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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., One Square, one inch, one insertion) and Rate (\$1.00, 50c, etc.).

AN UNFINISHED POEM BY BRYANT.

The reader of Mr. Bryant's poems will readily remember, says the Century, the many verses addressed to his wife, such as "Oh Fairest of the Rural Maids," written about the time of their marriage; "The Future Life," speculating as to the union of their spirits in the world to come; "The Sick-Bed," describing an illness; "The Life That Is," rejoicing in recovery; "The Twenty-seventh of March," the birthday of Mrs. Bryant; "October, 1866," descriptive of her death and burial; and "May Evening," a gentle reference to her loss. But in addition to these, as we learn from Mr. Godwin's forthcoming biography of the poet, a fragment was found among his papers, which recalls her memory in a very tender way, seven years after her death. The lines were unfinished and uncorrected; but we cannot refrain from giving them as they were written—dated "Roxbury, 1873."

MAKING UP HER MIND.

Pretty Hester Earls court was in such a quandary. Only the day before, weary with care and her monotonous labor, she had sighed, "Oh, dear! I wish something would happen!" And now something had happened, with a vengeance. For four terms she had taught the district school at Oldville. The pay was not large, but enough to support her and her sister Cordelia—little Cuddy. It was Hester's first school, and she had been so glad to get it—after her father died, and it was discovered that there was really no property for the children. Hester was young—only eighteen—even now when she began to feel so weary and careworn as a "school-ma'am."

about the change of spelling-books, I presume?" "No-o, no-o!" said Doctor Pell, with an unusual air of hesitation. "My call is not one of business, Miss Earls-court." Hessie may be pardoned for faintly showing her surprise. Doctor Arthur Pell had always seemed to her the busiest and most practical of men. How, then, should she suspect his errand. "No?" she said, in a half-interrogatory tone, and paused. "I— and Doctor Pell paused. Hessie grew a little pale. "Your errand is not agreeable, I am afraid, Doctor Pell. Do I not give satisfaction?" "In the school—to the committee?" he answered. "Most assuredly you do." "Thank you!" said Hessie, greatly relieved. "I am very awkward! I am afraid I shall startle you," said Doctor Pell, very gently, after a moment; "but the truth is, I have come to day to ask you to be my wife." Her brown eyes opened, indeed started. "You are not offended?" "No—!" said Hessie. "The way of it is this!" said Doctor Pell. "Ten years ago I had a sweet wife, whom I loved very dearly. She died, and left me with one child. My child fell to my mother's care, who has made the only home for me I have had since. But she is very aged, and has often urged me to marry again. However, this I found impossible. It has only been since I have known you, Miss Earls-court, that marriage again has seemed possible. Pardon me! I know you have little expected this. But you are not offended, though I am no youthful hero. Try to believe me—I think I could make you happy!" He bent forward and took one of Hessie's small hands gently between his. He looked very good and manly. "I—I must have time to think, Doctor Pell," faltered Hessie. "Certainly, I have made my proposal. You shall decide at your leisure. But while you are thinking about it I would like to see you once in a while, Hessie. Will you let me take you to ride—call upon you of an evening?" "I have no objection," answered Hessie, quietly, but she felt quite dizzy. In a few moments Doctor Pell had gone away. Before she had in the least righted herself there was another knock at the half-open door, and Mr. Deslonde walked in. Mr. Paul Deslonde was the most elegant man of Hessie's acquaintance. He was very handsome; his manner was faultless. She had always stood a little in awe of him. Judge, then, of her surprise, when, having seated himself in her little sitting-room, and chatted easily for half an hour, he very gracefully made a proposal of marriage. "My father wants me to marry, and being usually arbitrary, I am exceedingly grateful to him that he does not insist upon making a choice for me, but leaves me free to please myself. And this is no sudden fancy. I have known you long, and admiration has ripened into personal esteem. Will you take my proposal into consideration?" Hessie caught her breath. She looked very pretty with the maidenly reserve mantling her features, the long, dark lashes shading the pure cheek; but these words brought such a bewildering vista of the elegant Deslonde mansion, where a home was offered her, that she was all in a whirl. "I—I will take your offer into consideration, Mr. Deslonde," she syllabled, mechanically. She felt entirely incapable of saying any more. And then Cuddy came running in with the ammonia bottle, and Mr. Deslonde's conversation turned to generalisms, and then he took his leave. "Nobody will wonder, I think, that Hessie was very much excited. It was not unpleasant excitement. She was flattered, she was encouraged. Doctor Arthur Pell was very much respected, though he was not rich. Paul Deslonde was very wealthy. Such a proposal from either was very reassuring to a poor girl whose fate was her only fortune. Not that Hessie was a bit in love with either. How could she be when she never had before dreamed of marrying either of these gentlemen? It was all so very sudden and unexpected! The days and weeks went on. It was a very pleasant change which had come to Hessie—drives and visits, and flowers sent up to her modest little room. The new order of things brightened even the tedious school hours. Yet, even when a month had gone by, Hessie had not even approached her decision. She possessed, in her two suitors, an embarrassment of riches. They were very different. Paul Deslonde was brilliant, captivating, so apt with arts and graces of the highest social life, she could not help wondering that he should have chosen so unassuming a little maid as herself. In truth, it was Hessie's peculiar air of docility and modesty which had attracted Mr. Deslonde. He liked to rule. Doctor Pell was practical, with an air of reliability about him which

