WHAT SEED SHALL WE SOW?

Plant blessings, blessings will bloom; Plant bate, and bate will grow; You can sow to-day, to-morrow will bring The blossom that proves what sort of thing Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

PENRHYN'S WARD.

don't want to seem impertment, 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 Penryhn, knocking the ashes

"Precisely," answered his friend: "and you see, nobedy expected it of you, because you were always so cer-tain of remaining a bachelor, and gave everybody your word for it."

When I I should die a bachelor, I did ink I would live oted Penrhyn, yet unpleasant truths that formed my to be marri cast in his eye to stock of knowledge respecting the with a reflect 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 sat talk-ing 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 Penrhyn, 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 to be a lovely girl, fair and graceful, 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 "At length there came a young lawarmehair 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 was won from her, and the couple upon the countenance of Penrhyn's were married. Scot, whose stupendous rascality and breach of trust had convulsed a city, Scot. Six months he spent hapand 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 barristerwith propositions of such magnificence, 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 guardian. his death there came to me, through the mails, a letter reading something

in this wise: "LARRY PENERYN—I believe you ways in happy ignorance of it," and to be an honest man. I therefore give then the child came in. the inclosed papers into your keeping, feeling sure that the secret they con-

so vitally concern. HALSTEAD SCOT. (Signed),

"Now comes the most singular part of the story. The papers inclosed 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

"Two days later there came to me another letter, written in a cramped, old-fusitioned 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 un- noble sands of life were almost told, The letter itself was scant of words and ceremony, and briefly stated that Sout had informed the no fear for herself in that passing away;

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XVI. NO. 10.

and this letter was signed-Patience

"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

waterfall, not because some fellow

with an eye for picturesque effect had

built a dam across its course, but be-

"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 at

tire was copied from some Quaker

ancestress, and whose very counte-

nance and manner bespoke her name-

Patience. She asked me a great many

questions about Halstead Scot, which

I could but answer with the meager,

man, and then it came her turn to

talk. She told me that 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 uncon-

scious heroism, and giving me the record as if it were something scarcely

worth the telling, only that it was

"As I said before, the child grew up

found all recompense now for what at

first must have been all sacrifice, in

to join him, and so the fair, frail crea-

when her baby came struggling into

so sadly tired-wherein she had learned

left to fill the mother's office to a worse

"Fifteen years passed, and, stirred

by a feeling of remerse, by a remem-

brance of his old romance or what not,

Scot came once more to the litt'e village

under the mountains. He refused to

see his daughter, and told Miss Wynd-

am enough of his own career to satisfy

monument, in form of a broken column,

was erected over his wife's grave, and

every six months during the remainder

certain sum of money to Miss Wynd-

of such a father, and really not dis-

and there will be few whiter robes in

than orphaned child.

necessary to explain.

confidence, I started off at once.

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

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

BADLY WEECKED BY FOOLING WITH AN OLD PACER.

trust me, she understood better than I He Drives a Minister to a Funeral .- The Rehow little equal to the protection of a sult of Saying "Ye-up" to a Former of the Road," young girl's life an unmarried man can be, and was but half-satisfied when the

final moment came.

my ward at my earliest convenience, where even her saintly eyes had seen

without betraying the dead man's "Poor Gabrielle was distracted; she clung to me as to a brother. I pitied "It was a romantic little country place her, but I pitied myself more, because at which I found them, with mountains all around the half-hundred of she took no thought, and I did, of the future which now loomed up before houses; the church, the store, the me like a terrible problem, to which the thirty thousand dollars offered not tavern that formed the village, and near a little waterfall, that was a the slightest clew of solution.

much neither good nor true.
"I promised all that I could, and

while the dying woman seemed to

"What to do with her now I did not know. I had no near female relative; I had not even the traditional old cause there was an abrupt descent in the rock at that point, I found Miss Patience Wyndham's house. 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 coagenial 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 lav 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.

