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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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THY LOVE.

It brightens all the cruel gloom Thy smiles round me like a tomb, And fills my heart with summer bloom.

It makes me quite forget the pain That grief has wrought within my brain, And brings a dash of joy again.

It makes the darkest night to me More clear than ever day can be. For in my dreams I am with thee.

Jenny P. Bigelow, in Harper.

ON THE SHEEP RANCH.

A MONTANA SKETCH.

A driving, blinding snow, the sky black and sullen, a wild wind sweeping over the plains, the mountains quite hidden from view by the storm.

Zara threw more pine logs on the fire, drew together the red chintz curtains at the small window of her "best room," and tried to make things a trifle cozier in the ranch cabin.

"Father will soon be home," she said—he had fallen into the habit of talking to herself out in this lonely country, this "new, far-West." "He will put the sheep in the corral early to-night—it is so stormy."

A small clock on a shelf, which served as a mantel, and which was draped with some simple but pretty flintz, like the curtain, struck four. Zara sighed a little as she heard it. How many times had she listened to that same silvery chime—it was a pretty little French clock—in happier days in the dear East! Its musical found recalled so much!—brought back the pretty, old-fashioned New England home so plainly.

How her dreams had turned out! When her father came to her one fall day and said very gravely, "Zara, I have lost money. This place must be sold. I shall go West," her heart had leaped with foolish joy. She had dreamed so often of the West; she knew it was a paradise, so free and wild. "Roughing it" would be so very pleasant! Had she not read in books about it? So she had only smiled at her father's grave face and exclaimed: "I am so glad we are going West! We shall make our fortune there, I know."

She was younger then—barely seventeen. She was twenty-two now—had been "roughing it" five years. She was wiser.

The lovely New England home had been sold, all debts paid—for Zara Josslyn's father was strictly honorable—and father and daughter had sought the West—the great, undeveloped territory of Montana. Mr. Josslyn's remaining capital, which was not large, had been invested in sheep.

Five years came and went—the little flock of sheep grew larger, and money came in a little more plentifully; but Mr. Josslyn had not made "a fortune" yet, and life on a ranch was not easy. Zara hated, secretly, for the East. She hated these desolate plains, the barren "foot-hills," the deeply-furrowed, snowy mountains, so different from the wooded New England hills.

Again the little gilt clock chimed—this time, five.

"I wonder father does not come!" exclaimed Zara, rising from a low foot-bench by the fire, where she had been sitting thinking for the last hour. She went to the window, and parting the curtains vainly tried to peer through the darkness. The wind moaned and wailed, the snow blew against the window-pane. Zara shivered and drew back. As she did so she caught the sound of voices. Lamp in hand she hurried to the door.

"Go right in," she heard her father say; "don't wait for me. Just tell her you are from the East—that will be sufficient recommendation!"

Then Zara saw her father turn toward the barn leading another horse beside his own, and a tall man, well muffled, came striding up the path from the gateway.

"May I come in?" asked the stranger, pausing for a moment at the door and raising a fur cap.

"Certainly," replied Zara, and retreated into the warm, fire-lit room.

The tall man followed, and quickly divesting himself of his snow-covered outer wrappings, drew near the blazing fire.

"My name is Storey—William Storey," he said, smiling; "and your father advises me to tell you that I am from the East."

Zara smiled also. "Father knows how glad I am always to see any one from home," she said.

"I have been in Montana, however, all this fall," Mr. Storey went on to say, "and I come here nearly every fall to hunt. Montana is good hunting ground. But I have lingered a little too long among the Rockies this time; winter has overtaken me!"

"It is our first real snowstorm, but it makes one feel it ought to be January instead of November!" Zara said, with a sigh, as a gust of wind beat wildly against the ranch cabin.

"You do not like the West?" asked her companion, glancing up at the young girl's somewhat sad face.

"No; I thought I should like it, but it is very disappointing. Then suddenly, her face brightening: "Have you ever been in Maine? Have you ever passed through a little town called Laurel?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, to both questions," replied Storey, again smiling. "I stopped over night once at Laurel, on my way

to Mount Desert one summer. It is a lovely little nook."

