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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00; One Square, one inch, one month... \$1.00; One Square, one inch, three months... \$3.00; One Square, one inch, one year... \$10.00; Two Squares, one year... \$15.00; Quarter Column, one year... \$3.00; Half Column, one year... \$5.00; One Column, one year... \$10.00.

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.

A SHAKE OF THE HAND.

One day upon the busy street, A dear old friend I chanced to meet, From a far distant land; His face with pleasure was alight, He asked me, "Is all with you right?" And clasped and shook my hand.

It was not any word he said, But just that care and sorrow fled As if by his command. 'Twas not the smile upon his lip, But just the honest, hearty grip, With which he shook my hand.

Oh, lips may touch, and eyes may meet, And both be false, and both be sweet! But no one need be told, When fingers touch and coldly part They have not touched a feeling heart, Or love is fading cold.

The hand is index sure and true Unto the heart; you will not rue If you its lesson take; Heed not the promise of the lip, But trust the firm and honest grip, The strong yet tender shake.

And, oh, the strength and confidence, The sympathy, the happy sense, With which we understand! The subtle, secret power we feel When meeting fingers but reveal, The heart within the hand!

-Mary A. Barr, in Good Cheer.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The girl graduate's pet letters—S. A. A man always looks black when he feels blue.—Somerville Journal. "Haste makes waste," said the man who threw a bootjack and killed a cat. Border troubles—Too much hash; not enough berries.—Wheeler Leader. "Enough is as good as a feast," remarked the fellow who found that the egg which he was about to eat was aged.

A fair and accomplished young Dr. Fell in love with a lady named Dr. But his terms scientific. Came forth so terrific. That they really and truly quite shr. A new postoffice in the South is named Langtry. It is hoped that it is not true to its name, and cause mails to go astray.—Norristown Herald. In Alabama man advertises that he has something that will make hens lay. Perhaps it is a little string that ties their legs. Send stamps for the secret.—Plymouth. "Pepl, how did you get along in school to-day?" "Badly, papa; the teacher gave me a thrashing." "Why?" "Well, he asked me how many teeth a man had, and I said a whole mouthful.—Fliegende Blätter.

Men grumble because cabbage is used as a substitute for tobacco in cigars; but they would probably grumble more if the best Havana tobacco should be served with their corned-beef as a substitute for cabbage.—Puck. James Smith, of North Carolina, turned up an emerald while plowing near Greensboro. Many a man has plowed day in and day out without turning up anything more surprising to him than a nest of yellow jackets.—Middletown Transcript. A Harrisburg man boasts that he can split bullets on the edge of a hatchet sixty feet away, but we can't see what good that would do him. He could dull up a hatchet ten times as quickly by giving it to a servant girl to cut kindlings with.—Philadelphia News.

"Pa, did you hear that report that got out last night?" "What report, my son?" "The report of a pistol." "The old man was arrested for chasing the boy with a hatchet, but was discharged when the facts were made known, with the advice to kill him next time.—Grit. A farm item remarks that in fly time cows should be kept in stalls. This is for the convenience of the fly, increasing his opportunity of concentration and economizing much valuable time that would be otherwise consumed in chasing a frisky heifer through a ten-acre lot.—Rome Sentinel.

The Nevada way of catching bears is for one man to feed the animal with salt, while a second slips around and ties his hind legs together. When the second man weakens and takes to his heels it's mighty embarrassing for the feeding man, especially when the salt is nearly gone.—Boston Post. A New York photographer says that babies are among their best customers, because a baby changes so much every few months. Months! What kind of babies do they have in Gotham? Hereaway a baby that couldn't change twenty thousand times during the taking of one picture wouldn't be considered worthy of the name.—Boston Transcript.

LOVE LETTERS. If thou, Miss, wouldst LEVE My woes with X P D N C, And me no more MAC'S Say thou art not mine N M E. True love in its M N O T My business must X I O U S; So let no N M R O T My darling bones L M N S. Thy beauty & X I N C My sister with X L R S, And she with O B D N C To thee from me shall M N S.