"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 innecent 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 yer one summer-time to fish and hunt her, but because her quiet, straightin that quiet country place, and before forward life had taught her none of the hollow sentimentality of pride Mi-s Patience quite came to realize the danger the heart of her sister-child that would have led her to question my sincerity, or the prospect of form-ing a connection that held no romance

pily with his young wife, then he "Immediately, and beside Miss went away, and, although he wrote Patience's new-made bed, blanketed with a drift of sweet syringa bells, we her occasionally, he forbade her always were married, I feeling at last content ture fided day by day, until the hour that the sainted dead would rest now quietly from her labors, if her spirit life, and then shut her weary eyes for might look down upon us two made ever on a world wherein she had grown one.

"And—I beg your pardon—but did it turn out well?" asked the listening the bitterness of unfilled graves, and friend, his eigar burned down within a death that renders not unto dust-and Patience Wyndham was once more 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 her that it was wis st so, but the his elbow, and murmured, somewhat week following his visit, a pure white

"After all, it was an experiment !"

Indians in Massachusetts.

of his life there came regularly a A correspondent of the Boston Post ham for the support of the young writing about the remnants of Indian tribes surviving in Massachusetts, says: It is believed by those who "This was the whole of the story, as that sweet old saint told it to me, have an opportunity to know, that no and naturally I grew extremely anxious Indian of pure aboriginal blood is now a resident in the commonwealth, to see the child of romance, over whom was so singularly appointed they having from time to time intermarried with the whites and those of "The child does not know her African descent. Counting all those father's history,' said Miss Patience, who have Indian blood in their veins and I could wish she might remain alin 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 "She was fair-haired, slight, blueeyed, graceful, shy, with nothing of that the numbers contained in these tain will be safe with you, and that her father about her in appearance or tribes have been decreasing for over you will protect from all painful characteristics, and after a few days I 200 years. It is a very significant fact knowledge the being whose life they came home, not in love with my ward, that no tribe now existing is increasas you suspect, but thinking her a ing numerically in the commonpure, innocent child, wonderfully born | wealth.

Many Words in Little Space.

satisfied with my guardianship.
"In fact, my charge was no burden A man in Humboldt county has put to me while Miss Patience lived, and 164 words into the space occupied by the thirty thousand dollars made all a nickel. He has also put 1,150 words clear for the future, I imagined, with on the face of a postal card, which a man's wonderful understanding of a contains 15g square inches. He has woman's needs; and so for three years, written the Lord's Prayer on a space placidly the time went on; then there covered by one side of an old-fashcame a note from Gabrielle herself, loned three-cent piece, and says he announcing the serious illness of her can put thirty thousand letters upor aunt, and I went hastily away into one side of a postal card with a stee the country. "I found Miss Wyndham dying; her State Register.

Bismarck is not a good orator. He heaven than that she wears. She had coughs and stammers, and stops for the right word; his sentences are writer that in case of his death I was only a great thought, reaching out involved, and often a foot long; but to not as this Gabrielle's guardian, and into the future, for the young girl when he writes his native tongue, it is requesting earnestry that I would see whom she must leave alone in a world idiomatic and graceful.

THE BAD BOY ALL BROKE UP.

"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 in a back, that it was a wonder everyplaster across one side of his face, body was not killed, and when I got

"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 to find out if they got the minister's sounded all broke up, as he took a big apple off a basket, and began peeling unabrella was running up his trousers it with his upper front teeth. "If you leg, and the point come out by the think I am a wresk you ought to see small of his back. But I am all right, the minister. They had to carry him home in installments, the way they buy sewing machines. I am all right, but in the crowd that had any sense.

"Good gracious, you have not had a fight with the minister, have you? had nervous prostration any more than Well, I have said all the time, and I he did when we fished him out of the 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 no more preachers. What I want is a 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 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

