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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

WAITING.

I wait, Till from my veiled brows shall fall This baffling cloud, this wearying thrall, Which holds me now from knowing all; Until my spirit sight shall see Into all Being's mystery, Bee what it really is to be

While robbing days in mockery fling Such cruel loss athwart my spring, And life flags on with broken wing: Believing that a kindlier fate The patient soul will compensate For all it loses, ere too late.

I wait! The summer of the soul is long, The harvests yet shall round me throng, Its perfect pomp of sun and song. In stormless mornings, yet to be, I'll pluck, from life's full-fruited tree, The joy to-day denied to me. -Mary Clemmer.

LIKE A MAN.

There is something sublime in a Niagara of trouble that roars and crashes through the world with a heroic fuss that one can brag aboutbut this constant drizzle of petty annoyances, drip, drip, drip!

To begin with, I am a long, young person, with big bones, and plenty of them, and I don't care a button if my

I have good reason to know that I am not considered beautiful; that my nose, for instance-but there's really no need for such distressing details.

My father, Peter Brown, the best farmer in all Fairfax, be the cead one who he may, is the unfortunate possessor of thirteen children, every single one of them girls-and the married ones, too, for that matter.

Of c urse, gir s are all very well as poor pa takes a notion to upbraid Fate because all his boys turned out girls, I must say I rebel against the decree that condemns me to slavish frocks

Most good folks sing out that they want to carry harps and be angels, but I—if only I were Peter Brown, junior, and had a farm like pa!

I don't blame ma, of course, but I more, I say so, when pa and I get beyoud the subduing influence of her eye due. -for there's nothing trifling about

When pa and ma's love was young, and their future a rose-colored rosethere! I've heard pa say it a dozen nowhere, and gets that memory from his benefit of it all in the way of mugs, and corals, and names as fine as fiddles; then there came such a disastrous lull in pa's enthusiasm that masays, when he panted up from the fields one hot waiting, instead of his dinner, it set a string of fish and do a dark and desperate deed.

But ma just kept on having her own time she wound up the home circle toward the family sons-in-law, but there on the black roadside except for with me-at your service-she had so worn her intellect down at the heels thinking up double-barreled names for the other dozen, that she hande! my christening over to pa, and pa ever- tolastingly disgraced himself, in my estimation, by heartlessly calling me Sis-absolutely nothing but Sis.

at least-but there are some wrongs so great that the only thing one can conveniently do is forgive them.

But, though pa has been cheated of his bishops and senators and things (poor dear, he never dreams that sons of his might have turned out farmers my will was good for murder—look at like himself, only not half so good) this!" the girls have certainly made up his loss in husbands. Indeed, pa seems to have more sons-in-law than he quite knows what to do with-and as to grandsons!

"If one could only feed them like chickens!" sighs poor ma, plaintively.
"If one could only kill them like chickens, you mean," I retort, vindice

After that little business talk pa and I had behind the barn, I've settled in my mind that the Browns have got to economize-and I mean to start with the grandchildren, by way of a noble

Now, look here, ma," I say to the dear old soul who is already staring at me with big, anxious eyes, like a hen with her feathers ruffled, "this thing has gone on long enough, and I just mean to hitch old Calico to the cart and dump every scrap of grandchild at his own lawful door-I do! It's downright mean in the girls to impose

There, there, sis," interrupts ma, pathetically, "they only mean to please

him pinching and slaving to the last? ploringly

Oh, you needn't look at me like that, ma. ought to be found at home-hi, you help me?"

Tom, Dick, Harry, etc., etc.;" and when at last I have packed them in man, and now the time has come te the wheezy old cart, and we go laugh- act like one. I am rubbing Calico down ing, scratching and squalling down the in her stall-pa and I being the only road, I feel like the pied piper of Ham- men-I mean pa being the only man lein, only there's no hill with wide, about the place, we do this sort of greedy jaws waiting at the end of the thing ourselves-when the dcar old feltrip-more's the pity!

