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ECHO.

I hear: the woods' / Dee, solitudes, / Where the foaming rills / With winding flow / And voices low, / Steal down from the hills; / Where the clustered flowers / On whispering bowers / Hang sweet with dew, / And the drowsy air / Breathes odors rare / The summer through. / When morning's beam / Fits into dream / Of the forest deep, / And music breaks / From the bird that wakes / From happy sleep, / I repeat his song / As it floats along / Among the trees / My voice replies / And melts and dies / In harmonies. / And when from afar / The evening star, / On the solemn night, / Looks down from the east, / Where the storm has ceased, / With holy light; / When the measured knell / Of the evening bell, / From the distant hill, / With mellow beat, / Makes music sweet, / In the darkness still— / I echo the hour / From my rocky tower, / Where I watch alone; / I slumber deep, / But I wake from sleep / At the softest tone. / When winter piles / The forest aisles / With drifts of snow, / And through the lines / Of roaring pines / The ice winds blow, / About my eye / The tempests rave, / Like storms at sea; / But none can break / My walls and take / My voice from me! / I found my birth / When heaven and earth / From chaos rose; / And not till Death / Steals Nature's breath / My life shall close. —Ernest W. Shurtleff.

TWO KINDS OF CHARITY.

"It's not only strange, but downright meanness. What's the use of trying to excuse it? Here are the facts: Only a few days ago the Benevolent society met and Mrs. Benson subscribed twenty dollars. I was speaking of her liberality at the close of the meeting; and now we find her refusing to pay a fair price for her washwoman and seamstress, the latter having a poor mother and three helpless children to provide for from her scanty earnings." "Well, Annie, such inconsistencies are far from being infrequent, and the longer you live the more you will be impressed with incongruities found in human nature. Let me tell you of a lesson I had once, many years ago. "It was a cold day in December, and a keen, rough wind blew the sharp, frozen sleet in my face as I walked with a quick step down one of the streets of our beautiful city. I had been caught without an umbrella, and when I overtook Mr. Blank, and was invited to walk under the shelter of his, I took his arm, nothing loth, I assure you. He was an old friend, though his wealth carried him into circles where, as the poor pastor of an humble flock, I should have hardly found admittance. After the first greetings, he told me that nothing would have tempted him out in such a severe weather but the meeting of the 'Benevolent Association,' of which I think he said he was president. And then he added: 'You had better go with me and become a member. There is no estimating the amount of good we are doing in this place.' "When we came to the steps of the old stone church, my attention was arrested by the sound of a child's voice, which was borne to us by the wind, in low, broken sobs. "Curled up under the shelter of the broad, stone arch was a child of seven or eight years, whose dress was such an odd mixture of girls' and boys' costumes that it would have been difficult to guess the sex. "A poor, pinched face, set off by fine, dark eyes, and a profusion of dark hair, which was partly hid by the old comforter tied around the head. An old overcoat, patched and worn, a red petticoat partly hiding some black pants, gray stockings and girl's slippers completed the dress of the forlorn little object. "I saw her and saw what is the trouble here, and what we can do to relieve it." "Mr. Blank stopped with an impatient air, and passing a contemptuous glance at the child, who just then looked up and cried out piteously, said: 'Oh, never mind, I have no interest in a thing of this kind. I have to do only with the broad, general principles of humanity.' "When he found I would stop he wrapped his elegant coat close around him, saying carelessly: 'It's all a