"Oh, is it not?" cried the young girl, with almost a quiver in her voice. "I lived there once. I was so happy there!"

As she spoke her father threw open the front door and came in, well whitened by the storm.

Zara hastened to help him off with his great, shaggy, buffalo-skin coat, and then drew another chair to the fire for him.

Almost her first words were: "Father, Mr. Storey has been to Laurel!"

Mr. Josslyn laughed. "You couldn't have been to a better place, according to this foolish child," he said, addressing his guest.

Then Zara slipped away, leaving the two men to enjoy the crackling pine logs while she prepared something hot for supper. In a short time she reappeared and said:

"We use our kitchen for a dining-room. Will you come to supper, please?"

Storey rose immediately, and with his host followed the young girl into a low-ceiled but exquisitely neat room. Zara presided at the head of the small round dining-table, and poured fragrant coffee into quaint, real china cups.

"These came from home," she said, proudly, as she handed William Storey one of the dainty blue and white treasures.

The evening was spent in pleasant chatting, and passed so delightfully to the young girl that she fairly stared at the little clock when it struck 11.

A bed was made up in the "best room," as Mr. Josslyn's cramped bedroom, opening, as Zara's did, out of the kitchen, was not deemed sufficiently comfortable for the guest. And when William Storey fell asleep that night he dreamed of the little red-curtained room in which he lay, and saw Zara's pretty, girlish face with the fire-glow upon it, just as he had seen it when awake.

The next morning the sun shone brightly, but all about the ranch lay the snow in gleaming white drifts.

"You had better remain with us to-day," said Mr. Josslyn after breakfast, glancing out the window as he spoke.

"I should like to," said Storey, "but I think I ought to go back to Bozeman. My room-mate (another Eastern man, Miss Josslyn) will be looking for me. If you will let me, I will ride out in a day or two and see you again, for next week I go home."

Zara gave a little longing sigh at his last words. He was going home. How she wished she could go!

Later she stood with her father in the doorway and watched his guest depart. The sunlight fell full upon her wistful young face, and Storey thought how very pretty she was as she rode away.

In a few days he returned, as he had said he would. Zara received him with evident pleasure.

"Father has gone to look after the sheep," she said, "but he will be home to dinner. He will be very glad to see you, I know."

Storey sat down on the rude, home-made lounge, and Zara took her favorite seat, the foot-bench by the fire.

"I go home to-morrow," said Storey—"go home, I mean, to your dear East," smilingly.

"So soon?" cried the young girl. "I am coming back next fall—for another hunt. May I come and see you then?"

"You will never come," said Zara simply.

"I will never come! Why?" asked the young man in surprise.

"You will forget all about us in that time—a whole year from now."

"Suppose I don't forget, will you be glad to see me when I come?" inquired Storey with sudden eagerness, and leaning toward Zara so as to get a better view of her half-averted face.

"Yes, I shall be glad to see you."

The answer sounded a little cold, but Storey was not dissatisfied, somehow.

It was late in the day—not until after dinner, some time, that the young man took his departure. He rode away with no little reluctance, and Zara lingered long in the doorway watching him.

The short Montana summer was barely over—the cottonwood trees were still yellow—and the air was yet quite warm and pleasant, when one afternoon, toward sunset, Zara looked up from her sewing and saw a tall, handsome man coming toward the house on horseback.

"Miss Josslyn!" cried a well-remembered voice.

Zara rose, trembling a little, from the doorsteps where she had been sitting. She wore quite a joyous expression. Storey thought, secretly pleased, as he left his horse to graze by the gate and hastened toward the young girl.

"Are you glad to see me?" he inquired, eagerly, taking Zara's hand.

"You know I am glad!" she exclaimed, her face flushing under his earnest gaze. "Father and I have talked of you so often," she went on; "you know our life is so quiet and monotonous here that your coming to us last fall was quite an event."

