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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description and Price. Includes rates for one square, one inch, one insertion, etc.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis.

THE ERRAND.

What she said at home: "The color of your mustache," said she, "is just the same shade as my hair!"

ANNEXED BY THE TSAR.

He was a huge dog, and he stood by the kennel in old Dr. Gorham's back yard in an attitude of deep meditation.

The one was an empty "muzzle" that lay upon the grass, close by a couple of well-picked bones. The second was an equally empty steel collar, with a strong chain attached.

Tsar was a dog to look twice at. His father had been a Siberian bloodhound and his mother an English mastiff.

"They have fed me an hour before sundown, for some reason, and now they've gone off and neglected me. No muzzle, no chain, no master around, and all the country left open to me.

He put out a great paw and turned the muzzle over. Then he walked forward and smelled of the helpless collar.

There was a mystery about the whole matter, and it seemed to suggest a visit to the front gate. That, too, was wide open, as a witness to the haste required by the summons of the last patient, and Tsar could therefore walk out and look up and down the shady road for an explanation of his own case.

That was all right, and it occurred to Tsar that a walk would be good for his health. He acted on the suggestion promptly enough, but with dignity, as became a dog of his size; and no voice from the house recalled him as he marched away down the road toward the sea.

The sun was setting very low toward the horizon, and yet, away down there on the rock at the head of the cove a curly-headed young lady of nineteen or thereabouts was still seated, bending over a portfolio spread across her lap.

"That will do," she said. "It looks bigger than the boat, now, but it isn't big enough for a tree. I must make the tree smaller; the cow's back, too—it's half as long as the island. There is always something dreadful the matter with my waves."

She arose a little hastily, but she gave the island a very long last look as she closed her portfolio—long enough for a bystander to have read her name, in gilt letters, on the leather cover—"Percie Lee."

Percie was in the road in half a minute more, and she could see that the shadows were lengthening rapidly. She reflected: "It is lonely for a little way, but Dr. Gorham's, but I won't mind from that to the village. I do hope I shall not meet Heber Gorham. I will not speak to him, if I do. I won't even see him. He has not called since he came back from Europe and I hope he never will. I detest him."

She said it with needless energy, and then she began to walk briskly onward. She tried hard, too, to persuade herself that she was only wondering whether, in her sketch, she had made the horns of the cow bear a proper proportion to the upper branches of the

tree on the island. She was really almost thinking sincerely about the cow, and the cow alone, when she suddenly felt called upon to exclaim:

"Oh, that dog!" To be sure, that dog, Tsar, was on the other side of the road and he did not seem to be taking any particular notice of her, but Percie truly remarked of him:

"He is perfectly enormous!" She forgot about the cow in an instant, but she did not speak her opinion directly to the dog.

Tsar, on his part, had taken a good look at Percie Lee. He was not mistaken about her for one moment. "Very nice girl. Well dressed. Pretty, too; but she's out late. Most likely her family are friends of Dr. Gorham. I must have an eye on that young lady. It is getting dark."

That eye was what startled Percie so dreadfully a moment later; for she happened to look behind her, and there was that vast creature solemnly stalking after her.

"He is following me!" she exclaimed. Not a doubt of it, and the fact that he stopped or went on just as she did hardly seemed to help the matter. It was getting darker and more shadowy every moment, and Percie would have been almost willing to run, if she had not feared that if she did the dog would run too. He appeared larger and larger every time she glanced behind her, until she was afraid to look again, and her breathing grew a little hurried.

"Nobody's any business to have such a dog!" she gasped in a whisper. "It's awful!" "She seems to be scared about something," thought Tsar. "Girls are apt to be timid. Ah, I see! It's those raged rascals coming down the road. Villainous-looking vagabonds. If there is anything in this world that I hate, it is a tramp."

This is a universal sentiment among dogs of Tsar's social standing; but the three ruffians who were now approaching were either ignorant of that fact, or did not know that such a dog was so very near.

"Dreadful men!" had been the unspoken thought in the mind of Percie Lee, and it was followed by a doubt as to whether she should ever again dare to come down to the cove.

"I must sketch the island," she said, "but I will come in the forenoon." The three men were walking abreast now, and they were plainly determined not to turn to the right hand or the left for Percie Lee.

Tsar had quickened his lordly pace full twenty seconds earlier, and for some reason of his own he had advanced a little under the shadow of the fence; but his eyes had not wandered from the human beings in the road before him. His head and tail were raised a trifle, and there was a very peculiar expression on his broad, hairy face. There was no love of tramps in it at all.

