

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

The Forest Republican

VOL. XVI. NO. 16.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1883.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes One Square, one inch, one insertion; One Square, one inch, three months; One Square, one inch, one year; Two Squares, one year; Quarter Column, one year; Half Column, one year; One Column, one year.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work, cash on delivery.

WELCOME HOME TO THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME."

BURIED IN OAK HILL CEMETERY, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 9, 1881.

Oh, down and flowers of splendid June With pearls and garlands grace his tomb Who taught Milan's dear maid the tone That times the whole world's loving feet, To which all golden hearts shall beat, Where'er they wait or weep or roam, Of "Home, Sweet Home" forever.

Our mariner on the Spanish main, The tattered miner in his tent, The wanderer on the throbbing plain Where yellow noons by simoons wheeled Sinite Desolation's flinty shield, A second bow of hope is bent In "Home, Sweet Home" forever.

And when to bugle and the blast Where battle turns the hills red, Through flashing columns standing fast The soldier cuts his narrow lane That led him through to glory's fans He hears an angel overhead Sing "Home, Sweet Home" forever.

The weary traveler who waits In twilight's dim and drear abode The opening of the pearly gates That some faint ray or friendly star May shine abroad through doors ajar And show his fading eyes the road, Sighs "Home, Sweet Home" forever.

A camp of blue, a camp of gray, A peaceful river rolled between, Were pitched two rifle shots away, The sun had set the west glow, The evening clouds were crimson snow, The twinkling camp fires faintly seen Across the dark'ning river.

Then floated from the Federal band The "Spangled Banner's" stately strain, The grays struck up their "Dixie Land," And "Rally Round" and "Bonny Blue" And "Red and White" alternate flow— Ah, no such flights shall cross again The Rappahannock river!

And then, over the glancing "beam Of song," a bugle warbled low, Like some bird startled from a dream, "Home, Home, Sweet Home," and voices rang And gray and blue harmonious sang— All other songs were like the snow Among the pines when winds are stilled, And hearts and voices throbbled and thrilled With "Home, Sweet Home" forever.

No matter what the flag unfurled Ah, Dulce Domum rules the world! Sweet singer of the song of men, Then comest late to claim thy own, But when the daisies rise again Arched in all thy borrowed dust, The world will hold thy words in trust And ages chant from zone to zone Thy "Home, Sweet Home" forever.

The Memnon murmured song, they thought, When dawning day his lips impressed And flushing marble warmed and caught The sweet Ionic of the Greek— Ah, true far thy lips shall speak Nor wait the touch of sun or stars For thee the night time has no bars— Welcome, dear heart, and take thy rest At "Home, Sweet Home" forever.

—Benjamin F. Taylor.

THE HEIRESS.

Adèle Fayton gave a vexed little toss of her head—a gesture intended to be awfully annihilating to Mr. Harry Browne, standing on the lower step of the piazza at the Seaside house. "Very well, go, of course, Mr. Browne, if you prefer; but really, I think it is too bad of you."

"Of course it is," added pretty Miss Hunter, with the golden locks and baby blue eyes that were considered irresistible by the generality of the sterner sex. "Of course it is too bad, when you know that to a dozen ladies stopping at the Seaside there are only such a few gentlemen. I know what the trouble is, though, don't I, Mr. Browne? You are tired of us—the same over and over—and you are reserving your forces until the much-talked-of and anxiously expected beauty and heiress arrives upon the scene."

Harry turned lazily round and smiled. "I am afraid I shall have to incur a great risk in contradicting a lady," he said, good-humoredly. Haughty Adèle Fayton flashed him a half-indignant, half-sarcastic glance from her black eyes and said: "And when this heiress has arrived, I daresay Mr. Browne will lose all his interest in his solitary boat rides and fishing excursions, while we forlorn maidens get through the day as well as we can, for lonesomeness. Mr. Browne, you are selfish."

