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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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WHERE THE TREASURE IS.

A summer sky and a balmy wind, And a swallow swiftly flying; A wee brown nest in the leaves entwined, And some downy birdlets lying; And swift to that nest, in the leaves entwined, The mother bird was flying.

MIRABEAU'S JEST.

Not far from Limoges, capital of the French province Limousin, stood the castle of Count de Saillant, widely known throughout the last third of the eighteenth century as a place of assembly for convivial, congenial spirits—old-time French hospitality offering a hearty welcome to all who could boast an untarnished ancestral name.

Count de Saillant had married the sister of the Count Honore Gabriel Victor Mirabeau, afterward the world-renowned hero of the French revolution, and at this time known all over France for his wild adventures and mad pranks.

At this period Mirabeau was in the thirty-first year of his age; a muscular, beautifully-formed man below his massive, disproportioned head, disfigured by the large mouth, immense nose and a countenance distressingly marred by smallpox, but from which glowed a pair of fiery, expressive eyes.

It was on one of the early days of November that the monotony of the castle life was interrupted by an exciting sensation. A bold and daring robbery had been committed within its immediate precincts. Just at twilight, as a neighboring nobleman, a frequent guest of the house, was traversing the customary road through the forest, a gun-barrel was suddenly thrust between the thick bushes, while a deep, hoarse voice cried sternly:

"Halt! Your money or your life!" Feeling no desire, as the nobleman afterward explained, to lose his life for the sake of a few louis d'or, he instantly threw his purse upon the ground, and dashed off without venturing to look back.

Robberies or serious crimes of any kind were of rare occurrence in Limousin, and less frequently still were they ever traceable to the quiet inhabitants, but almost invariably to highwaymen from a distance, passing through the province. It was at once surmised, therefore, that this audacious deed must be the work of some such intruder, and Count de Saillant gave wholesale instructions to spare no effort in the discovery of the depredator; but all in vain. No trace of the bold marauder rewarded their search.

Count Mirabeau laughed heartily over the stories of the bandit, and railed unmercifully the faint-hearted knights of Limousin for thus permitting themselves to be plundered; but they resolutely rejoined that he would prove no more courageous than they, if once attacked. In vain Mirabeau assured them that he roamed the forest daily, hoping to encounter the mysterious freebooter, and that nothing would afford him greater pleasure than a meeting, when he would engage to deliver him a prisoner at the castle.

were by no means dilatory or negligent; every effort was diligently employed to discover the author of the outrages, but in vain. He remained enshrouded in impenetrable mystery.

It was late in the evening of November 15 that the Marquis of Charras, a worthy nobleman, of middle age, rode slowly on his way to Castle Saillant. Twilight had already fallen on the forest; it was perfectly still, and the stars shining serenely overhead, while the full moon rose in majestic beauty, lighting the trees with fantastic splendor, as the falling leaves floated silently from the dying branches.

The insecurity of the path he traveled was well known to the marquis, and, advancing deeper into the woods, he spurred his horse to faster speed, inwardly wishing that he had not ventured thus into the solitude alone.

Nor did the wish prove a needless one; scarcely had he proceeded a hundred steps further when the click of a gun-hammer startled him, and the next instant the muzzle of the weapon was bearing close upon him, while a dark form suddenly appeared beneath a towering oak, and in a calm, resolute voice ordered:

"Halt! Your purse, my lord, or you stir not further!" Instantly the marquis realized that he stood face to face with the same dilemma ruthlessly forced upon many before him, and quite as reluctant as they to sacrifice his life for the small sum he carried, scornfully cast his purse upon the ground, riding slowly forward, but saying, as he did so:

"You follow a risky trade, fellow; I warrant it will yet bring you to the gallows!" "That's my risk," replied the highwayman, coolly advancing from the shadow of the oak into the clear moonlight to seize the purse.

But just as he stooped for the prize the fastening of his mask suddenly snapped, and it dropped to the ground, leaving his face clearly revealed; at the same moment the marquis again looked back and the woods echoed with a startled cry of astonishment.

"Can it be possible?" he cried, gazing as though paralyzed with bewilderment. "Who could ever have suspected this? Despicable man, you are at last discovered, and now an end to your rascally deeds!" The bandit, with no show of confusion, however, merely smiled, and pointing his gun threateningly at the marquis, the latter put spurs to his horse and sped onward to the castle.

"And now this fine sport must really come to an end, I suppose," said the robber, quietly. "How unfortunate. It has afforded me infinite amusement." And turning a by-path he also directed his steps toward the castle.