spoke loudly for him to Hessie's lonely heart. She had needed just such a friend so long! Yet, the frank, dark-blue eyes which were Doctor Pell's only beauty were often eclipsed in the young girl's mind by Paul Deslonde's elegant form and face. She tried to be wise; so much depended on this decision of hers—all her life's happiness. Which did she like better? She could not for the life of her tell. Both strove to please her and were often very agreeable. She wished sometimes that she could see them from a different standpoint than as her lovers. She tried to look into the future, imagining either her husband, but all was so vague! But at last came the point when Hessie was able to decide. She was shopping one leisure Saturday and went into a stationer's to make some purchases. When the goods she had ordered were put up, she sat down in the back of the store to wait for her car, which would not be due for half an hour. She was glad to rest, too, and entertained herself with a stereoscope. Suddenly she heard Paul Deslonde's voice. For the first time it struck her that there was something sharp and cutting in it; or, rather, she remembered that she had recognized that quality before without criticizing it. She observed Mr. Deslonde now attentively. He purchased a little steel implement—an ink-eraser. The salesman wrapped and handed it to him. Mr. Deslonde overlooked the proffer. "Send it up to the house at once. I am going directly home, and shall want to use it," he said, curtly. "Certainly, certainly," answered the clerk, with an air of apology. "I thought perhaps—it is so small—" "I never take my purchases; the delivery is your business." "Yes—yes, of course, Mr. Deslonde!" The gentleman went out, and the salesman muttered something to a fellow-clerk about "pie-crust." But another customer came in. It was a broad-shouldered, florid man, with pleasant blue eyes. He seemed to know the salesman, and chatted with him as he carefully selected a nice stereoscope with several dozen views and a tasteful carved rack for holding them. When the purchase was complete and paid for, the gentleman held out his hand for the package. "This is quite a large parcel, Doctor Pell. I will send it up," said the clerk. "No; I will take it!" cheerfully. "Better let me send it up, sir." "No; the things are for my little Nellie. She has been confined to her room for a fortnight with sickness. I promised them to her, and it would take away half the satisfaction not to give them to her myself. Perhaps you'll feel so, Charley, when you have a little girl!" And with a laugh and cheery nod Dr. Pell went out with the bulky parcel. A warm color spread over Hessie's sweet face. The tears came into her eyes; and then there Hester Earls-court made the decision which influenced her whole after life. When Dr. Pell came into her little sitting-room that night with a bunch of English violets, she took them with a radiant smile, held them and inhaled their fragrance all the evening, though a vase of Mr. Deslonde's finer greenhouse roses stood on the table. And when, at parting, the grave, tender, middle-aged lover took violets and both little hands gently in his and kissed them, she put a slender arm about the strong neck. "Yes, good-bye now; but some time you will stay with me always; for I love you; and you are so good!" And in all her life Hessie never for a moment regretted her decision.—Esther Earle Kenneth.

