

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XVI. NO. 10.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1883.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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WHAT SEED SHALL WE SOW?

A wonderful thing is a seed, The one thing deathless forever! The one thing changeless—eternity true, Forever old and forever new, And field and faithless never.

PENRYN'S WARD.

"I don't want to seem impertinent, old fellow, but I should really like to know how you happened to do it? I should, by Jove!"

"Got married, you mean?" "Why, yes; you were old enough—" "To know better, eh?" interrupted Larry Penryn, knocking the ashes off his cigar.

"Precisely," answered his friend; "and you see, nobody expected it of you, because you were always so certain of remaining a bachelor, and gave everybody your word for it."

"When I said I should die a bachelor, I did not think I would live to be married," quoted Penryn, yet with a reflected cast in his eye to satisfy one that something more rational was to be expected.

It was a cool night, and there was confidence burning in the coals upon the hearth, and the two men sitting beside it, with the tobacco between them, were old cronies. Time and circumstances had drifted in between them, but for this one night, at least, they were together again, and at talking as women are said to talk to each other of the hidden life, but as only men can, because of common morals, common manners and common follies.

"I really could not help it, Tom," said Penryn, looking hard into the fire. "It really seemed the only thing to do at the time!"

It was rather a strange reason to give for so grave an event, but looking into the calm, strong face of the man—taking into consideration the massive, intellectual brow, the firm, yet tender mouth, one might know that it could be nothing less than worthy a true and honorable gentleman, however anomalous in form.

"You want to know all about it?" at last, he said, with a laugh, and blowing up a fog of blue smoke around him he settled deeper in his armchair as if the story were not a short one. "Well, to begin with, my wife is the daughter of Halstead Scot, whom you doubtless remember."

Now, indeed, did blank surprise sit upon the countenance of Penryn's friend, who did remember Halstead Scot, whose stupendous rascality and breach of trust had convulsed a city, and of whose miserable self-murder the world yet talked about.

"I do not wonder that you are surprised that I should have married the daughter of such a man, especially as that man was not supposed to have a daughter up to the hour of his death, but hear the story, and reserve your judgment until you get the case."

"About six months previous to Scot's suicide, when his irregular practice was only being hinted at, softly, among the knowing ones, he came to my office one day and wanted me to join him in the prosecution of some cotton claims against the government."

"I thought it rather queer that a man in his position should approach me—scarcely a full-fledged barrister—with propositions of such magnitude, but, more out of curiosity than any actual idea of taking hold of the matter, I asked for time to look into the case."

"The papers were old, yellow, apparently without a flaw, and involving millions of dollars, yet I concluded that, in justice to my own clients, I could not undertake to work in the case. The next thing that came was Scot's suicide, and the papers rang with his attempted fraud, his forgery and the complaints of the people whose moneys he had held in trust and speculated away. At this point in the unhappy man's history, my real connection with him began. The morning following his death there came to me, through the mails, a letter reading something in this wise:

"LARRY PENRYN—I believe you to be an honest man. I therefore give the enclosed papers into your keeping, feeling sure that the secret they contain will be safe with you, and that you will protect from all painful knowledge the being whose life they so vitally concern."

"(Signed), HALSTEAD SCOT."

"Now comes the most singular part of the story. The papers enclosed were a certificate of marriage between Halstead Scot and Gabrielle Wyndham; government bonds to the amount of thirty thousand dollars, registered in the name of Gabrielle Scot, and the necessary directions for finding that person."

"Two days later there came to me another letter, written in a cramped, old-fashioned and feminine style, from which, as I opened it, there fell out a printed slip cut from some newspaper, and giving an account of Scot's unhappy end. The letter itself was scant of words and ceremony, and briefly stated that Scot had informed the writer that in case of his death I was to act as Mrs. Gabrielle's guardian, and requesting earnestly that I would see

my ward at my earliest convenience, and this letter was signed—Patience Wyndham.