trick; these beggars understand their business to perfection. Come, or we shall be late at the society. Do not be misled by your sympathies; with us you can work in your accustomed way.' "I will not detain you," I replied, 'and, if possible, will rejoin you in a few moments.' "Very well, sir, if you persist in this I must leave you, for my duties are imperative, and the wind which sweeps round this corner is terrific; and, with a stately bow, he hurried on. "I went up to the child, and asked, perhaps a little thoughtlessly: 'What's the matter, my little maid or fellow? I am sure I cannot tell which you are.' "The figure straightened up, and before a word was uttered the red skirt was gathered up by the half-frozen hands and hid under the dilapidated overcoat. "I ain't a girl—I'm Willie Hale, and I've lost my way!' and then the hands went up to the face, and the despised skirt dropped down into sight again. "Tell me where you live, said I, 'and I will take you to the street.' "I don't live on any street—only way off by the water, and I can't find my way back, 'cause the storm comes in my face so.' "I took his stiffened fingers in my warmly-gloved hands and bent over him so as to shut out the blast, bidding him cheer up and think of something which would indicate the direction of his home, and I would take him there. "Finally, he thought of 'a great big chimney, which he said, 'went most up to the sky,' and added, quaintly: 'If it should ever fall down it would bury us up so deep we could never get out; but I haven't told mother of it, because 'twould worry her, you know.' "I drew him closer to me, for he had touched my heart by his thoughtfulness of his mother. I told him I would take him to the big chimney and then he could find his mother's house himself. He kept firm hold of my hand as we started off, and said with a happy look into my face: 'You can walk fast and I can run, and we will get there quick, won't we?' "Curious looks were cast upon us as we trudged along the slippery street, but we heeded them not, and so much interested did I become in the little fellow that I forgot to leave him when he came to the place he had designated, and the first I knew he was leading me into a long narrow lane, and stopped before a miserable dwelling. I followed the child up some rickety stairs and soon found myself in the presence of a sick woman who was propped up in bed, trying to sew. "I could not find him," said the child, 'and I got lost, and this good man brought me home.' "She looked up wistfully into my face. 'Thank you, sir, for bringing my darling back to me; it's something new for him to go out alone, but I am helpless now.' She kept on with her work, though her hands trembled and her face was covered with tears. "It was a different scene from any I had met with in my short experience of pastoral life, but my sympathy, expressed in words and manner, soon drew from the poor woman her story. It came out by degrees broken in upon by sobbing and weakness. As is often the case, 'it was not always thus.' She had begun life with fair prospects, but after a few years of great happiness her sorrows commenced with the loss of her husband, by a terrible accident. He had always been prudent and industrious, but when she paid the last cent due on his burial she had scarcely a dollar to help herself with and three children dependent upon her. After she buried her baby she took the other two, a girl of seven and Willie, who was then four, and came to this city, because she had a brother living here who was sure to help her, if he only knew her necessities. A frail hope, as she found. He had acquired wealth and position, and was troubled with poor relations. They had had the same chance to make their way in life that he had, and if they had been careless and improvident he was not going to suffer for them. "His wife gave me some sewing to do, but so scanty was the pay I might have starved on it, only for the assistance of my neighbors who, though poor, are very kind. When my little girl died I sent for him again, and he helped me, through the Benevolent society, with the understanding that I should keep our relationship a secret and let him alone in future. I would not have accepted it, only to keep my darling girl from being buried publicly by the city.' "She wept during the recital uncontrollably, and at the close added bitterly: 'I understand that my brother, Howard Blank, has the reputation of being exceedingly generous, and that he is connected with all the benevolent enterprises of the day.' "Is Howard Blank your brother? I asked, in great surprise. "Yes; do you know him? "I thought I knew him well, but I find there is a wide difference between reputation and character. With your permission I shall see him, and try and influence him to do something for you. Perhaps I can touch his pride, if not his heart.'