When I have impartially divided their howling household gods between the eight sisters who live so uncomfortably near, the sun is sinking behind the trees in a blaze of glorious yellow. There is a long road with many leafy turnings, that Calico knows as well as I, and while she dawdles along it with a languid elegance that suits us both, I sit, tailor-fashion, in the bottom of the cart, thinking, thinking, heedless of whip

I read a story once of a devil-fish crawling over the roof of a pretty cot-tage by some southern sea. I don't suppose there was a word of truth in catch his scamp to-night, dad." it; but, some way, ever since pa made a clean breast of his troubles, I can't get that shiny black monster out of my thoughts night and day. I should say, indeed, that a mortgage like ours was a trifle the worst of the two, because there's only one weapon to fight it, and where in the world is pa to get the first red cent of that terrible

Echo answers-where? If pa had only told me in time, perhaps I might have done something heroic with my poultry-a flock of gray geese did grand things for history once on a time-but no, he kept as dumb as Cheops, until I found it all out for myself, and no thanks to any-

The way of it was ma started me down to the meadow one evening last week to see what pa meant by keeping supper waiting, and when I found him far as they go, but one gets too much leaning against the barn there as quiet of a good thing sometimes, and so when and gray as the shadows. I think the One who doeth all things well must have put it into my heart to wake him up and tell me the matter.

There is no woman in all this big, glorious world so weak as Samson with his head shaved, and so he told me between sobs-I don't ever want to see my father cry again—how the big family had gobbled up the small earnings, how at last there was nothreally do think the even dozen ought ing to do but to borrow money on the to have contented her-and, what's dear, shabby, old place, and now a villainous bill of some sort was coming

> "Never mind, dad," I said, "come along to supper; I'll get you out of your fix."

I don't think pa realized at the minute-and I am sure I did not-that I times, but when a girl happen's to be had never seen so much as a hundred shackled with a memory like a boy's dollars in all my life together, for he pocket upside down, and the middle followed me home contentedly, put happiness: head under the spout w her ma, I suppose there's to be allow- pumped, and then, with his hand on woman after all! ances anyhow, the first girls got the my shoulder, went into the house and eat supper enough for two.

The next day pa was out of his head with a fever, and now to see him Even fathers are human. prodding about the farm with a stick "It's no use," moans the poor creaprodding about the farm with a stick in his hand and a pain in his backnoon and found our dear old twins poor, dear pa! Of course, the first him so frantic that he threatened to side was blood, and plenty of it-and mebunch the whole family together like I did saddle Calico and race off to might have saved myself the trouble, stay until-" for the vile creature wasn't at home; way-which meant girls-until by the then I turned the old mare's head there wasn't a husband among them her, God bless her! If you-don't who had the cash to spare-they don't mind"-and here he looks at me like seem to spare anything quite so conveniently as children! I even decided over him by pa to catch his dying

"Say, young woman !" I am not a coward, but the creature who has brought the cart and my If I had been a boy this indignity, thoughts to such a sudden halt looks so like some great famished wolf,

> shiver from head to foot, and he sees it. "You needn't be afeard," he gasps,

His eyes turn toward his breasthis right arm lies stiffly across it clotted with something that must be blood, and the fingers look like the flesh of a

I think he understands that I am sorry for him, for before my heart can jump back to its right place again he drops the reins and touches his mangey

"I've been skulkin' in these 'ere woods, miss, nigh onto a week, and what with starvin' and the pain o'

this, I'm most about dead played out." from the bottom of my heart-"I will see that you get a good supper."

I am so sorry for the poor, miseryon us in this everlasting way-as if woods all around him, and the birds orry, and I tell him so

making up my mind that Calico and I opinion, you obtain a fair conception have a disagreeable job before us when of the brains and capacity of the "And a nice way they take to do it ! he lays one miserable hand on the American dude. Pa's an old man now, and after pinch- wheel, and, drawing his face near ing and slaving all his life for us army enough for me to see the ghastly seams "I wouldn't mind going up so high," of girls, what right have they to keep that want has seared there, cries imsaid the hotel iguest, "if the bill was

"There's them that's hunting me to dear; children, like good manners, my death; for God's sake, won't you

All my life I have wanted to be a low hobbles down the pathway and puts his head in the door.