"I am very glad. My coming to you was quite an event to me, I assure you. In all my ramblings since I left you—during the

gay season at the seaside this summer even—I could not get this lonely little ranch out of my head, somehow. Your wistful face haunted me—indeed it did! I grew unreasonably impatient to see—well, Montana again. I tried to reason with myself; you had forgotten me, most likely, I thought; but in vain! I pictured you about you: every-day life—could see the shadow deepening in your eyes—and one day I cried aloud: 'It is a shame for so young a creature to be buried!' And a few hours later I was on the train, bound for Montana!"

William Storey had spoken with no little eagerness and excitement, and as Zara sat beside him on the steps, and listened, her cheeks had grown a deeper crimson.

She did not speak at first when he had finished, but continued looking off, across the plains, at the fast sinking sun.

At length she said, her voice a little unsteady:

"I am so glad you did come back." "Zara!" cried her companion, impetuously, "I came back to tell you I love you! I think I must have loved you before I left you last fall, but I had always scorned the very idea, even, of love at first sight, and I had only met you twice. But when once away from you—separated from you, with thousands of miles between us—I became impatient to see you. Your 'dear East' had no charm for me. I longed for your lonely ranch; I reasoned with myself many times, but it was of no use—I realized that I loved you; I was foolish enough, Zara, to think I could teach you to love me."

The sun had quite gone now, the mountains shone darkly purple against the clear amber of the sky, the air was fresh and just a little chill. Zara shivered; from excitement though, more than cold.

"Have you nothing to say to me? Is my case then so hopeless a one?" asked William Storey, taking one of the young girl's hands in his and looking gravely in her face.

"Will you not be sorry for this? Are you quite sure it is love, not pity, you feel for me?" Zara ventured, tremulously.

"I shall never be sorry—I love you! Pity would not cause me to ask you to be my wife! All I want to make me as perfectly happy as one can be in this world is your love. Can you—will you—learn to love me, Zara?"

"I do love you!"

The sunset glow faded; the stars gleamed out; a great, yellow moon rose over the eastern hills and flooded the valley with a brilliant light.

When Mr. Josslyn returned home he was considerably surprised. There was no supper ready; the fire in the "best room" was not lit, as it was wont to be these cool fall evenings; the front door stood wide open, and Zara—usually prudent Zara—was sitting on the steps, bare-headed, utterly regardless of the night air, talking very earnestly to William Storey!

Only one short year, yet what a change it had made in Zara's young life! No longer, when she looked from her window, did she see desolate, bleak, sage-grown plains, belted by snow-crowned mountains. A most lovely flower garden, framed in by meadow lands, yellow with golden rod, through which ran a clear little brook, and bounded by blue, wooded hills in the distance, met her delighted eye.

How very happy she was!

Almost a year had she been William Storey's wife; almost a year since the quiet little wedding at Bozeman had taken place, and she had left the great territory—the wild "new far-West"—forever. She was in Laurel now, in her old home, bought for her by her husband shortly after their arrival East.

Soon Zara's father was coming to her; that was another pleasure in store for her. The sheep—quite a numerous flock now—were to be left with a competent herder, Mr. Josslyn having everything arranged to his satisfaction.

The fortune predicted by Zara in her girlish enthusiasm had not quite been realized as yet, but Mr. Josslyn was by no means a poor man any longer, and was heard often to assert triumphantly that "a sheep ranch is certainly a paying investment if well managed!"—The Continent.

People Who Disappear.

Five hundred men, women and children disappear in New York every year and are reported as mysteriously lost. Those who read newspapers hear of their disappearance, but only in exceptional instances of their recovery. What becomes of this great herd of absentees? Do they ever return? Or, once sucked under in the mad whirlpool of feverish metropolitan life in which only the sum, not the individual, counts, are they nevermore cast up to the surface and to the sight of men?

The question is answered by the police books. Under an improved system of recording missing persons and following up the inquiry at stated intervals, data have accumulated since the beginning of the present year that justify the conclusion that five-sixths of those sought for turn up, and that when they do the mystery of their absence is reduced to a very small minimum.—New York Herald.