"It will be of no use," said she; 'he will say I have broken my word in telling you; but you were so kind, and I so desolate, that I opened my whole heart to you.' "I promised to be careful of her secret, and to see her again before night. "I went directly home and told your mother all but the circumstances connected with the brother. Her kind heart was instantly aroused, and while I was talking she began to gather up different things which might be needed in the sick-room. In less than two hours there was a cheerful fire in that attic room, the bed was comfortably arranged, Mrs. Hale was well cared for, and Willie had dined like a prince. "Toward night I took my way in the still-increasing storm to the house of Mr. Blank. I confess my heart rather misgave me when I remembered this particular case was not 'humanity in general.' I accused myself of uncharitableness in judging my friend, and brought to mind the old adage: 'There are always two sides to a story.' In my eagerness to exculpate him I began to doubt the word of the poor woman. "I found him surrounded with every luxury. He gave me a cordial reception, but when my errand was made known his manner changed. It was long before I could make any impression upon him. He affected to believe their suffering feigned, because Mrs. Hale had refused to take any more work from his wife. I told the reason, when he replied: 'You have been an easy dupe to a designing woman. Here is ten dollars, which I give under protest, knowing it will be foolishly squandered. And now, my good sir, please never mention the subject to me again, or I shall be obliged to drop an acquaintance that I have always found exceedingly agreeable.' "Perhaps I said a little more to him than became a poor minister, but as I looked around upon his magnificent drawing-rooms I could not help thinking that were it not for the publicity of his donations they would be withheld, and that his published contributions did not proceed from a generous heart, but from a contemptible desire for popularity and fame. And I did what is not always wise, spoke my thoughts aloud. "He reminded me gravely that I was taking upon myself 'one of the prerogatives of the Most High when I set myself up to judge the motives which had actuated him.' I cannot say who had the last word, but I know I never felt so angry in my life as I did when I stepped from his door, and he bowed me out in the most self-possessed manner. I lost my position soon after through his influence, and since then our ways in life have seldom crossed. "Mrs. Hale recovered soon, thanks to careful nursing and the effect of careful food. Several became interested in her, and as soon as she regained her strength they put her in the way of earning enough to support herself and Willie. She gave him a good education, and he has done a great deal for himself, and is to-day one of the most promising young men of my acquaintance. That is only one of many instances which have come under my observation through my long and varied experience. To be just to human nature, I think this a little the worst, or else I became familiarized with inconsistencies and they did not make so deep an impression upon me. "Perhaps you will judge Mrs. Benson more leniently when I tell you she has but carried out the result of her early training, for you know she is Judge Hadley's daughter, and he is the Mr. Blank who figured in my story. And, Annie, perhaps there will be no better time for me to talk with you on the subject which has given me no little anxiety. Within the past week two young men have called on me, seeking my permission to win to themselves my heart's best treasure, my only daughter. Annie, darling, you show me your heart, that I may know how to answer them?" "No words came from the restless little figure, who had suddenly found so much to be done in the other part of the room. Every book had been dusted twice over, and still she lingered, with her face turned from her father. "I am waiting, Annie." "Well, papa," under her breath. "Come here, darling, where I can see your face; who knows how long they will let me have you with me?" "Shall I tell you of my callers? Well, one is rich, educated and exceedingly popular. He has no profession or business, and you would think he would never need any, as he is an only son; but if by some sudden stroke of fortune his father's wealth should be swept away, the young man, with his dainty and expensive habits, would find it difficult to take care of himself, and, much more, a wife. Paul Hadley is in love, or thinks he is, with Annie's pretty face and engaging manners. The present prospects are that she would have an elegant home, every luxury that wealth can bestow, and, while her beauty lasts, a portion of her husband's heart. William Benson you have known all your life. He has just finished his profession, and has his way to make in the world. And he will do it, for he has true courage and perseverance, correct