Breathless, the excited marquis arrived at the house, but finding the count absent proceeded as quietly as he could to the salon, where a number of his acquaintances were assembled around the hostess, who was gracefully doing the honors of the house.

Although carefully repressing all allusion to his recent adventure, he could not escape remark upon his abstracted silence, and some joked him upon his humor, but he could only cast sad, compassionate glances toward the countess, as she chatted gaily, utterly unconscious of the cloud above her.

Ringling at last for a servant, she inquired if her brother, the count, had yet returned from hunting, and received in reply the information that he had but just arrived, and had gone to his room, leaving his excuses on the plea of severe headache. An hour later Count de Saillant returned, and had scarcely finished his cordial greetings when the marquis requested an interview, and the two withdrew to an adjoining room.

"Now, what is it, my dear Charras?" inquired the count, serenely. "It appears to me you look somewhat downhearted." "And, truly, my dear friend, I have sufficient cause to look so," replied the marquis, sadly; "for it grieves me inexpressibly to be the bearer of bad news."

"Then, for heaven's sake, Charras, don't keep me in suspense; out with it at once," cried the count. "Not two hours since, while riding through the forest, I was attacked and robbed; I was forced to surrender my purse to preserve my life."

"Upon my word, I am truly sorry to hear that you, too, have been subjected to this villainy on my grounds," exclaimed Saillant; "but others have been likewise unfortunate, and I hope your loss has not been great."

"And do you suppose I am grieving for a few pieces of gold?" interrupted his friend. "My dear count, the worst is I have discovered the bandit."

"What! you have recognized him! That is, indeed, good luck. Now, then, the bold rascal will be secured and at once brought to the gallows. I will immediately—"

"No, no, my dear friend, do nothing yet," interrupted the other; "this affair must remain a secret in order to avoid, if possible, the disgrace of a highly-esteemed family. You have not yet learned the name of the bandit."

the mysterious highwayman is none other than your own brother-in-law, the Count de Mirabeau." Count de Saillant became deathly pale.

"Ha! the scoundrel!" he murmured; "has it come to this? You are sure, marquis?" "Only too sure, my poor friend."

"You recognized him beyond all doubt?" "Beyond all doubt; as he stooped to take the purse the mask fell from his face, and in the moonlight I could not fail to recognize the young count."

"Did he perceive that you knew him?" "Undoubtedly; I spoke a few threatening words to him that must have convinced him of it."

"What did he do then?" "He coolly laughed and aimed at me again with his gun, but I escaped. He arrived at the castle a half hour after I did, and, I hear, has gone at once to his room."

"You have spoken to no one else of this?" asked Saillant. "No one."

"The villain!" cried the count, beside himself with rage. "But he shall not escape punishment; he shall be at once apprehended and imprisoned for life, that no further disgrace may be brought upon his family."

The marquis merely bowed a silent approval, adding, compassionately: "I will go back to the company, my friend; it is best that no unpleasant sensation be excited until the matter is further investigated."

"You are right, my good Charras," replied the count, "and I will go at once to the wretched man." While his guest returned to the salon, the host endeavored to collect his bewildered senses, and repaired to the apartment of his brother-in-law.

Mirabeau lay sleeping soundly; a night lamp burned dimly on a table near his bed. Roughly and unceremoniously his visitor shook him by the shoulder, until, rubbing his eyes dreamily, the sleeper awoke.

"What on earth do you want?" he asked, staring at Saillant; "what are you waking me for at this time of night? Is the castle on fire or what?" "What do I want?" repeated the other, with smothered rage and scorn: "I want to tell you that you are a miserable, sneaking, cowardly scoundrel. That's what I want."

"Well, that's a fine compliment, to be sure," replied Mirabeau, coolly; "are you drunk, Saillant, or do you think it polite, now, to waken a man out of the sweetest slumber just to speak so rudely? Why can't you let a fellow enjoy the sleep of the righteous?"

And with this he quietly turned over on his side. "The sleep of the righteous," cried the count, in uncontrollable wrath. "How can you pretend to sleep, shameless fellow that you are? You are the dastardly rogue that has been haunting my forest."

"Well, that's true enough; I am the man; but is it for a little thing like that that you are making all this untimely fuss?" "A little thing!" shrieked Saillant. "None of that, sir. You think, perhaps, that your highway robberies will be regarded as an idle prank; this very evening you have robbed my friend Charras; he has recognized you, and your shameful story is known, and cries aloud for punishment."

