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SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

Because in a day of my days to come There waiteth a grief to be, Shall my heart grow faint, and my lips be dumb, In this day that is bright for me? Because of a subtle sense of pain, Like a pulse-beat threaded through 'The bliss of my thought, shall I dare refrain From delight from the pure and true? In the harvest fields shall I cease to glean Since the bloom of the spring has fled? Shall I veil my eyes to the noonday sheen Since the dew of the morn hath sped? Nay, phantom ill with warning hand, Nay, ghosts of the weary past; Serene as in armor of faith I stand, Yemay not hold me fast. Your shadows across my sun may fall, But as bright the sun shall shine; For I walk in a light ye cannot pall, The light of the King Divine. And whatever He sends from day to day, I am sure that His name is Love; And He never will let me lose my way To my rest in His home above.

MY TRIP TO NEW YORK.

On one of the moist disagreeable days of last March I walked two miles to the postoffice; not that I expected anything special, but then one must go somewhere. To my surprise I found a letter. It was from my old school friend, Mary Ann Bromley, now Mrs. Richard Remington, of New York. This is what she wrote: My Dear Martha Bates Perry—You know as well as I do, that your birthday comes on the 15th of March. I like to refer to it in that way. It sounds classical. On that day you are to receive your legacy from your great-aunt Perry, if you ask for it, according to instructions. It follows that you must come to New York, and being in New York, you must come to me. To confide to you a secret: I do not find life in New York perfectly delectable, with a husband who is oblivious of my existence eighteen hours out of twenty-four. But then there are compensations. I shall present to you Scipio Africanus, a prince in exile, who amuses me intensely. Moreover, he cooks me toothsome dinners and drives me out. Rick will take time to look up from his briefs long enough to assure you that he is "very glad to see you"—which will be the truth. Do not fail to write me just when to expect you, that we may meet you—the prince and myself, the prince will be on the box. You know you were always such a goose, dear, but always the dearest of dears, to your friend, MARY ANN BROMLEY. I read this letter sitting on the settee behind the molasses cask in the postoffice, put it in my pocket, tied down my veil, drew on my woolen mittens, and started home in the teeth of the north wind in about as dazed a condition as I had ever been in my life. I could not even trust myself to think till I had found Nell. Nell was my next youngest sister. Tom came between us. Tom was nineteen, Nell was seventeen, and though four years younger than I, she was wonderfully clever, and could see daylight through a perplexity while I was adjusting my glasses. I found Nell in the kitchen trying to make the dish-wiper describe an exact horizontal with the line, behind the stove. She deliberately wiped her hands, and gave the little sheet a hurried glance up and down (but in that one glance she took it all in), then handed it back with a decided nod of approval. "Patty—I'd offer you my hand if I was sure of its being clean." "What would you do, Nell, if you were in my place?" "If I were in your place, you tempter! Why don't you ask me what I would not do?" "That is it, Nell, you can see your way to the end of everything before I accomplish the first steps." "Well, then your first steps lie in the direction of the postoffice, with an acceptance of your friend's invitation." "Nell—you know I've never been twenty miles from home in my life—you know that old legacy, is it worth going after—I have no idea it is anything but a few moth-eaten stuff dresses." "Patty, never mind the legacy—very likely it isn't worth the price of a new pair of shoes, but what of that; it's the going to New York, and the visit with Marian, and the prince on the box—and—" "Oh," I cried—hotly, "he's a humbug, anyway I have no faith in him, and I shall tell Marian so when I write her; she was always taking up with humbugs—and that's why she took up with me." "Tell her what you please, only write her," said Nell, putting over the potatoes for dinner. After dinner I wrote my letter. Nell insisted that I should go that very week. "It isn't but a minute now to your birthday anyway, and you want to make the most and best of your visit." "But, Nell, where is the money to come from?" "Never mind the money, we can manage that! Potatoes sell for \$1 a bushel now, and I heard Tom say there were thirty bushels over in the cellar." "But the going is only the beginning," cried I, throwing myself into the old chintz-covered rocking chair by the south window. What am I to do when I get there? It's all very well for you, who have seen something of folks and of places; you've had two quarters' schooling in Brown academy, and you know something of in with; while I have digged and