"Oh, now, we hain't hurt you. You needn't squall." That was what the second of those three ruffians began to say, when an awful, wrathful, roaring growl, as of warning, sounded from some deep-jawed cavern among the shadows at the right of Percie Lee.

The first and second tramp upset the third, and tumbled over him, so sudden was the retreat they made, while Tsar, for their special benefit and more at length, repeated his growl, with a supplementary snarl that sounded fearfully like the announcement of another spring forward.

The remarks made by all of those vagabonds, as they scrambled to their feet, were in a manner complimentary to Tsar, although not intended to be so.

Percie Lee stood behind her protector, and she could not see, as they did, the white rows of gleaming teeth and the fierce green light in the threatening eyes. She could perfectly understand, however, that there was an enormous amount of very good dog between her and any further approach to ruffianly insolence. She was almost astonished at the sudden feeling of security which came upon her and at the entire ease with which she began to breathe again.

Tsar did not spring. He did not crouch in that picturesque attitude until the nearest tramp was fifty yards away, on a steady run; and then he stood erect, sending after his enemies one deep, sonorous "woof-oo!" to keep them company.

"Good dog! good fellow!" "Ur-r-r-r" was the gentle response of Tsar, and he even wagged his tail, moderately, but he did not condescend to look around. He walked slowly on up the road, and it was now Percie's turn to follow him.

"I do not think I had better leave her," said Tsar to himself; "not even when we get to our house."

It was not until they had reached the turn of the road, away beyond Dr. Gorham's, that he at last stood still. Percie wished very much to pat him, but she could hardly muster courage, and while she was hesitating there came a sound of wheels, and a light buggy pulled up in the middle of the road.

"Dr. Gorham!" "Percie Lee! Is that you? I declare! Miss Lee—and that big brute—it's all my fault. Did he scare you much, Percie—Miss Lee?"

"Is it your dog, Heber—doctor?" "Tsar! Come here, sir!" "Oh, doctor, don't scold him. He has been taking care of me. There were three of them."

"Dogs, Miss Lee?" "No, sir, tramps. Dreadful-looking—they spoke—he is a splendid dog; beautiful!"

"He? Ah—well—it's a good thing he didn't take hold of one of them. There'd been a fine surgical case prepared for me in no time. But how did he happen to be out? Unmuzzled, too. I remember, now. All my fault."

"I guess he must have been left out to take care of me, doctor."

"Ain't I glad of it, though? Now, Miss Lee, you must step right into my buggy, and let me carry you home. Tsar, go home, sir!" He turned to obey, but a small, white hand was on his head as he did so.

"Good dog, Tsar; thank you, sir." It was odd, indeed, but something in that remark seemed aimed at the dog; and it must have hit him, too, by the proud way of his walking off; but some of it went further. The young physician assisted Percie into the buggy, and drove away; and it was quite a distance around the corner of the main road that they passed a dimly discernible and quite breathless group that leaned against a fence. Nobody going by in a buggy could have heard them mutter:

"Tell ye what, boys, that was the awfulest dog I ever seen." "Guess we won't try that there road agin to-night. He's loose."

"All them sort o' dogs has got to be killed off, or the roads won't be safe." Perhaps, but at that moment Tsar was re-entering his own yard, for he went straight back to his quarters. He stood for a moment turning over his empty muzzle with his paw and then lay heavily down. He thought he understood the entire matter now.

"Heber Gorham knew that that young lady would be in need of me. It's all right, but I doubt if I did my whole duty. Unmuzzled, too. A lost opportunity!" As to the tramps, yes, but not as to all other parts of his performance. He never knew how it afterward came to pass, but before long he discovered that he had formed a habit of going down to the cove with Percie Lee, to see her take sketches of islands, trees, waves, cows and other matters and things, and of remaining until Heber Gorham, Jr., M. D., came to take his place, with or without a buggy. He failed fully to understand the business until another sort of day arrived, when he found himself called upon to attend a wedding, by special invitation of Percie Lee; and then to recognize her as a permanent addition to his own household at the old Gorham homestead. He agreed to it. He had liked that young woman from the first time he saw her. And so, to tell the truth, had his master.—W. D. Stoddard, in Atlantic Monthly.

A Turkey Charmed by a Snake.