"Sis," he begins, with wide, excited eyes, "did you meet a big fellow down the read-a dark chap with lots of bumps and black, frizzled whiskers?"

I had not and I said so. "Well, he came by here hunting up some scamp who robbed a bank in Richmond and got down to these parts with the money in his pocket and a bullet in his flesh. I started him down the main road. I wonder you didn't see him.

"I drove round by the mill," I an-

"Think not? Why?"
"Because I've got him snug in the barn !" "Goodness, gracicus! them I'll

He is making his way to warn justice as fast as his weak legs will let him, when I steady him against the

stable door and take away his cane. "Dad," I cry, savagely, "I adore you, but if you take another step to harm that man, why-you've only got a dozen daughters to go through the

rest of your life." "You!" gasps pa-and I wonder the wisp of straw he has been chewing does not strangle him black on the spot—" a child of mine help a thief—' "Exactly! and she means to make you an accessory after the act. Now, see here, pa, I don't set up to be a cherub, but when a fellow-creature, starved and bleeding, asks me to help him in the name of God, why I mean

Virginia to atoms-so there! Pa looks stunned a bit-as I knew he would-wavers a bit, and then laying one big brown paw on my head, as I likewise expected, knowing pa's ways as I do, cries stoutly: "Spoken like a man, Sis; and now

to help him if I break every law in

let's have a look at your villain." When we stand at last before the poor fellow, he looks so pitifully helpless stretched out there on the friendly straw, that pa's loving heart gets the best of his law-abiding principles, and he bathes the hurt arm as tenderly as if it had never been raised in crime.

When pa first notices the jug of water I have brought from the spring and the carriage-robe rolled up for a pillow with the rough side in, he looks at me wonderingly for a second, and then ejaculates with most contented

"Thank God, Sis, you are only

I suppose pa means well, but it does not sound encouraging considering I've been trying to do my duty like a man.

ture, when pa has done his best with the wound. "I'm a goin' fast, boss, thing that suggested itself at his bed- but she said they should not-touch

"Don't worry, my lad," cries pa, murder the mortgage man-but I cheerily. "Right or wrong, here you

It won't be-long-I feel it comin' fast-and hard-I would have died out some gaunt, faithful dog, that I lean words- "if you don't mind-will you take this bag from-around my neck? It chokes me -- it chokes-"

"There, there," says pa, tenderly; and now, my lad, before you go to -sleep, tell me, does this money belong standing there at Calico's head, that I to the bank?"

"Yes, yes," cries the dying man, with an imploring glance at pa while he tries to touch my hand with his own poor, feeble fingers : "take it back, boss, and tell them-tell them-that the-reward-belongs to-her-'

Yes, that is the true and simple story of my fortune, no matter what the papers said. For a long time pa would not let me touch a penny of that five thousand dollars, but the people at the bank insisted that business was business, I had earned the money and there it was.

Composition of a Dade.

Kate Field says: Take a strip of something that, for the sake of con-"If you will cut across the fields to venience, we will call a man-which, that house over there," I say, kindly, I by the way, is a gross libel on man, am sure-for God knows I pity him Around its neck place a tight collar, enshrouded with a hideous scarf and breastpin. Put upon it a silk hat and "I couldn't crawl there, much less a cutaway coat. Clothe its lower exwalk, and my time for suppers is over tremities with pants wherein calves for this world, I reckon." tremities with pants wherein calves were never meant to grow. In its were never meant to grow. In its hand a cane and on its feet boots that ridden creature standing there in the creak at everystep in limping measure. summer twilight, with the fragrant Place a cigarette in its mouth, teach it a brief vocabulary of adverbs and adthere wasn't work enough of our chirping sleepily in the trees-so very jectives commencing with "immensely clever," and finishing with "see you He totters as I say it, and I am just later, you know." And, in my humble

not made out in the same way.

Clay and Randelph.

