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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., One Square, one inch, one insertion) and Rate (e.g., \$1.00).

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SONG OF THE COUNTRY.

Away from the roar and the rattle, The dust and din of the town, Where to live is to brawl and to battle, Till the strong trends the weak man down.

Away from the smoke and the smother, The vale of the dam and the brown, The push and the plash and the pother, The wear and waste of the town!

Away from the whirling and whealing, And steaming above and below, Where the heart has no leisure for feeling, And the thought has no quiet to grow.

Away from the cottage, so sweetly Embowered 'neath the fringe of the wood, Where the wife of my bosom shall meet me With thoughts ever kindly and good.

DONALD'S WIFE.

When Donald McKeon married his ward, Jessie Sumner, many of his friends said he had made a mistake. She was a merry, laughing girl of eighteen, fresh from school; and he, her father's old friend, a quiet, self-contained man of thirty-five, and it can scarcely be wondered at that many wise heads were shaken over the ill-assorted match.

Jessie had always stood a little in awe of the quiet, stern man, who had been a frequent visitor at her father's house during his lifetime. But she was quite unprovided for, and Donald McKeon was wealthy; and when he asked her to be his wife in a matter-of-fact way, very much as he might have asked her to be his housekeeper, it seemed the easiest way to solve the troublesome problem of her life; and beside this, she knew her father to have been under obligations to him, and more than suspected that the three years she had spent at a fashionable school since her father's death had been at his expense.

And so they were married, and he took her to the old home that his family had owned and occupied for generations. It was quite a stately house, surrounded by handsome, old-fashioned grounds. But a little time ago it had been quite on the suburbs, but the city had reached out ever-encroaching arms until now it was surrounded by stately rows of brown stone and glaring new bricks.

But in spite of its great, handsomely-furnished rooms, its stores of plate and fine linen, and the bright, old-fashioned garden at the back, it seemed a dreary prison to the laughter-loving girl. Mr. McKeon had done what he could to brighten the old rooms, and had built a large conservatory, knowing that Jessie was fond of flowers, and she might have been quite happy had he known more of the ways and needs of women.

But he had always been devoted to business, caring little for the society of women, and knowing little of them, except the grim, old spinster aunt who had presided over his house since his mother's death, until he brought his young wife home. It never occurred to him that it was a dreary sort of life for a girl like Jessie, alone in the gloomy old house all day, with only the servants and the ghosts of bygone generations for company.

And when she grew pale and listless, and lost her old elasticity of spirits, a fear that had haunted him since his wedding day took possession of him and poisoned his life—a fear that she had married him for home and position and already regretted her choice. Gladly would he have given her back her liberty had that been possible. But being a sensitive, undemonstrative man, he let her see nothing of this, but rather shrank from her because of the wrong he felt he had done her, and came and went and made no sign.

And then people began to discover that Mrs. McKeon was a very charming woman, and her husband a wealthy and influential man, and invitations began to pour in upon her. And Jessie plunged into this new life of fashionable dissipation with a zest that was the natural reaction from the gloom and loneliness of the past year.

At first her husband accompanied her wherever she went, for he had somewhat old-fashioned notions as to what was right and fitting for women to do. But it was a life he utterly detested. It interfered with his business, and he looked below the surface and saw the hollow falsehood it was after all, and it grated on his fine ideas of truth and sincerity.

when he urged the point she rebelled against his assumption of authority. It was their first quarrel and their last, but it was a very bitter one. She spoke cruel, stinging words, that rankled and hurt him the more that he had learned to love her so dearly, as only reserved, self-contained men such as he can love, and then only when they heard all the treasures of their nature to lavish it in middle life on the one woman who is their fate.

After that he opposed her in nothing, but it was as though a great wall of ice had risen between them. He devoted himself to business, and she became the acknowledged leader of the most exclusive circle in the city. She was madly extravagant. She made the old house a marvel of aesthetic beauty, and entertained like a princess.

Mrs. McKeon's toilets, jewels and dinners became the models for her set. Men worshiped her beauty; but for all their flatteries she had the same smile of cold contempt, and no man was bold enough to venture beyond the merest commonplace. And so the years passed, and each one drifted them further apart, until they seldom met, except at their own grand entertainments. Each year she became more the slave of fashion, and he of his office. But through it all he loved her with an undying love, and his one thought was to gratify her every whim.

