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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one month... 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... 50.00; Half Column, one year... 60.00; One Column, one year... 100.00.

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.

Ever and Everywhere. Say not of me, when I am in my grave... I walked with sunshine from my own withdrawn... Ever, and everywhere.

THE SON OF A KING.

Sometimes she was positively handsome, and sometimes very plain—can you understand it? I never could. I had known Miss Minty Roberts from my childhood. She wrote poetry and cultivated pinks.

Miss Minty had a great many Indian relics. She was ten years my senior, and seemed old to me. The captain was in the regular army and a martinet still, though retired from active service.

Miss Roberts was generally called plain by the people of Wallburg. They did not see her when her eye flashed as she spoke of her life on the frontier, nor the lovely rows of ivory-white teeth when she smiled over some pleasant recollection.

The old captain was very quiet, though military in all his ways and thoughts, and forever poring over old dusty books. In one hand he carried a cane, and his left arm was propped by a crutch.

Once when I was there old Josiah Pegford, who prided himself on being one of the "melishy," made a rash speech. "Them red Injuns is the despisablest things in all creation!" he said, his narrow brows contracted into countless wrinkles.

"Oh, about yourself," I said, trembling at my own boldness. "Haven't you had some little romantic episode in your life among the Indians? I have always felt a secret sympathy for them, and you have been among them so much."

"I never like to tell of myself," she said, turning her attention to some pretty fancy-work she had in hand. "For sometimes you must tell things that look like boasting, and one don't like to be conspicuous, even to one's self; but then again—and she smiled a little sadly—"I sometimes think I should be happier if I could talk over the old times, even if there were some heartache in them."

"Why, yours, of course—and it is very good—only the dress is—so much—" "Younger," she said, smiling. "Yes, I was only sixteen when that was taken—twelve years ago."

"But your face has not grown a minute older," I said, bluntly. "You think so, perhaps, but I know better. I am no beauty, and flatter myself I know just how I look, and, certainly, my face is not as fair, my eyes as blue, or my cheeks as red as they were then. Still, plain as I was, I was always a favorite with the Indians. More than one brave, more than one chief, has offered my father horses and wampum and land in exchange for me, even when I was scarcely more than a child—and when I grew older I was never allowed to go anywhere unattended. The picture you hold in your hand was painted by an Indian."

"How strange!" I said, with a secret admiration of the delicate work. "Why strange?" she said. "There is a great deal of talent, even genius, among them, if it could only be cultivated. They are much like other people; poverty and ignorance keep them down."

Then she plunged into the story: "When I was a child there was a rumor rife that some Indians of Mad River had murdered one of the agents under peculiarly aggravated circumstances. Nobody could prove it for a certainty, though it was probably true. One night several white men belonging to the post surprised a small camp of that tribe, and not only tortured, but murdered them, with their chief. Just then some soldiers rode up, headed by my father. The murderers then had the chief's son, a lad of only ten years, under torture. My father not only expostulated, but arrested the ringleaders—there were five of them—and, speaking kindly to the boy, who had thrown himself upon the old chief's body, he did everything that could be done under the circumstances, and sent him to his tribe under guard. Meantime, the men who had practiced such needless cruelty were tried and punished, but eventually set at liberty. One year from that day not one of those guilty men was living, save a sutler who had taken almost superhuman precautions to keep out of harm's way. One by one they had been singled out, some at their hearthstones, some on their routes of business—one after the other as they took precedence by age—till only Gregory, the storekeeper, was left."

"One day I heard a great hue and cry. My father had sent me to one of the lieutenant's quarters on some simple errand. I was a well-grown girl of twelve, and tall for my age. Looking up, I saw a cloud of dust in the distance, and heard pistol shots in quick succession. I ran back to my father's quarters, but before I reached them I saw an Indian lad covered with blood and lying before a small army of pursuers. His strength was evidently failing, for he ran unsteadily, and in another moment had fled into the quarters where we lived. My first impulse was to shield him, and I tried first to lead, then to drag, him into the house, but the effort was unavailing. He was too weak to move and his pursuers were upon him, apparently thirsting for his blood, and crying out, 'Shoot the Indian devil!'"

grateful for favors as he is revengeful for injuries. For a long time after his capture he was an invalid; but as he begged my father to keep him, he lived with us six years and became quite civilized. It was only when in the saddle he reminded one of a savage. He subdued every horse he mounted, no matter how unmanageable with others."

"And what did he look like?" I ventured to ask. "A very handsome young man, with flashing black eyes and a lithe slender figure. I have never seen a handsomer man." "Ah, Miss Minty! I know how it ended, or ought to have," I said. "You couldn't dream how it ended," she said, simply. "And he became a painter?" "No, I don't think he did, though he had much talent. An old sergeant took a great fancy to him, and taught him to read and write, particularly to play the piccolo. The painting came quite naturally. I have some sketches that you shall see some time. I never have shown them to anybody but my father."