A Washington letter says: Just below the treasury, within gunshot of the White House, lives David Callan, one of the oldest citizens of the District of Columbia. He has shaken hands with seventeen Presidents of the United States, and he saw the flames burst from the White House when the British set fire to it during the war of 1812. He is a sort of living record of the past, and his personal recollections include reminiscences of the great men of the country, from Madison down to to-day. I had a delightful talk with him this afternoon. Seventy-five years of age, his memory is as strong as that of Blaine, and he talks as fluently as a college boy, bubbling over with reminiscence and anecdote. A tall man with a high forehead, a large, thin face, silky gray hair and bushy red eye-brows, he smiles pleasantly while he chats, and when I mentioned Ben Perley Poore's article on the "Capitol at Washington," he said he had read it, and commenced at once to talk.

"I knew Mr. Randolph," said he, "and often came in contact with him while he was here in Washington. But he was an austere man, cold and uncompanionable, and he fraternized but little with any one. His style was

"'How do you do, Mr. Randolph? I am glad to see you. I passed your house the other day and had a notion

to go in, but I did not."
"'You did just right. Whenever you come by, just keep right on; I

don't care to have callers. "It was far different from that of Clay, who was one of the kindest men who ever came to Washington. Clay had a good word for everybody. To a man he would say, putting his hand upon his shoulder in a familiar way: 'I am glad to see you to-day; I saw your good lady at church yesterday. How is your family? To a woman, if he knew her, he would stop and shake hands with her on the street, and ask after her husband; and to a young man he would put himself on familiar terms, and advise with him as to his profession or plans for the future. Clay was a philanthropist, Randolph a misanthrope, and the one was loved as much as the other was feared and hated. The congressmen were all afraid of Randolph. They feared his scathing sarcasm, and were very careful not to tread upon his toes. Major Poore has made a slight mistake in the story about Randolph and Alston. Randolph had made a very sarcastic remark upon Alston in his speech before the House, and as they were going out the door, Alston, in revenge, struck one of Randolph's dogs. Randolph immediately cut him over the face with his riding-whip, saying: 'You strike one pup, I strike another.' For this he was indicted and fined twenty dollars."

You say Clay wa "Yes, he was one of the most popular men of the past. When he spoke the House was generally crowded, and men came from Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York to hear him. He used to live next door to me. He was very fond of horseback riding, and nearly every morning he would exercise in this way. When he did not ride he would take a walk, and early one morning on walking down F street, before most people were up, he was attacked by a goat of decided butting propensities. The goat and Clay fought for a long time. It backed him up against a fence, and Clay caught hold of his horns, Sometimes Clay would prove the stronger; at other times the goat became the master, and Clay had to go to the wall. After a lively tussle of about a quarter of an hour friends came to his relief, and the great Kentuckian had a chance to go home and change his clothes, which had become somewhat dirty during the fray."

Travers and the Terrier.

A good story is told of William R. Fravers, the stammering wit of Wall street, New York. One day he met a canine peddler, who offered to sell Travers a beautiful terrier, but bred so fine as to be a mere midget. Travers asked: "Wh-a-at is he g-g-ood f-for?" "He is a splendid ratter, Mr. Travers," was the response. "We-ell," said Travers, "you bring him to my h-house to-night and I'll b-b-buy him. In the evening man and dog were at Travers' house. In the center of the library was a porcelain vase covered over with a cloth, and surrounding it were a score of personal friends P-p-p-ut your d-dog in there," said fravers. The owner of the valuable purp did so, and awaited results. In few moments an unearthly shrick came from the vase, and, looking down, the company saw a finely-bred terrier being shook at will by an enraged rodent. The owner of the dog was dumbfounded, when Travers said:

"H-h-how, m-m-uch, did you say you would t-t-t-ake for that d-d-d-og?' "Fifty dollars is my price, Mr. Travers," was the feeble response. F-f-f-ifty d-d-d-ollars for the

d-d-dog? Why, I'll s-s-sell you my r-r-r-at for t-t-twenty-f f-f-ive." Amid a peal of boisterous laughter man and dog disappeared.