habits and a high aim. He may never be rich, as things are counted here, and his wife will have to take her share of the burdens of life, but she will have a husband of whom any woman might be proud, and his heart, tender and true, will be all her own. It so happened that the two chose the same hour to visit me. William came in first, but was hardly seated when Hadley was announced. They merely exchanged bows, though I know they must have known each other at school. Hadley said his business was urgent, and asked to see me alone a few moments. I confess his errand took me by surprise, for I had only thought of my home pet as a child, while others have found out, it seems, that she is a beautiful young lady. When we entered the parlor again I said: 'Perhaps you two gentlemen don't know you are cousins.' John Hadley threw up his head contemptuously and replied: 'You must be mistaken. Judge Hadley is my father, you know.' "Yes," said I, 'and Mrs. Benson is his own sister; you must thank me for giving you an aunt and cousin who stand so high with the best people of our city.' "He muttered something and was gone. William looked chagrined, but I told him 'twas time his secret was divulged, and there was no chance of being accused of having mercenary motives now. "You must have guessed that he is the Willie Hale Benson of whom you have heard. As soon as you can, give me an answer for them both, for according to their own accounts they will suffer untold agonies while they are kept in suspense. As to your choice in this matter, I trust you perfectly. There, I didn't tell you a moment too soon; for here comes William; will you stay and give your own answer?" "Oh, no, papa, dear." She put her face close to his. "You can tell Willie I like him, just a little, and—don't tell him this, I wish he was rich, for wealth and ease look very tempting." "As she made her exit she heard her father say, "Inconsistency." "But her heart was light and happy. Making Fiddle Strings. The name "catgut," as applied to the animal-fiber strings used on musical instruments, is altogether a misnomer. The cat is in no wise responsible for the string, and much as the fact is to be deplored, the manufacturers of such strings refuse to utilize cats for the supply of their material. Aminadab Slek, amended to accuracy, should speak of "they who scrape the hair of the horse upon the bowels of the cat." Violin, guitar and banjo strings, and in fact all sorts that come under the general head of "gut," are made from the entrails of lambs and cattle, from the delicate threads used for sewing racket ball covers up to the half-inch thick round belts. After a lamb is seven months old its entrails are no longer fit for making strings for violins, consequently this branch of the manufacture can only be carried on a few months in each year. "Few people," said Mr. Turner, a New York manufacturer, to a Sun reporter, "have any idea of the many uses to which gut strings are now put. They are used to hold up clock weights, for belting, for the lacing on lawn tennis and racket balls, for lacrosse scoops, for weaving fine whip covers, for jewelers' drills, and for a thousand things, I suppose, that even I do not know of. Anglers' leaders or snells? No, not at all, although most people have an idea that these are made of gut. That material would never do for such a purpose. It would get soft in the water in a few minutes and the fish would eat it off. In fact, I don't know but what it would be a good bait. Most so-called 'gut' leaders are made from silk and the best from a marine plant. "All the work of making gut strings is about the same, but greater care has to be exercised in preparing those intended for musical instruments than others. The process of manufacture is comparatively simple, but far from easy. When the entrails, for which a good price has to be paid, are thoroughly cleaned, they are split with a razor. Only one half is fit for use in violin strings. This is the upper or smooth half. The lower half is fatty, rough, and of unequal thickness. The strips are put through rollers turned by hand for eight or nine days, to take all the stretch out of them. Then they are spun, or twisted. Five or six strands go to make an E string, eight or nine an A string, and twenty are put into a D string. Then they go through a bleaching bath of sulphur fumes. After that they are twisted again. Then they are softened in pearlsh water, again subjected to the action of the sulphur fumes, twisted again, dried, and finally rubbed down smooth with pumice stone. Altogether it takes ten or eleven days to make a string. When done they are seventy-two inches long—four lengths for a violin—and thirty of them coiled separately and tied together make up the 'bundle' of the trade. "When a man and his wife engaged in a debate the other night and the dog got up and scratched to be let out of the room, they concluded that it was time to stop the discussion.

THE QUEEN'S WATCH DOG.

JOHN BROWN, THE PERSONAL ATTENDANT OF VICTORIA.