"Fortunately for my curiosity and the exigencies of the case, I could get away from town just at that particular time, and as there really seemed no way of decently abandoning the trust without betraying the dead man's confidence, I started off at once."

"It was a romantic little country place at which I found them, with mountains all around the half-hundred of houses; the church, the store, the tavern that formed the village, and near a little waterfall, that was a waterfall, not because some fellow with an eye for picturesque effect had built a dam across its course, but because there was an abrupt descent in the rock at that point, I found Miss Patience Wyndham's house."

"I had fetched her letter with me, and upon sending it in with my name, I was immediately admitted to the presence of a stately dame, whose attire was copied from some Quaker ancestress, and whose very countenance and manner bespoke her name—Patience. She asked me a great many questions about Halstead Scot, which I could but answer with the meager, unpleasant truths that formed my stock of knowledge respecting the man, and then it came her turn to talk. She told me that three years ago, when she was but eighteen, her mother died, leaving her at the head of her father's household. In one year after her father married again, and fifteen months later both he and the new wife had gone the way of all flesh, leaving Patience, at twenty, alone in the world, with an infant sister three months old to care for, and an income that only, with the strictest economy, could be made adequate to their needs."

"Well, for twenty years this woman, putting her youth and everything that is natural to it under her feet, was mother, sister, everything to Gabrielle, who grew from babyhood into a lovely girl, doing only 'her duty' with unconscious heroism, and giving me the record as if it were something scarcely worth the telling, only that it was necessary to explain."

"As I said before, the child grew up to be a lovely girl, fair and graceful, pure and good, and the faithful sister found all recompense now for what at first must have been all sacrifice, in this only thing of kindred blood left her."

"At length there came a young lawyer one summer-time to fish and hunt in that quiet country place, and before Miss Patience quite came to realize the danger the heart of her sister-child was won from her, and the couple were married."

"To make a long story short, this young lawyer was Halstead Scot. Six months he spent happily with his young wife, then he went away, and, although he wrote her occasionally, he forbade her always to join him, and so the fair, frail creature faded day by day, until the hour when her baby came struggling into life, and then shut her weary eyes for ever on a world wherein she had grown so sadly tired—wherein she had learned the bitterness of unfiled graves, and death that renders not unto dust—and Patience Wyndham was once more left to fill the mother's office to a worse than orphaned child."

"Fifteen years passed, and, stirred by a feeling of remorse, by a remembrance of his old romance or what not, Scot came once more to the little village under the mountains. He refused to see his daughter, and told Miss Wyndham enough of his own career to satisfy her that it was wisest so, but the week following his visit, a pure white monument, in form of a broken column, was erected over his wife's grave, and every six months during the remainder of his life there came regularly a certain sum of money to Miss Wyndham for the support of the young Gabrielle."

"This was the whole of the story, as that sweet old saint told it to me, and naturally I grew extremely anxious to see the child of romance, over whom I was so singularly appointed guardian."

"The child does not know her father's history," said Miss Patience, "and I could wish she might remain always in happy ignorance of it," and then the child came in.

"She was fair-haired, slight, blue-eyed, graceful, shy, with nothing of her father about her in appearance or characteristics, and after a few days I came home, not in love with my ward, as you suspect, but thinking her a pure, innocent child, wonderfully born of such a father, and really not dissatisfied with my guardianship."

"In fact, my charge was no burden to me while Miss Patience lived, and the thirty thousand dollars made all clear for the future, I imagined, with a man's wonderful understanding of a woman's needs; and so for three years, placidly the time went on; then there came a note from Gabrielle herself, announcing the serious illness of her aunt, and I went hastily away into the country."

"I found Miss Wyndham dying; her noble sands of life were almost told, and there will be few whiter robes in heaven than that she wears. She had no fear for herself in that passing away; only a great thought, reaching out into the future, for the young girl whom she must leave alone in a world

where even her saintly eyes had seen much neither good nor true.