What class of men have the most patience? Physicians, of course.

THE BAD BOY GETS A FROG.

AND PUTS THE LITTLE JUMPER IN HIS PA'S BED.

The Old Gentleman Thinks He Is Struck With Paralysis and Yells Six Kinds of Murder.

"Uncle Ezra says pa used to play tricks on everybody," remarked the bad boy to the grocery man. "I may be mean, but I never played jokes on blind people, as pa did when he was a boy. Uncle Ezra says once there was a party of four blind vocalists, all girls, gave an entertainment at the town where pa lived, and they stayed at the hotel where pa tended bar. Another thing, I never sold rum, either, as pa did. Well, before the blind vocalists went to bed, pa caught a lot of frogs and put them in the beds where the girls were to sleep, and when the poor blind girls got into bed the frogs hopped all over them, and the way they got out was a caution. It is bad enough to have frogs hopping all over girls that can see, but for girls that are deprived of their sight, and don't know what anything is, except by the feeling of it, it looks to me like a pretty tough joke. I guess pa is sorry now for what he did, 'cause when Uncle Ezra told the frog story, I brought home a frog and put it in pa's bed. Pa has been afraid of paralysis for y'ars, and when his leg or anything gets asleep, he thinks that is the end of him. Before bedtime I turned the conversation onto paralysis, and told about a man about pa's age having it on the west side, and pa was nervous, and soon after he retired I guess the frog wanted to get acquainted with pa, 'cause pa yelled six kinds of murder, and we went into his room. You know how cold a frog is. Well, you'd a dide to see pa. He laid still and said his end had come, and Uncle Ezra asked him if it was the end with a heid, or the feet, and pa told him paralysis had marked him for a victim, and he could feel that his left leg was becoming dead. He said he could feel the cold, clammy hand of death walking up him, and he wanted ma to put a bottle of hot water to his feet. Ma got the bottle of hot water and put it to pa's feet, and the cork came out and paid said he was dead sure enough, now, because he was hot in the extremities, and that a cold wave was going up his leg. Ma asked him where the cold wave was, and he told her, and she thought she would rub it, but she began to yell the same kind of murder pa did, and she said a snake had gone up her sleeve. Then I thought it was time to stop the circus, and I reached up ma's lace sleeve and caught the frog by the leg and pulled it out, and told pa I guessed he had taken my frog to bed with him, and I showed it to him, and then he said I did it, and a boy that would do such a thing would go to perdition as sure as preachin', and I asked him if he thought a man who put frogs in the beds with blind girls, when he was a boy, would get to heaven, and then he told me to lit out, and I lit. I guess pa will feel better when Uncle Ezra goes away, 'cause he thinks Uncle Ezra talks too much about old times. Well, here comes our baby wagon, and I guess pa has done penance long enough, and I will go and wheel the kid awhile. Say, you call pa in, after I take the baby wagon, and tell him you don't know how he would get along without such a nice boy as me, and you can charge it in our next month's bill."—Puck's Sun.

An Ape's Revenge.

Apes, when their anger is aroused, are very dangerous creatures, as they will dare almost anything in order to avenge their wrongs. Many of their deeds of revenge are well known, but the following anecdote, which comes from Italy, is as amusing as any we have yet heard of. Il Rosso, a disciple of Angelo, resided in Florence in a house overlooking a garden belonging to some friars. Il Rosso possessed an ape which was on friendly terms with one of his apprentices called Battistoni, who employed the animal to steal the friars' grapes, letting it down into the adjacent garden and drawing it up again by a rope. The grapes being missed a watch was set, and one day a friar caught the ape in the very act. He tried to inflict a thrashing, but the ape got the best of it and escaped. Il Rosso, however, was sued, and his pet sentenced to wear a weight on its tail. But few days elapsed ere the culprit had an opportunity of avenging this insult. While the friar was performing mass at a neighboring church, the ape climbed to the part of the roof under which the altar stood, and to use Vasari's words, "performed so lively a dance with the weight on his tail that there was not a tile or vase left unbroken; and on the friar's return a torrent of lamentations was heard that lasted three days."—Harper's Young People.