Mrs. Spaggins was boasting of her new house. The windows, she said, were stained. "That's too bad; but won't turpentine or benzine wash it T?" asked the good Mts. Oldbey .rlington Hawkeye.

HELPING HIS PA TO MOVE

THE BAD BOY MAKES HIMSELF EX CEEDINGLY USEFUL.

Aiding His Poternal Progenitor to Disguist Himself With Blacking that Wouldn't Wash OT in Less Than a Week.

"See here, you coon, get out of here,' said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the store with his face black and shining, "I don't want any colored boys around here. White boys break me up bad enough."

"Oh, philopene," said the bad boy, as he put his hands on his knees and laughed so the candy jars rattled on the shelves. "You didn't know me, 1 am the same boy that comes in here and talks your arm off," and the boy opened the cheese box and cut off a piece of cheese so natural that the grocery man had no difficulty in recogniz ing him. "What in the name of the seven

sleeping sisters have you got on your hands and face," said the grocery man, as he took the boy by the ear and turned him around. "What you got up in such an outlandish rig for?" "Well, I'll tell you, if you will keep

watch at the door. If you see a bald-

headed colored man coming along the

street with a club, you whistle, and I

will fall down cellar. The bald-headed

colored man will be pa. You see, we moved yesterday. Pa told me to get a vacation from the livery stable, and we would have fun moving. But I don't want any more fun. I know when I have got enough fun. Pa carried all the light things, and when it came to lifting, he had a crick in the back. Gosh, I never was so tired as I was last night, and I hope we have got settled, only some of the goods haven't turned up yet. A drayman took one load over on the west side and delivered them to a house that seemed to be expecting a load of household furniture. He thought it was all right, if everybody that was moving got a load of goods. Well, after we got moved pa said we must make garden, and he said we would go out and spade up the ground and sow peas and radishes and beets. There was some neighbors lived in the next house to our new one, that was all wimmen, and pa didn't like to have them think he had to work, so he said it would be a good joke to disguise ourselves as tramps, and the neighbors would think we had hired some tramps to dig in the garden. I told pa of a boss scheme to fool them. I suggested that we take some of this shoe blacking that is put on with a sponge, and black our faces, and the neighbors would think we had hired an old colored man and his boy to work in the garden. Pa said it was immense, and he told me to go and black up, and if it worked he would black hisself. So I went and put this burnt cork on my face, 'cause it would wash off, and pa looked at me and said it was a whack, and for me to fix him up too. So I got the shoe blacking

and painted pa so he looked like a coal heaver. Actually, when ma saw him she ordered him off-the premises, and when he laffed at her and acted sassy. she was going to throw biling water on pa, but I told her the scheme and she let up on pa. Oh, you'd a dide to see us out in the garden. looked like Uncle Tom, and I looked like Topsy, only I ain't that kind of a colored person. We worked till a boy throwed some tomato cans over the alley fence and hit me, and I piled over the fence after him, and left pa. It was my chum, and when I had caught him we put up a job to get ps to chase us. We throwed some more cans, and pa come out and my chum started and I after him, and pa after both of us. He chased us two blocks and then we got behind a policeman, and my chum told the policeman it was a crazy old colored man that wanted to kidnap us, and the policeman took pa by the neck and was going to club him, but pa said he would go home and behave. He was offul mad, and he went home and we looked through the alley fence and saw pa trying to wash off the blacking. You see that blacking won't wash off. You have to wear it off. Pa would wash his face with soapsuds, and then look in the glass, and he was blacker every time he washed, and when ma laffed at him he said the offulest words, something like sweet spirit hear my prayer,' then he washed himself again, am going to leave my burnt off pa would know there had been some smouging somewhere. I asked the shoe store man how long it would take the blacking to wear off, and he said it ought to wear off in a week. I

don't think a man ought to get mad because it won't wash off, do you?" "Oh, probably it don't hurt the complexion," said the grocery man, as he sprinkled some fresh water on the wilted lettuce, so it would look fresh while the hired girl was buying some, and yet it is mighty unpleasant, where a man has got an engagement to go to a card party, as I know your pa has to-night. As to getting mad about it, if I was your pa I would take a barrel stave and shatt your car-

guess pa won't go out doors much, un-

less it is in the night. I am going to

ishing, till mine wears off, and when

I get out of town I will wash up. Say,

you don't think a little blacking hurts

a man's complexion do you, and you

Oh, slender willow, that beside The meadow brooklet leanest here, Sad, in this joy-time of the year, Dost cast gold catkins on the tide,

As strips the widowed Hindoo bride Her jeweled arms, with grief austere-Oh, slender willow?