"Well, yes, rather, if always wanting the best of everything concerned is what you call selfish. But I will redeem my character by proving to you that which will doubtless set your hearts at rest. I don't believe in your wonderful coming beauty and heiress to begin with, and in the second place, I would commit hari-kari before I'd marry an heiress. Now am I vindicated?"

senseless persistency, that the men are as mercenary as themselves. Marry an heiress! not if she were as beautiful as—as Venus, and every word she dropped was transmitted into a ko-hi-noor!" Mr. Browne pushed off in his surf-boat, dashing and plunging through the breakers like a sailor, born and bred. He rowed out a mile or two to another fishing boat containing a couple of barefooted boys eight and ten, with wide-brimmed hats, and bright, tanned faces and brown eyes. A tall lad of sixteen, worried and anxious-looking, who was evidently dismayed at the increasing swell of the sea, and the freshening south wind, was of this company, and also a young girl with lovely dark gray eyes—grave and thoughtful, yet bright and flashing as she looked at Harry while he rowed nearer and nearer in response to the hallo of the boys.

A decidedly nice-looking girl, hardly what one would call handsome, and yet the pure, fair complexion, ever so lightly untanned, the scarlet mouth so tightly closed, the waving, deep gold-colored hair, thickly braided and hanging down to her waist, and the glorious gray eyes made a whole that Harry Browne quite thoroughly admired as he pulled alongside and spoke to her.

"You seem to be in some difficulty," he remarked, touching his hat, courteously. She bowed. "Joe is rather demoralized, I think. There is no danger, is there?" Harry glanced at Joe's scared face, and the restless antics of the boys in the tiny boat.

"If you had a man in charge who knew his business there would be no shadow of danger. As it is this young man has no excuse for venturing so far out."

"We were fishing," she said, in a pleasant, apologetic way, "and didn't realize how far we had gone. Well," with a troubled look that was more anxiety than fear, "we must do the best we can. Perhaps you would tell Joe what to do with the boat."

Harry replied: "If you will allow me to exchange places with your pilot I will row you ashore. I am Harry Browne, of —, brokers, — street, at present stopping at the Seaside house."

"You are very kind, Mr. Browne, and I will thankfully accept you offer. My name is Miss Harper."

She laughed as if the oddness of the mutual introduction amused her, and Harry made up his mind that she was the very nicest girl he had met in many a day.

"Well, then, Joe, you jump in here and row yourself to shore. You won't have any trouble to take yourself only, will you?"

The alacrity with which the lad changed from the Bella to the Sadie was sufficient answer, and neither Harry nor Miss Harper could help smiling as Joe put for the shore.

"I dare say he thought it was all right," May said, apologetically. "He'd no business to think so, though. Shall I take you straight back, Miss Harper, or would you rather fish awhile longer?"

"If you please, I will go back. Aunt Jane will be worried about me."

She leaned against the side of the boat, trailing her hand in the water, while the two children sat quiet as mice, watching Harry with awe and admiration as he pulled long, steady strokes that sent them spinning along, while Harry thought:

"She is the most sensible girl I ever came across. Pretty, modest, dignified, pleasant, with no sham reserve about her, any more than too much freedom. And what a thorough lady she is! I know it as well as if I had met her a thousand times."

And May, sitting opposite him, watching the water as it danced and sparkled, thought if ever there was a true gentleman in manner, speech and action, it was this handsome stranger who was rowing her to shore.

"Will you tell me opposite to which hotel I am to row you?" he said, as, after a most delightful hour's conversation, he rested on his oars and waited her commands.

She laughed. "Oh, no, not at any hotel. I am stopping at one of the fishermen's cottages, about two miles further down, on your left."

THE BAD BOY'S UNCLE EZRA.

HIS VISIT CAUSES THE YOUTH TO BACKSLIDE.

And Results in a Suspension of the Rates Against Joking—What Happened in the Spare Room.

"I hear your Uncle Ezra is here on a visit," said the grocery man to the bad boy. "I suppose you have been having a high old time. There is nothing that does a boy more good than to have a nice visit with a good uncle, and hear him tell about old times when he and the boy's father were boys together."