The Law About Drawbridges.

In reply to an inquiry on the subject, the secretary of the treasury states that no special acts of Congress regulate the conditions for opening drawbridges on all navigable waters of this country, but that if a private citizen be aggrieved by the closing of a draw, he has his action at common law for damages; and possibly, under State statutes, a drawbridge which was not properly and seasonably opened might be indicted as a nuisance.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

In some parts of Siberia a wife costs eight dogs.

To short-sighted persons the moon appears to have a blue fringe.

Chemical analysis shows that the human brain is eighty per cent. water.

A Spanish grandee has an entire bedroom suite of furniture made of glass.

A London physician says that the English sparrow is subject to the smallpox.

A watch made entirely of iron and in perfect running order was exhibited in a Worcestershire fair recently.

Mrs. Mary Austin, of Washington, Ga., died recently. She had been the mother of forty-four children, including six sets of triplets.

Color blindness is more common among Quakers than among persons of any other religious faith, which is supposed to be because of their indifference to color.

The white perch of the Ohio are noted for the musical sounds they make. The sound is much like that produced by a silk thread placed in a window where the wind blows across it.

An island about three acres in extent, recently discovered off the coast of California, is almost paved with the eggs of sea fowl, and the discoverers think that it is the greatest bird's nest in the world.

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect to all men, charity.

The great sandstone anvil of the mound builders is in possession of the Cincinnati society of Natural History. It was found some miles above Iron-ton, Mo., by Dr. H. H. Hill, a successful collector of American relics. This anvil is composed of very sharp grit, contains over 100 depressions, weighs about 500 pounds, and measures eight feet nine inches at its greatest circumference.

In Catholic and Protestant countries, the year 1900 will not be a leap-year, they all having adopted the Gregorian calendar. In countries where the Greek church is established (Russia and Greece) the old Julian calendar still holds, and those countries will count it a leap-year. After February, 1900, therefore, the difference between the two calendars, which is now twelve days, will become thirteen days, and will remain so until 2100, the year 2000 being a leap-year in both the Julian and Gregorian calendars. The rule for leap-year may be thus stated according to the Gregorian calendar, which differs from the Julian only in a special treatment of the century years: All years whose index-number (1883 is the index-number of the present year) is divisible by four are leap-years, unless (1) their index-number is divisible by one hundred (century years). In that case they are not leap-years, unless (2) their index-number is divisible by four hundred, in which case they are leap-years. Thus, 1700, 1800, 1900 and 2100 are not leap-years, while 1600, 2000 and 2400 are.

Something About Tennis.

Although the revival of the ancient game of tennis, which is now generally known as lawn tennis, is of recent growth, the sport is simply a modification of the pastime familiar to the English people in the time of Shakespeare. They, in turn, borrowed the game from the French. There can be little doubt that the sport arose out of "hand-ball," or, as it was called by the French, palm-play, so-called because the exercise consisted in receiving the ball and driving it back again with the palm of the hand. In former times they played with the naked hand, then with a glove. Afterward it became the fashion to bind cords and tendons around the hands to make the ball rebound more forcibly. From this habit the racquet derived its origin. During the time of Charles I. hand tennis was exceedingly popular in France, being played for large sums of money. So strong was the passion for betting upon the game that the nobility, after losing all they had about them, would pledge their wearing apparel. According to Laboureur, a French historian, the Duke of Burgundy, "having lost sixty francs at palm-play with the Duke of Bourbon, Messire William de Lyon and Messire Guy de la Tréneulle, and not having money enough to pay them, gave his girdle as a pledge for the remainder, and shortly afterward he left the same girdle with the Count D'Eu for eighty francs which he lost at tennis." Indeed, it was very common in these times to negotiate girdles instead of bonds in betting transactions.

In the fifteenth century regular and fixed rules were introduced in the game for the first time, and covered courts were erected. In the sixteenth century tennis courts were quite common in England, and the sport was liberally encouraged by the sovereigns. In a work published by Hoole in 1658 there is a picture of a tennis court, divided by a line stretched in the middle, and the players standing on either side with their racquets ready to receive and return the ball, which the rules of the game required to be struck over the line.—American Queen.