For those art my F N E T; I lend thee as my D E T; And if I love with N R G, Ascribe it to my X T C.

SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD MIRROR.

Upon this old and rusty nail I've hung for many years; Ah, me! but I could tell a tale Of pleasure—yes, and tears. How many a beaming countenance That in the days gone by Gave me the quick, admiring glance— Now in the churchyard lie!

Wrinkles have grown on faces fair, Bright eyes their luster lost, And on the fair heads of glossy hair Has fallen age's frost; The manly form erect and proud, Has lost its stately grace, And gray with years and sorrow bowed Now shuns my truthful face.

The lad who shaved his downy lip By my reflected aid, And made so many a cruel slip With keen-edged razor blade, Now hath a son, who, now and then, With comical grimace, Apes well the ways of older men And scrapes his beardless face.

A maiden lady, old and spare, Who mourns her lonely state, Comes here and combs her scanty hair In style long out of date; Then, with affected unconcern, She dabs her cheek with red. In hopes that she may some day turn Some single codger's head.

Two lovers came to-day and gazed Together in my face— He with enthusiasm praised The beauty of her face; Clashed in each other's loving arms Quite long they gazed in me— John looked at Mary's buxom charms, And Mary—so did she!

There! Bobbie with his dreadful ball, Has handed me, I know! My frame hangs empty on the wall, My fragments lie below. Alas! 'twould do but little good— My feelings to express— The story glances I'd withstood! Had weakened me, I guess. —Parmenas Mix.

PERSEVERANCE.

Just at the instant of sunset the light broke through the leaden masses of cloud like a lot of brass, red, threatening, yet most welcome. For there, darkly outlined against the sullen gin, stood a little cabin with its thatched roof of smoke curling upward, and an old fisherman sitting mending his nets on a bench beside the door.

And Mr. Cheston, who had been wandering hopelessly among the marshes for some time, with a lively sense of the inconvenience of getting lost in those saline deserts, stood and stared at it as if it were a will-o'-the-wisp. "I'm sure it couldn't have been there five minutes ago," he pondered within himself.

"Evenin', stranger!" said old Zadoc Peck. "Been a shoo'in', eh?" "I've lost my way," said Cheston, plunging through the tall reeds, until at last he gained a secure footing by the cabin door. "Well, I thought likely," commented Zadoc. "Ain't many folks come here a purpose."

"Could I obtain a night's lodging and some supper?" hinted our weary sportsman. "I guess so," serenely answered Mr. Peck, "if you don't mind sleepin' up garret. As for supper, Perseverance has gone out to dig clams for us. Like baked clams, eh?" "His son," thought the major, "What a quaint couple they must be."

But he sat down in the red light and looked at the morning-glory vines trained to the window, the busy fingers of the old man, the murmuring wilderness of reeds and rushes beyond. "That's right," said Zadoc. "Set down and take it easy. Perseverance will be back pretty quick with the clams, and then you'll get some good hot supper. Perseverance is a master hand to cook."

"Perseverance" came presently, but to Major Cheston's infinite surprise she was no lubberly boy nor half-civilized maiden of sixteen, with jettty hair floating down her back, large dark eyes, long lashed and almond-shaped, and cheeks like roses. Her short, gypsy-like skirts revealed shapely brown feet, yet bearing the impress of the wet sands where she had waded out to dig clams, and on one arm she carried a basket of clams whose weight would have been no trifle even to the stalwart muscles of this major of cavalry.

She was not at all embarrassed by the presence of a stranger, but came frankly up to him, setting down her basket to examine the contents of his game-bag. "You've had poor luck, stranger, haven't you?" she said, pityingly. "I could ha' done better myself on them marshes at this time o' year." "Perseverance is a first-rate shot," chuckled the old man. "Go now, girl, and cook us some supper."

The roast clams, coffee and corn bread were most palatable, and after upper Major Cheston gave Perseverance a newspaper from his pocket. "It is this morning's," said he. "Would you like to see it?" But she indicated it away. "I can't read," said she, indifferently.