"Well, I don't know about it," said the boy, as he took a stick of macaroni and began to blow paper wads through it at a woodsawyer who was filing a saw outside the door. "When a boy who has been tough has got his pins all set to reform, I don't think it does him any good to have a nice uncle come to the house visiting. Any way, that's my experience. I have backslid the worst way, and it is going to take me a month, after Uncle Ezra goes away, to climb up to the grace that I have fallen from. It is blame discouraging," said the boy, as he looked up at the ceiling in an innocent sort of way, and hid the macaroni under his coat, when the woodsawyer, who had been hit in the neck, dropped his saw and got up mad.

"What's the trouble? Your uncle has the reputation where he lives of being one of the pillars of society. But you can't tell about these fellows when they get away from home. Does he drink?"

"No, he don't drink, but as near as I can figure it he and pa were about the worst pills in the box when they were young. I don't want you to repeat it, but when pa and ma were married they eloped. Yes, sir, a-tually ran away, and defied their parents, and they had to hide about a week for fear ma's father would fill pa so full of cold lead that he would sink if he fell in the water. Pa has been kicked over the fence, and chased down alleys dozens of times, by ma's grandfather when he was sparring ma, and ma was a terror, too, cause her mother couldn't do anything with her, though she is awful precise now, and wants everybody to be good. Why, ma's mother used to warm her ears, and shake the daylight out of her, but it didn't do any good. She was mashed on pa, and there was no cure for her except to have pa prescribed for her as a husband, and they ran away. Uncle Ezra told me all about it. Ma haint got any patience with girls now days that have minds of their own about fellows, and she thinks their parents ought to have all the say. Well, maybe she thinks she knows all about it. But when people get in love it is the same now as it was when pa and ma were trying to keep out of the reach of my grandfather's shotgun. But pa and Uncle Ezra and ma are good friends, and they talk over old times and have a big laugh. I guess Uncle Ezra was too much for pa in joking when they were boys, 'cause pa told me that all rules against joking were suspended while Uncle Ezra was here, and for me to play anything on him I could. I told pa I was trying to lead a different life, but he said what I wanted to do was to make Uncle Ezra think of old times, and the only way was to keep him on the ragged edge. I thought if there was anything I could do to make it pleasant for my uncle, it was my duty to do it, so I fixed the bed slats on the spare bed so they would fall down at 2 A. M. the first night, and then I retired. At 2 o'clock I heard the awfulest noise in the spare room, and a howling and screaming, and I went down and met Uncle Ezra in the hall, and he asked me what was the matter in there, and I asked him if he didn't sleep in the spare room, and he said no, that pa and ma was in there, and he slept in their room. Then we went in the spare room, and you'd a wile to see pa. Ma had jumped out when the slats first fell, and was putting her hair up in curl papers when we got in, but pa was all tangled up in the springs and things. His head had gone down first, and the mattress and quilts rolled over on him, and he was almost smothered, and we had to take the bedstead down to get him out, the way you have to unharness a horse when he runs away and falls down, before you can get him up. Pa was mad, but Uncle Ezra laughed at him, and told him he was only foundered, and all he wanted was a bran mash and some horse liniment and he would come out all right. Uncle Ezra went out in the hall to get a pail of water to throw on pa, 'cause he said pa was afire, when pa asked me why I didn't fix the other bed slats, and I told him I didn't know as they were going to change beds, and then pa said don't let it occur again. Pa lays everything to me. He is the most changeable man I ever saw. He told me to do everything Uncle Ezra wanted me to do, and then, when I helped Uncle Ezra to play a joke on pa, he was mad. Say, I don't think this world is run right, do you? I haven't got much time to talk to you to-day, cause Uncle Ezra and me are going fishing, but don't it strike you that it is queer that parents trounce boys for doing just what they did themselves. Now, I have got a friend whose father is a lawyer. That lawyer would warm his boy if he should tell a lie, or associate with anybody that was bad,

THE HEIRESS.

and yet the lawyer will defend a man he knows is guilty of stealing, and get him clear and take the money he got from the thief, who stole it, to buy the same boy a new coat to wear to church, and he will defend a man who committed murder, and make an argument to the jury that will bring tears to their eyes, and they will clear the murderer. Queer, ain't it? And say, how is it that we send missionaries to Burmah, to convert them from heathenism, and the same vessel that takes the missionaries there carries from Boston a cargo of tin gods to sell to the heathen? Why wouldn't it be better to send the missionaries to Boston? I think the more a boy learns the more he gets mixed."—Peck's Sun.