"That's not the end," I said, emboldened by her kindness. "No, that's not the end." "And you! he must have felt that you were the preserver of his life." "Yes, of course he did. I saved his life," she replied, simply. "And then—but that's a shocking thought—he wanted to dedicate that life to you?"

"Why a shocking thought?" said Miss Roberts, mildly, but her eyes almost flashed. "I tell you he was noble in every respect, and as delicate as the most refined gentleman. When my father forbade him even to speak to me, he obeyed him; but from that hour he rarely spoke to any one—till—" "Oh, Miss Minty! did he die?" I asked, anticipating her speech. "Yes—to me—he did," she said, slowly, looking like one just come out from dreamland. "That was years ago."

"And have you never seen him since?" "Don't question me, child," she said, with gentle decision; neither did I have further opportunity, for at that moment her father came in. The old church warden were electrified, a few weeks after, at the news that they were going to lose their tenor, and the band its leader. I had never taken much interest in John Brigson, simply because he was a quiet man who rarely lifted his handsome eyes, except when spoken to, and who seemed never to care for anybody but himself, never going into society, unless in a professional capacity. Everybody who looked at him admired him, and his wonderful singing voice brought crowds to our little church, for the way he sang was something marvelous. Now we were going to lose him—for rumor said he was offered a small fortune yearly—he suddenly gained in importance.

I generally contrived to meet Miss Roberts on my way to church, so on a particular Sunday I said to her: "I suppose you have heard the news?" "What news?" she asked, eyeing me keenly. "We are to lose the leader of the band. When shall we get such another tenor?" "Never," she said, quietly. "What! Brigson going away? I never heard it," said the captain, coming to a stop. "That won't do, daughter," turning to her. "I suppose Mr. Brigson has a perfect right to go where he pleases," said Miss Roberts, as the old captain stumped on. "Well, well," muttered the old man. "I ought to die."

"Father!" cried Miss Roberts, appealingly, and her lip quivered as she spoke. "That day it happened that I gave up my seat to a stranger, and took another where I faced Miss Roberts. I remember exactly how she was dressed—old-gold ribbons tied under her chin, a navy blue dress, light gloves and a fan that she had painted herself. She always looked pretty to me, with her hat on. I watched her through the service, and particularly when Mr. Brigson sang. It seemed to me that she was growing pale, as if some strange gray shadow was settling down upon her face, and just as the tenor sang, in his wondrously clear tones, 'O Lord, have mercy upon us—have mercy upon us!' what I almost unconsciously dreaded came to pass, Miss Roberts sank back against her father's shoulder. She had fainted. Of course there was confusion, stir and wonder. I found myself at the door as they carried her out, and I could hear the solemn tones of the rector and the choir singing again. They brought her down the steps and carried her into the rectory, where, after a long time, she came out of her swoon. "What do you suppose made me faint?" were her first words when she came to consciousness. "I never fainted before in all my life." The old captain was standing before her, his grim features working as he looked down upon her. It was evi-

dent that he was very much frightened, for his only child was his idol. "Never mind, father, it's all right," she said, rising feebly and throwing her arms about his neck. "No, it ain't," he muttered, half savagely; "it's all wrong." The next day I called and learned the captain was sick. "He took to his bed last night," said the stout maid, as she stood at the door, "and he'll never get up." "Tell her to come in," said a voice, and there was Miss Roberts in the hall, as pale as ashes. "He is asleep now," she half whispered, leading me into the parlor, where the old captain lay in a reclining chair, which was the only bed he ever used. A screen stood in front of him, and Miss Roberts and I sat by the window, talking.

"It was the fright on Sunday," she said, looking sadly out. "I never knew him to be ill before. Oh, what shall I do it—" Her white lips trembled, then she sprang to her feet, for the old man called her. "Daughter, it is all right," he said, in a soft, slow voice. "Oh, father!" she half sobbed. "Yes—yes, it has been a false, wicked pride. I had nearly sacrificed you—but now—" "Father! I am not sorry. I am strong," she said, kneeling by the side of his chair. "I know—I know," he muttered, "but I see things in a different light. I might have made you happier; it was a foolish prejudice. Nay, don't cry; a dying man must have his way. Send for him—send for him!" he added, more emphatically.