NEW YORK SHOPLIFTERS.

MALE AND FEMALE THIEVES WHO STEAL IN THE STORES. Many Thousands of Dollars Lost Yearly by Shopkeepers—Early Beginners in Crime—Skillful Methods of Operation. The shoplifters of New York are declared by the storekeepers to be like air; their presence and their work is palpable, but, except in occasional instances, they are invisible to sight. These thieves, says the Times, do not appear to be banded together in an extensive organization, but in their individual operations they all pursue the same general methods and work in about the same channels. A "professional" will not make more than one or two visits to the same counter without allowing considerable time to intervene, and is very careful not to let her face become familiar to anybody connected with the stores visited. The respective proprietors of nearly a dozen of the largest retail stores in the city estimate their annual losses by shoplifting at from \$3,000 to \$12,000. Professional shoplifters were formerly in the habit of affecting the "kleptomaniac" dodge when detected, but since the storekeepers have become so exacting in their demands for proofs of good character in such cases, the thieves have abandoned that subterfuge, and now depend upon their skill and luck to escape detection. The increasing experiences of the storekeepers and the improved facilities for thief-catching have driven the bunglers out of this branch of the roguery profession, and it is now an even match between sharp and experienced detectives and smart and ingenious thieves. There are plenty of evidences that "the smart and ingenious thieves" are numerous, and they operate in all of the large retail stores with a fair average of success. Occasional arrests are made, but it is seldom that a charge stronger than that of petty larceny can be proved against the offender, and the punishment is accordingly light. The most skillful shoplifters invariably travel in pairs. In detective parlance one "stalls" for the other. That is, one of the thieves will undertake to engage the attention of the clerk while the other deftly abstracts a piece of silk, a package of gloves or a card of lace from the counter. It is frequently the case that the confederates will not enter a store together or exchange any perceptible signs of recognition while plying their vocation. A well-dressed, respectable-looking woman will step up to the lace counter, for instance, and ask to be shown some fine lace embroideries. The clerk, mentally noting her well-to-do appearance, thinks he sees a chance of making a good sale, and is consequently obliging. He finds his customer hard to suit and places box upon box of choice goods before her. Soon a second woman comes up and, calmly ignoring the first customer—as lady shoppers sometimes do—she demands to see a peculiar kind of goods which belongs in that particular department. The clerk pulls down some thing for her. It turns out to be the wrong article and, leaving the first customer to contemplate the extensive assortment of embroideries before her, he endeavors to please the second customer. Immediately he finds himself the victim of two exacting and unreasonable females, and, after showing them a large share of the goods in his department, he is mortified to see them walk away, each one in a different direction, without having bought a dime's worth, and he is subsequently mortified to find that two or three cards of the most costly lace have been stolen. The "mother and daughter game" is worked very effectively in many of the large retail stores where the clerks are men. The "mother" is, of course, always portly and dignified, and the "daughter" pretty and coquettish. While the latter ensnares the susceptible clerks with her laughing eyes and saucy manner, the adroit mother tucks a few things into the inside pockets of her ample cloak. Occasionally the pretty "daughter," if she happens to be a practiced thief, will, under the cover of a small purchase, carry off valuable property from under the very nose of the smitten clerk. Detectives who are employed in stores are quite familiar with the ways of professional shoplifters, but even with them a fresh, pretty face plays mischief. It is well known that a regular system of education is in vogue among shoplifters. There have been numerous instances where young girls and boys have been caught in company with well-known professional shoplifters, and some of these juveniles have confessed that they were being taught how to steal. To become successful in the shoplifting business it is necessary not only to acquire dexterity in taking articles out of boxes or off from counters, but to learn to pass the stolen goods quickly and secretly to a confederate. The first lesson taught to beginners is how to receive stolen goods from the hands of the more experienced thieves. Then, step by step, the young shoplifters are advanced in the art until they are permitted to do the fine work of stealing laces, silks or jewelry directly under the noses of the salesmen. A girl aged fourteen was arrested for shoplifting on Sixth avenue some time ago, and when searched it was found that she wore a double-