MOTH-EATEN.

I had a beautiful garment, And laid it by with care; I folded it close with lavender leaves In a napkin fine and fair. "It is far too costly a robe," I said, "For one like me to wear."

So never at morn or evening, I put my garment on; It lay by itself under clasp and key In the perfumed dusk alone, In a wonderful brocade hidden, Till many a day had gone.

There were guests who came to my portals. There were friends who sat with me, And, clad in soberest raiment, I bore them company; I knew I owned the beautiful robe, Though its splendor none might see.

There where poor who stood at my portals, There were orphaned sought my care; I gave them tenderest pity, But had nothing beside to spare: I had only the beautiful garment, And the raiment for daily wear.

At last, on a feast day's coming, I thought in my dress to shine; I would please myself with the luster Of its shifting colors fine; I would walk with pride in the marvel Of its rarely rich design.

So out from the dust I bore it— The lavender fell away— And fold on fold I held it up To the searching light of day. Alas! the glory had perished While there in its place it lay.

Who seeks for the fadeless beauty, Must seek for the use that seals To the grace of a constant blessing The beauty that nee reveals. For into the folded robe alone, The moth with its blighting steals.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Tampering with the mails.—The coquette.

Oh, meet me by moonlight alone, Blythely sang the freck young bard Who fainted when he heard the tone Of the dog in the back yard.

The collegian's passport: "No," said the college man, "I don't care a copper whether I get a degree or not; I've got my skull-and-crossbones pin and that's a passport into any society."—Boston Transcript.

He who says a "pair of stairs," means only one stairs. He who speaks of a ladder might just as consistently say a "pair of ladders." It is only when you tumble downstairs that the steps double on you.

"Is that about the right length, sir?" asked the skillful barber, as he finished cutting his customer's hair. "I like the sides and back," was the response; "but I wish you would make it a little longer on the top."

One of the loveliest spectacles in this world is to watch the expression of rapture that passes over the face of the dude as he sucks lemon up through a straw, rolls his eyes and rubs his ears together at the back of his head.—Puck.

It is said that the number of women who reach 100 years and upward is nearly double that of long-lived men. Women don't invent patent fire escapes and exhibit their workings. And they don't stay out so late o' night, either, inhaling the miasma of the night air.—Norristown Herald.

The Popular Science Monthly has directions "how to act in a tornado," but fails to tell a man how to comport himself in case he should hurriedly pass a lady friend about 2,000 feet in the air, both on the top wave of a cyclone. Would it be proper to doff the hat, or would the cyclone care for that little courtesy?—Harford Post.

"The boat has turned over and drowned your son," said a man, approaching a fishing party, and addressing an old gentleman. "Great goodness!" exclaimed the old man, bursting into tears. "He was my hope in this life. He was the best boy on the place; and, beside that, he had the baitcup with him."—Arkansas Traveler.

"What influence has the moon on the tide?" the teacher asked John Henry. And John Henry said it depended on what was tied; if it was a dog it made him howl, and if it was a gate, it untied it, just as soon as a cow or the young man came along. It is such things as this that make school-teachers want to lie down and die every day at 6 o'clock.—Hawkeye.

Miss Jenny Marks, of Baltimore, won a sewing machine by making a guess at the number of pills in a bottle in a window. There were 25,100 pills in the bottle, and she guessed 25,190. There were over 5,000 guesses, and the worst one was a guess of 9,000,000. The man who guessed 9,000,000 was one of those fellows who get their education by reading gamblers.—Derrick.

"I scream with affright when a mouse comes in sight." Said a girly girl to her affianced, one eve. "I scream when alone in the darkness at home."

And thus the monotonous silence relieve; I scream when in bed that should awake old dream.

If my sleep is disturbed by a horrid old dream, And when after tea, you drop in to ask me To stroll with you out in the moonlight, I scream.

—Sales Sunbeam.