And when the dark days came—when ships that were sent out freighted with costly wares went down and were heard no more—when houses that seemed stable as granite failed, and his wealth seemed melting away like a snow-wreath, his only thought was for her; and though each day his hair grew whiter, and his form grew stooped with bending over the long columns of figures in which the balance was always on the wrong side, he whispered, "For her sake," and struggled on and denied her nothing. And even on the day when he came home, knowing that all his efforts had availed him nothing and he was a poor man, his only regret was for her, that he would never more be able to give her the things for which she had bargained so much.

He went into the grand, old library, which was almost the only room in the house that remained unchanged, and tried to collect his thoughts. How would he tell her? was the question that reiterated itself through his brain, and for the first time in his life Donald McKeon was a coward. The thought came to him of how she who had chafed at her bonds when they were gilded would bear the closer relations a straitened income would entail.

And he resolved that this at least he would spare her. After all his obligations were met there would be something left, not more than she had often lavished on one dinner, perhaps, but still enough to keep her from absolute want. Jessie should have this, and he would go away and work for her and dream of her, but never again trouble her with his presence. He sat down and wrote a letter, telling her this simply, discreetly, and with the great love he bore her breathing through every word.

The servant had told him she would not be in for some time, and he took the note himself up to her room. It was a dainty place, bright as unbounded wealth and an exquisite taste could make it. He left the note on her toilet-table, lingering for a moment to touch caressingly the costly articles that were scattered about, all breathing of her presence.

When he returned to the library the early dusk was falling. A servant came, bringing lights, but he dismissed him impatiently, and a few moments later heard the sound of wheels and the sweet voice of his wife in the hall giving some directions. At length the silence became unbearable, and he seated himself at the piano. In his old bachelor days music had been his passion, but in these latter years of feverish struggle he had found no time for it. But when his fingers touched the keys all the despair, the pain and longing in his heart found voice in the rich chords that filled the room.

He played on, and gradually the burden was lifted. Music gave him the comfort she ever gives to those who truly love her. It was no longer a wall of despair, but a pean of thanksgiving for victory gained. So absorbed was he that he did not hear a soft footstep enter the room. A hand was laid on his shoulder, and a tremulous voice said: "Donald."

His hand came down with a sudden discord on the keys. It was the first time Jessie had ever called him by that name. He turned and saw her standing there in her dressing-gown of soft cashmere. The firelight was sending long rays down the stately gloom of the library, and she looked very beautiful against the rosy background.

"You read my letter, Jessie?" "Yes, and I am sorry for your sake, Donald; you have worked so hard for your wealth." "Do not think of me, Jessie. It is not for myself I care. I am not afraid of poverty. But, oh, my child, if I could save you from its sting! If it were at the sacrifice of my own life,

as heaven is my witness, I would not spare it!" She came close to him and laid her hands in his. "Donald there is a better thing you can give me than wealth can buy. Give me back the love I so madly threw away. Let me work with you and help you, and I will bless the day that made us poor!"

"Jessie," he said, "are you sure of this? Do not try to deceive me. Do not say it if it is not true. I could go away now and learn to bear it, but to open my heart to this new hope and then find I was mistaken would kill me!" "Donald, do you think I am made of stone—that I could know all your kindness and patience all these years, and not learn to love you? Oh, so often I have longed to kneel at your feet and ask your forgiveness, but I believed I had forfeited your love by my folly."

"And you will not regret the loss of wealth and luxury?" he said, incredulously, "and can be happy with only my love?" "You forget papa and I were poor before I married you, Donald, and I was happier in those old days than I have ever been since I learned to hate the things that cost me so much, and to envy the poorest woman happy in her husband's love."

He turned the sweet, tear-wet face to the firelight, and bent down and looked into her eyes. And then he took her close in his arms. "My darling—oh, my darling!" he said, softly. And in their hearts there was a gladness that all the treasures of the world could not buy.

WISE WORDS.

There is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. As the light goes out with the exhaustion of the oil, so fortune fails with the cessation of human endeavor.

Truth takes the stamp of the soul it enters. It is vigorous and rough in arid souls, but tempers and softens itself in loving natures. There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places.

Every one in this world has his or her share of troubles and trials. Let us, then, try as much as we are able not to increase the burden of any by as much as the weight of a straw. Every ship that comes to America got its chart from Columbus. Every novel is a debtor to Homer. Every carpenter who shaves with a foreplane borrows the genius from a forgotten inventor.

There are certain manners which, learnt in good society, are of that force that, if a person have them, he or she must be considered everywhere welcome, though without beauty, wealth or genius. What Tully says of war may be applied to disputing; it should be always so managed as to remember that the only true end of it is peace; but generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit; and a disputant cares no more for the truth than the sportsman for the hare.

Challenging a Consul.