delved in this kitchen all my life, you know I have! She came over to me quickly, but I hadn't had my say yet. "It's been pinch here, and pinch there with all of us, and the only accomplishment I possess of my childhood's furnishing is old Meb's warwhoop." "I would do it then, now, if I wanted to," said Nell, smiling. "You won't! Then you shall listen." She sat down and put her arm around me. "Do you suppose, brave heart, that Tom and I and all the rest of us, beginning with father and ending with Tot, do you suppose that we don't know that you have kept us, body and soul? You have been mother" (she stopped a moment with a little choke), "you have been sister and counselor and friend, bread and butter, and sunshine, and life to us all, and while you have been all this, what have you done for yourself? Talk about furnishing—talk about accomplishment! Patty, you're a walking encyclopedia and you know it! No, I won't stop. You have not lived on the top of the cars to be sure, but you can repeat more Shakeaspre." I put my hand over her mouth. "What good will Shakespeare do me? It is you who ought to go in my place, and you shall," cried I, springing up. "As if I could! Is my name Martha Bates Perry? Was I the first born, named from my great-aunt Bates, legally appointed her successor, to go to New York on my twenty-first birthday, and receive in due form whatever there might be—as you've very well known all your life?" finished Nell, springing up and spreading out her hands. And so, as the situation seemed to be forced upon me, I couldn't do any better than to prepare for it. I mended my black alpaca dress and sent for a pint of ammonia to cleanse my old broadcloth cloak. I gave Nell minute instructions about household matters—how long to boil the beans for Saturday and how much salt to put in the brown bread. "Now, Dame Dueden, please don't!" said Nell, tossing the fifth pair of mended stockings into the basket. "I will take good care, you may be sure, and don't you forget all about us." "Oh, Nell, as if I ever could!" "Then forget all about the baked beans and brown bread part of us, and buy yourself a nice dress and be the queen you deserve to be." I looked over at Nell. She had coiled her hair in heavy puffs on the top of her head and the fringe around her neck was as white as snow. She had sat down where the gold from the west window touched her hair to such a bronze. No painter could ever hope to catch it, though I could well believe he might almost wish to die for it. After dinner the day before I was to leave home, I went up into the garret, broom in hand, and dusted, inside and out, an old horse-hair trunk which had done duty through two generations of my ancestors. To cleanse it from the dust of two decades and drag it to the light of day, down a tortuous, winding pair of back stairs to my chamber was the work of an hour. I had folded a newspaper in the bottom and had commenced the unique task of packing when Nell opened the door of my room. "In the name of all that's human, what are you doing?" "Trying to coax my six linen collars, and as many handkerchiefs to adapt themselves to the dimensions of this paper box," I replied, squeezing down the cover. Nell stood a moment as if undecided what to do next, then she suddenly collapsed in the doorway, and threw her apron over her head, rocking herself back and forth, and sending out peal after peal of laughter. "When you get ready or recover yourself," I said, "perhaps you will be willing to tell me what you are laughing at." "That trunk! horse-hair in New York! Why Patty, it was that identical trunk that Mrs. Noah had before she went into the ark, and she survived to this day!" "Which I regard as a... illustration of the survival of the fittest," I replied, laying in a dress. "But you know I have... after one, at least I have one that do not look quite so much like a mummy case as that, and to drag that trunk in here, and lay it figuratively speaking at your feet, shall be my first—" I planted myself firmly against the door. "No, Nell, that trunk is yours, not mine, you picked berries for that trunk in the broiling sun, while I—" "Staid at home and cooked us something to eat over a broiling stove. It belongs to you as much as to me and you shall take it." "No, Nell, I will not; I am a perfect goose, I know, but I will not be a perfect sham—I will go down to New York, neither the one thing nor the other—only just what I am. I will take no borrowed finery and no borrowed trunk." "But couldn't we manage to pull out those horrid brass letters on the side?" Marian will know you when she sees you." "And I mean she shall," cried I, flaring up. "M. P. stands for Martin Perry; it also stands for Martha Perry, that's my name, and I'm not going back upon it until I do something to disgrace it. The B. in the middle needn't make any great difference that I can see." "Wait till you get back from New