skirted dress with concealed pockets, and also had large pockets in the inside of her loosely-fitting sack. "Men sometimes act as 'stalls' for female shoplifters," said a shrewd store detective to the reporter. "A good-looking man, with a brisk way about him, can readily pave the way for the operations of a nimble-fingered woman. This is particularly the case at the counters which are attended by lady clerks. When a man and a woman step up to the counter together the man is sure to monopolize the lady clerk's attention if he is at all agreeable in his manner. While he talks his companion slips what she can up her sleeve or under her cloak." "What proportion of the shoplifters that operate in this city are women?" was asked of one of the proprietors of a large retail store. "Fully nineteen-twentieths. It is seldom that a male shoplifter attempts to 'work' a retail store alone, and the instances where women are assisted by men are not frequent. Male shoplifters operate mostly in the downtown wholesale stores. They go in couples and generally drop into a store soon after the porter has opened the doors, and while one of them engages the attention of the porter the other makes off with a package of goods." The merchants in the dry goods district are supposed to be the heaviest downtown losers by the operations of shoplifters, but the ready-made clothing dealers and the jewelers are frequently victimized. A wholesale jeweler in Maiden lane said that he lost at least \$1,000 worth of goods every year by petty larcenies. "There seems to be a gang of shoplifters now working the jewelry stores," he said, "who are careful to avoid making an outcry. They take but little at a time, well knowing that a busy 'wholesaler' cannot spare the time to trace a theft of \$75, \$100 or \$150 worth of goods. Sometimes several days will pass before we miss the stolen property. Then, of course, it is too late to do anything. And, another thing, merchants, as a rule, are very sensitive on the subject of losses. Many of them would much rather let a thief get away with a few hundreds of dollars' worth of goods than say anything about the matter." Amusements in Persia. On the first day of the year the governors of the provinces make their presents to the king of Persia, at Teheran, which are accompanied by various sorts of games and pastimes. M. Tancoigne, who was at Teheran in 1880, thus describes them: First came men running on stilts of more than twenty feet high; others performing feats of strength and balancing, turning on the slack rope, or carrying on their heads a pile of earthen pots, surmounted with a vase of flowers; then dancing and combats of rams, which were excited against each other. These exercises were followed by rope-dancing, performed by two young children. The rope was of hair and came being less flexible than a hempen one; being strained on two trestles of more than forty feet in height, it ascended almost imperceptibly as high as the top of the king's kiosk. After having made several gambols with the assistance of poles, on the part of the rope which was horizontal, one of the two dancers, ten years old at most, mounted as high as the terrace which crowns the pavilion and then descended backward from a height of more than eighty feet. We remarked with pleasure that several men placed beneath the cord, followed all the movements of the child, ready to receive him in a large blanket, if his foot had happened to have slipped. We did not suppose the Persians were capable of such an attention, especially in the king's presence. These dancers are called in Persian danbaz, meaning one who plays or risks his soul. This expression, contemptuous in itself, intimates that games of this kind are discouraged by religion; and is nearly synonymous with that of excommunication, with which our actors were once complimented. Naked men, armed with maces, and wrestlers appeared afterward before the king. The first resembled savages; they struck their clubs together without injuring each other. It was not so with the second, their combats having something hideous and revolting. The conqueror, that is to say, he who succeeded in throwing his adversary on his back, went to the foot of the kiosk to receive a piece of money which the king threw down to him. Fireworks of a splendid description succeeded; and the next day was appropriated to horse-racing. A Grand Piece of Engineering. A survey is about being made through the heaviest portion of the Black canon of the Gunnison. For a long distance the walls of syenite rise to the stupendous height of 3,000 feet, and for 1,800 feet the walls of the canon are arched not many feet from the bed of the river. If the survey is successful and the Denver and Rio Grande is built through the canon, it will undoubtedly be the grandest piece of engineering on the American continent. The river is very swift, and it is proposed to build a boat at the western end and provision it for a length of time, allowing it to float with the stream, but controlled by ropes. If the boat goes the chances are that the baby road goes, too.—Denver Tribune.