The following case is of peculiar interest to the consuls of the United States in Europe, and the action of the Wurtemberg government has furnished a valuable precedent. A furniture dealer of Stuttgart, feeling himself aggrieved by a remark said to have been made by Mrs. Catlin, the wife of the United States consul at that capital (but which she denied,) demanded a written apology from Consul Catlin, and failing that, challenged him to fight a duel, naming pistols as his favorite weapon. Mr. Catlin declined to accept the invitation, declaring that he had been sent abroad by his government to respect and uphold the laws of the country to which he had been accredited, and not to violate them by dueling. Thereupon the furniture dealer sent him a grossly insulting communication, which the consul forwarded to the foreign office of the Wurtemberg government. The authorities at once caused the offender to be prosecuted, and he was brought up for trial, found guilty and sentenced to a fine of eighty marks and to pay the full costs of the proceedings.—Paris Continental Gazette.

Winged Three of Them.

A Dakota schoolmistress sued three young men for breach of promise. Counsel for one of the defendants moved for a nonsuit on the ground that she was too promiscuous. The court seemed disposed to grant the motion, whereupon the plaintiff asked: "Judge, did you ever go duck shooting?" His honor's eye lighted up with the pride of a sportsman as he answered: "Well, I should say so; and many's the time that I've brought down a dozen at a shot."

"I knew it," eagerly added the fair plaintiff; "that's just the case with me, judge. These fellows besieged me and I winged three of them." The motion for a nonsuit was denied.

THE BAD BOY DISCOURSES.

HE UNBOSOMS HIMSELF TO THE GROCERY MAN.

And After Ventilating His Mind on Various Serious Matters Leaves a Sign for His Listener to Ponder Over.

"What you sitting there for half an hour for, staring at vacancy?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he sat on a stool by the stove one of these foggy mornings, when everybody feels like quarreling, with his fingers clasped around his knee, looking as though he did not know enough to last him to bed. "What you thinking about any way?"

"I was wondering where you would have been to-day if Noah had run his ark into such a fog as this, and there had been no fog-horn on Mount Ararat, and he had passed by with his excursion and not made a landing, and had floated around on the freshet until all the animals starved, and the ark had struck a snag and burst a hole in her bottom. I tell you, we can all congratulate ourselves that Noah happened to blunder on to that high ground. When I think of the narrow escapes we have had, it is a wonder to me that we have got along as well as we have."

"Well, when did you get out of the asylum," said the grocery man, who had been standing back with open mouth looking at the boy as though he was crazy. "What you want is to have your head soaked. You are getting so you reach out too far with that small mind of yours. In about another year you will want to run this world yourself. I don't think you are reforming very much. It is wicked for a boy of your size to argue about such things. Your folks better send you to college."

"What do I want to go to college for, and be a heartless hater and poor baseball player. I can be had enough at home. The more I read the more I think. I don't believe I can ever be good enough to go to heaven, anyway, and I guess I will go into the newspaper business, where they don't have to be good, and where they have passes everywhere. Some boys can take things as they read them, and not think any for themselves, but I am a thinker from Thinkerville, and my imagination plays the dickens with me. There is nothing I read about in old times but what I compare it with the same life of business at the present day. Now, when I think of the fishermen of Galilee drawing their seines, I wonder what they would have done if there had been a law against hauling seines, as there is in Wisconsin to-day, and I can see a constable with a warrant for the arrest of the Galilee fishermen, taking them to the police station in a patrol wagon. I know it is wrong to think like that, but how can I help it. Say, suppose those fishermen had been out hauling their seines, and our minister should come along with his good clothes on, his jointed rod, his nickel-plated reel, and his silk fish line, and his patent fish hook, and put a frog on the hook and cast his line near the Galilee fisherman and go to trolling for bass? What do you suppose the lone fishermen of the Bible times would have thought about the gall of the jointed rod fisherman? Do you suppose they would have thrown stones in the water where he was trolling, or would they have told him there was good trolling around a point about a half a mile up the shore, where they knew he wouldn't get a bite in a week, the way a fellow at Muskego lake lied to our minister a spell ago? I tell you, boss, it is a sad thing for a boy to have an imagination," and the boy put his other knee in the sling made by the clenched fingers of both hands, and waited for the grocery man to argue with him.

"I wish you would go away from here. I am afraid of you," said the grocery man. "I would give anything if your pa or the minister would come in and have a talk with you. Your mind is wandering," and the grocery man went to the door and looked up and down to see if somebody wouldn't come in and watch the crazy boy while he went to breakfast.