Or makest fiekle haste to hide The pale young sunshine's gifts, once

Ere beam more splendid shall appear, To clothe thee all in virdurous pride-Oh, alender willow? -C. E. Sutton, in Atlantic Monthly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An early spring-Jumping out of bed at 5:30 A. M .- Siftings.

Should music be sold by the chord? Drum music might be sold by the

Any raw recruit can write about face by preparing an essay on cheek. -New York News.

From the way in which the bruisers stick to their business, it is evident that this is the muscle-age .- Yonkers

Pugilists are generally considered plucky fellows, but none of them get through with a sparring match without feinting .- Boston Commercial.

Let those who fish with patent flies The small boy's bait of worms despise; The chances are as ten to one
The small boy has the greatest fun.

—Richmond Baton. The mill owner who turned the fire

hose upon one of his disorderly employes explained his conduct by saying that he was only washing his

Teacher: "Can you tell me which is the olfactory organ?" Pupil frankly answers: "No, sir." Teacher: "Correct." Pupil goes off in a brown study.—Boston Transcript.

Mulcahy says the statement that Roach's ship is the first iron vessel launched in America is a mistake, as Mrs. Mulchay frequently launches iron vessels at him. - Boston Bulletin.

No matter how glad Man may be, he is sad And angry and mad When the bone of the shad Makes him wish that he had Ordered liver, bedad. "What can a boy do?" asks an exchange. We are just Yankee enough to answer by asking another: "What can't a boy do?" Parents who have

see the force of the reply-Lowell Citizen. A young lover in Iowa paid \$40 for a locomotive to run him thirty-five miles to see his girl, and when he got there the family bulldog ran him two miles and didn't charge him a cent. Corporations have no souls .- Duluth

brought up male offspring will at once

Much of the trouble in married life originates in disputing who shall carry the pocketbook. A young Philadelphia husband got around this trouble by letting his wife carry the pocketbook while he kept the money.-

Chronicle-Herald. A young lawyer [appeared before a Washington judge with his umbrella under his arm and his hat on, and in his agitation he forgot to lay either aside when he began speaking. "Hadn't you better raise your umbrella?" the court kindly suggested .-

Baltimore News. "Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the Norwegian poet, is soon to visit London." Bjornstjerne could have a good deal of fun now if he only knew it. He could have his name printed on cards and cir-culated through the streets of London. The frightened inhabitants would think it a Fenian cipher dispatch, and it would create a panic.—Puck,

"Father," said Johnnie, "this paper says that 'many prominent citizens are now ill with pneumonia and kindred diseases.' What is a kindred disease, father?" "Why, my sen," said Smithly, "a kindre i disease is-iswhy-yes, yes! a kindred disease is one that runs through an entire family -kindred, relatives, you know. Surprised you didn't know that, Johnnie."

Influence of Pictures.

A room with pictures in it and a room without pictures differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows; for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leadcork on, cause if I washed it ingit to other scenes and spheres, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a sweet flattery to the soul; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books, they are histories get him to let me go off in the country and sermons, which we can read without the trouble of turning over the

A Juvenile's Query.

On a Boston street car the other day a half dozen happy fathers were matching babies. To the ane dotes of prize children a listener whose offspring had grown to the age of talkativeness contributed an account of his boy's experience in peeling an orange with his thumb. With great difficulty the rind was taken off, but to remove the inner lining or film without breaking into the pulp was still harder. Finally, in vexation, the little follow cried out: "Papa, what makes oranges wear flannels?"