A correspondent writes from Agua Limma, Cal., to the Los Angeles Times as follows: Last week in my cow corral was a little snake four feet long, and in his mouth was a cotton-tail rabbit. The rabbit was a common-sized one, and its head was down the snake's throat to the shoulders. It was a fearful sight and frightened the cows, also the boy who shot it with a Winchester rifle. Two days later I heard a turkey making an alarm. I went to it, and a turkey, half-grown, had its feathers all the wrong way and its head near the ground, and was within eighteen or twenty inches of a black rattlesnake, and was getting nearer. Neither of them noticed me until I disturbed the snake with a stone, taking him by surprise. The turkey seemed to be relieved. What the snake would have done I do not know, but it seemed to me that he had the turkey under his control, and would in a very short time have struck it.

A Hen Whips a Rat

A California hen, while scratching with her brood of chicks recently, was charged upon by a full-grown rat. She immediately gathered her flock and awaited the onslaught. The rat, somewhat checked by her bold front, crouched for a moment, and then made a dart for one of the chicks. In an instant the old hen flew at her enemy, and striking it with her bill, grabbed it by the back and threw it in the air. The rat came down with a thump upon the walk, but before it could regain its feet the hen repeated the performance, and kept it up until the rat was only able to crawl away a few feet and die. After contemplating her foe for a few moments, the old hen called her brood around her and walked off.

THE BAD BOY ON A FARM.

HE TELLS THE GROCERY MAN HIS DOLEFUL EXPERIENCE.

Working a Week as a Farm Hand—He Knows When He Has Got Enough—How the Farmer Made Him Fix Around.

"What to buy any cabbages?" said the bad boy to the grocery man, as he stopped at the door of the grocery, dressed in a blue wamus, his breeches tucked in a blue wamus, and an old hat on his head, with a hole that let out his hair through the top. He had got out of a democrat wagon, and was holding the lines hitched to a horse about forty years old, that leaned against the hitching-post to rest. "Only a shilling apiece."

"Oh, go 'way," said the grocery man. "I only pay three cents apiece." And then he looked at the boy and said: "Hello, Henery, is that you? I have missed you all the week, and now you come on to me sudden, disguised as a granger. What does this all mean?"

"It means that I have been the victim of as vile a conspiracy as ever was known since Caesar was stabbed and Mark Antony orated over his prostrate corpse in the Roman forum to an audience of supes and scene-shifters," and the boy dropped the lines on the sidewalk, and said: "Whoa, go blame you," to the horse that was asleep, wiped his boots on the grass in front of the store and came in and seated himself on the old half-bushel. "There, this seems like home again."

"What's the row? Who has been playing it on you?" and the grocery man smelled a sharp trade in cabbages, as well as other smells peculiar to the farm. "Well, I'll tell you. Lately our folks have been constantly talking of the independent life of the farmer, and how easy it is, and how they would like it if I would learn to be a farmer. They said there was nothing like it, and several of the neighbors joined in and said I had the natural ability to be one of the most successful farmers in the State. They all drew pictures of the fun it was to work on a farm, where you could get your work done and take your fish-pole and go off and catch fish, or a gun and go out and kill game, and how you could ride horses, and pitch hay, and smell the sweet perfume, and go to husking bees and dances, and everything, and they got me all worked up so I wanted to go to work on a farm. Then an old deacon that belongs to our church, who runs a farm about eight miles out of town, he came on the scene and said he wanted a boy, and if I would go out and work for him he would be easy on me because he knew my folks, and we belonged to the same church. I can see it now. It was all a put up job on me, just like they play three card monte on a fresh stranger. I was took in. By gosh, I have been out there a week, and here's what there is left of me. The only way I got a chance to come to town was to tell the farmer I could sell cabbages to you for a shilling apiece. I knew you sold them for fifteen cents and I thought you would pay a shilling. So the farmer said he would pay me my wages in cabbages at a shilling apiece, and only charge me a dollar for a horse and wagon to bring them in. So you only pay three cents. Here are thirty cabbages, which will come to ninety cents. I pay a dollar for the horse, and when I get back to the farm I owe the farmer ten cents, beside working a week for nothing. Oh, it is all right. I don't kick, but this ends farming for Henery. I know when I have got enough of an easy life on a farm. I prefer a hard life, breaking stones on the streets, to an easy, dreamy life on a farm."