"Oh, pa and the minister can't make a first payment on me. Pa gets mad when I ask questions, and the minister thinks I am past redemption. Pa said yesterday that baldness was caused in every case by men's wearing plug hats, and when I asked him where the good Elijah (whom the boys called 'go up old bald head,' and the bears had a free lunch on them) got his plug hat, pa said school was dismissed and I could go. When the minister was telling me about the good Elijah going up through the clouds in a chariot of fire, and I asked the minister what he thought Elijah would have thought if he had met our Sunday-school superintendent coming down through the clouds on a bicycle, he put his hand on my head and said my liver was all wrong. Now, I will leave it to you if there was anything wrong about that. Say, do you know what I think is the most beautiful thing in the Bible?"

"No, I don't," said the grocery man, "and if you want to tell it I will listen just five minutes, and then I am going to shut up the store and go to breakfast. You make me tired."

"Well, I think the finest thing is that story about the prodigal son, where the boy took all the money he could scrape up and went out West to paint the towns red. He spent his

money in riotous living, and saw everything that was going on, and got full of benzine, and struck all the gangs of toughs, and his stomach went back on him, and he had malaria, and finally he got to be a cowboy, herding hogs, and had to eat husks that the hogs didn't want, and got pretty low down. Then he thought it was a pretty good scheme to be getting around home, where they had three meals a day and spring mattresses, and he started home, beating his way on the trains, and he didn't know whether the old man would receive him with open arms or pointed boots, but the old man came down to the depot to meet him, and right there before the passengers and the conductor and brakeman, he wasn't ashamed of his boy, though he was ragged, and looked as though he had been on the war-path, and the old man fell on his neck and wept, and took him home in a hack and had a veal pot-pie for dinner. That's what I call sense. A good many men now days would have put the police on the tramp and had him ordered out of town. What, you going to close up the store? Well, I will see you later. I want to talk with you about something that is weighing on my mind," and the boy got out just in time to save his coat-tail from being caught in the door, and when the grocery man came back from breakfast he found a sign in front, "This store is closed till further notice.—SHERIFF."

—Peck's Sun.

Weather Signs. "When round the moon there is a broogh (halo). The weather will be cold and rough." This simply records the fact that the first indication of a change in the weather is the appearance of a halo round the sun or moon, and that a storm of wind and rain, or snow and wind, is at no great distance. The open side of the halo indicating the quarter from which it may be expected. Never trust a pale or watery sun or moon, for

"When the sun goes pale to bed, 'Twill rain to-morrow, it is said." Or, "When clouds are upon the hill, They'll come down by the mills." The same causes explain the old sayings, that "when walls are unusually damp, asses bray, peacocks cry, toads come out, glow-worms shine, spider's webs float in the air, bees enter their hives in great numbers, but do not come out again, gnats bite, and flies keep near the ground," are one and all prognostics of rain. Also rheumatism, neuralgia, old wounds and corns become troublesome. And many plants, like the pimpernel which is called the poor man's weather-glass close their flowers at the approach of a storm. A piece of seaweed is also used as a weather sign, for it becomes damp before a storm. There is an old saying that

"When the wind veers against the sun, Trust it not, for back it will run. When the wind is in the south, It is in the rain's mouth."

The wind from the northwest is always best, hence the wise man will do business with men when the wind is in the northwest. In the summer when brilliant sunshine prevails during the day and there is heavy dew at night, and mist in low-lying places, one will hear it said, "Heavy dews in hot weather, continued fair weather." "No dew after a hot day foretells rain." "If mists rise in low grounds and soon vanish, expect fair weather."

"When the mists creep up the hill, Fishers out and try your skill." Fine, bright weather exerts an influence, not only on human beings, but also on birds, animals and insects, for we know that if larks fly high and sing loud we may expect fine weather. When seabirds fly out early and far to seaward, moderate winds and fair weather will follow. When owls whoop much at night, or bats come out of their holes quickly after sunset, or the little plant, called chickweed, expands its leaves boldly and fully the weather will be clear, calm and fine.

In winter, white mist indicates frost. In autumn and spring evenings, vapor arising from a river is regarded as a sure indication of coming frost. When fires burn faster than usual, and with a blue flame, frosty weather may be expected. When the moon's horns are sharp and well defined frosts will follow:

"Clear moon Frost soon." When the wind turns from northeast to east, and continues two days without rain, and does not turn to the south on the third day nor rain, it is likely to continue northeast for eight or nine days all fine, and then come back to south again. It is a sign of continued good weather when the wind so changes during the day as to follow the sun.—Mary A. Barr, in Cottages Hearth.