"I promised all that I could, and while the dying woman seemed to trust me, she understood better than I how little equal to the protection of a young girl's life an unmarried man can be, and was but half-satisfied when the final moment came."

"Poor Gabrielle was distracted; she clung to me as to a brother. I pitied her, but I pitied myself more, because she took no thought, and I did, of the future which now loomed up before me like a terrible problem, to which the thirty thousand dollars offered not the slightest clew of solution."

"What to do with her now I did not know. I had no near female relative; I had not even the traditional old nurse to help me out of the dilemma. My business was suffering from neglect, and yet I could not leave this clinging grief-stricken girl alone and unsettled in this first space of her desolation."

"I finally determined to ask a widow lady, who was a distant relative of Halstead Scot, to take immediate charge of his daughter, but before writing to her I thought it would only be kind in me to consult my ward in the matter, and learn if there were any other arrangement possible more congenial to her own mind."

"She came to the interview looking most fair and fragile in her black dress, and listened attentively to my proposition. Then the tears which lay very near to her eyes in those sad days pushed their way from under the terse-drawn eyelids, and rolled heavily over the white young cheeks, and she said, in a trembling, pitiful way:

"Then I cannot live with you, Mr. Penryn?"

"I had rather pronounce the death sentence in a thousand cases than to be obliged again to meet the emergency that stared out of those innocent eyes at me; but something had to be done then and there, and I had rather have tried modern strangulation in my own person than to have explained to this pure child the reasons why she might not live in my house as my sister, when there seemed no other home—no heart in all the world that held for her kindly feeling save mine."

"So, and as I told you in the beginning, it seemed to be the only thing to do at the time, I asked her, as gently and delicately as I could, to marry me."

"It came very sudden to her, and especially so to me; but she consented, not that she was greatly in love with me any more than I with her, but because her quiet, straightforward life had taught her none of the hollow sentimentality of pride that would have led her to question my sincerity, or the prospect of forming a connection that held no romance but only the continued society and friendship of one whom her aunt had held in respect and trusted."

"Immediately, and beside Miss Patience's new-made bed, blanketed with a drift of sweet syringa bells, we were married, I feeling at last content that the sainted dead would rest now quietly from her labors, if her spirit might look down upon us two made one."

"And—I beg your pardon—but did it turn out well?" asked the listening friend, his cigar burned down within a hairbreadth of the blonde mustache, and smothered recklessly with a long white ash.

"Turn out well! Why, Gabriel and I have grown to love each other to a degree that makes the slightest separation unhappiness to both. There are two babies, and—Lord love you, man, I guess it did turn out well!" and the smoking Tom tumbled the long, white ash into the gayly-painted saucer at his elbow, and murmured, somewhat cynically:

"After all, it was an experiment!"

Indians in Massachusetts.

A correspondent of the Boston Post writing about the remnants of Indian tribes surviving in Massachusetts, says: It is believed by those who have an opportunity to know, that no Indian of pure aboriginal blood is now a resident in the commonwealth, they having from time to time intermarried with the whites and those of African descent. Counting all those who have Indian blood in their veins in the State, in the vestiges of tribes remaining, there are to-day not far from 1,000 persons, embraced in 225 families, and it must be borne in mind that the numbers contained in these tribes have been decreasing for over 200 years. It is a very significant fact that no tribe now existing is increasing numerically in the commonwealth.

Many Words in Little Space.

A man in Humboldt county has put 161 words into the space occupied by a nickel. He has also put 1,150 words on the face of a postal card, which contains 15 1/2 square inches. He has written the Lord's Prayer on a space covered by one side of an old-fashioned three-cent piece, and says he can put thirty thousand letters upon one side of a postal card with a steel pen without the aid of a glass.—Louis State Register.

Bismarck is not a good orator. He coughs and stammers, and stops for the right word; his sentences are involved, and often a foot long; but when he writes his native tongue, it is idiomatic and graceful.

THE BAD BOY ALL BROKE UP.

BADLY WRECKED BY FOOLING WITH AN OLD PACER.