Miss Roberts turned to me. "Will you go to the barracks for me?" she asked—"only to the green door. Take this card." She wrote a single sentence. I followed her directions. The leader himself came to the door in his uniform. He looked imposingly handsome, and as he read the card, he lifted his cap and turned hastily away. "Say, if you please, that I will be there immediately," he said, and I returned with my message. "Don't go," said Miss Roberts, holding my hand; "papa hasn't spoken since. Don't leave me alone."

Of course I would not leave her. In five minutes a step sounded on the gravel walk. As the man entered the old captain came out of his lethargy. "John, my son!" he said. The man came forward and bent above him. "Have I not obeyed you?" he asked. "I said I would never speak to her without your permission." "But you have taken good care to follow us up pretty well," said the old man, with a feeble laugh. "I acknowledge it, sir; you put no other restraint upon me but that one of speaking."

"You have been true to her for twelve years, John; you will be true to her for life?" "I will." And the words had all the solemnity of an oath. "Take her, then, with an old man's blessing. You are a good boy, John—a good boy," and his voice grew drowsy. Then I saw Miss Roberts' face blinde into positive beauty. In that exalted moment she looked to me like an angel, so much of the good, true heart shone in her eyes.

The man—the band-leader, was the hero of her story—the son of the butchered chief. He had loved her all this time patiently, silently, speaking to her spirit only with his ringing, wonderful notes. From outpost to outpost, from city to city, from station to station, he had followed, content only to breathe the same atmosphere, to worship at a distance—to wait. "It seemed to me," Miss Roberts told me afterward, "that at last his patience was worn out, and I felt that Sunday that I was listening to him for the last time. But the story of the operatic star was a ruse—he never contemplated leaving while my father lived." The wedding was a nine-days' wonder. The blue blood of the army was shocked until the band-leader was offered a commission, through the influence of friends, which at first he refused, but eventually accepted. Somebody said that somebody else had said they heard him say that the son of a king was good enough for anybody. I should not wonder.

The old captain did not die. No one at the marriage feast was happier than he, and John Brigson worships his wife.—Mrs. M. A. Denison.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Live animals intended for slaughter will hereafter be sold by weight in England. Heretofore it has been the custom to estimate their weight by the eye or by measurement. They now have goats in England that give three or four quarts of milk per day. Some specimens have recently sold for \$50 per head. The interest in goat raising is increasing, and the milk is in good demand at high prices.

In 1872 a deposit of ochre equal in quality to the French product was discovered on the Appomattox river, at Bermuda, Va. From this deposit are now taken one thousand tons a year, or about one-third the fine ochres used in the United States. A French scientist, explaining why fish eaten in Holland are superior to those eaten in France, says that the Dutch fishermen kill their fish as soon as taken from the water by making a slight longitudinal incision under the tail with a very sharp instrument. The French fishermen, on the contrary, allow their fish to die slowly, and this slow death softens the tissues and renders them more liable to undergo change.

Naturalists will be interested in learning that a doe having horns, so prominent and well developed as to give it all the appearance of a buck at a distance, has just been killed in a wood near Aachen, or Aix-la-Chapelle, in Rhenish Prussia. It is well known that old does show rudiments of horns, but scarcely, if ever, of such a size as to emulate those of the male. In this instance the longer of the horns was nineteen centimeters in length. M. Pasteur, of France, says that the grass grown over the graves of cattle that died of splenic fever is a source of infection to cattle feeding upon it. He points to the agency of earth worms in carrying the germs of deadly bacteria from buried carcasses to living animals. Having introduced worms into a pit which had contained the carcasses of cattle that died from splenic fever, he filled it with earth. In a short time he procured from the intestines of these worms the means of reproducing the disease in its worst forms by inoculation. He also showed that the worms, by casting out over the surface earth containing the bacteria germs, gave the disease to all cattle that grazed over it.

Aaron Burr as a Cross-Examiner. A writer thus describes the conclusion of a case in which Burr, the slayer of Alexander Hamilton, was one of the lawyers. The evening session opened, and Burr resumed his cross-examination of the witness. It was a test of the profound skill and subtlety of the lawyer, the self-possession, courage and tact of the witness standing on the very brink of a horrible gulf firmly and intrepidly resisting the efforts of the terrible man to topple him over. At last, after dexterously leading the witness to an appropriate point, Burr suddenly seized a lamp in each hand, and holding them in such a manner that their light fell instantaneously upon the face of the witness, he exclaimed, in a startling voice, like the voice of the avenger of blood: "Gentlemen of the jury, behold the murderer!"