York, and then tell me what you think about the B. in the middle, you unworldly creature," laughed Nell, as I slammed down the cover, and she helped me fasten the old strap. "And now," said I, "one more thing remains—I must rush to the woods. I must give myself one more Indian warwhoop, if I die for it." "Oh, it won't kill you, you will live all the longer! take the carving knife with you for a tomahawk and if you meet the ghost of old Meb in the forest shades, give her my compliments, and be sure and be back in time for supper—it's poor economy to be absent at meal time." Nell was laughing, as she shut the doors after me, but she unconsciously used a word that sent my nerves all reasoning. "Economy," didn't I know all about its hateful twists and turns. Wasn't I the oldest of six children and father's farm stuck like a ridge pole on the very rockiest, bleakest corner of all New England, with its sterile pasturage, its wood-lawns, its gaping corner lots and its tumble-down buildings, descended to him from his father, covered all over with mortgages at that—the only thing that had stood between us and the poorhouse. Hadn't I seen my mother's pale face grow paler every year, till three years before the first day of winter, she placed in my arms the little baby for whose life she gave her own! I accepted the trust as an older sister's portion, and henceforth life became to me more than ever a duty. The only character that gave any originality to my childhood was the Indian woman Meb, who strolled into my native town without giving any account of the way she came, and who after a while disappeared mysteriously. But she taught me the war-whoop of her tribe, and I had never forgotten it. There had been times when it had been my safety-valve. That night I held Tot longer than usual lingering over the undressing. Come what might, I had always given the child her half-hour every night. It was her time; I brushed her blonde curls and sang softly to her. Before I retired father came stumbling into my room and placed twenty dollars in my hand. I wanted to thank him, but somehow I couldn't speak—words "stuck in my throat" so, these last days. "I's'pose you won't hev to pay from the depot to Richard Remington's house, though I should rather pay my way in a respectable manner, than to be beholden to such a feller as Mary Ann Bromley describes. Mary Ann Bromley was allers a high flier, in my opinion, an' I du hope she won't get you into trouble with her flighty ways." He turned to go out, and I opened the door for him. I think I never appreciated the sterling integrity of my father's character as I did at that minute. One thing that he had said revealed the true motives of his life. He was an old man—old and broken before his years, bowed down, with their accumulated weight; his hands were rough with toil, his manners were not formed after Chesterfield; he was not always sure of his English, but thank God, my father was an honest man. "To pay his way" had been the rule of his life. We arrived in New York on time, I and Mrs. Noah's trunk, my best black alpaca and my made-over broadcloth cloak. All I have to say about the circumstance is, briefly, if I was not equal to the occasion, Marian Remington was. I found her as utterly unlike what I remembered of her as one woman could possibly be unlike another, and yet there was the same warm heart behind it all! If ever mortal made crooked paths straight and rough places plain, she did. Everything was delightful to me but the "Prince," and toward him I did not relent. "I am surprised at you, Marian," I said, "not to see the evil in that man. If I know anything, I know he is not to be trusted." Marian only laughed. "Your judgment is at fault, my dear. He has been with us a year, and I have never had occasion to doubt his honesty; and for his dinners, you must confess they are faultless." They certainly were. My birthday sun rose without a cloud; March was evidently making up his mind to settle down to steady, quiet work. With the old yellow paper, containing the instructions of my great-aunt Bates—who, by the way, I had never seen—Marian and I made our way without any trouble to the place designated. "A more antiquated spot could not be found in New York," said Marian, as she lifted the heavy brass knocker. "I wonder it has not fallen or pushed aside, ages ago." Judge of my surprise when, all preliminaries having been arranged, I was made the recipient of a square tin box! whatever it might contain it had no weight to speak of, there was no jingling, no rattling, no moving from one side to another. It was as empty as air, and light as a feather. There was no key to unlock it, no word accompanying it. On our way home Marian ordered the "exile" to stop at Mr. Remington's office, and there in the midst of a profound stillness, save for the squeaking of the rusty hinges as they yielded to Mr. Remington's "open sesame," guiltless of wrappings or adornment of any