"Well, for heaven's sake, brother, why couldn't you wait till morning to confide to me this pleasant information?" asked Mirabeau, with undisturbed coolness. "It is true I have robbed your friend Charras and the eight others, but what does that prove against me?"

"And you can ask such an idiotic question," cried Saillant. "For my part, I should say that it proves you a good-for-nothing scoundrel."

"I fail to see it just in that light, dear brother," answered the other, meekly; "but I think your conduct proves you a senseless fool. Can you really pretend to believe that I have robbed these cowardly nobles for the sake of a few paltry louis d'or. It was simply an experiment; I wished to prove their courage and my own also. It is true the experiment was a risky one, but has been thoroughly satisfactory on my side, while proving your friends miserable cowards, who would, in truth, succumb to the very first struggle with the canaille."

Taking a key from the table near him, he now presented it to the count, saying: "Open my desk there and remove the second drawer."

Utterly bewildered by Mirabeau's imperturbable nonchalance, Saillant silently obeyed.

Within the drawer lay nine purses, a paper affixed to each bearing the name of the former owner.

"Perhaps this will satisfy you that it has never been my intention to enrich myself through the possessions of others," said Mirabeau, scornfully. "It was my full determination to return the purses undisturbed to the original owners and which can easily be done in the morning. Assemble your friends together and I will give them a full explanation before taking my departure, important letters already calling me elsewhere. And now, brother, if you are satisfied, I would like to say good-night."

Count de Saillant answered not a word; bewildered, he quietly left the room, convinced, at least, that his relative was no ordinary highwayman; but he had also caught a full glimpse of the daring, relentless spirit of the man who afterward became the Titan of the French revolution.

On the following day Mirabeau took leave of his Limousin friends in the following manner: "Gentlemen," said he, with indescribable sang froid, "pardon the little experiment I have tried on you in order to prove my own courage; your property has been returned and my brother-in-law has given what, I hope, is a satisfactory explanation; if it has proved otherwise, however, I am quite prepared and willing to offer honorable satisfaction to any one desiring it. I regret to say that this dull country, forcing one to play bandit to relieve the stagnation of life, is no longer congenial to me, and as I am now about to enter the more exciting pleasures of the political arena, I wish only to bid you farewell."

It was quite evident that none present desired to cross swords with the grimly humorous count; the gentlemen stood somewhat abashed before him, and their eyes fell before his intrepid gaze. The Marquis of Charras, finally forcing his features to assume a smile, blandly remarked that the whole affair was regarded as a very good joke, and his companions made no objection to this settlement of the matter.

Quite satisfied with his own part, Mirabeau went on his way to become eventually the world-famous hero painted by history.—Modern Age.

Law for Farmers.

Among the most successful swindlers are those who take a promissory note for some swindle they have to sell, either drawn in such a manner that it may be altered or separable, or else under the pretense that it will not be presented until the article is tested. A good authority says:

A promissory note is a written agreement to pay a certain sum of money at a certain time. It must be definite and unconditional. It is, therefore, in the nature of money, being negotiable, and where payable to bearer the property in it passes by mere delivery of the paper on which it is written. It is not subject to all the defenses that are good as against other contracts. For example: It is generally void in the hands of an innocent holder, no matter though the maker of it had lost it or it had been stolen or obtained from him by fraud. This may be the case, even though it has been altered or "raised," as where I give my note signed in blank to a person, authorizing him to fill in a certain amount as \$10, and he fills in a larger amount, as \$100, and sells it to an innocent purchaser. I must pay the larger amount, for I it was who enabled the fraud to be committed; and an old maxim of the law holds that where one or two innocent persons must suffer from the wrongful acts of a third, the loss must be borne by the one who enabled such third person to occasion it. The justice of this is obvious, and any sensible man will appreciate the necessity of protecting, in the largest degree, the rights of bona fide holders of negotiable instruments, which form part of the currency of the country, and if subject to all the defenses of other written contracts, would be deprived of their main value.

Our advice is never to give a note unless written in ordinary form, and you should know perfectly the contents thereof. The great number of frauds that have been perpetrated on the farmers of Western States and Territories by patent right men and worthless agricultural machinery agents should be a sufficient excuse for you to have nothing to do with men, especially in important transactions, who cannot satisfy your banker, lawyer or merchant that they are all right.

Another fraud is that of conveyance. The following decision is a case in point: Where a party conveys his property to a third party when judgments are outstanding against him, and such conveyance is with the intent to defraud his creditors and the fraud is participated in by the purchaser, his title will not be protected, even though he paid sufficient consideration. Williams versus Nachenheim, supreme court of Iowa.