He Drives a Minister to a Funeral.—The Result of Saying "Ye-ep" to a Former "Boss of the Road."

"Well, what's the matter with you, now?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in to the grocery on crutches, with one arm in a sling, one eye blackened, and a strip of court plaster across one side of his face. "Where was the explosion, or have you been in a fight?"

"Oh, there's not much the matter with me," said the boy, in a voice that sounded all broke up, as he took a big apple off a basket, and began peeling it with his upper front teeth. "If you think I am a wreck you ought to see the minister. They had to carry him home in installments, the way they buy sewing machines. I am all right, but they have got to stop him up with oakum and tar before he will ever hold water again."

"Good gracious, you have not had a fight with the minister, have you? Well, I have said all the time, and I stick to it, that you would commit a crime yet, and go to State prison. What was the fuss about?" and the grocery man laid the hatchet out of the boy's reach for fear he would get excited and kill him.

"Oh, it was no fuss. It was in the way of business. You see the livery man that I was working for promoted me. He let me drive a horse to haul sawdust for bedding, first, and when he found I was real careful he let me drive an express wagon to haul trunks. Day before yesterday there was a funeral, and our stable furnished the outfit. It was only a common eleven-dollar funeral, so they let me go to drive the horse for the minister—you know, the buggy that goes ahead of the hearse. They gave me an old horse that is thirty years old, that has not been off a walk since nine years ago, and they told me to give him a loose rein, and he would go along all right. It's the same old horse that used to pace so fast on the avenue, years ago, but I didn't know it. Well, I want to blame. I just let him walk along as though he was hauling sawdust, and gave him a loose rein. When we got off the pavement the fellow that drives the hearse, he was in a hurry, 'cause his folks was going to have ducks for dinner, and he wanted to get back, so he kept driving alongside of my buggy, telling me to hurry up. I wouldn't do it, 'cause the livery man told me to walk the horse. Then the minister, he got nervous, and said he didn't know as there was any use of going so slow, because he wanted to get back in time to get his lunch and go to a ministers' meeting in the afternoon, but I told him we would all get in the cemetery soon enough if we took it cool, and as for me I wasn't in no sweat. Then one of the drivers that was driving the mourners, he came up and said he had to get back in time to run a wedding down to the 1 o'clock train, and for me to pull out a little. I have seen enough of disobeying orders, and I told him a funeral in the hand was worth two weddings in the bush, and as far as I was concerned, the funeral was going to be conducted in a decorous manner, if we didn't get back till the next day. Well, the minister said in his regular Sunday-school way, 'My little man, let me take hold of the lines,' and like a blame fool I gave them to him. He slapped the old horse on the crupper with the lines and then jerked up, and the old horse stuck up his off ear, and then the hearse-driver told the minister to pull hard and saw on the bit a little and the old horse would wake up. The hearse-driver used to drive the old pacer on the track, and he knew what he wanted. The minister took off his black kid gloves and put his umbrella down between us and pulled his hat down over his head and began to pull and saw on the bit. The old cripple began to move along sort of sideways, like a hog going to war, and the minister pulled some more, and the hearse-driver, who was right behind, he said so you could hear him clear to Waukesha, 'Ye-ep,' and the old horse kept going faster, then the minister thought the procession was getting too quick, and he pulled harder, and yelled who-a' and that made the old horse worse, and I looked through the little window in the buggy top behind, and the hearse was about two blocks behind, and the driver was laughing, and the minister he got pale and said, 'My little man, I guess you better drive,' and I said, 'No, much, Mary Ann; you wouldn't let me run this funeral the way I wanted to, and now you can boss it, if you will let me get out,' but there was a street car ahead and all of a sudden there was an earthquake, and when I came to there were about six hundred people pouring water down my neck, and the hearse driver was asking if my leg was broke, and a policeman was fanning the minister with a plug hat that looked as though it had been struck by a pile-driver, and some people were hauling our buggy into the gutter, and some men were trying to take the old pacer out of the windows of the street car, and then I guess I fainted away again. Oh, it was worse than telescoping a train loaded with cattle."