With a wild, convulsive start, a face of ashy pallor, eyes starting from their sockets, lips apart, his whole attitude evincing terror, the man sprang from his chair. For a moment he stood motionless, struggling to recover his self-possession. But it was only a momentary struggle, shaking every nerve with paralyzing fear. Conscious that the eyes of all in the court-room were fixed upon him, reading the hidden deeds of his life he left the witness stand and walked shrinkingly to the door of the court-room. But he was prevented from making his escape by the sheriff. The effect can be better imagined than described. It struck the spectators with silent awe, changing the whole aspect of the trial in an instant, overthrowing the apothecis of the attorney-general, which he was convinced would send the prisoner to the gallows, saving an innocent man from the deathful hands of a bold and skillful perjurer. The false witness was arrested, two indictments were found against him, one for murder, another for perjury. He was acquitted for murder, but subsequently convicted for perjury, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

A vessel sailing for Rio Janeiro, instead of going directly south, usually steers east half-way across the Atlantic before attempting to go directly on her voyage. Then she strikes the trade winds and takes a southeasterly direction. The sailor loses sight of the great dipper soon after crossing the equator. Then the southern cross is visible early in the evening, and the scorpion is directly overhead.

The product of tea in Japan now reaches upward of 30,000,000 of pounds annually, the production having largely increased within the last six years.

Signs of Prosperity.

- Where spades grow bright, And idle swords grow dull; Where jails are empty, And where barns are full; Where field paths are Will frequent feet unwarred, Law court yards weedy, Silent and forlorn; Where doctors foot it, And where farmers ride; Where age abounds, And youth is multiplied; Where poisonous drinks Are chased from every place; Where opium's curse No longer leaves a trace— Where these signs are They clearly indicate A happy people, And a well-ruled State. —From the Chinese.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Bright days in store—When there is a rush of customers. Men who get credit for their goods—Watchmakers. Seaside passengers are most inclined to heave when the vessel heaves to.—Lowell Courier. Even an armless man can take a hand in a game of foot-ball.—New York Commercial. The man who thinks himself smart likes to make others smart. There is certainly nothing selfish about him.—Boston Transcript. There sprang a leak in Noah's ark, And then the dog began to bark; Noah took the nose to stop the hole, Hence a dog's nose is always cold. —Humane Journal.

A recent scientific authority says an acre of land contains six tons of worms. Every fisherman who has dug for bait on a dry day knows better.—Harford Post. It is related as a singular fact that fat men never commit crime. It doesn't seem so singular when you reflect that it is difficult for a fat man to stoop to anything low.—Lowell Citizen. A pretended ghost made its appearance in a Western town, the other night, and accidentally ran against a bulldog. The result of the encounter established, beyond all doubt, that there was nothing superstitious about the dog. Nothing is better calculated to destroy a man's equanimity than to have a lady walk up to him while he is lingering near a fruit stand and offer him two cents for an apple, when in reality he is only waiting for a horseshoe to come along.—Puck. The president of Tufts college was recently made a happy father, and the following morning at prayer in the chapel he introduced this rather ambiguous sentence: "And we thank thee, O Lord, for the sorrow thou hast given us," which caused a general smile to creep over the faces of the class.—Haverhill Gazette.

The sad news comes from Van Bulow, the great musician, that it has been found necessary to place him under treatment for incipient insanity. We trust this paragraph may strike the eye of the youth who owns the double-barreled accordion, and who seems to think he holds a mortgage on the air in the vicinity of our humble domicile.—Statesman. Explaining the tracks: Mistress (who has long suspected her servant of having a follower and which she has caught her at last)—"Mary, your master wishes to know the meaning of those large footmarks; can you explain?" "Mary—" "Oh, yes, mumm! My sister's been here, and she's got the goat so bad she has to wear big boots!" —London Judy.

"Thomas, why have you not learned your lesson?" asked an Austin teacher of a pupil who was noted for his impudence. "Because I did not feel like it." The reply pleased the teacher immensely. It was really refreshing to hear a new excuse, so he said: "Tommy, I'll give you a good mark for your truthfulness. Now, Billy," turning to the next boy, "what is the reason you did not learn your lesson?" "Because I didn't feel like it," replied Billy, thinking he, too, would get a good mark for his truthfulness; but, instead, the teacher took out a strap, and said: "Billy, I'll have to punish your plagiarism. You stole that answer from Tommy." —Texas Siftings.

FEMALE FIGURES.

- Sometimes, by battery, she's 1. Sometimes she is 2, 1001. She's often 3-ling and, my son, Sometimes she goes 4 you. Sometimes she is 5-acious quiet; Sometimes, 6-ly, she's 6; Sometimes she's 7 to our sight, And doth our souls transfix. Sometimes, by convulsions, she's 8, She often is 9-ly and, my son, Sometimes she is 10 dar mate In the domestic line. Sometimes she just amounts to 0, And cannot make a 9-er; And then it is that we are taught That female figures lie. —H. C. Dodge.