So, again, whenever a note is executed by two or more parties, any alteration in it without the consent of all, notwithstanding the alteration is entirely honest and with no fraudulent intent, will be deemed a material one. Craighead vs. McLoney, Sup. Ct. Penn., 39 Leg. Int. 280.

In relation to mortgages there always has and always will be difficulties. A carefulman will never mortgage his home except as a last resort to raise money for legitimate purposes. In this connection, a peculiar system of mortgaging farms in Switzerland will be interesting. A farmer may borrow of a dozen men successively, the simple record in an official book showing their order. If he fails to pay, a successor is found for him by beginning at the bottom of the list of debtors, and calling on each in his order to assume all the debts and manage the farm, or step aside and lose his claim.—Prairie Farmer.

FASHION NOTES.

Joule cloth is a rival of chevrots and tweeds.

New half-fitting wraps are cut with Japanese sleeves.

Postilion backs and points in front are the rule in basques.

New Khita cloths of light weight come in fine checks in the new colors.

Velvet ribbons are revived for trimming cashmires, silks and novelty fabrics.

Several or two rows of small buttons down the front of the dress remain in favor.

Terra-cottas are prominent in the shades for spring, and an innumerable variety of colors bordering on this shade exist.

Valenciennes lace is returning to favor for evening wear, the new Normandy patterns being very delicate and tasteful.

Quaker gray, dove and cloud grays are the principal shades of gray which are represented in fine wool materials for spring costumes.

The spring visites are more frequently half long, and elaborately trimmed. The full-length garments take the form of redingotes and pelisses.

Cat-tails, reeds and swamp grasses trim the wicker basket hats that are imported for summer use. Heads of wheat are made into bows for such hats.

The latest importations of brocaded silks show Ottoman grounds with satin and plain silk designs, flowers, leaves, and conventional, medieval and oriental figures.

An exquisite fabric just brought out is the Watteau raye, a silk and wool fabric in vanishing cross stripes on a changeable, lengthwise striped ground in oriental colors and effects.

The white India cashmere robes, with India cashmere palm leaf and other oriental designs, are the costliest woolen stuffs brought out this season. They are priced at \$100 a robe.

A stylish spring bonnet in "Queen Mab" shape, which is of the poke order of bonnets, is made of amber-colored straw. About the crown is draped a wide pattern of gold lace, which partly veils a small wreath of scarlet roses and mignonettes. The inside of the bonnet is faced with crimson velvet, and upon the extreme edge is set a row of pale amber beads.

In many New York stores devoted to the sale of elegant trunks is quite a display of Elizabethan and Mary Stuart ruffs. Some are made of lace and others of the sheerest of India muslin. To keep them in an upright position a stiff, invisible net lining is used. Roman pearl beads, large and small, according to fancy, are sewn on the edge. To suit this style the throat must be long and slender or moderately so, and the hair of the wearer dressed high.

The fashions for the present season are to be singularly eclectic. Silk, satin, velvet, plush, pique, faille, brocade, are all worn to some extent, and are all in "good form." So, too, with the colors; dark green, dark blue, garnet, ruby, bronze, olive, terra-cotta and seal brown are all equally fashionable for street wear. Long cloaks are as much seen as the jaunty Newmarkets, and hats and bonnets can hardly be too large or too small to be considered out of style.

Novelties in Shoes and Stockings.

The rage for novelties in shoes and stockings, says the New York Evening Post, is quite as great as ever. There certainly never was a time when women with pretty feet could display them to greater advantage; or, on the other side, when women with ungraceful ones could hide them so successfully. For the former are styles and colors beyond enumeration. For the latter are exceedingly low cut sandals and slippers in bronze kid, black satin or black undressed kid, with a bit of embroidery or beading upon the pointed toes; these to be worn invariably with stockings of black or some dark shade, the pale tints being left for those whose delicately-shaped feet can best venture to display them. Among the novel fancies for these favored ones are Charles IX. shoes of silk, matching the costume, and Watteau shoes of white Suede kid. The latter usually have the toes hand-painted, this ornamentation often being done by the ladies themselves after purchasing the plain shoes. Although this material is easily soiled, it is very easily cleaned with clay pipe powder. Sandals of gray kid or bronze are worn with home tolets over stockings of cardinal silk, this being a particularly elegant combination in foot dressing. Pale silver-gray silk stockings, embroidered on the instep with delicate mauve flowers, are also the height of elegance; these are worn with low cut slippers of pale gray kid, worked on the toes with cut steel and fine heliotrope beads. Black shoes, that a short time ago were so fashionable for dancing and evening wear, are quite discarded, and the sandal or shoe, like the gloves and the fan, must always match the toilet.