"Well, I swan," said the grocery man as he put some eggs in a funnel-shaped brown paper for a servant girl. "What did the minister say when he came to?"

"Say! What could he say? He just yelled 'whoa' and kept sawing with his hands, as though he was driving. I heard that the policeman was going to pull him for fast driving till he found it was an accident. They told me, when they carried me home in a hack, that it was a wonder everybody was not killed, and when I got home pa was going to sass me, until the hearse driver told him it was the minister that was to blame. I want to find out if they got the minister's umbrella back. The last I see of it the umbrella was running up his trousers leg, and the point came out by the small of his back. But I am all right, and shall go to work to-morrow, 'cause the livery man says I was the only one in the crowd that had any sense. I understand the minister is going to take a vacation on account of his liver and nervous prostration. I would if I was him. I never saw a man that had nervous prostration any more than he did when we fished him out of the barbed wire fence, after we struck the street car. But that settles the minister business with me. I don't drive with no more preachers. What I want is a quiet party that wants to go on a walk," and the boy got up and hopped on one foot toward his crutches, filling his pistol pocket with figs as he hobbled along.

"The next time I drive a minister to a funeral, he will walk," and the boy hobbled out and hung out a sign in front of the grocery, "Smoked dogfish at halibut prices, good enough for company."

Swiss Traits.

The laborer and peasant of Switzerland have in many respects a rather hard time of it. Since the influx of foreign tourists has assumed such large proportions during the past twenty years, the cost of living has greatly increased, while the wages of the laborers remain stationary, and the few acres of ground of the peasants refuse to yield a larger harvest. Rents in cities and towns, the cost of wine, meats, flour and bread, which during the past twenty-five years have all risen at least fifty per cent., present no attractive side for men who have to work for fifty or sixty cents a day. They generally live in crowded and poorly ventilated houses, perhaps warm enough, but almost bare of furniture and comfort. If they can have meat once or twice a week, they consider themselves happy. They are badly off, for the reason that they have to work hard, live poorly, and are seldom able to save anything. But notwithstanding all this, they are happy in their way; they love their country, with its institutions; read, are intelligent; and know that intelligence and industry, and not bayonets, preserve the peace in Switzerland. As to the peasants, or small farmers, they seldom live on farms, but in clusters of houses, villages and towns. The reason thereof is that their land is seldom in one piece, but is cut up in small pieces of from one-quarter of an acre to a whole acre, and scattered for miles in different directions. The peasants are early risers, industrious, simple and economical in their habits. As in Germany and France, so in Switzerland, the women work in the fields beside the men. In fact, the women are generally quicker and more industrious than the men, and the economical principle in the former is more developed than in the latter, for these like to frequent the beer and wine saloons, and spend some of their daily earnings, or of the proceeds of their fields. They generally possess a Yankee's desire for money, but lack his shrewdness as to the ways of making and saving it. Their cares are few and, like their income, rather light. They mow their hay, herd their few cows and goats, prune their vines, and leave the outcome of their work to time and Providence. Their taxes are comparatively light, and yet the majority of these little farmers are never out of debt. Politically they are conservative democrats, loving home rule and disliking centralization.—United States Consul Cramer.

How It Was Made.

An old lady in the country had a dandy from the city to dine with her on a certain occasion. For desert there happened to be an enormous apple pie.

"La, ma'am!" said he, "how do you manage to handle such a pie?"

"Easy enough," was the reply; "we make the crust up in a wheelbarrow, wheel it under the apple tree, and then shake the fruit down into it."

An Epitaph.

The following is an epitaph on a tombstone in Chautauqua, county N. Y.:

"Neuralgia worked on Mrs. Smith, 'Till death the sod it laid her; She was a worthy Methodist, And served as a crusader."

