too much color is trying to those sitting at the table.

Pretty and inexpensive screens can be made by covering an ordinary clothes-horse with dark felt or plush, upon which Chinese-craze pictures may be mounted.

Scroll patterns in raised work in geometrical or arabesque designs are rapidly gaining in popularity, and will soon take the place of the popular arresene embroidery.

For a pretty floor covering, but one which is very costly, take three eastern rugs of the same length and form for the center, and for the border use rugs of different designs and deeper colors.

A new style of brass “fire-dogs” stand about three feet from the ground, and represent two charming women of the sixteenth century, their coquetish heads emerging from wide ruffs, every fold and jewel of which is beautifully and correctly molded.

The favorite decoration for plush covers for sofa tables and chair seats is embroidery of arresene for the leaves and puffs of ribbon for the petals of flowers. The effect is wonderfully artistic when the work is well done.

Fashion News.

The straight, slender lace pin is generally worn, but the tendency of fashion is toward brooches in odd, fantastic shapes.

Alligator-skin satchels, pockets and portmonnaies are much used. They come in all shades of yellow and black, but pale yellow is the preferred color.

White woolen evening dresses with accessories and trimmings of colored or white velvet, plush, brocade satin, lace and chenille fringes will be much worn.

Steel buttons as large as trade dollars with incised figures cut on their polished surfaces are used to trim the skirt draperies of many imported costumes.

The richest among the new silks are the ottoman velours in heavy wide repped surfaces with large scattered flowers and figures in long pile plush and velvet.

Plush coats with black braid ornaments looped across the front, military fashion, are worn by young ladies over a variety of skirts, for both indoor and outdoor wear.

Light silk, of pale sea-green, delicate pink and lilac are combined, for evening ware with dark garnet, dark blue, brown and royal purple velvets with admirable effect.

The fancy of the present moment is decidedly for monotone costumes, and while combinations of two or more materials in the same dress continue fashionable, these different fabrics are in most cases of the same color. Very dark colors are selected for the street.

Chenille hoods with capes, in black and in all colors, are most comfortable for wearing at night or for driving in cold weather. The hoods have white or black lace falling round the face and are trimmed with bows of ribbon. The cape falls to the shoulder and the hood is tied closely under the chin.

The Watteau shoe is for dancing or full dress ball wear. It is of cream suede; the toe is embellished with silver and gold beads in a floral design. The bow on top is of cream satin and the high French heels are covered with suede. The stockings should match the shade of the shoes, and they may be embroidered in the same designs.

The tailor-made tweed coats, with the colored waistcoat showing below the waist in front, are worn with various skirts; the gray ones especially with red waistcoats over black or dark-blue skirts. A few white waistcoats can be seen, and these have gold braiding and gold buttons. Gen-d’arme, navy-blue, black, brown and very dark dresses show these coats off to advantage.