"You cannot read!" echoed the amazed major. "Why, how old are you?" "Sixteen," Perseverance answered, reddening. "My sister Kate is only sixteen," said Major Cheston, speaking without due reflection, "and she reads and writes four different languages, plays the piano and guitar, draws and paints, and—"

"Pshaw!" said Perseverance, arching her slender neck. "Can she shoot black duck and curlews?" "That is hardly one of the accomplishments prescribed for young ladies," said the major, smiling. "Can she swim?" "No, but—"

"Can she clip a blue heron on the wing? or get in a haul of bluefish when the tide is strong and the wind due east? or fight a shark, hand to hand, with only a marlin-spike for a weapon?" And once again Major Cheston was compelled to answer in the negative. "Well," said Perseverance, complacently, "I can!"

And she rose and went out of the room, and Major Cheston saw no more of her that night. "She isn't offended, is she?" he asked of old Zadoc Peck, who was smoking a pipe and staring hard at the fire all the while. "Offended? Our Perseverance offended?" echoed the old man. "You don't know her, stranger?" "But, really," hazarded Cheston, "it is scarcely right to bring up a girl like that in such total ignorance, now is it?"

"Well, we haven't no schools nor academies hereabouts," said the old man. "And if we had, Perseverance wouldn't go to 'em. I don't see but what she gets along first-rate!" And Major Cheston wasted no more time in argument. He slept well and soundly that night under the sloping roof of the little garret, through whose shrunken boards the quiet stars peeped down at him, and at daybreak he went down upon the shore.

The reeds were all effaced now—the tide was coming in with a rush and a roar, and an occasional flying shower of spray. The fresh wind took off his hat and whirled it into the water. He made an involuntary plunge after it, lost his footing on the slippery sands, and the next instant he was struggling for dear life with the surf, dragged constantly down, and still further out to sea by the treacherous undertow. In a last effort to regain himself, he struck his head against a jagged point of stone and knew nothing more.

"You needn't thank me, stranger," said old Zadoc Peck, as he stood over the recovering patient, with hot towels. "I didn't know a thing about it till she ran up, as white and breathless as a snow flurry, to get me to help you in. She had swum out to sea and dragged you back to land herself! She's a brave girl, is Perseverance, and there's nothing she can't do if once she sets herself about it."

Major Cheston thanked his young rescuer earnestly; but nothing would induce her to take the gold he offered her. "It must be a poor creature that wants reward for saving a man's life," said she, with a short laugh. And Cheston desisted. "The girl is too pretty," he said to himself. "No one but the hero of a third-class romance ever marries a half-civilized young savage, because she has dark eyes and hair growing low on her forehead, I must get away from this place—and I must keep away!"

Physically this was an easy thing to do; but mentally—what is there but the wild winds of heaven so uncontrollable as a man's thoughts? At the end of a year he came back from Switzerland and went straight to the Long Island marshes. "I must see her," he said to himself. "I must tell her that I love her. I must ask her to be my wife."

When the train reached Nineveh, the nearest station, a tall, beautiful girl in a cashmere dress, sparkling with jet, and a saucy black hat, came to him, holding out her hand. "You are Major Cheston?" said she. "And you," he answered, "are Perseverance Peck?" She smiled and nodded. How beautiful she had grown!

"I was going out to the old house," he said. "I do not live there any more," said Perseverance. "Father's dead, and I'm being educated. You see," she added, "that your words, hard and cruel as I then thought them, were not without their effect. I am staying with some friends, and I share the advantage of their goodnerness. And Mr. Russell thinks I am not a stupid scholar."

"Russell!" That name was very familiar to him. "At Castle Point, a little way down the island," explained Perseverance. "You know you very well. Hugh Russell and I often talk about you."

Hugh Russell! A dagger thrust of jealousy went through Major Cheston's heart. Hugh Russell, whom he remembered such a handsome, daring young fellow? Was he, then, too late in his decision? Had some other hand gathered this exquisite wild flower?