it. Well, I wan't to blame. I just let him walk along as though he was harvest. Rents in cities and towns, hauling sawdust, and gave him a the cost of wine, meats, flour and loose rein. When we got off of the bread, which during the past twentypavement the fellow that drives the five years have all risen at least fifty hearse, he was in a hurry, 'cause his per cent., present no attractive side folks was going to have ducks for din- for men who have to work for lifty or ner, 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 wild have to work for hity or sixty cents a day. They generally live in crowded and poorly ventilated houses, perhaps warm enough, but almost bare of furniture and comfort. walk the horse. Then the minister, If they can have meat once or twice a he got nervous, and said he didn't week, they consider themselves happy. know as there was any use of going so slow, because he wanted to get back in time to get his lunch and in time to get his lunch and go to a ministers' meeting in the afternoon. But notwithstanding all this, they are but I told him we would all get in the happy in their way; they love their cemetery soon enough if we took it country, with its institutions; read, are cool, and as for me I wasn't in intelligent; and know that intelligence no sweat. Then one of the drivers and industry, and not bayonets, prethat was driving the mourners, he came up and said he had to get the peasants, or small farmers, they back in time to run a wedding down to the 1 o'clock train, and for me to of houses, villages and towns. The pull out a little. I have seen enough of disobeying orders, and I told him a funeral in the hand was worth two small pieces of from one-quarter of an weddings in the bush, and as far as I was concerned, the funeral was going to be conducted in a decorus 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 car, 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, 'Yee-up,' and the old horse kept going faster, then the minister thought the procession was getting too quick, and pulled harder, and yelled and that 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 hughing, and the minister he got pale and said, 'My little man, I guess you better drive,' and I said, 'Not 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 come to there were about six hundred people pouring water down my neck, and the hearse was hitched to the fence, and the hearse driver was asking if my legwas broke, and a policeman was fauning 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

ear, and then I guess I fainted away

agin. Oh, it was worse than telescop-

ing a train loaded with cattle."

"Well, I swan," said the grocery man as he put some eggs in a funnelshaped brown paper for a servant girl. "What did the minister say when he come 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 home pa was going to sass me, until the hearse driver told him it was the minister that was to blame. I want umbrella back. The last I see of it the leg, and the point come out by the they have got to stop him up with understand the minister is going to oakum and tar before he will ever hold take a vacation on account of his liver and nervous prostration. I would if I was him. I never saw a man that barbed wire fence, after we struck the street car. But that settles the minister business with me. I don't drive with 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 he found I was real careful he let me boy hobbled out and hung out a sign drive an express wagon to haul in front of the grocery, "Smoked dog-trunks. Day before yesterday there fish at halibut prices, good enough for company."

Swiss Traits. The laborer and peasant of Switzerland have in many respects a rather ahead of the hearse. They gave me an old horse that is thirty years old, that has not been off a walk since nine foreign tourists has assumed such foreign tourists has assumed such 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 wan't to blame I just beasants refuse to yield a larger serve the peace in Switzerland. As to seldom live on farms, but in clusters reason thereof is that their land is seldom in one piece, but is cut up in 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 sal sons, 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 wines, 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.—

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 dessert 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 ombstone in Chautauqua, - county

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

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

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

LOVE, DRINK AND DEBT.

Marriage and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected arterly. Temperary advertisements mass

pasterly. Temperary advert be paid in advance. Job work, cash on delivery.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion... #1.0
One Square, one inch, one month... #1.0
One Square, one inch, three months... #2.0
One Square, one inch, one year... #2.0
One Squares, one year... #2.0
Italf Column, one year... #2.0
One Column, one year... #2.0

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 or ecial, 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 cantious; Know a squab is not a dove; Be the upright man of honor; All deceit doth murder love.

As for drink, avoid it wholly; Idke an adder it will sting ; Orush 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 allent 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 yeller.—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 fall to come to the scratch when flower beds are concerned .- Picayune.

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

The American hog is forbidden to 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 deur." "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 some-thing 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 ctagon or oblong, and if they are trimmed with gimp braid or guipure lace, and we may be told that the most fashienable tints io castor oil are terra-cotta and fawn color, and that liver-pads are cut i , the form of a heart, with scalloped edges and lined with ciel-blue satin .- Norristown Herald.

To Late.

The law of heredity, 1 y 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 re-produced in their children. In the matter of health and disease there is no doubt that parents transmit their physical qualities, strength and weak-

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 III. 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

"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,

adly, "but you should have sent 100

The physician recognized the fact that his pact it, who died that day, was in realith the victim of his anestors' carel as or criminal violation of the laws of health, years before he houself was born.