Dr. Shoemaker says it may be that cutting and shaving may for the time increase the action of the growth, but it has no permanent effect either upon the hair bulb or hair sac, and will not in any way add to the life of the hair. On the contrary, cutting and shaving will cause the hair to grow longer for the time being, but in the end will inevitably shorten its term of life by exhausting the nutritive action of the hair-forming apparatus. When the hairs are frequently cut they will usually become coarse, often losing the beautiful gloss of the fine and delicate hairs. The pigment will likewise change—brown, for instance, becoming chestnut, and black changing to a dark brown. In addition, the ends of very many will be split and ragged, presenting a brush-like appearance. If the hairs appear stunted in their growth upon portions of the scalp or beard, or gray hairs crop up here and there, the method of the clipping off the ends of the short hairs, or plucking out the ragged, withered and gray hairs, will allow them to grow stronger, longer and thicker. Mothers, in rearing their children, should not cut their hair at certain periods of the year (during the superstitious period of full moon), in order to increase its length and luxuriance as they bloom into womanhood and manhood. This habit of cutting the hair of children brings evil in place of good, and is also condemned by the distinguished worker in this department, Professor Kaposi, of Vienna, who states that it is well known that the hair of women who possess luxuriant locks from the time of girlhood never again attains its original length after having once been cut. Pincus has made the same observation by frequent experiment, and he adds that there is a general opinion that frequent cutting of the hair increases its length; but the effect is different from that generally supposed. Thus, upon one occasion he stated that he cut off circles of hair an inch in diameter on the heads of healthy men, and from week to week compared the intensity of growth of the shorn place with the rest of the hair. The result was surprising in this close and careful observer, as he found in some cases the numbers were equal, but generally the growth became slower after cutting, and he has never observed an increase in rapidity. I might also add that I believe many beardless faces and bald-heads in middle and advancing age are often due to constant cutting and shaving in early life. The young girls and boys seen daily upon our streets with their closely-cropped heads, and the young men with their clean-shaven faces, are year by year by this fashion having their hair-forming apparatus strained.

Cutting the Hair.

Care of the Hair.

When not the consequence of old age baldness is a disease, and it is a far more terrible enemy to overcome than white hair. No healthy person should begin to be bald till after fifty years of age, and yet a general lamentation arises of young people, barely in their twenties, losing their hair. Here, therefore, must be some defect of constitution, some disease of the hair, that should not exist? Headaches, and indeed almost every kind of suffering, whether of the mind or body, frequently cause the hair to fall. Too much study or thought or application of any kind will have a similar effect. Women are less subject to baldness than their brothers. Man works more with his brains, generally speaking, than woman. He also indulges in drink or other excesses more than women, and, as a rule, keeps his head covered more than women do. An Italian proverb says that hats kill hair. Hygienic precautions may do much toward maintaining the hair thick. The writer knew of a man who kept his hair thick, almost black, by never wearing a hat all his life. At eighty he married a third wife and had a third family of children. You must not expect, however, that your hair will never fall, even in health, nor need you be dismayed when you see hair come off when brushing or combing. Hair falls at certain seasons as dead leaves from trees, to make room for new ones to grow. If, however, you see too many come off and the fall continues too long, then cut the hair as you would cut a faded plant; it will grow stronger, richer afterward. If people cut their hair regularly hair-dressers would have little to do, and wig-makers would be ruined. Frequent washing in cold salt water is also recommended to prevent the hair from falling, and daily friction is good.

THEN AND NOW.

All the years of longing, waiting, All the hours of loving, hating, All the dreaming, hesitating, That have borne me as a river Bears the vessels that we give her— Looking back, I sigh and shiver— At the time 'tween then and now.