kind, we solemnly drew forth a brown stocking bag—we turned it inside and out, held it up to the light of day, opened it this way and that—there was nothing else—not even as much as a ball of yarn or a skein of thrumbs. Then we went home, Marian and I. We did not laugh much, we certainly did not cry; the whole thing seemed so like the freak of imbecility it was pitiable, but I was glad that I nor any of my family had ever built any air castles over my legacy, that we had never stopped in our busy whirl to give it a thought. When got to my room I opened my horse-hair trunk, and deposited it, tin box and all, safe in the bottom. It was a thud in my room that awoke me. I cannot describe it by any other word. It was not a foot-step—it was not the turning of a key, or the grating of a file in the lock, or the opening of a door. It was not outside or in the wall, but right in my room. So perfectly did I possess myself, when I awoke, that I was able instantly to locate myself and my belongings. As I lay perfectly still, I heard a clock striking the hour of "two"—the deal hour of the night. Presently, there was a little stir, as of the moving of cautious feet on the carpet, toward my bed. I was able then to locate the stand. My trunk stood in the corner of the room, near the door leading to the hall. I had locked this door when I retired, but the intruder must have picked his way there, for the room had no other access. Whoever he was, he was making his way straight for me. What could I do? I thought of my poor old father and Nell, and the boy—of Tot asleep in her warm bed, of what I had meant to do for them all. I thought of my old home, and of the cozy corner where I used to sit and read in the afternoons, of my books and their belongings. This had occupied but a second, but in it I had lived years. A little jar of the bed! He was there, then. Marian's room was separated from mine by a double wall. If I screamed she might not hear me. Was there nothing, then, nothing? I lifted a silent prayer for help and the answer came like a flash. It was the accomplishment I received from old Meb that saved me. I concentrated all my strength in one wild whoop. It was enough to wake all the sleeping Indians west of the Mississippi. Something clicked against the bedpost and somebody rushed out of my room, hitting his feet against my trunk at the door, with more noise and less ceremony than he had observed in entering. "You have had a terrible nightmare," said Marian, shivering all over. "I thought every redskin that ever lived was flourishing a tomahawk over my defenseless head—I hope I've got my scalp left." "Marian, how did you get it into my room?" "Found the door wide open—lucky that your door was not locked, though Rick would have burst the door to have reached you." "Is there anything under my bed?" "Dreaming yet, are you, dear?" She smiled as she stooped. The night-lamp in her hand flashed over something on the carpet. It was a burglar's file. Scipio Africanus must have received an urgent call to his own country, for he was never seen thereafter in this. I suppose he thought that tin box contained valuables; failing to find it under my pillow, he would have searched my trunk. "Who would have believed it of him," said Marian, the next day at dinner. April Fool's day came on Saturday, last year. If a mine of silver had opened at my feet in New York, I believe I should have hastened home to spend the day with the children. We used to make it a kind of high day. I had come on with my tin box and stocking-bag—just the same, however, and after a morning of merry-making I sat down with Nell to mend stockings. "It is strange about this bag," said Nell, tugging away at a stitch with the point of her scissors. "What is strange about it?" "Don't you notice how it puckers in this corner? It seems as if it was not cut evenly, or else—" I was honeycombing the heel of Tom's new sock and didn't notice Nell's sudden silence till she pulled at my sleeve. "Patty!" She held a little paper in her hand. "I found it sewed in this seam." She had spread it out and was trying to read it: "To any one who has wit and perseverance enough to find this paper, I give and bequeath—" "Why, Patty! what does it mean?" "It means, my dear Nell," said I, glancing over the paper and noting the signature, "it means that you have been left a fortune and you are going to be the queen you deserve to be, and that I am the true April fool after all!"—Springfield Republican.