And then, with the innocent hypocrisy of lovehood, he vowed that he had intended all along to visit the Russells, and accompanied Perseverance thither at once. "Yes," said placid Mrs. Russell. "Is she not beautiful? She used to come to my Sunday-school class last summer, at the little Sandy Point chapel, and when her poor old father died I took her to stay with me. And we are all so attached to her, and she is so lovely and winning. Quite like my own daughter."

Late that evening Major Cheston went out on the stone-paved terrace, where Perseverance was sitting on the rail, looking up at the million golden stars which spangled the violet sky. She welcomed him with her quiet, self-possessed smile. "Perseverance," he said, "you are seventeen years old, now?" "Yes," she assented, "I am seventeen years old."

"Almost a woman," said he. "Quite a woman," she responded. "Oh, it seems as if I had grown so many, many years older since poor father died!" "Has any one spoken to you of—love?" he asked, abruptly. "No," she answered, with gravity. "But they will—some time?" "I suppose so," said Perseverance. Evidently there was nothing of the coquette about her.

"Would you be very much surprised, Perseverance, if I were to tell you that I loved you?" She started and colored to the very roots of her hair. "Surprised?" she repeated. "Yes—oh, yes! For you despised me in those days." "Never!" he cried. "Or at least I fancied so," she faltered.

"But I love you now, Perseverance—sweetest, precious treasure of my soul!" he went on, reading some dim encouragement in the downcast eyes, the red, quivering mouth. "I will not let you go until you promise to be my wife. You have saved my life once and it is in your power to save it from further shipwreck now."

Hugh Russell had spoken the same words of love in her ear two hours before and she had run away from him, half angry and wholly frightened. But this—this was different. "Will you promise me, Perseverance?" he gently reiterated. "Yes," she answered.

And that was the way in which Major Cheston, whose heart had been so long regarded by his lady friends as an invulnerable fortress, won the beautiful young wife who was as unlike the other belles of society as is the tropical blossom of the scarlet pomegranate to the commonplace red roses of the garden border.

It was a strange meeting, a still stranger wooing, but a most happy marriage. And perhaps this is the most satisfactory record that any love affair can leave.

A Break on the Mississippi.

The river all through the bright moonlight night had quietly lapped the edges of the embankment, the surface being quite serene. As the storm neared, however, the surface roughened, and from far over the Missouri side the wrinkling began to crawl across the surface, deepening as they came. The night-workers knew that this meant danger, and by common consent they moved, halting only when they reached places where the ground back of the dike was high enough to brace the earthworks reasonably well. It was this time the first gush came, and it was followed by another and another, the bosom of the old Father heaved and there was a long swash against the bank, which made the earth tremble and dashed spray up over the top of the dike. George Hoevever and another reckless laborer stood far out where the dike was most dangerous, and their friends yelled to them to come away quick or they would be caught. Almost as the warning was given the mischief began, for down about the lowest point of the little valley, and just at the line where the dike began to rise, the ground suddenly gave way and a volume of water about the size of a barrel spurted through the wall of clay and out into the low ground. A couple of scrub oaks were close to the spot and the water striking their roots with great force was thrown high up as by a fountain. A second later the opening had increased to ten times its original size and the volume completely enveloped the scrub oaks. Two seconds more and the earth above all crumbled and sank down into the gap, being carried out into the lowlands with a power that was apparently irresistible. Meanwhile the flood was pouring through the gap with a roar that could be heard a mile distant, and the walls of either side were being rapidly eaten away. In less than ten minutes after the first small opening at the bottom of the dike appeared, there was a gap 200 feet wide, through which a volume of water twelve feet deep was running. This had continued for two hours, and an immense roaring river was moving through wheat fields and potato patches two miles away, when a second gap, a hundred yards further south, opened with a roar, and added a second flood to the first. The workmen stood and watched the sublime scene for a time, and then they began to hurry off in ones and twos to carry the news of the break to the anxious people inland.

THE BAD BOY AND HIS GIRL.

HE TAKES HER ON AN EXCURSION TO THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

After Numerous Adventures They Return in a Dilapidated Condition—Meeting With a Warm Reception from Her Pa.