Days of summer warmth and gladness, Moments of delicious madness, And the nights of tearful sadness, That have raled my brow with care lines, Chilled me when the noonday sun shines Placed the thorns where memory still twines Round the time 'tween then and now.

Midst the tumult of life's hurry And the thousand things that worry, Shall the bloom become a berry? Shall the bud become a flower? That shall fill some sheltered bower With a wondrous perfume shower? Shall the then be lost in now? —Patty Honeysuckle.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A new song is entitled "Brother's Hair was Cut by Mother." It is a good song for a singer to treat as mother did brother's hair—"cut it short."—Norristown Herald.

White trousers are again in style this summer, a fortunate thing for the dudes, as they can buy them cheap, at any grocery. Macaroni stems don't cost much.—Philadelphia News.

Somebody substituted a pile of corn cobs for the doughnuts on the Omaha railway restaurant counter, and they were about two-thirds eaten before anybody discovered what they were.—Rome Sentinel.

The editor of the Waco (Texas) Sentinel, having been blown up by the explosion of a sawmill boiler, we suppose it will now be in order to allude to him as "our highly steamed contemporary."—Life.

There are forty-two different shades in kid gloves this spring. This number might be increased by imitating the shade of disappointment that passes over a lady's face when she sees some other woman with a prettier pair than her own.—Danville Advertiser.

An Iowa bank closed its doors in consequence of the sudden and unexpected departure of the cashier. The next day the local paper announced the event in the following headline: "Another Pioneer of American Civilization Lights Out for Polynesia."

It is now the season when the young man buys a city map, marks on it with a blue pencil the places in the locality of his girl's residence where ice cream and soda water are sold, and carefully studies it to avoid them in his moonlight ramblings with her.—Puck.

The man that runs an auction, And watches for a nod, Must either be near-sighted, Or else he's very old, For when you bid on something He smiles with sweet content, And thinks you need a dollar When you only need a cent. —3 o'clock Statesman.

"What are we going to do with our dead?" asks an excited cremationist. Be calm, man. We can get along well enough with our dead. They won't trouble us. They are good and quiet enough. It's the live men that worry us. What are we going to do with some of the live men? And we tell you confidentially; there is one of them we are going to push down a four-story elevator well, if he comes up with the same old bill just once more to-day. Then you can take what is left of him and go on with the discussion of your question.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Ocean Etiquette.

Eighty thousand Americans annually visit Europe. Of this number 50,000 sail from the port of New York. They spend upon an average while abroad \$2,500 apiece. The greater number are ladies. Such is the statement made by a Broadway (New York) traveling commission firm to a reporter. The importance of these annual pilgrimages, which are increasing year by year, has developed a system of ocean etiquette that governs the conduct of what may be termed the best circles of "maritime society." Nowadays the captain of a crack ocean steamer must not only be a first-class sailor, but he must also be a man of infinite tact and method, with a thorough knowledge of what "society" requires at his hands.

To sit at the "right of the captain" at table at once accords to the occupants of that distinguished honor the highest place in the social scale on board ship, and the position is competed for with an amount of anxiety that is very amusing. The senior surgeon and his assistant (when two are carried) act as deputies, and rank socially next in importance to the captain himself. How to accommodate the various claims for this coveted distinction is a matter of serious moment. The personnel of the passenger list is closely searched at least forty-eight hours before the vessel sails. Very often the purser is called into consultation, and the difficulty is finally settled by placing a card bearing the passenger's name upon his or her plate. From this decision there is no appeal. It frequently happens, however, that one or more persons may consider themselves slighted, and where it is probable that the imaginary slight will disturb the social harmony the captain escapes by taking his meals in his own room.—Boston Traveler.

Spare Legs.

A little girl was standing at the depot to see her father and a gentleman friend off, when she suddenly observed to her father, referring to his friend, who was tall and lank, "If the cars run off the track and any legs must be broke, I hope they'll be Mr. H's." "What's that for?" said the startled H. "Because," she added, artlessly, "Aunt Mary says you have a pair of spare legs." The "All aboard!" of the conductor prevented any explanation.