FASHION NOTES.

White toilets are mere masses of embroidery. Small buttons are used, but speckled in colors to match fabrics. Postilion backs are the most frequent finish for pointed corsets. The empire puff worn at the bottom of the skirt has been revived in Paris. Late importation of Paris dresses have larger tournures and hip draperies. Buckles, large and small, are the popular millinery ornaments this season. Box platings and flat puffs appear around the bottom of many pointed bodices. Long lace mitts are finished with soft, full feathered out ruchings, matching the shades in the dress or its trimmings. Embroidered nun's veiling is the craze for young ladies who want a dress that is "just too lovely for anything." Very wide ribbons broadcated with single huge roses are among the importations. The question is what can be done with them. Tea-colored ginghams, checked in a darker shade and bordered with the same in a Greek pattern, are among the novelties in washing fabrics. Gathered black lace cloaks shirred and trimmed with Barcelona lace and wide satin bows are among the most distinguished summer wraps. Draperies across the hips remain very large; back draperies do not descend very low on the dress skirt, especially when there are flounces all around the skirt. All the shades of gray are fashionably worn, and some very pretty gray chamberbers have been made up and trimmed with white Saxony lace and clustering loops of gray and pink satin ribbon. The newest satens are combinations of apricot, red raspberry, strawberry, or gray tints, plain tints with shaded roses, palm leaves or bulbous blossoms on tinted ground, matching the plain material. New pelisses are made of mixtures of silk and wool in Indian or Persian patterns, and in oriental blending of colors. They are lined with apricot, strawberry or olive twilled silk, and finished with bows of wide satin ribbon. The Petersham felt hat for young ladies and misses is as masculine as any worn by youths in their teens. It is of London felt, with sloping crown and slightly rolled brim, and its severe trimming is a ribbed velvet band and steel buckle. Two kid bands, with buckles and straps, also trim these English walking-hats, and the binding of the brim must be of the same kind. Little girls' dresses of Turkey red or blue percale are made with low, square necks and short sleeves, to wear over white gimpes. Blue bows are on the red dresses and red bows are on the blue ones. There are twelve tucks down the front and back of the long waists, and embroidered ruffles over the skirt. Their white pique dresses are trimmed with open guipure embroidery, and shrimp-pink bows are worn with these. Mongolian Gamblers in New York. One Lung High, a Celestial gentleman of leisure, says that all the houses in Mott street inhabited by Chinese are gambling dens except two. The proportion of Mongolian gaming resorts in Pell street is even greater. There are two hundred professional Chinese gamblers in the city. They make their living off the simple and industrious laundrymen around town. Two thousand dollars has been lost at their tables in one night by a single player. Most of the yellow men returning to China from New York are gamblers who have been lucky. A number of Chinese faro dealers have gone back to the flowery land with \$4,000 apiece, the result of a single year's successful banking in their special line. Mongolian laundrymen are so infatuated with games of hazard that they have often lost in Mott street the savings of months and then gambled away their clothes, shoes and flat-irons. As large a sum as \$250 is sometimes put up on one game, and won or lost in a moment. The largest bank in Mott street has a capital of \$10,000. The smaller ones have \$300 and \$400 each. An average bank has about \$4,000. They play mostly "skin games." A Chinaman who last year left the earnings of several years at a gambling house in Mott street is said to have committed suicide, though the fact was never made public. When the yellow gamblers lose heavily they get excited and knock each other down or draw their knives and join in a general fight. The cases of assault and battery among Chinese which come up at the Tombs police court almost invariably are gambling rows. The combatants either fight in the gaming den or rush from it into the street and join battle there. By a tacit agreement neither defendant or complainant permits the character of the resort they were in to be known to the court. When the game does not run right the gamblers adjourn to the sidewalk and hark-kari each other there.—New York Journal.