"Here, condemn you, you will pay for that cat," said the grocery man to the bad boy as he came in the store all broke up the morning after the 4th of July. "What cat?" said the boy, as he leaned against the zinc ice-box to cool his back, which had been having trouble with a bunch of firecrackers in his pistol pocket. "We haven't ordered any cat from here. Who ordered any cat sent to our house? We get our sausage at the market," and the boy rubbed some cold cream on his nose and eyebrows, where the skin was off.

"Yes, that is all right enough," said the grocery man, "but somebody who knew where that cat slept, in the box of sawdust back of the store, filled it full of firecrackers Wednesday forenoon, when I was out to see the procession, and never notified the cat, and touched them off, and the cat went through the roof of the shed, and she hasn't got hair enough left on her to put in tea. Now you didn't show up all the forenoon, and I went and asked your ma where you was, and she said you had been setting up four nights straight along with a sick boy in the Third ward, and you was sleeping all the forenoon the 4th of July. If that is so, that lets you out on the cat, but it don't stand to reason. Own up now, was you asleep all the forenoon, the 4th, while other boys were celebrating, or did you scorch my cat?" and the grocery man looked at the boy as though he would believe every word he said, if he was bad.

"Well," said the bad boy, as he yawned as though he had been up all night, "I am innocent of sitting up with your cat, but I plead guilty of sitting up with Duffy. You see, I am bad, and it don't make any difference where I am, and Duffy thumped me once, when we were playing marbles, and I said I would get even with him some time. His ma washes for us, and when she told me that her boy was sick, with fever, and had nobody to stay with him while she was away, I thought it would be a good way to get even with Duffy when he was weak, and I went down there to his shanty and gave him his medicine, and read to him all day, and he cried, 'cause he knew I ought to have maulled him, and that night I sat up with him, while his ma did the ironing, and Duffy was so glad that I went down every day, and stayed there every night, and fired medicine down him, and let his ma sleep, and Duffy has got mashed on me, and he says I will be an angel when I die. Last night makes five nights I have sat up with him, and he has got so that he can eat beef tea and crackers. My girl went back on me 'cause she said I was sitting up with some other girl. She said that Duffy story was too thin, but Duffy's ma was washing at my girl's house and she proved what I said, and I was all right again. I slept all the forenoon the 4th, and then stayed with Duffy till 4 o'clock, and got a furlough and took my girl to the Soldier's Home. I had rather set up with Duffy, though."

"Oh, get out. You can't make me believe you had rather stay in a sick room and set up with a boy, than to take a girl to the 4th of July," said the grocery man, as he took a brush and wiped the sawdust off some bottles of peppercorns that he was taking out of a box. "You didn't have any trouble with the girl, did you?"

"No,—not with her," said the boy, as he looked into the little round zinc mirror to see if his eyebrows were beginning to grow. "But her pa is so unreasonable. I think a man ought to know better than to kick a boy right where he has had a pack of firecrackers explode in his pocket. You see, when I brought the girl back home, she was a wreck. Don't you never take a girl to the 4th of July. Take the advice of a boy who has had experience. We hadn't more than got to the Soldiers' Home grounds before some boys who were playing tag grabbed hold of my girl's crushed-strawberry polonaise and ripped it off. That made her mad, and she wanted to take offense at it, and I tried to reason with the boys and they both jumped on me, and I see the only way to get out of it honorably, was to get out real spry, and I got out. Then we sat down under a tree, to eat lunch, and my girl swallowed a pickle the wrong way, and I pounded her on the back, the way ma does me when I choke, and she yelled, and a policeman grabbed me and shook me, and asked me what I was hurting that poor girl for, and told me if I did it again he would arrest me. Everything went wrong. After dark somebody fired a Roman candle into my girl's hat, and set it on fire, and I grabbed the hat and stamped on it, and spoiled her hair that her ma bought her. By gosh, I thought her hair was curly, but when the wig was off, her own hair was as straight as could be. But she was purty, all the same. We got under another tree, to get away from the smell of burned hair, and a boy set off a chaser, and it ran right at my girl's feet, and burned her stockings, and a woman put the fire out for her, while