The proposed county of Park in Montana will have an area of 12,000 square miles; nearly ten times that of the whole of Rhode Island.

THE BLACKSMITH'S SONG.

Through the casement, roseate Dawn Already steals with cheery ray; Let's to the forge, and wake the morn With hoist'rous voice and jocular lay!

Bellow, blow; and furnace, smoke; Bend the glowing metal soon; Hammer, fall with telling stroke!— Sing to my anvil's, merry tune, Pong, Pong— Strike while the iron's hot!"

With lusty strokes my hammer rings; Strike hard! 'Tis for your chabby boy Who to his mother fondly clings, And trills his cooing notes of joy.

Thanks to the sweat that bathes my face The paths of learning he shall tread, And Knowledge makes her dwelling-place Within my darling's fair young head!

Labor unto the heart gives ease, And will our daily bread supply; It decks the charms of my Theresie, My wife, my household deity!

Our hands were never formed to make Muskets or sword-blades, bolts or chains; God gave us arms for labor's sake; Our minds He for Love's work ordains!

Now all who day by day pursue Some darling hobby, some cherished end— Old hearts, who have but power in view; Young hearts, who Love's soft call attend.

Men who would wield the sword or pen— Sages and fools—peasants and kings— If you'd succeed, take as the word Of wisdom, what my anvil rings: Pong, Pong, Pong! "Strike while the iron's hot!" —Old French Song.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

West Pointers—Weather vanes. A put-up job—Building houses. The most humorous member of a dog is the wag of his tail.—Burlington Free Press.

It is said that deaf and dumb people always take a hand in conversation.—Evanville Argus.

The tramp is not, as a general thing, wealthy, but he can afford to spend his summer in the country.—Sittings.

Fish are not good conversationalists; but if you strike the right line you can draw them out.—New York Journal.

"How can I expand my chest?" asked a stingy fellow of a physician. "By carrying a large heart in it," was the reply.

A second-hand clock won't bring much, yet no one would want a clock with the second hand omitted.—Saturday Night.

There is one thing about Munchausen, says a Philadelphia paper, to his credit. This baron never tried to be a weather prophet.

A New York paper has been publishing the "Horror of Sing Sing." Nothing is said in the article about "Pinafore" performances.—Piscayune.

A small boy who was playing truant the other day, when asked if he wouldn't get a whipping when he got home, replied: "What is five minutes' tacking to five hours' of fun?"

"Is Miss Blank at home?" asked a faultlessly attired bore of the new girl. The girl took from her pocket a photograph, carefully scanned it, and after another look at the features of the visitor, answered: "No, sir; she has gone to Europe." He left.—Phi Alpha News.

Landlord (to tenant): "Good-morning, sir, fine day, sir; just called round to see if it would be convenient for you to settle your quarter's rent, sir." Tenant: "Dial, eh? Do you know, landlord, that none of the doors in the house will shut?" Landlord: "New house, sir; new house, you know; takes time to settle, sir." Tenant: "Ah! then there is a pair of us. I'm a new tenant; it takes time for me to settle, 'oo, Good-morning. Call again." —The Judge.

"Can you give me ten cents, sir?" implored a ragged chap, accosting a gentleman on the street; "I haven't a cent anything for a week." "What do you mean by telling such a story as that?" asked the gentleman; "I saw you at dinner in an eating-house not an hour ago." "Ah, but you misunderstood me," replied the latter demoralized; "when I said I hadn't a cent anything for a week I meant next week." He got his ten cents.—Boston Transcript.

A LOVELY LAD. We stood at the beach as the sun went down Behind the hills on a summer day. Her eyes were tender, big and brown. Her breath as sweet as the new-mown hay.

Far from the west the faint sunshine Glimped sparkling off her golden hair. Those calm, deep eyes were turned toward mine, And a look of contentment rested there.

I see her bathed in the twilight flood, I see her standing peacefully now; Peacefully standing and chewing her cud, As I rubbed her ears—that Jersey cow. —Harvard Advocate.

In Florida the strong fiber of the leaves of a species of cactus is turned into rope, its juice into a pleasant beverage, and its trunk, after the removal of the pith, into pulp.