Lockjaw. A gentleman whose wife was taken suddenly ill, hastened to a physician, who immediately responded. "What is the matter with her, doctor?" "I fear she has the lockjaw." "Lockjaw! Well, say, doctor, let her run along that way for a few hours."—Arkansas Traveler.

Congressman Blackburn's law partner in Kentucky, Dr. Graham, will be 100 years old next fall.

FARTHER ON.

I hear t singing, sweetly singing, Singing in an undertone, Singing, as if God had taught— It is better farther on. Night and day it sings the sonnet, Sings it while it sits alone; Sings so that the heart may hear it— It is better farther on.

Sits upon the grave and sings it; Sings it while the heart would groan; Sings it when the shadows darken— It is better farther on. Farther on—ah! how much farther?— Count the mile stones one by one. No; no counting, only trusting— It is better farther on.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. At last a woman has been sunstruck while shopping. (Cut this out and paste it in your wife's hat).—Puck. The effects of love: A.—"My cousin lost his reason through love." B.—"That isn't saying much. A friend of mine became a postman only in order to get his letters from his sweetheart sooner."

Among the new colors are "strained gooseberry" and "mashed dude." The latter, it is presumed, is a sort of sickly green. Or it may be a soft—very soft—shade of cigarette smoke.—Norristown Herald. First student: "How stupid! Here my uncle sends me twenty marks as a present." Second student: "I should think you would be delighted." "Not at all; I was just going to ask him to lend me fifty."—Fliegende Blätter.

A Vermont man bet a neighbor that he couldn't walk half a mile without looking to the right or left, and just as the man started on his walk set two dogs to fighting about half way down the track, and won his money as easily as could be.—Boston Post. An exchange tells of a man who, by saving a young lady from beneath the tramping hoofs of a drove of mules, won her for a wife. As the event occurred years ago we would like to have that man's present opinion of that drove of mules—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.—Oil City Blizzard.

The people of Northwestern Texas are very much puzzled what to do with the prairie dogs that are eating up all the grass. We have not given the subject very thorough consideration, but it seems probable that if such cereals as cabbage, lettuce, green peas, etc., were planted in sufficient quantities in the vicinity of the dog towns, the prairie dogs would cease to fill up, like Nebuchadnezzar, on grass, and would devote all their time to stowing away the more succulent garden track.—Texas Siftings.

THE SMACK OUT OF SCHOOL. The sun shone in through waving boughs Of elm-trees by the door, Across the row of feet that toed The chalk mark on the floor. Down at the foot of that long line Of spellers, standing there, Was Allan Dean, with quiet face Framed round with stiff bow hair. The fair young teacher called this boy "The dunce of Wheaton school!" But Allan's wit, though slow, were keen, And since to Lawyer Poole This same fair teacher gave a kiss, So slyly, as she thought, The boy, with mischievous delight, A cunning plan had wrought. Next morning Allan changed his class To learn their lessons well, For young Squire Poole that afternoon Would come to hear them spell, And this was all; they never knew What else was on his mind, Until the teacher gave "smack," To be called and defined. "Was Allan's turn: he raised his eyes To watch the lawyer's face, And spelled the short word slowly through, With calm and steady grace. 'Define it, sir,' the mistress said, For, courage to acquire, The boy had paused—"Why, ma'am, said he, "It's what you gave the 'squire."

Gallantry. Mr. S. C. Hall's father was once in a boat, on an arm of the Atlantic that made up into the Irish coast. Several young ladies were with him, and the six rowers did their best. According to the local custom, each rower was rewarded with a glass of whisky. But a merry lass, intending to play a little joke, dipped the glass into the salt water, while one of the boatmen was looking away, and presented it to him. He drank it off and returned her the glass, saying, "Thank ye, me lady!" instead of sputtering as she expected. "What, Pat! Do you like salt-water?" she asked, astonished at his quiet way. "No, me lady, I don't like salt-water; but if yer ladyship had given me a glass of poison, I'd have drank it."—Youth's Companion.

The German army is at the present time distributed over 304 garrisons, thirty-nine of which have an effective of over 2,000 men. Berlin, with 17,813, and Metz, with 14,441, are the only two towns which have garrisons of over 10,000. The garrison of Strasbourg numbers 8,968, that of Mayence 7,712, that of Cologne 7,655, that of Coblenz 6,853, that of Konigsberg 6,383 and that of Magdeburg 6,068. The garrisons of Potsdam (6,580) and Spaulau (4,359) are so close to Berlin that 28,792 troops would be concentrated upon the capital at a few hours' notice.