MY OWN SHALL COME.

Serene I fold my hands and wait, Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea, I rave no more 'gainst time or fate, For lo! my own shall come to me. I stay my haste, I make delays, For what avails this eager pace? I stand amid the eternal ways, And what is mine shall know my face. A sleep, awake, by night or day, The friends I seek where it has gone; No wind can drive my bark astray Nor change the tide of destiny. What matter if I stand alone? I wait with joy the coming years, My heart shall leap where it has sown And garner up the fruit of tears. The planets know their own and draw, The tide turns to the sea; I stand serene amidst nature's law And know my own shall come to me. The stars come nightly to the sky, The dew falls on the lea; Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high, Can keep my own away from me. —Denver News. HUMOR OF THE DAY. A relic hunter—A fellow endeavoring to capture a widow. Thieves are always willing to "take a hand" in any business. A sound education can only be obtained from a music master. Spring fashions prevail all the year round at the circus.—New York Journal. A man lately married, was asked at the club about his bride. "Is she pretty?" "No," replied he, "she is not, but she will be when her father dies." Literary query: A new book is entitled "Short Sayings of Great Men." When are we to have the "Great Sayings of Short Men?"—New York News. Nothing so strongly tests a man's veracity as to be summoned to the door to be confronted by the question: "Are you the head of the house?"—Yonkers Statesman. Careful housekeeper at breakfast: "Bridget, Bridget, there's a fly in the room." "Yis, indade, ma'am, I know there is. It got in this morning, when me back was turned." Painted sashes are said to be fashionable, but on the cross-roads the weather-beaten pine-sash, with an old hat supplying the place of glass, may still be seen.—Boston Bulletin. It was "Darling George" when a bridal couple left Omaha; it was "Dear George" at Chicago; at Detroit it was "George," and when they reached Niagara Falls it was "Say you!" A calculation shows that a Dundee spinner must spin sixty miles of yarn to earn \$2. Almost any country store can produce men that will spin a longer yarn for nothing.—Pittsburg Telegraph. Lightning struck a contribution plate in a Western church just as the deacon was passing it around. "This is the first time anything has struck this plate for three months," said the deacon, thoughtfully. "Everything is as regular as clock-work about my house," said Brown, who was showing the splendors of his new residence to some of his friends. "Yes," said Fogg, "it is tick, tick, all the time, I suppose."—Boston Transcript. A five-year-old who went to school for the first time came home at noon, and said to his mother: "Mamma, I don't think that teacher knows much." "Why not, dear?" "Why, she kept asking questions all the time. She asked where the Mississippi river was." A girl, seven or eight years old, slipped down on Woodward avenue the other day. As she was picking herself up a pedestrian said: "Don't cry, sissy." "Who's going to?" she sharply demanded, as she rose up. "I guess when a girl has got her mother's shawl on she ain't going to let anybody know she's hurt!"—Detroit Free Press. Two little girls met on the street the other day, and one said to the other: "I've put all my dolls into deep mourning, and it's so becoming to them! Come over and see them." "What did you do that for?" "Oh, we had a c'laimy. Our dog got killed, and there didn't anybody care but me and them; we've just cried our eyes out." Then the other little girl said in slow, deliberate tones: "May Wilson, ain't you lucky, though? There's always something happening you."—Detroit Post. WHY SHE'S SO CHARMING. Poets may sing of hours fair, With oh, such wealth of golden hair; Such eyes, such lips! such—I don't care, They can't compare with Jessie! Painters may blend their colors bright, With rainbow tints and soft moonlight, But never in their widest flight, Could they come near my Jessie. Sculptors may chisel from the stone Ideals that need but breath alone To live and move, and yet not one Could ever equal Jessie. You ask me why this maiden rare So charming is beyond compare? Well, her papa's a millionaire, An only child my Jessie!—Delawarean, only Navy blue remains the color for yachting and mountain