MITTENS.

Pure frost-winds on the winter's eve, You play among my lady's tresses, And pink as apple-blows you leave The cheeks that take your light caresses; But from her little hands begone! For over they'll not be kissed nor bitten, For over each is snugly drawn— A tiny pale-blue mitten. The slender perfume-haunted glove Erewhile that hid her lily fingers Is not the shield that most they love, Whereon a pressure longest lingers. More shy, confiding, tender, true, And softer than two curled-up kittens, Are those dainty twins of blue, My lady's little mittens. Once at the play, when lights were low, And down had dropped the great green curtain, I took her hand; we turned to go: Her fingers clasped o'er mine, I'm certain, That sudden thrill I feel again. That never could be told or written, When'er I see or touch, as then, Her downy little mitten. Some memories those mittens hold, And secrets, might one coax confession. Ah, dearer than a gaze of gold I'd count of one to gain possession. Yet ask her I shall never dare, Nor tell her how my heart is smitten, For fear, in answer to my prayer, She might give me the mitten. —Henry Tynrell, in The Continent.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A quiet story—The garret. The best thing out—Out of debt. To a ship the rudder is a stern necessity. Size isn't everything. A watch ticking can be heard further than a bed ticking. Nobody wishes the baby stolen, still it is a relief when the nurse cries it at night.—Boston Bulletin. When a pickpocket gets out of practice it takes a long while for him to get his hand in.—Statesman. The man who was "largely instrumental" was probably of a mechanical turn of mind.—Boston Transcript. The American Peace society has about \$60,000 on hand—enough to have a glorious fight about.—Lowell Courier. When the hen with chickens attacked the small boy in his mother's yard, the hen informed him she had been laying for him for some time. It takes but thirteen minutes to lead an elephant on a train, while it takes twenty for any sort of a woman to kiss her friends good-bye and lose the check for her trunk.—Rome Sentinel. They tell of a Kansas woman who slept so soundly with a hot flatiron at her feet that she never felt the blisters until some one woke her up. A woman with such a lack of feeling would wear the same bonnet ten years.—Detroit Free Press. A spruce and conceited young Mr. Fell in love with another chap's wife. With his sweet little cane, At the end of the lane, He met and fans would have kr. But he'd be on her train, At the end of the lane, And a slip on his face made a br. Old Mr. Jones was always paying his attentions to the widow Tompkins, and she detested him from Dan to Beersheba. He was forever taffing her and asking her silly questions. The other evening, after a bold compliment, he asked, "My dear Madame, how do you tell a fool when you see one?" "Well, Mr. Jones, I usually tell one to leave. Will you be kind enough to go?" He hasn't stopped going yet.—The Drummer. Brotherly Love. Yesterday, about 1 o'clock, a boy of twelve summers went up Austin avenue at such a rate of speed that everybody who saw him was fully persuaded he was going for a doctor, particularly as there was a scared expression on the boy's face. A kind-hearted man caught the flying boy by the arm, and asked him: "Sonny, is there anybody very sick at your house?" "No; but there will be if you don't turn me loose." "Who is going to be sick?" "Well, it's my brother Bill. He will be a remains before night if I don't get there right away. We have oysters and things for dinner, and if I ain't there to get my share he will try to eat for us both, and he will founder himself, sure. Please let me go, so that I can save my little brother's life."—Sifting. The Crown of England. The crown of England is a beautiful jewel sparkling with stones worth half a million dollars. There are twenty diamonds round the circle, worth \$7,500 each, making \$150,000; two large center diamonds, 10,000 each, making \$20,000; fifty-four smaller diamonds, placed at an angle of the former, each \$500; four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds, \$60,000; four large diamonds on the top of the crosses, \$20,000; twelve diamonds contained in the fleur-de-lis, \$50,000; eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same, \$10,000; pearls, diamonds, etc., upon the arches and crosses, \$50,000; also 144 small diamonds, \$25,000; twenty-six diamonds in the upper cross, \$5,500; two circles of pearls about the rim, \$15,000.