I looked for the boy that fired the chaser, but I didn't want to find him. She was pretty near a wreck by that time, though she had all her dress left except the polonaise, and we went and sat under a tree in a quiet place, and I put my arm around her and told her never to mind the accidents, cause it would be dark when we got home, and just then a spark dropped down through the tree and fell in my pistol-pocket, right next to her, where my bunch of firecrackers was, and they began to go off. Well, I never saw such a sight as she was. Her dress was one of these mosquito bar, cheese-cloth dresses, and it burned just like punk. I had presence of mind enough to roll her on the grass and put out the fire, but in doing that I neglected my own conflagration, and when I got her put out, my coat-tail and trousers were a total loss. Ay, but she looked like a goose that had been picked, and I looked like a fireman that had fell through a hatchway. My girl wanted to go home and I took her home, and her pa was sitting on the front steps, and he wouldn't accept her, looking that way. He said he placed in my possession a whole girl, clothed and in her right mind, and I had brought back a burnt offering. He teaches in our Sunday-school and knows how to talk pious, but his boots are awful thick. I tried to explain that I was not responsible for the fireworks, and that he could bring in a bill against the government, and I showed him how I was bereaved of a coat-tail and some pants, but he wouldn't reason at all, and when his foot lit me I thought it was a pile-driver sure, and when I got over the fence and had picked myself up I never stopped till I got to Duffy's and I sat up with him, cause I thought her pa was after me, and I thought he wouldn't enter a sick room and maul a watcher at the bedside of an invalid. But that settles it with me about celebrating. I don't care if we did whip the British, after declaring independence, I don't want my pants burnt off. What is the declaration of independence good for a girl who loses her polonaise, and has her hair burned off, and a chaser burning her stockings? No, sir, they may talk about the glorious Fourth of July, but will it bring back that blonde wig, or retail my coat? Hereafter I am rebel!"—Milwaukee Sun.

Indian Treatment of Captives. The five Mexican women and one child rescued from the Apaches by General Crook were surprised by a band of Apaches under the personal command of Geronimo, about the 10th of May. The Indians, with their captives, traveled incessantly the remainder of the day and all night. They calculated that the next morning after their capture they were at least one hundred miles distant, though they cannot tell in what direction. For three days they were without water, but after that it was found in abundance. The country through which they passed was wild beyond description. At times they were compelled to crawl upon all fours. Their thirst for the first three days nearly drove them crazy, and the Indians would whip and lash them up, and compel them to travel. Toward the last of their captivity their food commenced giving out, and they were put upon rations, a small piece of raw beef being all that was given them. This had to be divided among the six. Mrs. Antonia Hernandez all this time carried her little child in her arms. The Indian children took great pleasure in tormenting him, pinching him, and jabbing sharpened sticks into his sides, giving him great pain. When they remonstrated, Geronimo or his men only laughed at her misery. The last two days of their captivity they had no food at all. There was snow on the mountains. The cold was intense, and the women suffered greatly, almost freezing. The Indians never remained quiet in one spot a day, but were continually moving. They traveled nearly 100 miles a day, going in every direction, but tending generally nearly westward. The captives were abused and maltreated in every possible manner. They were made to work heavily whenever camp was made, and were a general object of abuse and ridicule. The Indians would take up Mrs. Hernandez's little boy, threaten to kill him, and would throw stones at him, to the great mental anguish of his mother. One of the women was sent as a hostage of some sort to Chihuahua to make peace. The exposure to cold, thirst, famine and exhaustion from travel and fear of torture was having an effect on the poor women. The first thing they knew they were hustled one day further into the mountains. The next day a brother of Chief Chatte delivered them up to General Crook. As one of them expressed herself when she saw General Crook and the soldiers: "It seemed as if the sky opened and Heaven appeared."—San Francisco Morning Call.

A Chinese doctor has been fined \$100 at Phoenix, Arizona Territory, for practicing without a diploma. The Celestia, produced a Chinese document, which he claimed was a diploma, but the court thought it only a laundry bill.

Widow Glenn is the boss farmer of California, and perhaps of the world. Her wheat crop this year will bring her in \$700,000.