"They did play it on you, didn't they?" said the grocery man. "But wasn't the old deacon a good man to work for?" "Good man nothin'," said the boy, as he took up a piece of horse radish and began to grate it on the inside of his rough hand. "I tell you there's a heap of difference in a deacon in Sunday-school, telling about sowing wheat and tares, and a deacon out on a farm in a hurrying season, when there is hay to get in and wheat to harvest all at the same time. I went out to the farm Sunday evening with the deacon and his wife, and they couldn't talk too much about the nice time we would have, and the fun; but the deacon changed more than forty degrees in five minutes after we got out to the farm. He jumped out of the wagon and pulled off his coat, and let his wife climb out over the wheel, and yelled to the hired girl to bring out the milk pail, and told me to fly around and unharness the horse, and throw down a lot of hay for all the work animals, and then told me to run down to the pasture and drive up a lot of cows. The pasture was half a mile away, and the cows were scattered around in the woods, and the mosquitoes were thick, and I got all covered with mud and burrs, and stung with thistles, and when I got the cattle near to the house the old deacon yelled to me that I was slower than molasses in the winter, and then I took a lub and tried to hurry the cows, and he yelled to me to stop hurrying, 'cause I would retard the flow of milk. By gosh I was mad. I asked for a mosquito bar to put over me next time I went after the cows, and the people all laughed at me, and

when I sat down on the fence to scrape the mud off my Sunday pants the deacon yelled like he does in the revival, only he said, 'Come, come, prostration is the thief of time. You get up and hump yourself and go and feed the pigs.' He was so blame mean that I could not help throwing a burdock bur against the side of the cow he was milking, and it struck her right in the flank on the other side from where the deacon was. Well, you'd a dide to see the cow jump up and blat. All four of her feet were off the ground at a time, and I guess most of them hit the deacon on his Sunday vest, and the rest hit the milk pail, and the cow backed against the fence and bellered, and the deacon was all covered with milk and cow hair, and he got up and threw the three-legged stool at the cow and hit her on the horn, and it glanced off and hit me on the pants just as I went over the fence to feed the pigs. I didn't know a deacon could talk so sassy at a cow and come so near swearing without actually saying cuss words. Well, I lugged swill until I was homesick to my stomach, and then I had to clean off horses and go to the neighbors about a mile away to borrow a lot of rakes to use the next day. I was so tired I almost cried, and then I had to draw two barrels of water with a well bucket to cleanse for washing the next day, and by that time I wanted to die. It was most 9 o'clock, and I began to think about supper, when the deacon said all they had been bread and milk for supper Sunday night and I rascled with a tin basin of skim-milk and some old back number bread, and wanted to go to bed, but the deacon wanted to know if I was heathen enough to want to go to bed without evening prayers. There was one thing I was less mashed on than evening prayers about that minute, but I had to take a prayer half a hour long on top of that skim-milk, and I guess it curdled the milk, for I hadn't been in bed more than half a hour before I had the worst colic a boy ever had, and I thought I should die all alone up in that garret, on the floor, with nothing to make my last hours pleasant but some rats playing with ears of seed corn on the floor, and mice running through some dry pea pods. But, oh, how different the deacon talked in the evening devotions from what he did when the cow was galloping on him in the barn yard. Well, I got through the colic and was just getting to sleep when the deacon yelled for me to get up and hustle downstairs. I thought maybe the house was on fire, 'cause I smelled smoke, and I got into my trousers and came downstairs on a jump, yelling 'fire,' when the deacon grabbed me and told me to get down on my knees, and before I knew it he was into the morning devotions, and then he said 'amen' and jumped up and said for us to fire breakfast into us quick and get to work doing the chores. I looked at the clock and it was just 3 o'clock in the morning, just the time pa comes home and goes to bed in town, when he is running a political campaign. Well, sir, I had to jump from one thing to another from 3 o'clock in the morning till nine at night, pitching hay, driving reaper, raking and binding, shocking wheat, hoeing corn, and everything, and I never got a kind word. I spoiled my clothes and I think another week would make a pirate of me.

"Now, you take these cabbages and give me ninety cents, and I will go home and borrow ten cents to make up the dollar, and send my chum back with the horse and wagon and my resignation. I was not cut out for a farmer. Talk about fishing, the only fish I saw was a salt white fish we had for breakfast one morning, which was salted by Noah, in the ark," and while the grocery man was unloading the cabbages the boy went out to look for his chum, and later the two boys were seen driving off toward the farm with two fish-poles sticking out of the hind end of the wagon.—Pook's Sun.

England's Hangman.

The executioner of all England, the illustrious Marwood, has been giving his views on the general subject of hanging and upon his own achievements in particular. The great artist has made several bad botches lately, but he has nevertheless an exalted opinion of his skill. The American method, he declares, is very bungling and would not do in England; the Spanish garrote he has never seen, but considers it a disgrace to the country; the guillotine is far inferior to the gallows as operated by Marwood, being far more painful and less prompt. He scouts the suggestion of poison or electricity as an instrument of judicial death, and declares that the condemned should meet his fate like a man.