"Friends came delighted at the call, In plenty of good carriages; Death is the common lot of all, And comes more oft than marriages."

Alabama females have a majority of 17,217 in the State.

LOVE, DRINK AND DEBT.

Son of mine! the world before you Spreads a thousand secret snares Round the feet of every mortal Who through life's long highway fares— Three special, let me warn you, Are by every traveler met; Three to try your heart of virtue— They are love, and drink and debt.

Love, my boy, there's no escaping— 'Tis the common fate of men; Father had it; I have had it; But for love you had not been. Take your chances, but be cautious; Know a squab is not a dove; Be the upright man of honor; All deceit doth murder love.

As for drink, avoid it wholly; Like an adder it will sting; Crush the earliest temptation; Handle not the dangerous thing. See the wrecks of men around us— Once as fair and pure as you— Mark the warning! Shun the pathway And the hell they're tottering through.

Yet though love be pure and gentle And from drink you may be free, With a yearning heart I warn you 'Gainst the worst of all the three. Many a demon in his journey Bunyan's Christian pilgrim met; They were lambs, e'en old Apollyon, To the awful demon debt.

With quaking heart and face abashed The wretched debtor goes; He starts at shadows lest they be The shades of men he owes. Down silent streets he slyly steals, The face of man to shun, He shivers at the postman's ring, And fears the awful dun.

Beware of debt! Once in you'll be A slave forevermore; If credit tempt you, thunder "No!" And show it to the door. Cold water and a crust of bread May be the best you'll get; Accept them like a man, and swear— "I'll never run in debt!"

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The appropriate color for infants this season will be yellow.—Springfield (O.) News.

When the man in the dock fumbles in his pocket for the "one dollar and costs," is it a case of fine feeling?—Boston Bulletin.

Hens may be a little backward on eggs, but they never fail to come to the scratch when flower beds are concerned.—Piquette.

"What was your observation, Mr. Brown?" "Oh, nothing, madame. I simply said the butter rained well."—Boston Transcript.

The American hog is forbidden to enter Germany. That shuts out the man who tries to occupy four seats in a railway car.—Hawkeye.

"Say, Mrs. Bunson," said a little girl to a lady visitor, "do you belong to a brass band?" "No, my dear." "I thought you did." "Why did you, my child?" "Because, mamma said you was a ways blowing your own horn, and I thought you must belong to the band."—Drummer.

Some manufacturer of fishing tackle has invented a bait with a luminous arrangement of phosphorus, or something of that kind, to light the fish toward the hook. When it gets so a fellow has to hold a lantern so a fish can see to bite, half the fun of fishing will be gone.—Peck.

A "fashion" item says: "The lozenge shape is the most fashionable for pills, which should be coated with silver, and look very inviting." This appears to be a new departure in fashion intelligence, and next it will be in order to describe whether the new shape in porous plasters is octagon or oblong, and if they are trimmed with gimp braid or guipure lace, and we may be told that the most fashionable tints in castor oil are terra-cotta and fawn color, and that liver-pads are cut in the form of a heart, with scalloped edges and lined with ciel-blue satin.—Norristown Herald.

To Late.

The law of heredity, by which living beings tend to repeat themselves in their descendants, is generally accepted by scientists and physicians. Some assert that not only the physical but the spiritual traits of parents are reproduced in their children. In the matter of health and disease there is no doubt that parents transmit their physical qualities, strength and weaknesses.

One of the best-known physicians in Boston was called, not long since, to attend the bedside of a rich man, who had been suddenly taken ill. The doctor felt the patient's pulse and saw that the case was hopeless. Turning to one of the family, who stood anxiously waiting to hear his opinion, he said:

"You should have sent for a physician long ago."

"But we sent at once; as soon as he was taken ill."

"Ah! yes," replied the physician, sadly, "but you should have sent 100 years ago."

The physician recognized the fact that his patient, who died that day, was in reality the victim of his ancestors' careless or criminal violation of the laws of health, years before he himself was born.