In Her Service Thirty-four Years.—The Queen's Attachment for Her Attendant.—The Trouble Which He Caused at Court. John Brown, the well-known personal attendant of Queen Victoria, who died recently at Windsor castle, at the age of fifty-six, had passed thirty-four years in the service of her majesty and the late prince consort. John Brown in England was much more widely known than many of the members of the nobility, and throughout the long years of his faithful service the queen was attached to him so greatly that he often became a bone of contention among the courtiers who were jealous of his influence over her majesty. He was a Scotchman, the son of a small farmer who lived at the Bush on the opposite side to Balmoral. He began his service in the royal family as a gillie, in 1819, and was selected by Prince Albert and the queen to go with her majesty's carriage. He was with Victoria continually during her life in the highlands of Scotland from 1848 to 1861, entering the service of the royal pair permanently in 1851, when his duty was to lead the queen's pony on her excursions. After the death of the prince consort in 1861, Victoria became more than ever attached to her humble Scotch servant, and in December, 1865, she promoted him to the position of personal attendant or body guard to herself. From that time until his death the queen never appeared in public without John Brown, and he followed her everywhere. His wishes were often much more potent than those of the members of the court, and whenever he was ill a Scotch physician was brought from Scotland to attend him, because John had no faith in English medical skill. Of late years Brown's overbearing and dictatorial manners have caused a good deal of unfavorable comment among the nobility and others, whom he annoyed when they were visiting the queen. He was not liked by the Prince of Wales or the Duke of Edinburgh, who complained that he did not know his place; but the more he was snubbed by nobles and princes the more graciously the queen smiled upon him and added to the favors which she bestowed on him. Among the special favors granted him was the exclusive right to shoot over some of the royal preserves, and quite recently the queen threw open the state apartments at Windsor, at his request, for the mayor of Windsor, after having refused to do so for others of high rank. John Brown proved an invaluable man to the queen's household, and his personal attachment to his mistress was unshaken. His personal anxiety on her account amounted almost to a mania. It is said that he was greatly worried two years ago when the queen was shot at by a lunatic, because he had not been able to prevent the shot from being fired, and because the man was captured by strangers in the crowd instead of himself. John Brown was not treated by the queen as a mere servant. He was rather a friend and confidential adviser. He was not of importance enough to be admitted to the royal table, but he was too great a man to eat with the servants of the household, and the result was that when the queen traveled three lunches had to be prepared—one for the royal party, one for the servants and a third one for John Brown. It is said that John, with the proverbial Highland shrewdness, feathered his nest well during the long years of his service. A recent London letter speaking of him, shows the familiarity which existed between him and the queen, and the trouble which it caused at court: "Ladies in waiting of exalted rank," it says, "have rebelled openly against the breach of etiquette his familiarity has created, and refused to be made a party to it; but, snubbed by them, he was only the more graciously treated by his royal mistress. He follows the queen like a shadow from palace to palace, in public and in private, behind her chair at her meals, in the rumble of her carriage in her drives, bending over to exchange a few words, and calmly possessing himself of her field-glass to inspect some distant maneuver at a review." The queen herself, writing of John Brown in 1867, in a footnote in her "Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," says: "His attention, care and faithfulness cannot be exceeded, and the state of my health, which of late years has been sorely tried and weakened, renders such qualifications most valuable, and, indeed, most needful, in a constant attendant upon all occasions. He has all the independence and elevated feelings peculiar to the Highland race, and is singularly straightforward, simple-minded, kind-hearted and disinterested, always ready to oblige and of a discretion rarely to be met with." Brown was a heavily built, fine-looking Scotchman, six feet one inch in height, with a broad chest and a well-developed muscle. He had a large, full face and high forehead, a well-shaped head, with gray hair at the sides, well brushed up to hide the bald spot on top. His appearance and his devotion to the queen caused him to be known throughout England as the "Watch Dog." —New York Times.

THE CHIMNEYS SONG.