Liberality.

Poor relation—"I didn't know but, as you were refurbishing the house, some of the discarded articles might be of use to me, if you was only of a mind to—" Rich relation—"Why, certainly; I'm glad you spoke of it. We are going to repaper the dining room. I'll send you down the old paper when it's torn off. It isn't badly soiled."—Hartford Post.

When Hamlet said, "But I have that within which passeth show," it is believed that he had in his pocket a complimentary ticket for the circus.—Life.

SONG OF THE ADVERTISER.

I am an advertiser great In letters bold and big and round The praise of my wares I sound— Prosperity is my estate— The people come, the people go In one continuous, surging flow; They buy my goods and come again, And I'm the happiest of men; And this the reason I relate— I am an advertiser great.

There is a shop across the way Where ne'er is heard a human tread— Where trade is paralyzed and dead— With ne'er a customer a day, The people come, the people go— But never there—they do not know There's such a shop beneath the skies, Because he doesn't advertise; While I with pleasure contemplate That I'm an advertiser great.

The secret of my fortune lies In one small fact, which I may state Too many tradesmen learn too late— If I have goods, I advertise! Then people come, and people go In constant streams, for people know That he who has good wares to sell Will surely advertise them well; And proudly I reiterate I am an advertiser great!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Are things what they seem?" asks the Graphic. If they seem pretty tough they are.—Boston Post.

L. remarked to his wife that a friend "had plenty of grit." "Well, yes," she replied, "he looks as if he needed a bath."—Toldeo Blade.

Bunker Hill monument is a cheap advertising medium. It only costs twenty-five cents to go to the top of the column.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Rattler says the cures effected by laying on of hands is an old story with him. His mother often indulged in the pastime in times past.—Boston Courier.

Thousands of men have commenced at the bottom of the ladder and stayed there. Others have carried bricks and mortar and reached the top by honest industry.—Pioneer.

John Russell Young is writing a history of China. What the American housewife sighs for is a well written and truthful obituary of the lady who chips the China.—Hawkeye.

"Crushed strawberry" may be a new color for a lady's dress, but "smashed custard" has been a well-known tint for a young man's trousers ever since the picnic was invented.—Argonaut.

"No more strikes are looked for among the Erie switchmen," says an exchange. This information will be very gratifying to the schoolboys who live in that section of Pennsylvania.—Statesman.

An Indiana poet has written some verses on the opulence of his poverty. What worries most of us at the present time is the poverty of our opulence. It is too sad a thing to write verses about.—New York Commercial.

It makes a man sorely puzzled to know, when he takes his shoe off at night, how in the world a piece of wood the size of a lead pencil ever worked in through a crevice about a sixteenth of an inch wide.—Puck.

A sponge measuring eight feet in circumference was recently discovered at Key West. It had several fresh newspapers in its hand and a borrowed umbrella, and wore white breeches and a silk coat.—Burlington Free Press.

The cost of stopping a train of cars is said to be from forty to sixty cents. But it wouldn't do any good to hold up half a dollar to the brakeman on the rear end of the train you have just missed, as it goes out of the depot.—Lowell Citizen.

"What is that you are wearing?" asked Farmer John of his fair city boarder. "Oh, that is my red jersey." "All right," was the reply, "but don't go near my brown Jersey over in that field, unless you are good at climbing trees."—Philadelphia News.

An exchange says that newspaper editors never "strike," but the assertion is not borne out by the facts. An editor once struck so hard that a wild-eyed man, with long hair and a long poem, went downstairs seven steps at a time, and landed on his spinal column at the bottom.—Norristown Herald.

The question "Where do all the pins go?" is again revived. A country editor confesses that it cannot be said, perhaps, where they all go, but when one's wife is away, and one is standing on one leg, grinding one's teeth and trying to pin a collar together in the absence of shirt buttons, some of them go into one's neck.—New York Commercial.

The young minister, Mr. W., of a Western city, was invited to occupy the pulpit in an Albany church. His two sisters, chancing to be near Albany, made their plans to go there for that Sunday and hear him. After the service a gentleman of the congregation, whom they knew very slightly, hurried toward them and said: "We are delighted to see you here, but how unfortunate that you should have chosen to-day. Don't, I beg of you, think that this is our minister. Dr. — is off on his vacation and we have to take what we can get." But come next Sunday, if you're in town, and you'll hear a sermon worth listening to.—Troy Press.