Over the chimney the night wind sang / And the chanted melody no one knew; / And the woman stopped as her babe she / To see, / And thought of the one she had long since / Lost, / And said, as her teardrops beat she forehead— / "I hate the wind in the chimney!" / Over the chimney the night wind sang, / And chanted a melody no one knew; / And the children said, as they closer drew, / " 'Tis some witch that is leaving the black / Night through— / 'Tis a fairy that just then blew, / And we fear the wind in the chimney." / Over the chimney the night wind sang, / And chanted a melody no one knew; / And the man, as he sat on his hearth below, / Said to himself: "It will surely snow, / And fuel is dearer and wages low— / And I'll stop the leak in the chimney." / Over the chimney the night wind sang, / And chanted a melody no one knew; / But the poet listened and smiled, for he / Was man, woman and child—all three, / And he said, " 'Tis God's own harmony, / The wind that sings in the chimney." —Prof. Hart.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

If you don't want to lose your gun, never let it go off. You can't well sell your eyes, but you can often lend an ear to a good purpose. A bonnet covered with birds does not sing, but the fellow who has to pay for it whistles when the bill comes in. —New York Commercial. Some of the old railroad men are thinking of a process to paralyze and petrify tramps so that they can be used as cross-ties. —Pittsburg. The orator remarked, "What has this country to expect after the Forty-seventh Congress?" and a hoarse whisper from the gallery responded, "The forty-eighth." Did you ever shake hands with a beautiful girl about twenty years of age, who, instead of letting her hand lie in yours like a sick fish, gave you a good, hearty grasp? If you have, you know what solid comfort is. —Rochester Express. Fashionable young club men of New York, sans aims and sans brains, who ape the British snob in their dress, are called "dudes." We do not see much economy in the new name. The old title, "idiots," contains only one more letter. —Norristown Herald. There was a man he had a clock, His name was Matthew Mears; He wound it regular every day For four and twenty years. At last his precious timepiece proved An eight-day clock to be, And a madder man than Mr. Mears You'd never wish to see. A man was quickly munching on a piece of pie in a saloon, Friday morning, when a look of distress suddenly displaced the serene expression on his face. Taking something from between his teeth, and looking at it, he cried to the waiter, "Here you, there's a stone I found in this pie!" The waiter took it, glanced at it critically, and handing it back, briefly said: "It's no good to us; you can have it." —Danbury News. "And what, in the name of goodness, is this?" asked Mrs. David Davis, as the senator juggled something into the room and dropped it at her feet. "This is my shirt, darling, and I will be greatly obliged if you will sew on a button for me." "David Davis," said the lady, sternly, "when you bring me your shirt I will sew on a button for you, with pleasure, as becomes a fond and dutiful wife; but just now, sir, I must insist upon your removing this circus-canvas from my apartment." —Cincinnati Enquirer. A remarkable woman: Dr. Abernethy, the celebrated physician, was never more displeased than by hearing a patient detail a long account of troubles. A woman, knowing Abernethy's love of the laconic, having burned her hand, called at his house. Showing him her hand, she said: "A burn." "A poultice," quietly answered the learned doctor. The next day she returned and said: "Better." "Continue the poultice," replied Dr. A. In a week she made her last call and her speech was lengthened to three words: "Well, your fee?" "Nothing," said the physician; "you are the most sensible woman I ever saw." —Harper's Bazar. Youthful Suicides. Recently a writer, making some general observations upon French affairs, remarked upon the number of children, of the age of twelve and under, that annually commit suicide in Paris. The writer speculated upon the motive that could have induced the little unfortunates to commit the act. But youthful suicides are to be found in the United States, also. If statistics were taken, the result would probably be discovered to be startling. Shame and fear have sometimes been the motives, mingled, perhaps, with feelings of indignation. Thus children, and particularly boys, have received or who shot of Thomas J. Brown, severe corporal band of Pennsylvania, recently found killed and Luther McGill, who hesitation in our children of Charles G. Nagill's death. —Wesley. JUSTIN SLAWKEY, Register, Tionesta, Pa., Dec. 13th, 1883. The Forest Republican.